

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

A NOVEL.

BY MARY ELOISE COMBS.

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CHAPTER XI.

Bell assured herself very often that she was happy. All her ambitious hopes and desires were in a fair way to be realized. Yes, she had decided. She would be a rich man's wife, envied and admired, and in the pride of power forget love and its vain illusions.

Jack did not come to see her very often now. He was too busy, he had told her, and she had thought that it was very much better—for Jack. But she did not ask herself why his absence left such a vacancy in her life. He said to her one day that he was intending to go to England soon on business, and he looked searchingly into her face as he added:

"And by the time I return you will probably be Mrs. Raymond?"

Bell said nothing either to affirm or deny his words. Jack was silent a moment, and then said, maliciously:

"No doubt my cousin shallow-hearted will be a grand lady, and I shall miss her so much and be so lonely without her that I shall at once commence search for the fair-haired, blue-eyed maiden she has always advised me to marry."

Bell could not have explained why his words angered her. What possible difference could it make to her when or whom Jack De Guerry married? She had crushed all love for him out of her heart long ago. Yet she talked considerably and very earnestly to him concerning life, its duties and responsibilities.

Jack listened very meekly, and there was nothing in the lecture to lead him to believe that life would be rendered any brighter or happier to him if he should marry. This was several weeks ago, and as Jack said nothing further on the subject of his departure, Bell concluded that he had abandoned the project. So he had, but from very different reasons from what she supposed.

Bell had waited anxiously for some tidings of St. Claire's interview with Meg, but none came. On the evening of the second day after his unfortunate revelation, Bell was standing looking dreamily out of the window, watching the night settle down slowly over the busy world. The door opened and a gentleman crossed the room toward her. She turned to him with a shade of disappointment on her face, saying, thoughtlessly:

"I thought it was Mr. St. Claire."

Raymond drew back with an air of wounded vanity not altogether assumed.

"I wish for your sake that it was. You and Mr. St. Claire have learned to like each other very much, have you not?"

"Yes," commenced Bell, and hesitated how to finish the sentence so innocently begun, her face flushing crimson under Raymond's steady gaze.

"Bell, let me tell you now—"

"Mr. St. Claire."

Bell and Raymond both looked around as the servant flung open the door and made this announcement. St. Claire seemed slightly annoyed by Raymond's presence. He came toward them. His face, usually pale, was perfectly white, and his manner betrayed great agitation. Raymond stopped forward to meet him with an air of protection.

"St. Claire, you are in trouble?"

"Yes; or rather in sympathy with the trouble of a friend. Mr. Wycliffe's little daughter and her nurse Meg have been stolen."

"Stolen?" echoed his listeners, in a breath.

"Yes, stolen. They went for a walk this afternoon, and have not been seen or heard from since."

"They are lost. They will be brought home all right," suggested Raymond.

"Meg could not be lost in New York," answered St. Claire, briefly.

"Have you seen Meg since—since—"

Bell stopped, helplessly gazing at St. Claire in mute appeal.

"Since I was here last? No, I have not. You can't blame me, Bell, more than I condemn myself for my neglect; but I assure you that I thought it best to delay the matter for a few days."

"It was best, no doubt, my friend. Give yourself no anxiety on my account, I beg you; but tell me if there is any manner in which I can aid you in this search."

"No, Bell. I wish there was some work to do. But we can only sit with folded hands, patiently waiting and hoping for their safe return."

Many plans for the rescue were introduced and discussed, but to no purpose, and finally St. Claire arose to take his departure. He held Bell's hand tenderly a moment, then dropped it suddenly, and, bowing to Raymond, left the room.

There were tears standing in Bell's eyes when she turned around again. She blushed consciously, and her heavy lashes swept her cheeks as she saw Raymond regarding her with a pained, displeased expression on his face. She thought that he was jealous of St. Claire, and she was pleased. Raymond rose and crossed over to where she was sitting, and spoke slowly and deliberately:

"Bell, I have something of importance to say to you. I do not know that it is in good taste for me to speak now, but your parting with St. Claire has driven me to it."

past few months. The vision had been so satisfactory and delightful; why did it seem suddenly so distasteful, so impossible? She turned again to the window. Her silence must have given him hope, for he continued, though speaking with hesitation:

"You must have known, Bell, that I liked you very much when I met you abroad—that your happiness is still very dear to me."

