

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

A NOVEL.

BY MARY ELOISE COMBS.

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CHAPTER XIX.

The next morning Bell wandered restlessly from room to room and from place to place, vainly trying to engage her mind in something more profitable than constantly thinking of Helen Langdon's highly colored history of Mr. Raymond's disreputable career.

"Perhaps, after all," she thought to herself, "he is not quite so black as he's painted. He shall have a chance to defend himself."

Bell sauntered idly into the conservatory, where she unexpectedly encountered her mother, whom she had particularly avoided this morning in order to escape disagreeable questioning. As she had anticipated, her mother plunged into the middle of the distasteful subject without circumlocution.

"Isabell, did not Mr. Raymond ask special permission to call this morning?"

"No, mamma; he did not. I requested him to come."

"For what purpose, may I inquire?"

"That I might answer a question he asked me last night."

"Isabell, my daughter, I think I can guess that question, and what your answer will be. I must tell you how gratified and happy I shall be to witness the consummation of my hopes and wishes."

Bell felt like a criminal; but she was too wounded, too deeply grieved, by her mother's treachery to undecieve her. She was even selfish enough to be happy when she thought of her disappointment and defeat when she discovered the truth.

When Raymond came, Bell went down to meet him with resolute heart and undaunted purpose.

"Miss De Guerry, you look as cold and unfriendly as you did last night. I had hoped that the morning would dispel the shadows between us."

"Mr. Raymond, the shadows have grown heavier and darker. I can see and hear you through them now; but a little while, and they will separate us forever."

"Miss Bell, I cannot believe that fate has anything so cruel in store for me as the loss of your friendship. You speak as though I had committed some terrible sin."

"You have."

Raymond smiled doubtfully, for he now thought the whole matter a farce. He supposed that he had transgressed some minor rule of etiquette or propriety, and that it suited her capricious fancy to assume this tragical style in informing him of her displeasure. With a great display of mortification and penitence, he answered her.

"I beg you to believe that my wrong-doing was the result of ignorance, not premeditated wickedness."

Bell thought that he willfully misunderstood her, and her voice had a tone of rebuke as she answered, bitterly:

"Pardon me, Mr. Raymond, if I say that, with every evidence of your guilt before me, it is impossible for me to regard that deed otherwise than intentional and criminal."

With a flash of thought that made every drop of blood in his veins tingle, Raymond understood her. His mortification was not mere pretense now, as he partially covered his face with one hand and held the other toward her in mute appeal for mercy.

"Mr. Raymond, I cannot find it in my heart to pity you. I do not know whether I am less modest than other young ladies, or only less discreet, that I dare to mention your past life to you, and to tell you that it is impossible for me to call such a man my friend."

Raymond's hand dropped from his face and he looked up, pale and distressed, saying, in a low, broken voice:

"There is naught for me to say, except—my sin has found me out. I supposed that you were familiar with—with that, long ago."

"You were mistaken. I have more self-respect than you gave me credit for, Mr. Raymond. I heard the story yesterday; to-day I have repeated it to you. Your silence affirms its truth. I think that our interview is ended. Hoping that your future will be a better life than your past, I will bid you a lasting farewell."

Raymond arose and held out his hand, which Bell refused to notice.

"Miss De Guerry, is this final? Are there no possible circumstances under which I may claim you for a friend?"

"Mr. Raymond, bring back that woman, Agatha Wycliffe, unspotted from the world; give back to her, husband, honor, friends; then, and not till then, claim my friendship. When dying, hungry, forsaken and alone, then claim my pity. But now I hope that all pure women will hate you and all honest men shun you, as a just retribution for your sin."

"Miss De Guerry, that is a terrible curse to invoke for any sin. You have placed all hope of your friendship entirely out of my reach. If I had the power to bring back the woman as you bid me, it would be worse than useless. The law, that dissolves the marriage tie, allowed Wycliffe

to forget the woman whom he promised before God to cleave to till death parted them and, while she was yet alive, marry another. Miss De Guerry, I understand now that our parting is indeed forever. If you care for the good wishes of such a loathsome thing as you consider me, pray remember that mine are always with you; and if the time ever comes when you need a friend, rest assured you can never appeal to me in vain."

