

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

A NOVEL.

BY MARY ELOISE COMBS.

[Application for Copyright forwarded to the Librarian of Congress at Washington, D. C.]

CHAPTER XIII.

A man with an "impediment" in his gait was walking slowly along, following carelessly, but none the less watchfully, every movement of another man shambling on before him.

The man who was being shadowed, unconscious of the proximity of a spy, shuffled on till he came to a saloon, over the door of which was stamped the lie, "Safe Retreat."

Not so particular was the second man. He went boldly in and seated himself at the table with the other new-comer, and, clapping him familiarly on the shoulder, said, boisterously:

"It's my treat, old scar-face! What'll yer take?"

The man thus addressed turned around, revealing a face so seamed and scarred that the name his companion had applied to him seemed a just tribute to the memory of departed wounds.

"Hello, Scraggy! How did you git that last beauty-spot? Did some swell strike you with his cane?"

The questioner referred to the long fresh scar extending from the forehead diagonally across the face over the mouth and chin—a large red welt, blistered in places, and looking painful and almost repulsive.

"No, some swell didn't touch me! That's a burn. I got it the night of the fire in our quarters."

"How'd you do that?"

"A red-hot stick fell in my face."

His rough companion expressed sentiments of coarse sympathy, and the last comer said he would treat the crowd on it.

With noisy demonstrations they gave orders at the bar, commenting with rude familiarity on the generosity which prompted the offer.

"The stranger must be flush," observed a little round-faced individual, who had eagerly drunk his own portion, and was now engaged in draining from a glass the few drops that one of the others had unintentionally left in it.

But the stranger did not heed this intimation that another drink at his expense would be acceptable. So, after inspecting every glass that his companions had left, and finding them distressingly dry, the disappointed "beat" turned sadly away.

Several hours passed on, and Scraggy and the red-haired stranger, who gave his name as Hunter, became very fast friends. Hunter furnished the liquor and Scraggy drank it.

That night Hunter did not sleep well. He was restless and uneasy. The fretful moans of a child disturbed him, and frequently he raised himself on his elbow in an attitude of listening.

"Where is Meg? I want my papa!"

Hunter sprang to his feet; but the man at his side was not as soundly asleep as he supposed, for he aroused up and with an oath inquired:

"What are you doin' up there?"

Hunter sunk down again, muttering unintelligibly something about the crying child.

"Devil fly away with the load! Let it alone, and go to sleep."

Perhaps Hunter followed his advice. At any rate, Scraggy was not again disturbed by his restless movements. In the morning Hunter was lying with eyes fast closed and breathing heavily, when a woman entered the room, and, glancing around hastily, her eyes rested on the stranger.

"Wake up, you fool! Who's this you've brought here now to spy upon us?"

Scraggy was not slow to hear and understand. Raising up, he regarded the sleeper attentively for a moment, then said, sneeringly:

"Oh, yes; that's the way a spy always acts! Gits as drunk as a load, then sleeps like a brick."

"What's he a-doin' here?"

"Look 'ee, old woman," answered the man, in a cautious whisper. "This un's got 'im."

"How do you know?"

"I found him last night down to Jimmy's. I

saw the color of the swag, an' I brung him here to pay his board."

The woman nodded understandingly and turned away. Scraggy rolled over several times, yawned, and finding it impossible to get back to sleep, lastly arose and made his toilet by shoving his feet into a pair of ragged shoes that he had kicked off before getting into bed the night before.

The child commenced to cry again piteously, and the woman asked Scraggy, anxiously:

"Do you think it would be safe to bring the child out here?"

"Yes; of course. Why not? Tell him she's yours. He'll ask no questions."

He was right—the visitor, asked no questions. After Hunter arose, Scraggy hinted rather plainly that he would be expected to furnish the morning meal. In response, Hunter turned his pockets wrong side out, and brought to view a solitary ten-cent piece, all that was left after the last night's carousal.

Scraggy grimly pocketed the coin, with the remark that it wasn't worth quarreling about, and then questioned his guest as to his former abode.

Hunter replied that he had recently come from foreign parts; that he had some money, but didn't have it with him; that he would get some during the day, and come back that night if they would allow him. He concluded by saying:

"I'll buy a ribbon for the purty little girlie who looks so like her mar."

Scraggy, after assuring the man that he was welcome to remain with them, went out to invest the ten cents he had "collected." The woman, who informed Hunter that she was an English Princess, requested him to address her by that title, and was soon absorbed in the advertising columns of the morning papers.

While she was thus engaged in spelling and understanding what might be of interest to her, Hunter was endeavoring to make friends with the sorrowful-looking child, who stood fixedly regarding him, with a decidedly unfriendly countenance.

"Come her, little un, and tell me yer name."