Again he stopped, as if waiting for Bell to speak. But she only gazed into the gathering shadows, which seemed to shut out all the light, not only of day, but of hope, from her life. And yet, this was the golden prize she had dreamed of and hoped for. Why, then, did her heart sink so low at this prospect of a brilliant future?—sink so low as his voice went on steadily, sounding far-off and mocking to the weary, listening girl?

"I have thought of speaking several times, but I feared that you would think our acquaintance too short to warrant me in what I am about to say. Bell, will you answer me truthfully, without any fear of wounding my feelings?"

The door of her "castle in Spain" stood open. What barred her from entering? A form rose before her—a strong, manly figure—that would not let her pass. She knew at last that something was dearer to her than wealth or position. Now that the time had come for her to choose her future, she knew that Jack De Guerry's love was worth more to her than all the world besides.

"Bell, you do not answer me? I do not wish to offend you, but I must ask you if—"

"Oh, Mr. Raymond, do not ask me!"

"But, Bell, you cannot refuse to give me an answer. Tell me, do you care for—"

"No, no; do not! Please, Mr. Raymond, let me tell. I am not worthy of your regard; yet I am not so base, so perfectly heartless, as you will think me. I have loved another man all my life, I think, but I never knew how well till now. I am sorry, indeed I am, Mr. Raymond, but I can never marry you."

She had gone on rapidly, heedlessly, fearing that he would interrupt her. She looked up now, her eyes filled with pitying tears, and held out her hands pleadingly; but when she saw the stunned, surprised look on Raymond's face, her arms dropped helplessly by her side.

"Marry me? I never thought of such a thing!"

In a moment Raymond's face blazed with shame, as he understood her blunder and his own rudeness.

"Bell, forgive me! I am a brute!"

But his repentance came too late. A low, hysterical laugh rippled over the scarlet lips, quickly succeeded by a burst of tears. Raymond clasped both her hands in his, and frantically begged her to listen to him—to give him an opportunity to explain his unpardonable stupidity.

Bell started him by suddenly ceasing her weeping and breaking into a merry, happy laugh—a laugh so contagious and so joyous that Raymond had no choice but to join her. After she had regained sufficient composure, she inquired, soberly:

"Mr. Raymond, will you tell me more about that 'important matter' I think that I shall be able to understand."

"The very answer you gave me paves the way for my question. You said that you loved some one else. Bell, is it Charles St. Claire?"

"Charles St. Claire? No, Mr. St. Claire cares no more for me than—than you do."

"Just the same, Miss Bell. He appreciates you fully and regards you very highly. He is so thoroughly honorable that you might trust your life in his hands. He will always be to you a firm, true friend, but he can be nothing more."

"I think, Mr. Raymond, that if there was the smallest grain of vanity or self-conceit in my composition, you have effectually removed it. You have told me not only that you did not wish to marry me yourself, but that your friends would like to be excused also. No, Mr. Raymond, in justice to myself, I will say that I was not counting Mr. St. Claire among the slain."

"Miss Bell, you are pleased to be sarcastic at my expense. I chance to know that one heart more or less numbered with your victims would make but little difference to you. I did you injustice, though, in believing that you considered all men lawful prey. I think I can guess—"

The door opened, and Mrs. De Guerry, ignorant of Raymond's presence, entered the room and came haughtily toward the window. She had seen St. Claire leave the house, and she supposed that he had come to bring Bell some information concerning Meg, and she steeled her heart to hear unmoved any communication Bell might be pleased to make relative to the matter. It was, therefore, with something very like a shock of surprise that she found Raymond in the room, engaged in very earnest conversation with her daughter. She hid her eyes. But it was now impossible to retreat without being detected, so she advanced with slight embarrassment and greeted Raymond coolly. It would have been too painful for her to have excused herself and retired then, so from necessity the conversation became general, and neither Bell nor Raymond ever again referred to their singular mistake. But through all her after life, whenever Bell's thoughts returned to that hour, she always felt a thrill of triumph to remember that, after all, she did refuse him.

The following day, a party of gentlemen were conversing on the all-important topic of the day, the lost children, when "Sir" George Ingoldsby, who was one of the number, started to the advantage of the party, with some

insulting comments about St. Claire's interest in the nurse-girl, Meg.

The words had scarcely passed his lips, when Jack De Guerry sprang forward, and, with a quick, well-directed blow from his clenched hand, knocked Ingoldsby sprawling into the street. He laid there a moment, so utterly dumbfounded at the audacity of an ordinary American citizen daring to lay violent hands on one of Her Majesty's subjects that he was totally unable to move. To add to his amazement and chagrin, the act was greeted by his companions with strong expressions of approval.

