

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

A NOVEL.

BY MARY EDISE COMBS.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

St. Claire looked at Jack in blank amazement. "You knew it?—knew that the De Guerry money was yours for the claiming?" "Hardly that. I knew that it was mine; but it was useless to claim it without proof of my right, and I had no proof. When I left school, I was placed in possession of my father's personal effects. Among other things, I found papers and books containing a very methodical account of his business up to the time of his fatal illness. It is said that 'figures don't lie,' and the figures went to prove that the entire business was in truth my father's, although it was conducted with Amos De Guerry, whom through affection I had always called 'Uncle,' as a full partner. The papers also showed the balance on hand to be large, and after a thorough, though secret, investigation, I was totally unable to account for its sudden disappearance. I did not mention the matter for two reasons. One, I had no proof. Another, I expected at that time to marry Bell, and I thought it made but little difference to which of us the money belonged. Now I would not claim it if it was the wealth of an Astor."

gentleman was out. Jack sat down and wrote a note commanding him to take no steps toward proving the last will of Amos De Guerry, and then went to Mrs. De Guerry's. But the letter with its humiliating contents had reached there before him. Bell was sitting with hands tightly folded and eyes heavy with unshed tears. She was not thinking of the fortune. The loss of the money was as nothing to her compared with the loss of respect for her father's memory. Her heart quailed and quivered with shame when she thought of that fearful secret being disclosed to the world. Mrs. De Guerry was flourishing the letter in a distracted manner and weeping hysterically. When Jack entered, Bell rose and extended her clasped hands toward him pleadingly. "Oh, Jack, this is terrible—terrible!" Jack clasped the eager, outstretched hands closely in his own. "Bell, heaven knows I would have saved you this, but I did not know it till too late. But believe me, no one else shall ever hear this story. Your father's name is as dear to me as to you. No breath of scandal shall ever touch it." Bell thanked him with a grateful look that brought his heart to his lips, and withdrawing her hands from his retaining grasp, turned slowly away. When Jack's words fell upon her ears, Mrs. De Guerry ceased her lamentations and revived perceptibly. She spoke triumphantly, her words showing the effect the letter had had on her mind and heart. "Isabell, I told you that Jack would never accept such a sacrifice from me. I have always loved him and treated him like a son, and I knew that he would not leave me homeless in my old age." Bell's face flushed painfully, and tears of mortification sprang to her eyes. "Oh, mother! Jack was promising that—the disgrace should never be made public." "Made public?" echoed Mrs. De Guerry. "I should think not! My dear, your father particularly requests that it be kept secret."

self, Aunt. Is there not a conundrum in the Bible somewhere which reads, 'What will it profit a man if he gains the whole world and loses his own soul?' "Jack," said Mrs. De Guerry, severely, "that is blasphemous." "I hope not. I only mentioned it because I thought perhaps in your careful researches in that volume you might have chanced to stumble on the answer." "The answer is plain enough if you wished to see it. It says: 'He shall be cast into a lake of fire and brimstone.'" "Whew! That's not much of an inducement, Aunt Ann, for me to go to India to make a fortune." "Jack," Bell broke in, passionately, "say no more about going to India. That is absurd. You must stay here and take charge of your inheritance." "Bell, I was in earnest when I said that everything in your possession was yours to have and to hold forever." "I decline to accept it." "My independent cousin, what do you propose to do?" "I wish to remain here for a few days, till I can find some suitable employment; then I will support my mother and myself. It is only what hundreds of other women have done and are doing. I am not afraid to work." "What do you mean by 'suitable employment?'" "I mean something that I am capable of doing. I have not had time to think the matter over yet." "I will go now and give you time for consideration, and I hope, Bell, that a little thinking will convince you that my proposition is preferable to yours." Jack rose as he spoke, and there was a weary sadness in voice and manner which evinced wounded feeling. "Jack, I beg that you will not think me ungrateful for your generosity, for indeed I thank you. I thank you, but I cannot sacrifice myself for the sake of keeping up appearances." "Isabell! Isabell!" shrieked her mother. "You will drive me mad—I know you will! I could never look anybody in the face again. I should die of shame. If you have any affection left for your mother, I beg, I pray that you will give up this wild notion of working." But Bell's face was as hard as iron. "Mother, if you are willing to live here on Jack De Guerry's charity, you may do so. I will not." And bowing as if the question was settled forever as far as she was concerned, she noiselessly left the room. "Suitable employment!" With bowed head and sleepless eyes Bell sat that long night thinking of the future, planning and fearing the days to come. What could she do to earn a living? That was the question she asked over and over, and each time it seemed more difficult to answer. Not with a needle. That was too slow. Besides, she had no knowledge of anything but the finest of work—a kind of work that is never paid for. Teach school? Impossible. People said that she had a thorough education. She knew exactly what her education was worth—a smattering of everything, a knowledge of nothing. Of solid, teachable studies she was too ignorant to attempt to communicate information to others. Besides, the position of instructor was not to be had for the asking. She could teach music, but so could hundreds of others. Her paintings and drawings, that every one had praised, were the works of an heiress, not of a teacher. Suddenly she thought of the daily advertisements. Carefully she scanned each column. There were the usual demands for domestic servants, required to possess the attributes of an angel in order to fill the place of a slave. She skipped these hurriedly. Not yet! Surely she could find something more "suitable" than that. Child's nurse? No. She had hoped to find some one in need of a copyist. But the supply was greater than the demand. Ah, here was something. Wanted—a young lady of good address to fill the position of corresponding clerk in a mercantile establishment. No one need apply unless provided with the best of references. "The best of references." She could furnish those. After a few moments' deliberation, she concluded to use the names of Wyoliffe and St. Claire. She would show Jack De Guerry what an easy thing it was to earn a living where a person had a will and the incentive to exertion. The dawn was creeping up cold and gray when Bell laid down for a few hours' sleep before trying to face the trials of the new day in her new life.