He had spoken slowly and steadily. His deep-toned voice never faltered, but his handsome face was stern and rigid, and the pain in his eyes showed that he suffered keenly.

Without giving her time to answer him, Jasper Raymond bowed haughtily to the woman who had so cruelly dismissed him, and left the room, feeling as though the mark of Cain was on his brow—that all he cared for in life had eluded his grasp.

Bell went slowly to her own room, wishing in her heart that she had not mentioned the past to Mr. Raymond.

"It was years ago. He has repented. Others have forgiven him; why not I? Am I so much better than other women, that I should throw the first stone? How generously he treated me! I think—yes, I think if I could have known that he would not deny it, I would never have spoken of it. And yet, could anything be more disgraceful than an intrigue with a married woman? If he sowed tares, he could not hope to reap wheat. The woman has garnered the bitter harvest; let him taste the poisoned fruit."

There was a knock at the door, and a servant told her that her mother was waiting to speak with her. In her deep study, she had forgotten the dreaded interview with Mrs. De Guerry. Mrs. De Guerry, in large capitals, was the way in which she thought of her mother, as she shuddered at the contemplation of that lady's indignation and chagrin when she heard of the unexpected turn affairs had taken.

Radiant is the only word that would rightly describe Mrs. De Guerry's expression of countenance as Bell entered her presence. She was leaning back in a comfortable easy chair, her plump white hands complacently folded and her aristocratic head reposing on the velvet cover of her chair.

"Isabell, my love,"—Mrs. De Guerry spoke in her tenderest accents, varying a trifle the monotonous formula in which she always addressed Bell—"are you so selfish that you cannot share your new happiness with your mother?"

"I have no new happiness to share with my mother or to enjoy alone."

The girl's attitude, voice and words were so hopeless and dreary that they brought her maternal ancestor to an erect position with a very undignified jerk.

"Isabell!"

"Mother."

"What is the meaning of this? Where is Mr. Raymond?"

"Gone," replied Bell, answering the last question.

"Have you rejected him?"

"I did not have the opportunity. He did not offer himself."

"Why?"

"Well, really, mother—"

"Isabell, no nonsense. What was the question he asked you last night?"

"He inquired if I was not offended with him."

"And you replied—"

"I gave him to understand that I was."

"For what, pray tell?"

"For eloping with Mrs. Wycliffe."

"Isabell De Guerry, you never dared? You—you—did not—"

But words failed her, and sinking back in her chair, Mrs. De Guerry gasped in horror and amazement. A moment's silence, so profound as to be almost painful, ensued.

"Isabell, it is scarcely worth while for me to inquire who was your informant. There is but one person of my acquaintance who is base enough to repeat an idle tale reflecting on the character of one to whom they pretend to be a friend."

"I agree with you, mamma. I know of only one such person."

"That is your cousin, Jack De Guerry."

"It was not Jack who told me."

"Then there is another individual as dishonorable as he is. Who is it?"

"If it is Helen Langdon."

The blow was almost cruel, it stung Mrs. De Guerry so deeply. She felt a vain longing to catch Helen Langdon in her grasp and crush her out of existence. After doing everything in her power to assist that woman in marrying the man of her choice, this was her reward. Her reward for searing her conscience and staining her soul with falsehood, even perjury, was the contempt of her friends and the hatred of her child. (She was trying to think of some loophole of escape through which she could retire gracefully, but none presented itself. The calculating, cold-blooded woman sat there trembling and afraid, waiting for her daughter to take the initiative.)

Bell was silent. Her heart beat so loud that she feared it would betray her agitation to the woman who was watching her so narrowly, and who, with all her treachery and cunning, was still her mother—a mother who in her scheming had failed utterly and miserably. She remembered that she was the only living creature in the world that was left her mother to care for, and if her mother had sinned, it was for, not against, her. She realized, with a sharp pang of conviction,

that she had nearly thrust her out of her heart, that in the last few months she had lived entirely without her. The fact could not be disputed that she was growing old, and the day was not far distant when it would be too late to ask her forgiveness or claim her love.

Bell looked up and saw her mother sitting there, cold and white and still, and a flood of pity swept over her soul. Going to her, Bell knelt beside her chair and, dropping her head in her lap, whispered, pleadingly:

"Mother, O mother! Why did you leave me to hear this story from the lips of a stranger?"

