SALLY.

By ALBERT FLEMING.

[Copyright, 1806, by the Author.] CHAPTER I.

It was a hot day in August, one of those recking days that begin to be hot early in the morning and go on getting hotter and hotter till nearly midnight.

In the year 1870 Cow court and its unwholesome cluster of neighbors still clung to the skirts of Holborn and festered round St. Alban's church, stretching from Gray's Isu road to Leather lane. The fine shops and warehouses that now adorn Gray's Inn road then only existed in the brain of some city architect. Of all these alleys Cow court carried off the palm for squalor, dirt and general decay. You had to turn out of Leather lane to get there. The turning was flanked on either side by a tavern, and these taverns, with their plate glass and gilding, were the only things that were bright and cheerful in this region. If you explored farther, you saw an archway on the right, made by 'sweeping away the ground floor of one of the crazy tenements. This was the not come up to time. He was dragged ing Mattie. postern gate to Cew court. If any one off into some back region and left Kenever got so far as this and retained his neth undisputed master of the field. Old o'clock, and you were to be here by 5. watch and chain, he always lost them on approaching this archway on approaching this archway.

On this August evening a young man was passing through Leather lane in search of Cow court. He was dressed in the latest west end fashion, but ev.d the hideous chimney pot hat, pointed not forthcoming. They had vanished, rubbed them slowly and waited, but shoes and rigid collar could not disguise his comeliness. At a guess he was three eurs, sneaks and thieves. Cow court beand twenty. Being of a trusting nature, he allowed his gold chain to disport itself across his waistcoat, and his jeweled pin remained in his scarf.

Kenneth Gordon was down from Oxford and had been calling on one of the clergymen at St. Alban's, who had asked him to take a letter to a dying girl in Cow court. He strode through the dingy street, sometimes asking his way of one of the residential ladies of Leather lane, and always winning a civil answer by the force of his genial smile. When he while she asked categorically: "Purse? reached Cow court, a pleasant thrill of excitement pervaded that locality. The watch and chain had survived Leather lane, and now flashed gayly in the evening light. His pin held its accustomed place. His handkerchief gleamed white against his coat.

Inquiring of a boy, he learned that Polly Turner lived at No. 7, and he was escorted there by a crowd of loafers. The girl was dying. The stuffy room was crowded with friends, nearly dark and unspeakably miserable. Kenneth gave her the letter, but had to take it back and read it to her. In the presence of that deathly white face he felt all usual forms of speech to be useless. He held her hand for a minute, tried to say a few kind words and then felt that he had failed, but the gentle touch and words went straight to the girl's heart, and there rested until it ceased to beat. When Kenneth left No. 7, a child was lying in a doorway just opposite. Dirt, famine and ill usage had effectually obsoured the bloom of youth in her. Her face was so dirty that he could only see two large eyes flashing from a tangled mass of hair. This was Sally. As she never owned a surname it is impossible to introduce her more formally. If her friends Tim was her father, and his surname and gesture. was also hidden in obseurity. Sally had Cow court and was waiting to have a when you're gone." look at him. On that she reckoned with- [Kenneth paused. It was easier to fight out her father, for Tim, coming down than to know what to do with the damthe passage behind her, enforced paren- sel he had rescued, but he acted on imtal discipline by a vigorous kick on her | pulse and threw his card to Biddy. shins. When you have kicked a body for ten years, you acquire precision in the girl and get a good home for her. the art, and Tim planted his kick with That's my address. Come and see her such exactness that the girl fell down when she has pulled round.' on the doorstep, and there she lay, too "You have fought for her and won listless to cry out. Now nothing is her," said Biddy. "I'll bet you're hontamer or more monotonous than to waste est and will do well by her. So take good kicks on an irresponsive person. her." So Tim was aggrieved, and followed up his first kick by others, accompanying them with a volley of inspiriting oaths. The last kick must have caught Sally in a sensitive place, for she gave a sharp scream of agony.

provenes and wasted a lot of strength him exhaust himself. Tim drew first and landing on his temple with considtemper, and the cooler he was the more savage grew Tim. The ring cheered him | be sure to find her modest initials. on, exherting him to go in and do for the swell.

