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A BARTERED LIFE.

BY MARION HARLAND.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)
 "Constance looked up eagerly. 'He has done nothing and said nothing inconsistent with honor and what he owes you. The weakness is all mine; the folly, the madness and the suffering. He never thought of me except as a sister. Surely his engagement proves this.'"
 "What should your marriage have proved?" asked her husband, sarcastically. "It may be as you say. I believe it is not because you swear it is the truth. But I did not come here to waste time in reproaches. There is but one way to put this scandal down, namely, to conduct ourselves as if we had never heard of it. Of course, as soon as can be done without exciting remark, Edward must seek another home. Our removal to the country will afford a convenient opportunity for effecting this change. As to your reputation, I charge myself with the care of it from this hour. My error has been in the indulgence. Constance lifted her head and eyes with a look of intense wretchedness. "I would, but suffer me to go away and hide myself from all who know my miserable story. I would ask nothing else at your hands. You would sooner forget the unhappiness brought upon you by the sad fate of marriage in which you have been the actors."
 "Oh my part it has been no target," replied the stern, metallic voice. "I have conscientiously fulfilled the duties made obligatory upon me by our contract. You entered into this voluntarily. For what you have termed folly, you have only yourself to blame. You seem to have been tempted to your unhappy passion by an inherent love of wrong doing. As to your proposal of flight and concealment, it is simply absurd. In the first place, you leave out of view the fact that my fair fame would be tarnished by an open separation, the infamy you would be laid bare to the general gaze. Secondly, you have no decent place of refuge. I know your brother sufficiently well to affirm that his doors would be closed against you were you to apply to him for shelter as a repudiated wife. And you have no private fortune. I shall never again of my own accord allude to this disagreeable subject. We understand each other and our mutual position."
 "He kept his word to the letter. But henceforward his every action and look when she was by, reminded her she was in bonds, and he was her father. You broken-spirited to resist his will, or to cavil at the demands made upon her thin and self-denial, by his cold imperiousness, she marched at his chariot wheel, a slave in every other sense whom dreams were no more of freedom, to whom love meant remorse, and marriage pollution, the more hopeless and hateful that the law and the Gospel pronounced it honorable in all."
 (The End.)

A SECRET OF THE SEA.

IN THE year 1855 the honorable East India company's ship the Star of India set sail from Madras for London, having on board over 200 passengers, and among them Lord Glenham, Gen. Swift, Lady Artwell and her two daughters, and other men and women of note at home and abroad. Aside from her general cargo, the ship carried treasure to the amount of \$250,000. The bankers at Madras figured out that the passengers must have had at least \$100,000 among them, while an Indian potentate on his way to be received as a guest of royalty had a strong box of jewelry and gems valued at so great a sum that no one dared speak of it. It was intended that the ship should be conveyed as far as the Cape of Good Hope by a man-of-war, as there were plenty of pirate craft still afloat, but the government vessel met with a mishap at sea and was detained somewhere, and the Star finally decided to sail without her, as there was little fear but that she could take care of herself. Two days out of Madras she was sighted and reported, but that was the last seen or heard of her until the year 1884.
 The loss of the Star made a great sensation for several reasons, and when it was finally concluded that she had been lost various vessels were sent in search of her and every effort was made to ascertain her fate. In 1856 a Malay sailor who died aboard of an English tea ship told her captain that the Star was attacked and captured by pirates to the south of Ceylon, and that he was one of the men engaged in the attack. He said there were five native craft, and that they came upon the Star in a calm and carried her by boarding. The ship made a long and stubborn resistance, but was finally captured, and the pirates had suffered such heavy loss that in revenge they killed everybody to the last child. They then looted the ship and scuttled her, and the plunder was subsequently divided on an island in the China sea. Some people believed this story, and some said it was absurd. The general idea was that the Star foundered at sea during a heavy gale. The dying statement of the pirate was never fully investigated for some reason. So far as the investigation went it was proved to be a fact. The pirates had long