It was well for Mrs. De Guerry, if she wished to retain one vestige of her daughter's affection, that the contrite girl could not see the gleam of triumph which flashed over her face and brightened her eyes at this unusual display of pitiful entreaty. But with ready tact she concealed her feelings and assumed an air of patronizing condescension as she answered:

"I would not believe or repeat anything against a person whom we received as a friend, and I know of no reason why we should discard the acquaintance of a man whom the best society courts."

"It's the money, mother, not the man, that society kneels to. If Mr. Raymond had been a poor man, his sin would not have been so soon forgotten."

"Isabell, what did Mr. Raymond say in his own defense?"

Bell raised her head, and looking straight in her mother's face, answered, solemnly:

"He said that his sin had found him out."

Mrs. De Guerry shuddered. She realized that Jasper Raymond's future would never be under her control, and the anger that she felt crept into her voice, despite her most determined efforts to the contrary.

"Isabell, you are no longer a child, and you certainly know enough of the ways of the world to know that it was your mother's duty to talk with Mr. Raymond on that subject, and, if necessary, dismiss him from the house."

Bell made no reply. She would not tell her mother that she could not trust her, and there was nothing else to be said.

The door opened and shut with a bang, and both looked up and saw Jack standing in the room. He noticed their positions, and his lips curled with the cold sneer which was fast becoming habitual to them.

"I am a most singularly fortunate man in some respects. For instance, I always get in at exactly the wrong time and place."

This was Jack's greeting after an absence of several weeks. He pointed his words by a meaning glance at Bell, which brought the hot blood to her face and tears to her eyes.

She arose from her lowly position, and seating herself at a short distance, inquired, in her most indifferent manner:

"When did you return?"

"Several days ago."

Mrs. De Guerry looked amazed and incredulous as she said, questioningly:

"Helen was here yesterday. She said that she had not heard from you since you went away."

"She blundered on to the truth for once in her life."

"Jack De Guerry!" exclaimed his aunt.

"You are surprised, Aunt Ann, to know that she ever spoke the truth, yet it is even so. I did not write to her during my absence, nor do I wish her to know of my return."

While Mrs. De Guerry was endeavoring to collect her thoughts and breath sufficiently to administer a proper rebuke to the willful, defiant young man sitting moodily opposite her, Bell came to the attack by saying, maliciously:

"Jack, are you developing heart disease, that you keep your hand over that organ so fixedly?"

"No," answered Jack, revengefully; "my heart is perfectly sound, but I can't say as much for my hand."

As he spoke, Jack drew his hand from the breast of his coat and laid it upon his knee. It was bound and bandaged in the most skillful manner, proving that it had been handled by professional art. Bell's heart leaped to her throat till it almost stifled her with its heavy beating, and before she thought what she was doing, she went to him and raised his hand tenderly to examine its numberless wrappings.

"Don't it look awe-inspiring?"

Jack's voice, with its hard, metallic ring, recalled her to consciousness of her acts and words, and dropping his hand, she inquired, with ill-assumed indifference:

"What is the matter with it?"

"I had the misfortune to get it crushed at one of the factories yesterday. St. Claire was with me, and the same shuttle which smashed my hand knocked him senseless."

Jack did not say that he had voluntarily thrust his hand into danger to save St. Claire the impending blow, yet that was the way in which his right hand was rendered useless.

Mrs. De Guerry dropped their former disagreeable topic, and expressed polite regrets at the unfortunate accident.

Jack again slipped his hand into his coat as the easiest means of carrying it without the trouble and inconveniences of a sling, and said, with a speculative air:

"I would give much to know the secret of Raymond's interest in St. Claire. He acted like he was frantic yesterday when he heard of the accident, and when he found that St. Claire was only

stunned, and not seriously injured, he looked as happy as most men would on receiving news of the death of their mother-in-law. It is not his love for him. I think—but then I've no foundation for that, either. Bell, do you know any reason?"

"No, I do not. Jack, let me see your hand."

"I can't. The doctor gave me strict orders not to undo it."

Bell did not urge him, but in a few moments it commenced to ache and pain almost beyond endurance, and he appealed to Bell for assistance.

"My hand is tired, and I think perhaps if it was untied it would relieve it."

