## REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

A NOVEL.

BY MARY ELOISE COMBS.

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CHAPTER IX.

St. Claire called, a few days after the masquer ade, in company with Wyeliffe, to see Meg. Had he not been expecting her, he never would have recognized the girl who entered the room with Mena. The latter sprang toward him with a cry of delight:

"Charlie! My Charlie!"

Meg approached more slowly, and St. Claire was at a loss how to address her. On the street, a week ago, he had called her Meg without the slightest hesitation; but now-

Mena solved the difficulty by saying, patronizingly:

"Meg, you may come and speak to Charlie." Thus encouraged, Meg came forward with more confidence, and, giving her hand to St. Claire, said, slowly:

"I can find no words in which to speak. I can only say, I thank you-I thank you."

Mena was disgusted with Meg's simplicity, aud spoke up in disdain :

"You thank him for finding you? That's funny. He found me, too, but I didn't say 'I thank youhank you.' Why, he's glad to find people,"

Mena thus bridged a silence that might otherwise have become embarrassing.

Presently Wycliffe excused himself, saying that he believed St. Claire's visit was intended for the young ladies, and he would withdraw for a short

The resemblance St. Claire had traced in Meg's face to another, formerly known, was only rendered more remarkable by the change she had undergone during her brief residence with the Wycliffes. The mysteries of the toilet, with the addition of suitable food, had improved her appearance so much that the "Princess" would not have known her. St. Claire determined to ques tion her. Perhaps, after all, he was mistaken.

"Meg, do you know what your mother's name was before she was married?"

"Yes, sir. Her name was Benson-Margaret Benson."

"Had she any relatives that you know any

She had a sister. But I think she must have been a very dreadful person, for I remember, one day when mother was sick, just before she died, she called me to her, and, laying her hand on my head, said to me, 'Maggie, no difference what benes of you, starve or die before you ask your Aunt Ann for a home.""

Ann?"

"I never knew, sir. I never cared. But I have some letters of my mothers. Perhaps they would

With St. Claire's willing permission, she went to fetch them, and in a few moments returned with a small Japan box in her hand. It had never been valuable, and it was much worn with age and use. St. Claire opened it, and found several letters, which were entirely illegible, a marriage certificate, and a wedding ring. Their intrinsic worth was very little, yet to St. Claire they were invaluable. He handed them back to Meg, telling her to hold them in safe keeping, as they were all she possessed that had ever belonged to her mother.

After St. Claire left Wycliffe's, he went in search of Jack De Guerry, whom he found in his own quarters, which, it must be confessed, were rather elegant for a man who styled himself a beggar.

After a desultory conversation, which St. Claire purposely directed in a personal channel, leading Jack to speak of himself, he inquired if Jack had no relations besides the De Guerrys.

Jack replied that he had not.

"What was Mrs. De Guerry's maiden name?" "Her name was Benson."

"Had she any brothers?"

"No. She had one sister by the name of Mar-

"Is her sister dead?"

"She does not know; but she supposes so." St. Claire was ashamed to ask any more questions; but he must know, and there was no other

"And was this sister unmarried?"

"Oh, no. That was the cause of the trouble. Margaret incurred her sister's bitter enmity by marrying a man by the name of Harmon-a man whom Aunt Ann hated, which is at least one thing in his favor. He had the misfortune to be poor, a misfortune which is laid down in her creed s the unpardonable sin. I have heard her say that her happiness would never be complete until she had turned one of Margaret's children from her duor."

"Yet, I think if one of her sister's children should go to her, claiming kinship and a home, she would scarcely turn them away unheeding their petition."

"You do not know Aunt Ann," said Jack, his brow darkening. "She would brush them from her path as she would a worm."

"Not a very pleasant simile, Mr. De Guerry."
"Not very; yet far pleasanter than Mrs. De

hierry when she is angry."

"Would Miss De Guerry receive her long-lost relatives any more charitably than her mother proposes to ?"

"Bell would go into the street, bring them in out of the mud, and love them. I heard her tell her mother that if she ever sent them from the house, she would go with them."

"Miss De Guerry does not impress me as young lady who would go out in the mud for or through the half-open window and disappeared with anybody."

