

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

A NOVEL.

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CHAPTER XVII.

The time from the incarceration of the Princess and Scraggy till the day fixed for the trial passed by—slowly for the Princess and the public, that was anxious to see her convicted and punished for breaking the laws of the land and bringing sorrow to a happy family. But the days were not long or tiresome to Scraggy or his friends. Friends? Yes. A legion had sprung to his assistance. Not his boon companions of former days; not thieves and drunken brawlers from the slums and mire of the city; but ladies, wives and daughters of men of wealth and high repute; women, the purest and best. Wives and mothers, who would have bowed their heads in grief and shame had a husband or son inhabited that cell, flocked to see a man who was not worthy to have unlaced their shoes. Young ladies, who a week before would have claimed the protection of the police had Scraggy dared to have spoken to them on the street, trailed their rich dresses over the dirty floor of his cell, and robbed the hot-house of its choicest bloom to decorate the room and win a word of admiration from this low-bred, low-minded murderer. It was marvelous, the amount of valuable information that was gleaned during these visits. The papers gave the result, but not the manner of obtaining it.

"He looks like an Englishman," one of these sympathizing angels had communicated to another during one of these visits, which was immediately followed by the inquiry:

"Did you come from England, sir?"
 "Yes, mum," answered Scraggy, with a grin.
 "How did you come to leave your native heath?"
 Scraggy looked alarmed. He thought that she was disputing his right to be in this country; but in a moment he answered, confidently:

"It's all right, miss. I got a ticket of leave from Her Majesty."

The young ladies looked puzzled for an instant; then one of them surmounted the difficulty.

"You must have been a commissioned officer?"

"Yes, mum; kind'er."

"Did you come over on duty, and desert?"

"No, miss. I had a right to stay."

"Have you a wife?"

"I had, miss, afore I come here."

Scraggy meant before he came to jail. The young ladies supposed that he referred to the time previous to his advent in America.

"What was her name?"

"The Princess."

The man looked abashed as he made this confession, thinking that it might lower their high opinion of him to know that he was related to the woman who was under arrest. But they had never heard that individual's name, and the title had great significance to them. They glanced at each other in surprise and exultation. A prince in disguise! They knew it. That rich accent; that broad brow, the heritage of noble ancestry; those beaming eyes, through which a soul was shining incapable of harboring a single evil thought—all betokened it. And the papers told it, too. "There is no longer any doubt of the truth of the story which was hinted at the time of the arrest of the man calling himself Scraggy. He belongs to one of the oldest and most highly honored families of England. An officer in Her Majesty's service, he became dissipated, squandered a fortune, and, driven by fate, is now lying in jail awaiting trial on the very serious charge of abduction and murder. Verily, truth is stranger than fiction," etc., etc.

But the Princess? No one exalted her to the position of a martyr and bewailed her fate; no one wept over her; flowers were an unknown luxury, and delicacies to tempt the appetite were forbidden fruit.

When the ladies first visited Scraggy, the jailer invariably inquired:

"Do you wish to see the woman, too?"

But the dainty skirts were raised from the floor contemptuously as they passed her door, and heads were tossed and beautiful lips curled in disdain.

"The woman? No. She is totally depraved. We could never reform her."

A few of the pious ones who came to pray with Scraggy left tracts to be given to the Princess. One of them, "A Sure-Reward to be Given," she spelled and studied out with great labor and difficulty, and finding no allusion to dollars and cents, she eyed it suspiciously, regarding it as a seditious instrument used to betray her into the hands of the enemy. With a string of profanity that would have thrown the saintly givers into hysterics, she tore the obnoxious paper into bits, and chewing it viciously, spit it on the floor. And when afterwards the turnkey offered her another, "I go to Prepare a Place for You," she flew at him in a frenzy, and but for the timely interposition of the door would have done him bodily injury.

The Christian ladies compared this with the meek and gentle spirit in which Scraggy received their guide-books to endless joy, unconscious of the fact that Scraggy was unable to read a word; and consequently their titles, in many instances capable of referring to two very different subjects, could not betray him to a fruitless perusal of their unintelligible contents. On one occasion, one of

the ladies inquired if he did not "feel nearly ready to take the journey to the Promised Land."