The child, stood firmly and closely against the wall, paying no heed to his attempts at conversation. Hunter looked scrutinizingly at the woman and saw that it was no sham interest she had in her reading. Then in a totally different voice he spoke again.

"Come here, curly, and talk to me."

The child looked at him now with wide-open, startled eyes, and slowly and doubtfully walked toward him. He put out his hands, which she refused to notice, and said, softly:

"Don't you like me? Tell me your name."

"My name is Mena. Are you my Charlie?"

The woman looked up at the sound of the child's voice, and said, angrily:

"Six, come away!"

"I think—I guess it's my Charlie, and I want to see him—awful!"

But Hunter dispelled the momentary delusion by rising and pushing her from him, saying, almost roughly:

"I'll go now, and come back again after while."

And not glancing again at the disappointed boy, who stood looking after him with quivering chin and fast-dilating eyes, he walked hurriedly from the room.

That afternoon the red-haired man again asked admission at Wycliffe's, and was again ushered in by the disgusted Winters, who had received imperative orders to admit him any time of the day or night he might chance to come.

"You bring news, St. Claire? Good news, thank God!"

"Yes, Wycliffe; I bring good news. I have see Mena."

Then, rapidly and concisely, he told his adventures up to the time when Mena recognized him.

"And I pushed her from me and left her alone in that den of thieves?"

He was compelled to hush, for a lump in his throat choked further utterance.

"What next? When and how are you going back?"

"I am going back to-night with a squad of police. We'll spring their game and give them their deserts."

With confident hearts the two men prepared the plan of attack, never doubting their easy victory. St. Claire's course proved that he was a novice in the role of detective. No experienced person would have dared to risk the chances of being seen going from the haunts of poverty and vice to the wealthiest and most fashionable quarter of the city.

With the ignorant, especially those who are viciously inclined to do wrong, caution is far more largely developed than among the more intelligent class of people. Naturally suspicious, particularly when in danger, like animals of the lower order, they are ever on the alert, ready to flee at the signal of the enemy's approach.

Mistrustful of the cause which had brought the stranger within her gates, the Princess had followed him from her door to Wycliffe's home. She saw him admitted, and knew his errand. She was not able to guess his identity, but supposed him to be a regularly employed detective; and she laughed to herself to think how cleverly she would out-wit him. She determined, also, to leave Scraggy to shift for himself. He had long

been a stumbling-block to her pecuniary advancement, as he always insisted on sharing the profits of any successful enterprise. She would take the child and abandon the man to his fate. Then the entire reward would be hers, instead of dividing it with the man, who would lose it in less than an hour "down at Jimmy's."

But if the woman was cunning, Scraggy was not less so. That night he went home early, and of course unexpectedly. Just before he reached the entrance, the Princess came out, bearing the child in her arms.

"Curse the old witch! Where's she goin' with the young un?"

Drawing back in the shadows, Scraggy waited till she had passed him, then silently took up his line of march directly in her wake.

"Goin' home with the kid to git the grease, are you? Then tell me it was stole, will you? Well, old spit-fire, we'll see!"

But a few turns more showed him that he was mistaken. She was not going in the direction of Mena's home.

"Oh, goin' to divy with some one else, are you? We'll see!"

On they went, each street getting a little narrower and dirtier and darker than the rest. Suddenly the woman disappeared down an alley-way, and the man followed her swiftly. The surroundings seemed to be familiar to both, for the woman went on, while the man halted and looked after her.

"So that's your little game, is it? All right. Wait till to-morrow, old thief, and we'll see!"

And Scraggy turned back and retraced his steps to his recent domicile. Reaching home, he pushed open the door and entered. He stumbled in, and had half crossed the room, when the brilliant light of a bull's-eye lantern filled the narrow cell, and he felt his arms caught and securely fastened behind him.

It was so sudden that resistance was useless, and he turned around and stood facing half a dozen men. Not a word had been spoken, when one of the gentlemen sprang forward and, catching him by the throat, shrieked out:

"Villain! Where is my child?"

Scraggy drew back, his face purple and his eyes starting from their sockets, when some one cried out:

"Wycliffe, don't murder the man!"

"Why not?" questioned Wycliffe, never losing his hold.

But a hand knocked his off, and Scraggy reeled and fell against the wall, gurgling and breathless.

"Where's my child?" repeated Wycliffe, making another frantic lunge at the frightened coward.

But St. Claire held him back.

"Wycliffe, you can do no good by strangling the man, Scraggy, where is the child, the little girl I saw here this morning?"

Scraggy eyed his interlocutor curiously, evidently not recognizing his guest of the night previous; but he answered, doggedly:

"The woman took her away to-night."

"Where?"

Scraggy considered a moment. If the woman had treated him fairly, he would have died rather than betray her. But now he took vicious pleasure in contemplating her defeat and his triumph when he guided the father to the hiding-place of the child.

"Man, have you gone to sleep? Where is she?"