"St. Claire, why do you hate my cousin Bell?" "I do not hate her. One person never hates another until they have loved them and been disap-

our hatred by the depth of our love." "By what name, then, do you distinguish the feeling you have toward her?"

"You will pardon me, De Guerry, if I say that a discussion of this subject could only engender ill will between us. As your cousin, I shall always respect Miss. De Guerry."

"Thank you, St. Claire. If you ever get well acquainted with her, as I hope you may, you will learn to respect her for her own true worth."

St. Claire made no reply. He could not second Jack's wish, so he remained silent, though not convinced. He believed his friend to be the victim of a woman's insatiable coquetry, and he pitied him as sincerely as he disliked the woman.

De Guerry's voice broke his unprofitable reflections.

"St. Claire, do you believe that any woman is capable of an unselfish, unchanging love for a man ?"

"Yes. I know it."

"You speak very positively."

"I have bought and paid for the right to speak positively on that subject."

Jack looked at him incredulously. He had never heard St. Claire refer to his past life, and it had never occurred to him that there could be a heart's history hidden by that stern, sad face. He felt now as though he had brushed the veil aside with a rough hand.

"I beg your pardon, St. Claire. I do not seek your confidence; but you speak as though your experience had been very bitter."

"It has been. But it has taught me the unalterable fidelity of a good woman's love."

"You have been fortunate in holding to your faith in women. Now, I believe the best women to be fickle. Any new face can chain for a time their roving fancy. With them, love is like the ague—it is very severe while it lasts. They can have it any number of times, but it is not at all dangerous, and it leaves no scars."

St. Claire's reply was drowned by a knock a the door. In response to Jack's summons to enter, a servant appeared and handed him a letter.

"It is from my respected aunt," Jack explained, when the servant retired. "I know by the immense monogram, with the frail, little envelope under it."

He was right; it was from Mrs. De Guerry. She desired Jack's attendance, as she was at home, "to settle a matter which was in doubt."

Jack gave the note to St. Claire, and asked him to remain there until he returned, when he would explain the "doubtful matter" referred to. As St. Claire had nothing better to do, he accepted the invitation, found a desirable book, and seated himself comfortably to await Jack's return.

Mrs. De Guerry received Jack in her most dignified manner-a fact which augured ill for his success. With all her haughtiness and air of superiority, she was restless and ill at ease. Jack was the first to refer to the object of his visit.

"You have read the letters, Mrs. De Guerry?" "Yes, I have read them; and I wonder how you could have been imposed upon by such vile forgeries. I assume that you were imposed upon. I cannot believe that you would have brought them to me knowing them to be false."

Jack's hands were clenched till the nails cut through the flesh. He answered her slowly, with an effort for self-control such as he had never exerted before.

"They are genuine, Mrs. De Guerry-as genuine as your anger at me for producing them."

A moment's silence ensued, broken at last by Mrs. De Guerry.

"They were very imperfect, Jack-very. They did not prove that she went with him."

"No. But they prove that he urged her, by every argument at his command, to do so." Mrs. De Guerry waved her hand in dissent

"I asked you for proof that Agatha Wycliffe deserted her husband for Jasper Raymond. I do not consider that you have furnished it, and, unless you do so, of course I cannot inform Bell of the absurd story, with its sham of proof."

Jack rose and stood before her, trembling with anger at her cruelty and baseness. He tried to curb the torrent of bitter, burning words that rose

"Mrs. De Guerry, a promise that does not bind you can no longer restrain me. Give me the letters. I will show them to Bell and tell her the story, and she shall then choose between us-beween Raymond and me."

A smile of triumph lingered for a moment on Mrs. De Guerry's thin lips. As she spoke, her voice was cold and ironical.

"I suppose that if Mr. Raymond should ascertain that you signed his name to those letters, that for Bell's sake he would forgive you. But, rather than put his love to the test, I burned them."