been scattered, many were doubtless dead, and the idea of bringing the gang to justice was given up as impossible. In the year 1863 I was one of the crew of the English brig Swifsure, which was making a survey of the islands to the northeast of Madagascar. At the Chagos group, as we were pulling into land one day, with seven men in the boat, we were upset in the surf and only two of us escaped death. My companion was a sailor named Wallace, and while in a half-drowned state we were swept along the coast of the island by a current and finally thrown on shore in a bit of a cove. A boat put off from the brig as soon as the disaster was noticed, but only two "bodies" were recovered. The three others were pulled down by the sharks before the boat got to them. Believing, this to have been the sad fate of all five, a search was made for the pair of us cast ashore, and before we had recovered from our exhaustion and prepared a signal the brig had departed for another field. The island on which we were cast is one of a group of nine and the innermost one of all. It is likely the same today as then, having plenty of fresh water, most of it covered with verdure and wild fruits, shrimps, and shellfish so plentiful that a shipwrecked crew of twenty men could get along there for months. Wallace and I were inclined to look upon the affair as a lark. We erected a hut in the woods, procured fire by rubbing two dry sticks together and after a thorough exploration of our domain, which was not over two miles across in any direction, we slept, ate and talked and had a pretty easy time of it.
 We had been on the island about three months when we awoke one morning to find the sea like a sheet of glass and the air as still as death. The sky was overcast and yet of a coppery color, and the birds on the island appeared to be in great alarm. Great flocks of them came in from the sea, and all along shore the fish were leaping out of the water as if it were polluted. After surveying things for a while Wallace gave it as his opinion that we were in for a typhoon or an earthquake. The sulphury "smell" in the air inclined him to the latter, and as soon as we had eaten we started for the center of the island. There was a high hill in the center, bare of everything but a couple of trees and a few bushes, and we sought it on account of the tidal wave, we knew would surely follow an earthquake.
 There was more than one shock, but the first was the most violent and best of looked. The three or four which succeeded were trifles rather than shocks. They ran through the island from east to west and out to sea, and we heard a chorus of wailing. We felt the shocks of distress from the birds with each vibration. Two or three minutes after the fourth or fifth shock Wallace stood up and looked out upon the sea to the east and shouted to me:
 "Look! Look! The tidal wave is coming in and there's a big ship on the crest of it!"
 I sprang up and followed his gaze. Ten miles away there was a wall of water which seemed to lift its great white crest almost to the sky and to reach north and south as far as I could see. Riding on the crest was a great ship with her three masts standing erect and some of the yards across. For the first ten seconds the wall seemed to stand still. Then it came rolling on like a railroad train, and almost before I could have counted twenty it struck the shore of our island and swept across it. The island was a good thirty feet above water in every part, while on the hill we were at least 100 feet but all portions save the hill were covered by at least ten feet. I had my eye on the ship alone. I came straight for the hill, but as the wave did not it was swept to the left and struck the north and was turned full about. While it hung there the waters passed on, and lol! at our feet, resting almost on a level keel, was a strange sight as the eyes of a sailor ever beamed. It was a ship, to be sure, but one had to rub his eyes and look again and again to be certain of it. There was the great hull, there the three masts, up aloft the yards, and there were scores of ropes trailing about like slimy serpents. From stem to stern and from keel to masthead the fabric was covered with mud and slime and barnacles, and sea grass and shells, and as she rested there the water poured off her decks and out of her hold in such a sobbing, choking way as to bring the shivers. Not a word had passed between the pair of us, while the wave raged in and across the island, and the ground below us was clear of the last water, before Wallace said:
 "I think this ends it, and let us both thank God! This ship was heaved up from the bottom of the sea, where she must have rested for a good many years, but we'll have to wait a day or two before we investigate."
 After a couple of hours, to let the ground dry out a bit, we descended the hill to see what damage had been done. About one-half the trees on the island had been uprooted and carried out to sea, and of our hut not a vestige remained. There was scarcely a stone as large as a hen's egg on the island previous to the wave, but now we found that hundreds of rocks had been distributed around, while the dead fish were so numerous that we were hours in gathering them up and giving them to the tide to bear away. Two hours after the last shock the sky cleared, the sun came out, and by night the



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