

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND

BY CHRISTINE FAHER

CHAPTER XXXIII

Thurston took his way to Robinson's study. Cora was still there reading aloud from the daily paper, and her uncle released her from the task on seeing Gerald. The latter announced that he had come for an interview.

"Methuselah!" exclaimed the factory owner. "What's the matter? Here's Cora been telling me Miss Burchill wants to see me, and now you want an interview. Well, run out, and you Gerald, take a seat."

"Did you insist on Mrs. Phillips' visits to Miss Burchill? I understand that she has your permission to come every day and read with her, but I have reason to believe that her visits are now and have been for some time quite an infliction."

"You needn't ask her to keep away from The Castle," was the somewhat quick and sarcastically spoken reply. "Only allow me to request her to keep away from Miss Burchill's part of the house."

"Don't go, Gerald, till you get Cora back." It was singular, and, were it not for a certain something which seemed to forbid the merriment, laughable, his fear of being left alone in his study during a certain time of the evening. It was a well-known fact, that he was afraid, and the very servants gossiped and wondered about it till on more than one occasion, some of them began to have strange imaginations of their own, and to put into circulation mysterious stories about the numerous lights in his study and bed-chamber that did little credit to the factory owner's heart or head.

sentiment that made her weak and trembling she tore it open. Her eyes became fixed as she read, and she continued to hold the note before her, even when she read the contents three times. Then she threw herself into a chair, and burst into a passion of tears. That the note had grown out of her own unlucky remarks at dinner the previous evening she felt assured, but her mind was further tormented by thoughts of the possible conversation which Gerald might—nay, which he must—have had with Miss Burchill, in order to produce such a peremptory message. She was puzzled to decide what part, if any, Mr. Robinson had taken in it, and at length, when her paroxysm had spent itself, and her thoughts grew maddening she started from her seat, and began a careful arrangement of her toilet.

"What does this mean, Mr. Robinson?" drawing forth Thurston's note, and placing it open in the factory owner's hand. "What have I done to Miss Burchill, that she should seek Mr. Thurston to champion her cause? And was it in accordance with your wish that this was written?"

"You see, Mrs. Phillips, there's no accounting for a woman's whims when she gets ideas into her head, and I look on this thing as one of Miss Burchill's whims. But I didn't want to force her to anything again her liking, because she might go away from The Castle, and that would throw Cora on my hands."

"Will you not trust me?" pursued the insinuating voice. "And have not I myself, observed sufficient to discover your feelings with regard to Miss Burchill? Believe me, Mr. Robinson, when I assure you that nothing would make me happier than, if it were in my power, to further your suit. As it is, I think Miss Burchill may have been a little jealous of your attentions to me, and hence may have arisen her complaint to Mr. Thurston, which resulted in this rude message from him."

"Gerald Thurston." The next morning a servant was dispatched with the note to Mrs. Phillips. When she received it, recognizing the penmanship, she became violently agitated. Not trusting herself to read it immediately, lest Miss Balk might appear, she put it into her pocket and took her way to her room. Barbara had heard the knocker and looking from a window, recognized in the bearer of the note one of Robinson's servants,—the man had been sent occasionally from The Castle with messages during the summer. She descended immediately, meeting Helen at the foot of the stair.

the same breath demanded her informant's business. The woman did not reply for a moment, and she twisted her hands in her shawl in a way that bespoke embarrassment.

"There, there; that will do!" interrupted Miss Balk, putting her hands to her ears in affected horror. "Mrs. Phillips has gone to Mr. Robinson's, and I don't know when she will be back," and the door was closed almost in Mrs. Hogan's face.

"I shall be most happy to do any favor for Miss Burchill. Let me have the note." "Oh, ma'am!" she wouldn't mind coming to see the man? When I spoke of you he said he would like to see you first."

"He had been sitting with his face buried in his hands, a posture which probably had given to his features their florid hue, for in a moment the color disappeared, and left him white as from illness. About forty years of age, and tall and well-formed, there was a slight and not ungraceful stoop in his shoulders that gave him the air of one accustomed to deep thought. The stubble of an unshaven beard covered his chin, which, like the rest of his features, was large and strongly marked. He was evidently a man of great nerve and will, and were it not for a certain restlessness of the eyes, must have been capable of any command he undertook. As it was, despite his shabby, there was a nameless something about him that proclaimed him far above what he seemed, and even dainty Helen was impressed in a way most unaccountable to herself."

"I am sure, dear Mr. Robinson, of my assertion; I make it from my observations of Miss Burchill's character." "It ain't unlikely," he answered, with such an evident belief in his own power of fascination that Helen with difficulty repressed a laugh.

AN OLD MADONNA

Mr. de Chapelle had slept poorly and felt so tired and listless and drowsy that he found it difficult to follow attentively the early part of the Mass; but his weariness was forgotten when Father Maginnis announced that the offertory collections of that day would be given to a French Jesuit—Mr. de Chapelle did not catch his name—who was traveling through the country to obtain help for his destitute Chinese mission.

By the time he re-entered the church he had resolved to sacrifice his Sunday paper for five weeks. After all, it was an extravagance, he told himself; more truly, he might have named it his own pleasure.

"After a time he roused himself from dreams of home and tried to listen intently. Hearing the Father tell more and more details of such poverty as even he had never known, Mr. de Chapelle began to think scornfully of the twenty-five cents which he had planned to give. The missionaries were often hungry, and must have been dinner ready every day? They were often cold, and how lavish he was of coal."

"Why it is exquisite!" he exclaimed, in surprise. "Exquisite!" he repeated enthusiastically. "How our Christians will love it, and through it they will learn to love our Blessed Mother! But are you certain, quite certain, that you can part with it?"

"I am glad to give it," Mr. de Chapelle replied, and he meant what he said, although there was a big lump in his throat, and two tears had overflowed his eyes and were rolling down over his cheeks.

clatter, and he did not know it; for, as he left the kitchen he had realized that there was another way in which he might help the Chinese mission, and in consequence a struggle was raging in his heart.

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"The old man's face was hidden in his hands, but when Father de Chapelle laid two tender hands on his shoulders he looked up and whispered tremulously: 'Jules! Dear, little Jules! It has been hard. I have been homesick—but my reward is greater than I can bear.'—Florence Gilmore.

FORCING FRAMES OF FREEDOM

The battle of Anghrim was fought on the land of one O'Kelly, who had managed somehow to keep possession when Cromwell was taking the land of Ireland away from the Irish. O'Kelly was a "practical" man. He believed in making the best of the farm and fought shy of the perils to which he thought a plain farmer was exposed by participation in politics.

"What is perfectly patent in Ireland now is heat, if the elected of Irish constituencies stay away from Westminster, set up a government of their own, and address themselves with every show of confidence to the development of Ireland in all its attributes as a nation despite the presence in Dublin of a foreign government backed by an army of occupation, it is the dispersion all over Ireland of men who have been confined with them in English prisons upon which they must and do depend for that solidarity without which they could have no great hope of success. 'Labor in Ireland,' George Russell (A.E.) explained to me, 'has advanced by leaps and bounds since James Connolly gave Labor a martyr.'—Afterwards I stood with one of the Labor leaders in Liberty Hall in front of a map in which the progress of the Labor movement was charted. 'It seems to me,' I commented, at one point in the conversation, 'that there is in all this much that fortifies the Nationalist movement, but also, given certain condi-

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TO BE CONTINUED

Sometimes the dislike and suspicion you think you see in the eyes of others is only the reflection of what is looking out of your own.