Jack sprang toward her with the undefined intention of strangling her. The awful anger in his face, the red gleam of insanity in his eyes, fright- I shall require something more reliable than a

ened her, and she drew back with a cry of terror. Jack fell back a pace, and his hands dropped by his side. Mrs. De Guerry was a coward; but even a brave person might well have been afraid of the white-faced madman standing there glaring down at her. She glanced around for a means of escape, looked at Jack, calculated her chances, and, gathering her flowing draperies in her hand, dashed from view:

Jack's hasty temper was only equaled by his quick appreciation of the ludicrous. When he saw the dignified, aristocratic Mrs. De Guerry, pointed in them. We must measure the degree of one of the most stately women in America, who always moved with slow, majestic mien-when he saw her grab her skirts and rush frantically through the window, he forgot his anger, and, throwing back his head, he shouted with laughter. But the sound of his own voice jarred upon his ear and brought back the unwelcome truth with redoubled force. Wounded in the most vulnerable spot-his honor assailed, his veracity doubted, stung to the heart-he slowly and sadly left the house and went back to his apartments.

St. Claire was the first to speak. He laid down his book and said, inquiringly:

"There has been a storm, Jack?"

"Yes; there has been a storm. I hate her-that woman! She has come between me and all happiness ever since I was a boy, when she refused to allow me to use her laces for kite-strings. Yes, I hate her !"

Then, slowly and concis ly, he related the interview. He commenced by referring to the masquerade ball, then telling of the black domino, the letters, and their contents, and finished by scornfully repeating Mrs. De Guerry's miserable subterfuge to escape dismissing Raymond.

St. Claire's face darkened and his eyes gleamed ominously as Jack proceeded to tell of her insulting insolence. Sympathy is of little avail in a case of this kind, yet he said what he could to soothe Jack's feelings and soften his resentment toward his aunt. And, when he finally left his friend, he directed his course straight to Mrs. De Guerry's.

That lady received him as calmly and graciously as if nothing had occurred to ruffle her accustomed serenity. Bell, too, was glad to see him. She liked St. Claire. He was the only gentleman of her acquaintance who did not flatter her. She said that he was the only perfectly truthful man she ever knew. She had long ago recovered from the wound her vanity had received when he burned her picture.

A thrill of something very like remorse shot through St. Claire's heart in response to their friendly greeting, when he reflected that he had come there for the purpose of mortifying and humiliating them. He informed them that a matter of business was the object of his visit,

"A matter of considerable importance to you and your family," he said.

"You are very welcome, then," said Bell, with new animation. "I did not know that there was anything of importance in the world that could

relate to me." "Isabell !" interrupted her mother, reprovingly. "Well, mamma, I didn't. I thought that life was always the same tireless round of tread-mill existence."

"My daughter, I think that you will give Mr. St. Claire the impression that your life is very monotonous,"

"It is monotonous. I hope that Mr. St. Claire's business refers to something new-something out of the beaten path of every-day life."

"I am so singularly fortunate as to be able to comply with your wishes. I have come to bring you information of the whereabouts of a relative of yours."

St. Claire stopped to mark the effect of his words. Mrs. De Guerry remained perfectly motionless, without offering to speak; but Bell sprang to her feet with a glad cry.

"A relative of ours! Who? Where?" "Your cousin, the daughter of your Aunt Mar-

garet."

"My cousin! My own cousin! Mother, do you hear-Aunt Margaret's child? Tell me, quick, where is she?"

"She is not what you could wish, Miss Bell," said St. Claire, his voice unconsciously softening as he saw her undisguised pleasure at his announcement. "She is poor, uneducated and unrefined."

"Then she has the more need of friends. What her name?"

"Maggie Harmon. Meg, they call her." "They call her? Who?"

"Wycliffes. She is nurse for Wycliffe's little

"Where did they get her?"

"She was selling matches on the street."

A flush, succeeded by a pallor, overspread Bell's face. A moment more and she was sobbing and crying as if her heart would break. The blow had fallen. The arrow that St. Claire had prepared to pierce their pride had struck home. But, from some cause, the result did not give him the pleasure he had anticipated.

Mrs. De Guerry had not spoken, had not moved. She thought her evil star must certainly be in the ascendency. She was disgusted with Bell for the way she accepted this fabulous story. She must act authoritatively and repudiate, at once, this low-bred menial.

"Isabell, your tender heart makes you overeredulous. The story sounds very romantie; but mere assertion before I receive a beggar into my family."

St. Claire answered the woman in a manner as haughty as her own.