A SOPORIFIC FOR FOOTPADS.

The Vienna *Tagblatt* gives an account of a rather disagreeable invention which has just been brought to perfection by a chemist in the Austrian capital. It is a powerful and instantaneous soporific, easy of application, by which a man can be helplessly stupefied in a few seconds, and rendered utterly defenseless. The inventor has at the same time provided an antidote, by the application of which the stupefied person can be immediately restored to his senses. A number of experiments were tried with the two preparations in the office of the *Tagblatt*, and the results are given at length. The inventor made no secret of the character and composition of his "Bandiger," as he calls it. The first idea of it was suggested to him upon being attacked by a dog during his evening walks in the neighborhood of the Hundstürmer Cemetery. After preparing his "Bandiger" he went out and attracted the angry attentions of the dog; but upon shaking a few drops of his mixture upon the beast's head, the dog rubbed his muzzle upon the earth with every sign of anxious terror, dropped his tail, and then rushed off as hard as he could run. The rudimentary preparation which was used for this experiment has since been developed to greater perfection, and its results were so terribly successful that the chemist determined to couple with it a corrective antidote before making any communication about it. The "Bandiger," as now completed, takes nearly a minute in operation. The inventor went straight to the head of the police with his discovery, and suggested that it might be useful to supply each policeman with a small phial of it, as it would materially assist him when dealing with a powerful and obstreperous criminal. The official replied, after witnessing an experiment, that he dared not arm the whole watch with so fearful an instrument. Woe to Vienna, and, perhaps, to many other cities, when the secret is betrayed, and the multitudinous guild of rogues come into possession of this novel weapon which science has prepared for the service of their craft.—*London Globe*.

St. Louis loudly demands that Giteau be hanged. She don't care so much about his crime being punished, but his death will reduce the population of Chicago.—*Boston Post*.

The inquiry is often made whether it is worse for the Chinese to admire a small, deformed foot, than for the French and English to admire a small, deformed waist.

Lady Lodger—"Your dog, sir, is unbearable. He howls all night." Male Lodger—"Indeed! Well, he might do worse than that—he might play the piano all day!"

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.

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Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

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[To be continued.]

Three women were standing side by side in a dry goods store of London, Ontario. One hung her umbrella by the handle on the edge of the counter, and moved away. Another laid down her pocketbook where it fell into the umbrella when it was closed, and when it was missed the third woman was accused of stealing it, searched by an officer, and finally released without being able to relieve herself from suspicion. The umbrella was rolled up, with the lost money still in it, and only after a lapse of a week was the truth revealed.

The swiftest bird, probably, is the eagle of the sea, or frigate-bird, often measuring sixteen feet from tip to tip. It hovers at an elevation of 10,000 feet when a storm sweeps over the ocean. If it wishes to travel, says a French naturalist, it can almost annihilate space. It can breakfast in Africa and dine in America. This bird reposes on its great motionless wings, literally "sleeping on the bosom of the air."