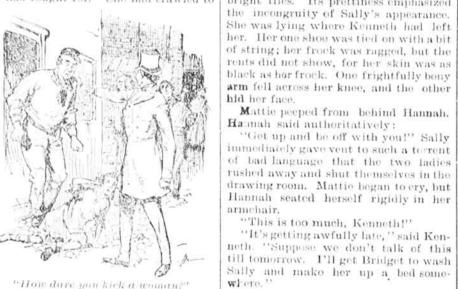
Kenneth now began to act on the offensive. Letting drive, he caught Tim | brought Sally. The girl had fallen of his sturdy left hand. His knnekles placed her on the seat, but Sally prefercut deeply into Tim's lips and sent him red lying on the floor of the cab and erashing to the ground. Biddy rapped coiled herself up at his feet like a dog. approval with her crutch. She loved to see a straight blow well planted. Tim ried the tired girl in, and, seeing that was set on his feet rather giddy and she was not fit for the drawing room, dazed. He was not a pretty sight. His | placed her on the mat in the hall, where lips were like raw liver and his face she lay-a little heap of rags, dirt and distorted with passion. What little steadiness he had he then threw to the ing room he heard Aunt Hannah readwinds, and Kenneth's next blow caught | ing in her very emphatic voice the sumhim fall in the eye. After this he sum- mary of a paper she intended to deliver moned his strength for one more furious at a charity organization conference onslaught. His blow was partially par- next day. It was entitled "Sixteen Rearied, but landed on Kenneth's shoulder. sons Against the Present System of Out-In reply Kenneth caught him full in the | door Parochial Relief." She had got as forehead, felling him to the ground as a far as the tenth. Kenneth's entrance butcher does an ex. After this Tim did was hailed with joy by the long suffer-

"Ab, blood has told!"

When Kenneth pulled down his shirt ed. Those five words might mean so mand his coat and waistcoat, they were storm Aunt Hannah took off her glasses, Then Kenneth flashed out, called them | further explanation was interrupted by a scream from Aunt Mattie: ing accustomed to language of far greater pungency, preserved an unbroken cut on your temple, and there is blood calm. Then Biddy rose in her wrath, on your collar! and, steadying herself on her crutch, vowed, with many blood curdling oaths, brute was kicking a girl, and I licked that the missing garments should be him and brought the girl home. She's forthcoming, and that quickly, cononly a child.' demning on passant the eyes and limbs Aunt Hannah put her glasses into of the thieves to infernal forments. The their case with a snap and recovered clothes appeared, and it was an ennoher voice. "Brought her home! Is this bling sight to see the old erone stand up house a casual ward or night refuge? and order him to search his pockets Why, heaven bless us, the boy's gone stark, staring mad!"

Wipe? Cigar case? Watch? Chain? etc. Each had been honestly replaced. Kenneth then shook Biddy by the hand and gave her a sovereign to distribute among her subjects.

Just then he felt something at his nah strode to the door. The hall was feet. He had almost forgotten the girl preity with fresh flowers, ferns and he had fought for. She had crawled to bright tiles. Its prettiness emphasized



"How dare m

Aunt Mattie was the very reverse of turning Sally's tear stained face to the to no purpose. Kenneth quietly bided this. Aunt Hannah always alluded to light. At his touch the hunted, wild his time, parried Tim's blows and let her in her milder moments as "poor, beast look passed from her eyes. Then dear Mattie," and in her more vigorous he said: "New, Sally, listen. I want blood, beating down Kenneth's parry ones as "that fool, Matilda." Matilda you to forget your savage ways and be had never been on a board in her life, a good child. If you use bad language erable force. Still Kenneth kept his but if you looked down the subscription and frighten and hurt people, you must list of any missionary society you would go back to Cow court, and I shall be sorry I tried to save you from your fa-"I never put my full name," she said ther. I know it will be hard for you at

first, but all good things are hard. You meekly. "Hannah makes such a fuss." It was to this household that Kenneth must tell James you are sorry you hurt him, and I'll promise that every day full on the mouth with all the strength asleep as they drove along. Kenneth you are good you shall clean my boots yourself.