Knowing nothing of that locality, and thinking that perhaps some opportunity of escape from the clutches of justice might present itself on the road, he replied promptly that he was ready to start at any moment. This was taken as incontrovertible evidence of his conversion to Christianity.

Wycliffe and St. Claire went several times to visit the prisoners. Once they were accompanied by Jack, who, knowing of the presence of the young ladies, carried with him a bunch of onions and presented them to Scraggy, saying "that their perfume would serve as a pleasant reminder of old associates and connections."

Scraggy, unconscious of the sarcasm lurking in set and words, took them, and thanking Jack for his kindness in remembering him, devoured them voraciously. Jack did not call at the jail again.

The time for the trial came at last. Public interest, which in the commencement was on the alert, gradually subsided as it dragged slowly along. Scraggy was tried first, and St. Claire was the principal witness for the prosecution. He said that the first he had ever heard of Scraggy had been told him by Meg, and afterwards she had pointed him out on the street. The first time that he ever spoke to him was in the saloon, when, disguised as Mr. Hunter, he went in search of Mena. Then followed a detailed account of his conversation with Scraggy; of the visit that night to his home; of seeing Mena and the Princess the next morning; of leaving there and going to Wycliffe's; of the party's return, and Scraggy's entrance and capture; their search for the child with Scraggy for a guide, and their final success. "In whose care was the child?" inquired the counsel for defendant.

"In the woman's."

"That is all. You may stand down."

Wycliffe followed. He had never seen Scraggy till the night of the rescue; knew nothing of the relations existing between him and the woman; they did not seem to be on good terms, blaming each other for the carelessness which led to their discovery. "Yes; the child seemed to be under the special care of the woman."

De Guerry was summoned. Beyond confirming the testimony of the others regarding the event of the capture of the prisoners, he knew nothing.

There was no evidence to offer in rebuttal of the testimony; but the main object, to prove the man the murderer of Meg, was defeated. There was absolutely nothing on which to hang even suspicion. It was even impossible to prove that Scraggy stole the children, inasmuch as they were constantly in the woman's possession. Scraggy was found guilty, however, after a new trial and an appeal to the Supreme Court, but not as charged in the indictment. Oh, no! It was a special verdict. He was guilty, but not of murder; guilty, but not of abduction. He was simply an accessory before the fact, and as such he was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary.

The trial of the Princess followed. The witnesses were almost the same. Yet the evidence all went to prove that the Princess had stolen the children and murdered Meg. Mena was brought into the court-room, and when her eyes fell on the Princess, she clung to her father and shrieked with terror. With difficulty her cries were subdued, and when asked if that was the woman who took her, she said that it was. When questioned, she gave straightforward answers, that could not fail to have weight with the jury; and, although she told the exact truth, yet her statements made the Princess' case look much blacker than it was in reality.

The principal witness against the woman was the man who kept the variety store where Wycliffe and St. Claire went in search of the woman and found her. He testified that he had sold her a pistol on the night of the murder; that he had asked her what she wanted with it, and she said to kill a fool.

The man lied, willfully, knowingly and maliciously. He hated the Princess, and now, when she was unable to defend herself, was his time to reap vengeance, and he improved his opportunity. The man did not bear a good character, and under ordinary circumstances his testimony would not have been considered very valuable; but now—well, they needed more evidence in that direction, so it was accepted. A great crime had been committed. Public sentiment demanded that some one should suffer for it. The man had been cleared. The woman was left, not innocent till proven guilty, but guilty till proven innocent.

The policeman who had escorted her and Scraggy to jail were summoned, and testified that when the prisoners were ungagged the woman cursed the man for informing on her, telling him of the prison walls which would enclose him, and he made the reply:

"You won't have a chance to grieve about it, old woman, for you'll swing for killin' the girl."

That was about all. The evidence of the woman's guilt was not very conclusive, but she could not prove her innocence. That was sufficient.

"Hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
 And wretches hang, that jurymen may dine."

There was no one sufficiently interested to bring forward the plea of insanity; no one besieged the Governor, interceding for mercy, and on the gallows the Princess expiated her sin—the love of gold.

And the man? The murderer remained in the penitentiary for two years, then became the recipient of executive clemency. He was pardoned, not because he was a voter and the day of election

was drawing near, but on account of "uniform good conduct and extra services rendered." Scraggy had been tried and condemned at an expense to the State of several thousand dollars, and for the same reason that children are discharged from the reform school—for "uniform good conduct"—he was turned at large to again prey upon the public. Neither is it supposable that the "extra services rendered" were sufficient to remunerate the State for the expense of putting him in better quarters than he had ever before inhabited.