Ingoldsby raised his lumbering figure to its full height, or rather its full width, and, very red in the face and very spluttering in his language, ascended the steps more leisurely than he had gone down them, and bade Jack defend himself.

"See here, Ingoldsby," answered Jack; "we are most too old to indulge in a street fight. Let us finish it like gentlemen."

"Coward! coward!" hissed Ingoldsby, entirely misunderstanding Jack's meaning, and thinking it was his intention to call "enough" and stop. "Defend yourself, or take the consequences!"

With cool composure Jack waited the threatened attack; but Raymond stepped between them.

"Sir George, we are all St. Claire's friends here, and each of us is eager to defend him. It is my turn now. Come on!"

But Ingoldsby stepped back, remarking that if they all intended to pitch on him superior strength would compel him to yield; however, he should take measures at once to inform his Government of the insult he had received.

Jack told him that he had no doubt Queen Victoria would come over at once to see about the matter. And so, with feelings of mutual animosity, the two men parted.

The story reached Mrs. De Guerry, who repeated it to Bell, at the same time saying, with great impressiveness:

"Of course, Isabell, it was simply because Jack is your cousin, and Mr. Raymond wished to be courteous to him, that he offered to defend Mr. St. Claire's honor."

Bell smiled a pleasant, knowing smile; but she made no reply.

As soon as St. Claire heard of Meg's disappearance, he was convinced that the Princess and her associates were concerned in the mysterious affair. He communicated his convictions to Wycliffe, who coincided in the belief. Together they went to the place which had formerly been Meg's abode, and where the Princess and her retinue held sway. But to their dismay they found that they had vanished, "folded their tents like the Arabs and silently stolen away." This fact strengthened the belief in their guilt; but "the needle in the hay-stack" would have been easy to find compared with those rats in the city.

St. Claire was more annoyed than alarmed in believing that the wanderers were in the care of the Princess; for he thought her actuated solely by her love of gold, and that she would keep them safe and well in order to gain a reward. And he firmly resolved that not one dollar should she receive until she could prove that the children came into her possession honestly.

After their failure to find the woman, the two men went sadly homeward. While on their way, a woman passed them, and, dropping something, stooped to pick it up. The movement attracted St. Claire's attention, and, glancing at her, he saw, to his great joy, that it was the Princess. She did not see him, but walked swiftly on, her face partially hidden by a beautiful silver-colored silk veil, which contrasted strikingly with the remainder of her cheap, gaudy apparel.

St. Claire caught Wycliffe by the arm and drew him on, explaining as they went the identity of the figure before them, whose every movement they watched with eager eyes. On, on they went; sometimes near to her, but oftener at a distance, fearing lest she should chance to see them. Friends spoke to them, but were unheeded. No sound did they hear, no living soul did they see, but the woman they were following. Oh they went, through the squalor and stink of the alleys, not knowing that they were not treading on marble pavements.

At length the woman halted before an entrance, over which was a sign which read, "VARIETY STALL," which St. Claire said he supposed contained a variety of dirt and vermin, probably unsurpassed in the city. The Princess went on in, and the two men walked back and forth in front of the place, waiting for her to reappear, till the minutes grew long and the hours seemed interminable. Finally they saw that they were attracting attention. Then St. Claire proposed that they should boldly enter the place and inquire for the woman.

Wycliffe assented, and they crossed over and entered the low, filthy shop. A man whose personal appearance was exactly in keeping with his surroundings came forward, with a half-frightened, suspicious look in his little blinking black eyes. St. Claire spoke affirmatively:

"We wish to see the woman who came into this place a short time ago—a woman whom you call the Princess."

The man shrugged his shoulders, lifted his eyebrows, and extended his hands with the palms outward.

"I haven't saw the Princess at all to-day."

St. Claire took a piece of gold out of his pocket and held it up before the man, whose eyes blinked so fast it was scarcely possible to see them.

"I have in the woman."

toward the back of the shop. The temptation was too great; he could not resist it. He was a descendant of Judas, who betrayed his Lord for less money. He jerked his thumb toward the room beyond, saying, in a hushed voice, as he held out his hand for the money:

"She's in there."

"Bring her out."

The man frowned, but went into the room, and in a few moments returned, followed by the Princess.