"What will you give me to take you to the child?"

"I will give you the hangman's noose!" answered Wycliffe.

St. Claire, more cautious, held up a purse of gold. Scraggy nodded and signified his readiness to guide them to the Princess' retreat.

Slowly and solemnly they marched out, Scraggy escorted by a policeman heading the procession. A walk of a few minutes brought them to the spot where Scraggy had seen the woman disappear a short time before. With rapid, noiseless steps they advanced until they reached a door, which seemed to block further progress. Here they halted, and Scraggy gave a low, peculiar whistle. A little slide in a panel of the door was drawn aside, and a woman's voice inquired:

"Is that you, Scraggy?"

"Them's me."

"What do you want here?"

"I want in."

"You can't git in."

"Not for money?"

"Let's see some money, first."

St. Claire dropped a piece of money through the opening.

"Get any more? Let's hear it rattle."

The hinge of money was the open sesame. The door creaked open, and the men filed into the cell. Again the lantern was brought into use.

"Scraggy, you are a liar!"

"Old woman, you are a thief!"

"Woman, where is my child?"

Then suddenly raising his voice, Wycliffe called aloud:

"Mena! Mena!"

A dead stillness, then a child's voice crying:

"Papa! Papa! Come!"

Wycliffe ran toward a room from which the sound proceeded, but the Princess threw herself between him and the door. Wycliffe caught her by the shoulder and hurried her aside as if she had been a dog, then rushed into the room.

The woman was tied as the man had been, but she and Scraggy indulged in mutual recrimina-

tions and vile epithets until it was found necessary to gag them both.

Wycliffe soon came back, carrying, pressed tightly against his bosom, his darling child.

"Charlie! My Charlie!" cried Mena, joyously, as she caught sight of St. Claire.

There was nothing to detain them longer, so, giving the prisoners in charge of the policemen, the other men went to their several homes. Jack De Guerry, who had made one of the party, and St. Claire went to their rooms, while Wycliffe went home to bear the glad tidings to the sorrow-stricken mother.

Before going to sleep that night, Mena asked again and again:

"Where's Meg? I want Meg!"

Afterward, when told that Meg was gone and she would see her no more, she wept bitterly and refused to be comforted, and while life lasted the memory of her faithful friend and loving companion never grew dim.

[To be continued.]

THE GREAT GERMAN WASH.—It is the custom in Germany to wash table-linen and sheets as seldom as possible. Indeed, it is even a sign of wealth when one washes these things but four times a year, because it shows that lots of them are possessed by the family. Whether the custom is a nice one or not, there can be no doubt about the work it causes. As soon as this great wash began, we gave up all but the most important house and kitchen work; and you might have seen us standing, all eight of us, round a huge tub, rubbing with soap in hot water the sheets and napkins. Certainly it was severe labor, and my hands bled fast the first evening. But while standing and washing, even if almost tired to death by work so unaccustomed, we tried to sweeten it by cheerful part songs. When the washing was finished, Carl, the coachman, had to put the horses to the wagon. All the things, heaped up in large, white baskets, were put on it, we all got in after, and off it went down to the little river. There the things were unloaded, and each of us, kneeling on a board, rinsed out the linen in the clear flowing water. I dare say that this part of the wash was the most amusing one; whether it was the kneeling at the river or the happy thought that all would be soon at an end, I am sure I don't know. But we were certainly in high spirits, and Carl, who silently watched us, often had to get out of the way of the shouts of water that we extravagant girls sent at him.—The Cornhill Magazine.

Six wills by the late Eben Wright have been filed in the Probate Court at Boston, and as many more are expected to be found. All were made after 1877, and indeed the last years of Mr. Wright's life were chiefly given up to whimsical plans of distributing his \$2,000,000. The legacies varied according to the mood of the testator, the largest legacies under one will becoming the smallest in the next, and the final will leaving the bulk of the property to Mrs. Charles Whittier. There is to be a contest, of course.

An elderly gentleman took up the child and kissed her. "You must not do that," said the child, struggling; "I am a respectable married woman!"—"What do you mean, my dear?" asked the astonished visitor. "Oh, that's what mamma always says when gentlemen kiss her," replied the artless infant.

The prudent country schoolmaster doesn't larrup the boy until he has looked over the boy's old man and is sure he can whip him too.

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.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it! There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best women physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

A Cough, Cold or Sore Throat

Should be stopped. Neglect frequently results in an incurable Lung Disease or Consumption. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are certain to give relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Catarrh, Consumption and Throat Diseases. For thirty years the Troches have been recommended by physicians, and always give perfect satisfaction. They are not new or untried, but having been tested by wide and constant use for nearly an entire generation, they have attained well-merited rank among the few staple remedies of the age. Public speakers and singers use them to clear and strengthen the voice. Sold at twenty-five cents a box everywhere.