

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

A NOVEL.

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CHAPTER IX.

St. Claire called, a few days after the masquerade, in company with Wycliffe, 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—

"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 a young lady who would go out in the mud for or 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 disappointed in them. We must measure the degree of our hatred by the depth of our love."

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 through the half-open window and disappeared from view. Jack's hasty temper was only equalled by his quick appreciation of the ludicrous. When he saw the dignified, aristocratic Mrs. De Guerry, 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!"

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 unreadable. "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."

[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. Insobriety, 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 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 provide 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 Rothschild, 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 assured.

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

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