"Nor would I come to Mrs. De Guerry with an assertion I was unable to prove. I received the story of her parentage from the girl herself. She has in her possession her mother's marriage certificate and some letters."

St. Claire did not deem it necessary to state that the letters were so old and worn as to be unread-

"And she sent you to me with these things to claim relationship?"

"No, madam; she did not. She knows nothing of you or your family."

"May I inquire how you came in possession of this wonderful piece of information?"

"I was first attracted toward her by her remarkable resemblance to your daughter." Bell looked up, smiles beaming through her

tears. "She looks like me? She will be like a sister.

I am so glad-so glad !" "Isabell !" said her mother, sternly. "You will oblige me by not referring to that impostor in that manner again. Your sister, indeed! That low-

born beggar !" "Well, cousin, then. I can't see much difference."

"Not your cousin, either."

"But, mamma, Mr. St. Claire said-"

"Yes, I know what he said. But I will never receive the girl in my house. If the story is true, she is only a daughter of an ungrateful motherone to whom I owe nothing."

"Mother!" exclaimed Bell, amazed at such cold-blooded cruelty.

Mrs. De Guerry paid no attention to the interruption, but proceeded, calmly:

"I told my sister, years ago, when she married that man Harmon, that her children would want for bread. It seems that my words have come true. I told her then never to come to me for help, for she would never get it-she or her children."

Bell went to her mother and said, impressively: "Mother, I am hurt beyond all expression at your words. Take them back, I pray you. This girl needs us you and me and my heart goes out to her so pityingly."

"No, Isabell; say no more about it. I never forgave my sister; I shall never receive her child." "Then, mother, you must give me up. The money my father left me shall be divided between that girl and me. I shall take her under my care. Her home shall be my home, her people my peo-

Not a muscle of Mrs. De Guerry's face moved, not a feature relented, as Bell spoke.

"Then you can and will give up your mother

for a stranger—a match-girl, a nurse?" "But she needs me, mother. Oh, mother, take

us both"!" "Never-so help me God! No child of John Harmon's shall ever live in the same house with

Bell shuddered at the intensity of feeling in her mother's voice, and, after all his planning, St. Claire wished that he had been spared this scene. However, he had a new insight into Bell's character. After all, Jack was right. He could respect her for her own true worth. She turned to him, saving, slowly:

"Take me to her, Mr. St. Claire. I am very anxious to see her-my new cousin Maggie."

St. Claire hesitated. He did not dare, he did not wish, to make a breach between mother and daughter. After a moment's deliberation, he said, thoughtfully:

"Perhaps, Miss De Guerry, it would be a wiser plan for me to see Meg and prepare her for your "Yes, you are right; that would be best," ac-

eded Bell.

And thus the question was settled for the present. [To be continued.]

Boston total abstinence people are now excited against the Rev. Dr. Bartol on account of a sermon of his on the evil of intemperance. He took the ground that the war on rum, as commonly waged, is worse than useless. "Beer is not wrong," he said; "wine and ale are not wrong; rum and whisky and brandy are not wrong; nothing purely material could be wrong. Inso-briety, inordinate self-indulgence is wrong, be the fleshly appetite for particular meat or drink what it may, and eating or drinking to excess is not the cause of profligacy, murder, theft, arson, house-breaking, or any vile, indecent assault, any more than one fowl is the cause of the flock or brood." Dr. Bartol's idea is to so educate man that he will take to intellectual enjoyments, and thus lose his appetite for intoxicating beverages.

In the British Commons, on the 9th inst., Gladstone moved an address praying the Crown to pro-vide a monument in Westminster Abbey to Lord Beaconsfield. He paid an eloquent tribute to the departed statesman. Northcote said the Premier had "already erected a monument better than marble." The motion passed the Commons, and a similar one was adopted by the Lords.

A subscription has been started, headed by Prince Czartoryski and Baroness Nathaniel Roths child, to raise a sum to be applied to keeping Chopin's tomb in order. The amount is to be placed in the care of the house of Pleyel, and the preservation of the monument erected by the master's pupils and friends in 1849 will be as

Modesty is such a rare possession that most persons blush to own it.—New York News.

The first black Friday occurred in Robin Crusoe's time.—Lowell Courier.