Bell went to him and slowly removed the white cloth, roll after roll, till the mangled, bleeding hand was exposed to view. A faint, gasping sound attracted their attention, and turning around, they saw Helen Langdon standing beside them.

[To be continued.]

EX-SENATOR CONKLING.

Many of the papers opposed to ex-Senator Conkling, says the San Jose Mercury, have made bitter comments in regard to him in connection with the attempt on the President's life. They have endeavored in some roundabout way to place the responsibility of the act of Quiteau upon Conkling because he had political differences with the President. They have even made bitter comments on his alleged silence in reference to the matter. These bitter and unjust comments upon the ex-Senator simply show that political vindictiveness has no reason, no sense and no conscience. Mr. Conkling wrote this very kind letter to Attorney-General MacVeagh on the 5th of July:

FIFTH-AVE. HOTEL, NEW YORK, July 5th.
My Dear Sir:—In the abhorrence with which all decent men alike shudder at the attempt to murder the President, I have given thought to a matter to which your attention may or may not turn. Our criminal code treats of premeditated homicide in all cases alike, irrespective of the victim. Murder should be visited by the greatest possible penalty. Perhaps no distinction between one case and another could be founded on the public relations held by a person slain. But in the case of an attempt to murder, a broad distinction can be made between assailing the life of an individual and the attempt to take a life of special value to the whole people. The shocking occurrence of Saturday, I think, demands the definition and punishment of assaults aimed at high executive officers, and, whether successful or not, should be made thoroughly rigorous. A man who attempts the life of a President, if morally responsible, commits an offense which the nation ought to guard against and punish by all the power that civilized nations may employ. I suggest this as deserving of consideration. My profound sympathies are with the President and with all of you every hour. The conflicting reports keep hope and fear striving with each other, with nothing stable except the facts, and I trust that the worst is past. I wish you would express to the President my deepest sympathy in this hour, which should hush all discords and enlist the prayers of all for his safe deliverance. Please, also, give Mrs. Garfield my most respectful condolence. Trusting all will soon be well, cordially yours,
ROSCOE CONKLING.

The gold axe of Ashantee for Queen Victoria has been received by Lord Kimberley at the Colonial Office in London. The origin of the axe is lost in antiquity, but tradition says it was a battle-axe of an early King of Ashantee. A leopard skin cover symbolizes courage, while the gold is the emblem of wealth. The King did not readily surrender the axe, but he was led to believe that some such sacrifice was essential to prove the sincerity of his friendly and peaceful professions. He was especially anxious that it should not fall into anybody's hands at the Cape, and gave it up on condition that this emblem of high sovereignty should be presented to the Queen. With it came a unique gold ornament—the Royal Order of Ashantee—worn by the King on state occasions.

"Won't you please play us something, Miss Hammerandbang?" asked Fogg. "I should like to ever so much," she said, looking at her watch, "but really I have no time." "So I have heard," replied Fogg; "but we will overlook that, you know."

Neighbor's pretty daughter—"How much is this a yard?" Draper's son (desperately "spoony" on her)—"Only one kiss." Neighbor's daughter—"If it's so cheap, I will take three yards, and grandma will pay you."

The Old Testament will not be revised for three years yet. People will have to break the ten commandments as they are for the present.—New Haven Register.

Rescued from Death.
The following statement of William J. Coughlin, of Somerville, Mass., is so remarkable that we beg to ask for it the attention of our readers. He says: "In the Fall of 1876 I was taken with a violent bleeding of the lungs, followed by a severe cough. I soon began to lose my appetite and flesh. I was so weak at one time that I could not leave my bed. In the Summer of 1877 I was admitted to the City Hospital. While there the doctors said I had a hole in my left lung as big as a half dollar. I expended over \$100 in doctors and medicines. I was so far gone at one time that a report went around that I was dead. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs. I laughed at my friends, thinking that my case was incurable; but I got a bottle to satisfy them, when to my surprise and gratification I commenced to feel better. My hope, once dead, began to revive, and to-day I feel in better spirits than I have for the past three years. I write this hoping you will publish it, so that every one afflicted with diseased lungs will be induced to take Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, and be convinced that consumption can be cured. I have taken two bottles, and can positively say that it has done more good than all the other medicines I have taken since my sickness. My cough has almost entirely disappeared, and I shall soon be able to go to work." Sold by druggists.