"Blessed if I won't try, and I'll go this moment and ax his blooming par-When they got home, Kenneth carden." And, so saying, Sally picked up her trailing garments and rushed out of the room

"A perfect little savage," said Han-"Two years at a reformatory nah. tousled hair. As he entered the drawmight do good, but I doubt it."

"I thought I saw tears in her eyes," said Mattie.

"And what handsome eyes!" said Kenneth.

"Now, just answer me this," said Hannah. "What on earth made you bring this vagrant here? You plunge into some filthy court, get your head cut open and have this creature flung on your hands. If it is sentimental rubbish, "Oh, here you are!" she cried. "Ten you are a bigger fool than I thought you. If you flatter yourself it's philanthropy, you have begun at the wrong Aunt Hannah dropped the 16 reasons end.

and ejaculated, "What?" Mattie start-"It is a little of both. You do your philanthropy in a scientific, wholesale sleeves and turned to the crowd to de much. With the calm that precedes a way. I am beginning mine with a small

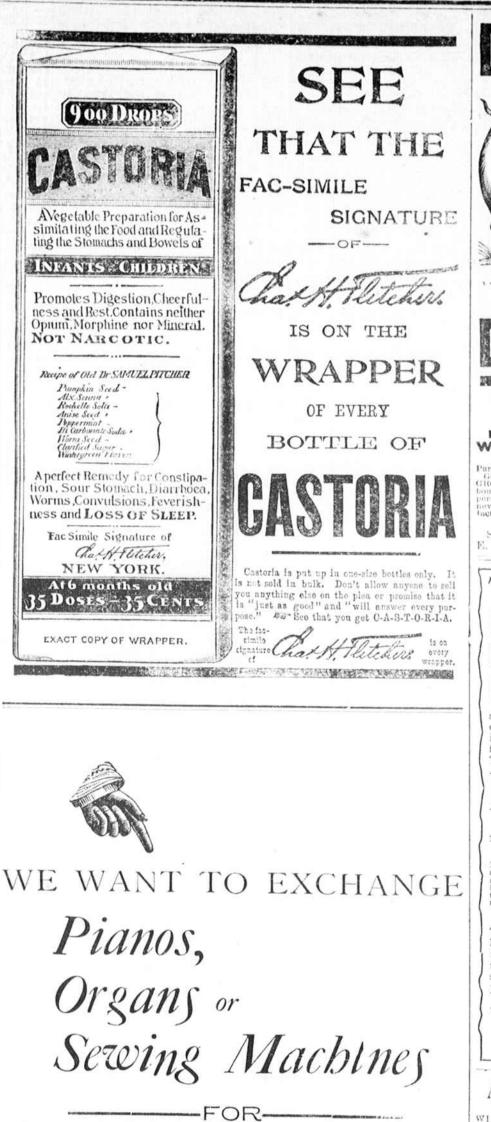


isn't as clean as she might be." Hanretail sample. And it is sentiment, too, for I feel rather like a knight who has rescued a maiden and is forbidden by the incongruity of Sally's appearance. the laws of chivalry to abandon her." She was lying where Kenneth had left "Then, by the laws of the round taher. Her one shoe was tied on with a bit ble, the knight is bound to wed the of string; her frock was ragged, but the maiden, and-I wish you joy of your

bargain. "Well, aunt, let Sally have a month under your supervision, and then we will hold another meeting upon her.' Mattie peeped from behind Hannah. The aunts at last reluctantly agreed to give her a trial.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

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"What's that?" cried a woman from an inner room.

a-waking up his gell,"

As Kenneth left No. 7 he saw this hah Gordon was well known in the philkick and heard Sally's scream. He in. anthropic world. She was an active stantly strode zeross the court. Tim was member of the Charity organizationgirding himself up for more kicks. For | in fact, organization was her forte. Her the first time in his life he found this special season began about November, simple pastime of his interfered with. Kenneth faced him sternly.