The Wycliffes intended, after the death of Meg and the summary punishment meted out to her destroyers, to go across the sea for a change of climate and association. Mena grieved for Meg constantly, and her father hoped by new scenes and new faces to divert her mind from her loss. They could not join in the festivities of the season, nor could they remain at home with closed doors. But while canvassing the advisability of such a movement, their plans were altered by the announcement of the approaching nuptials of Mr. De Guerry and Miss Langdon. Helen was a cousin of Mrs. Wycliffe's, and, although not very warm friends, it was of course impossible to start on the proposed tour now without giving offense, and besides, they liked Jack very sincerely.

St. Claire heard the names of De Guerry and Miss Langdon coupled without any special interest beyond feeling a trifle hurt that Jack should have disregarded his advice. But after his denial, St. Claire had no thought that they would ever marry. The announcement in the papers of the engagement struck him dumb with surprise and consternation. He took the paper and went straight to Jack.

"De Guerry, tell me, is this true?" pointing as he spoke to the obnoxious item.

Jack read it through with perfect nonchalance, as though seeing it for the first time, and then answered, slowly:

"Yes; it is true."

"You are going to marry Helen Langdon?"

"I am."

"Then I shall give you a page in her history."

"St. Claire, I cannot listen. I have heard too much already."

"Jack, you must listen. What I shall tell you is not a flying rumor, but my own personal knowledge of facts."

"Why did you not tell me long ago?"

"Because you told me that you would never marry that woman."

"As Heaven is my witness, I had no thought then of ever doing so."

"You never will; you must not."

"St. Claire, it is too late now. Nothing that you can say will alter facts. I have promised to marry Miss Langdon. I shall keep my promise."

"You will hear my story."

"Again I tell you, I will not."

St. Claire arose, and going to Jack, took him by the shoulders and forcibly pushed him into a chair. Then crossing his hands behind him, he stood there with compressed lips and determined air.

"De Guerry, you will hear, or I will go to Miss Langdon. The story is not long or tiresome."

Jack made no further resistance, and without altering his position, St. Claire commenced:

"Three years ago I was in Italy, and while there I was told of a beautiful American girl who had married a titled Italian. Finally she was pointed out to me, and her delicate blonde beauty won my admiration at once. I never saw her husband but once, so had no opportunity of judging of his devotion, but it was said that he worshipped his fair young wife. I saw her in Germany, and there, as in Italy, she was courted and admired for her beauty, rank and wealth. I never heard her maiden name, nor do I know the name of her husband. I heard them spoken of as the 'Countess of L'Fevre and her husband.' I went to England, and never saw her again until I met her at the home of your aunt and was introduced to her as Miss Langdon."

Jack leaped to his feet, and St. Claire stepped back and folded his arms across his breast waiting for him to speak. He did not have long to wait.

"St. Claire, it is false! A chance resemblance has misled you. Helen would never have deceived me like that."

"I never forget a face, and the lady's appearance has not changed. To convince you, I will say that I charged her with the deception, and she acknowledged it."

There flashed through Jack's mind the scene in Mrs. De Guerry's parlor the evening that he introduced St. Claire to Helen Langdon.

"Acknowledged that she was the Countess of L'Fevre?"

"Yes."

"Where is her husband?"

"She said that he was dead."

"Why did she not tell the truth when she came back here?"

"She dared not tell the whole truth. I did not intend to do so when I came here, but I will. One day while in Germany I went a few miles from Lübeck to take exercise and to view the scenery. While standing dreaming and listless, I was aroused by the sound of voices. The words were indistinguishable, but the faces of the speakers were perfectly distinct. A man and a woman came on slowly and stopped a short distance from me in full view, though I was partially hidden by bushes of low growth between us. It was the Count and Countess of L'Fevre. They were

standing on the edge of a rocky cliff, evidently quarreling. The Count looked surprised and disappointed, while the woman's face was red and angry. The man turned from her, unheeding her last bitter speech, and walked to the edge of the precipice. He stood there looking down into the churning mass of waters. The woman glanced around searchingly, then crept slowly toward him, nearer and nearer, till she stood just back of him. Still he did not look around. Then with a quick motion she threw up both hands and pushed him over the brink."