St. Claire turned to her, and, without a word of prelude, said:

"Where is Meg?"

"I don't know," answered the woman, doggedly.

"I paid you full value for her before. What do you charge now?"

"I haven't got her."

And neither threats of punishment nor promises of reward could elicit any information from the woman. There was no excuse for detaining her, so St. Claire tossed the money to the man, who snapped it viciously, and they left the foul place. For hours they waited in sight, hoping that the woman would leave, and then they would follow her. But, though they lingered near till late in the night, she did not appear, and, weary and discouraged, they went back to their homes—St. Claire to wait in anxious uncertainty, Wycliffe to find a terrible reality.

[To be continued.]

EVA BURBANK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

All that was mortal of this talented and lovely young lady had a burial in the bosom of the great Pacific Ocean at Baker's Bay, W. T., last August. No stone marks her resting-place, and kind friends meet not to strew flowers upon her tomb and let fall the tears of love over the memory of one so pure and noble. The press has told the tale of her sad death, and the readers have, perhaps, shed tears or uttered sighs over the bereavement of her parents. But soon the passing events of our country claimed their attention, and the fate of this lovely one will soon be forgotten. But not so with her stricken parents. Only yesterday I visited their fine residence, in order that I might know from them many particulars of the life and decease of their only child. She was born on the 22d of January, 1861, in Monticello, W. T. In early life she showed excellent qualities of mind and heart. She was devotedly attached to her parents, and her heart overflowed in kindness to her associates. Her parents' love for her was deep, tender and devoted. No gratification or comfort that wealth could bestow was withheld from her. Unlike most young ladies, she did not incline to marriage, preferring to remain in the bliss of parental affection and domestic enjoyment. She had had a presentiment for some years that her stay on earth would be short, and often spoke of separation from her parents. Death to her was no terror; but she ever spoke of the cold, dark grave with horror. In the order of Providence, she found a grave where multitudes have slept, and where the waves utter their lonely requiems. Before me is her portrait of life size—expressive, beautiful, and innocent. Her music books lie upon her piano. Over the family clock in the parlor she placed the card, "God Bless Our Home," on the morning when she left for Baker's Bay. Her grief-stricken parents show me her rooms, in which are her library, paintings, and keep-sakes, beautiful articles of artistic skill; her wardrobe, low and arched, mirrors, and all the various mementoes of a refined lady. The lawn and flower borders, flowering plants of perennial beauty, soft fruit and shade trees of foreign lands, seem to have been made and arranged here for her pleasure and gratification by her fond parents. Everything is just as when she left her home in Lafayette on the morning of the 21st of August, 1880. I felt loth to mention the subject of the dear lost one to her parents yesterday when I came to this city; but without hesitation they unfolded to me their sorrow and bereavement. God is wonderfully sustaining them in their sad affliction. Were it not for the consolations of religion which they possess, their hearts would break. They have neither son nor daughter left to cheer them in their declining years. May the God of all goodness sustain them during their life on earth. DAVID NEWSOME.

Lafayette, Or., May 21, 1881.

A Cincinnati young woman killed her baby by stabbing it thirteen times with a knife. The only witness of the crime was her lover. Ohio law does not compel a husband to testify against his wife in a criminal trial, and therefore the marriage of this couple was a sure way of saving the prisoner. The authorities undertook to prevent the union, but were not sufficiently vigilant, for a marriage ceremony was surreptitiously, though legally, performed in jail.

It has been conclusively proved that if a man walks around the world on a great circle his head will go just 37.7 feet farther than his feet. So, if you don't want to wake up some morning with your head and feet that far apart, don't attempt circumnavigation. —New Haven Register.

A Boston paper with "Christian" in its name confesses that it has "sometimes thought that, if Mr. Phillips, in a moment of enlightened remorse, should sting himself with his own sarcasm, he would quickly die of the effect of self-acquaintance."

A miscreant gave a little girl in Dennison, Ohio, two railroad torpedoes, telling her they contained candies, and that she must open them with a stone. The child tried one of them, and the torpedo burst and destroyed her sight.

Wong Tse Fung, an elderly Chinaman in San Francisco, recently saw a live turtle lying unaccountably on his back in front of a restaurant, and, having purchased it for \$25, had it conveyed to a wharf and thrown overboard.

When a dog saves a man's life, the man, if he be of a generous disposition, has a heavy silver collar made for the dog, and the poor brute has the same honor as a man.