"Leave the girl alone, you blackguard! How dure you kick a woman?" Not kick a woman! Cow court was lightening the world as to what they convulsed. Why, women were kicked should do or not do. Excter hall knew every day. They expected it, accepted her not, nor did she subscribe to African it as a law of nature. Tim and the by, missions or soup kitchens. What she standers paused for a moment to grasp gloried in were boards-school boards. the full absurdity of the idea, but only poor boards, parochial boards-all kinds for a moment. Then Tim turned on him of boards. Nothing she enjoyed more like a wild beast, the veins in his great than ferreting out abuses and getting bull's neck swelling like cords.

kick his own gell? Get out of this, or to put her on the track of some philan-I'll kick you too!" Then, in mere bra- thropic impostor and observe with what vado, he lifted his foot to give the girl holy zeal she would hunt him down to another refresher.

Kenneth, flushing to the roots of his impostor, the archideagon of Saratoga. hair. In another moment he heard the thud of Tim's foot as it drove lustily into the girl, and at the selfsame moment Kenneth's fist crashed into Tim's bondoirs for Holloway jail and wasted face, catching him on the jaw and sending him reeling backward down the Jain. How many sham mendicants due passage. Then Cow court perceived that she not expose, pounding upon thera in there was a joyful prospect of a Homeric | the highways and byways and giving combat. In a few moments a ring was them in charge with joyful alacrity! It formed, and old Biddy was whisked | was Aunt Hannah who plunged into a aloft in her shair in the arms of two crowd in Ficeadilly when a poor man, stalwart su orters. Kenneth's blood seized with an epileptic fit, was surwas up. H. lung his coat and waist- rounded by a ring of sympathetic bycoat to one bystander and his hat to standers. Elbowing her way through another. Cow court accepted them with them, she speedily seized him by the alacrity. Tim divested himself of some collar. superfluous rags, bared his stalwart arms and prepared to "smash the swell." | ycu!"

critical eye. She knew the points of a tender hearted bystander. "Don't you man.

"Blood'll tell," she said oracularly as she saw Kenneth straighten himself for ously, and, to and behold, the manadid the fight. He had boxed at Oxford and come out of his very artistic fit, spat was in fair condition, sound in wind- out a lump of soap and said: above all, temperate and cool. The first "Let me go, cau't yer? Ye're either round revealed to him that Tim fought the devil or old Hannah!" in a very effective' but utterly unscien- "You're right!" she said triumphtific manner. He came at his enemy antly. "I am old Hannah, and, what's with a forious rush and planted terrific more, if ever I catch you having a fit chance blows, but he left himself un- again I'll run you in "

wished to identify her with pre- his feet and kissed them. There was a cision, they called her Tim's Sally.] pathetic and doglike fidelity in her look

"Don't leave me here," she said. heard that a young swell had come into "He'll do for me worse now than ever

CHAPTER II.

Kenneth lived in an old fashioned house in Kensington, fenced from the outer world by well grown trees. His father and mother had lived there before him and had died there. Kenneth then asked his, two annts to live with him. "Oh," said another, "it's only Tim | Aunt Hannah was tall, bony and vigorous; Aunt Matty fat and gentle. Han-

when the first touch of winter woke up the poor. Then, take up what paper you like, and ten to one that in some corner latter. of it you would find Aunt Hannah enthem remedied. Her abomination was "Who the ---- are you? Can't a man promiseuous charity. It was beautiful the death. It was she that opened peo-"Touch her at your perill" cried ple's eyes to the iniquities of that arch

Before that he was the darling of west end drawing rooms. When she took him in hand, he exchanged Belgravia much persuasive penitonce on the chap-

"Epileptic fit, is it? I'll soon cure

Biddy surveyed both combatants with a "Leave the poor man alone!" cried a see he's foaming at the mouth?"