"Impossible! Oh, God!—she could not!"

"She fled. I went to the spot, but could see or hear nothing of the man. But his cries would have been drowned in the rushing waters."

"She killed him—murdered him in cold blood?"

"I thought so until that day in the gallery at Castro's. Jack, do you remember the picture of 'Saved'?"

"Remember? Yes; he remembered with startling distinctness the face of Helen Langdon as she leaned in awful terror over the dizzy height."

"That was her, then?"

"Yes. Castro told me that it was her. I had thought till then that the man she tried to kill was dead. Whether or no she thinks so, I cannot tell; but I believe that the Count, her lawful husband, is living."

"And I came near marrying a murderess? I believe that I will have her hanged for it. Why do you suppose she wanted him out of the way?"

"That is a mystery; but she shall solve it."

"St. Claire, I would give the best year of my life to bring her face to face with her husband."

"I think that you would have little difficulty in finding him."

"How?"

"Write to Castro, the artist. He knew the story of the picture, and the Count must have told him, for I am sure that no one besides myself saw the deed."

"St. Claire, why did you not give the woman into the charge of the proper authorities, to answer for her crime?"

"Well, Germany is different from America. Imperative business called me to England the following day, so that I could not remain for a witness. I knew that no punishment that the law could inflict would bring the dead to life, and I thought that memory and conscience would punish her enough."

"I think that those organs are deficient in her anatomy. I shall not mention this affair to Miss Langdon until I have made an effort to find her discarded husband."

"Will you allow her to think that you intend to marry her?"

"Yes. Why not?"

"That is not acting honorably."

"Honorably!" Jack repeated, with great scorn.

"Has she treated me honorably, or my friends, or her Italian lover, or—"

"Do unto others as you—"

"St. Claire, that is a sentiment that is entirely obsolete in the present generation. It's too slow. It is among the things that were. The woman has treated me vilely, and the day of atonement is at hand."

[To be continued.]

ILL-BRED BRUTES.—There has been a very considerable number of titled gentlemen of England who have visited San Francisco and accepted hospitalities from our citizens. We have had dukes, earls, marquises, lords and baronets in some considerable proportion. But a more unmannerly, ill-bred, ill-behaved and ill-dressed lot of brutes it has never been our misfortune to see. With a few noticeable exceptions, they have seemed to endeavor to violate every canon of politeness, and to set at defiance, in bearing, dress and deportment, every rule of gentlemanly conduct. The ordinary costume of these people is a short jacket with pockets, trousers cut narrow in the legs, a waistcoat of the same, always made of Scotch tweed, small plaids—always dirty—always with a round hat and stout shoes, looking something like a cross between an agricultural laborer and a jockey. They surge through the streets with an affectation of contemptuous indifference that they intend as a mark of independence. If invited to dine, they will not pay their host the compliment of a clean shirt. To look like a guy and act like a pig, seems to be the standard of gentlemanly manners which the titled traveler from England thinks the thing for this barbarian locality. The best specimens of the English nobility have been barbers, music masters, and other frauds, who have imposed themselves upon our credulity for the genuine thing.—*Argonaut.*

SIMPLE METHOD TO TOUGHEN GLASS.—The following recipe for keeping lamp chimneys from cracking is taken from the *Diamond*, a Leipzig journal devoted to the glass interest: Place your tumblers, chimneys or vessels which you desire to keep from cracking in a pot filled with cold water, add a little cooking salt, allow the mixture to boil well over a fire, and then cool slowly. Glass treated in this way is said not to crack even if exposed to very sudden changes of temperature. Chimneys are said to become very durable by this process, which may also be extended to crockery, stoneware, porcelain, etc. The process is simply one of annealing, and the slower the process, especially the cooling portion of it, the more effective will be the work.

Dora Young, a daughter of Brigham, who abandoned the Mormon faith, declares that the first circumstance that shook her confidence in the system was the wholesale perjury resorted to by her father and other leaders in the Church for the purpose of circumventing the Federal laws and screening their co-religionists.

A patent medicine advertisement is headed, "Women Never Think." But let one find a perfumed note, written in a feminine hand, in her husband's coat pocket, and she will think with all her might and main for upward of considerable.