"Soap!" cried Hannah contemptu-

Doctors Say; ' Keep that thing in the house and be murdered in our beds and have the house | Bilious and Intermittent Fevers

rausacked from top to bottom?" You can't turn her into the street at 10 o'clock at night. Bridget cen surely give Sally some supper and a blanket, and we will lock her in the back ied by derangements of the kitchen."

"I've brought home a girl."

"Why, Kenneth, you've got a great

"It's nothing. I've had a fight, A

Mattie had forgotten the girl and was

"I've left her on the mat outside,"

"Get up and be off with you?" Sally

"It's getting awfully late, " said Ken-

"This is too much, Kenneth!"

Rdded Kenneth apologetically. "She

giving her mind to sticking plaster.

The aunts protested, but yielded. Sally followed Kenneth down stairs like a lamb, but fresh difficulties arose with Bridget. They increased when Sally anlimb from limb who touched her. But when Kenneth said that he wished her to be clean and neat the child changed, and she informed Bridget that "she

it done." CHAPTER III.

Next morning Kenneth surveyed the position. Of course he could send Sally to a workhouse school or to a refuge, but he did not want to let the girl he had won by his bow and spear drift away from him.

His old nurse was now living on Hannah full of repressed vigor.

"It's a comfort that we still have spoons to stir our tea with," said the

"I have been thinking about Sally,' he began. "I am sure, Aunt Hannah, you will help me." He was interrupted by a sound of crashing china-a scuffle accompanied by piercing shricks and the sound of hurrying feet. Aunt Hannah made a dash at the bell, exclaiming, "Has the devil broken loose?" The door was flung open and the servants dragged in Sally. She resisted violently, kicking, plunging and swearing like a trooper. Bridget began: "And I do say, tinue tumors form, sir, it's too bad to go and bring home and sit with her. She's half killed James."

"Yes," cried the housemaid, "she up with a plate and broke it over his head, and he's a mass of gore in the kitchen this minute." "Come here, Sally!" cried Kenneth

sternly. They released her, and she stood before him with flashing eyes and cheeks, flushed with the glow of combat. An old dress of the cook's had been pinned round her. It was half torn off now, Her matted hair had been combed out and colled up. It lay on her shoulders. Hannah said, she looked a little demon. But when Kenneth took her in hand and spoke kindly the flash in her eyes turned to tears.

"Sally, what have you been doing? How dare you attack James?" "What call 'ad he to lay 'ands on your

boots?" "What on earth does she mean?"

"Why, sir, after breakfast James began to clean your boots as usual, and she flew at him like a tiger, tore them out of his hands, broke a plate over his head and swore she'd kill him. And as for her language"-

"If he touches them again, I'll cut SWAYNE'S OINTMENT. his liver out," interrupted Sally. "Now, look here, girl!" Aunt Hannah began. "One moment. aunt." said Kenneth.

which prevail in miasmatic districts are invariably accompan-Stomach Liver and Bowels.

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health was very indifferent, having pension, and he resolved to send Sally Headache continually, and just two to her. This seemed easy while he was packages of Simmons Liver Regulator dressing, but much less easy when he released her from all Headache and saw his aunts. Mattie was nervous, |gave tone and vigor to her whole system. I have never regretted it's use."-

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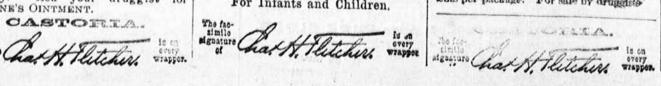


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