

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND

BY CHRISTINE FABER

CHAPTER XXX
Miss Burchill came to make regularly one of the gay party every evening, and Thurston seemed positively to watch for opportunities in which he could snatch, as it were, Mildred from Mrs. Phillips, the latter being as persistent in her espionage of the governess as ever.

surprise, was suddenly discovered to hang by a single thread, and her hair, which Mrs. Phillips had arranged, threatened to tumble about her shoulders, the widow said gently:
" Had I not better go down, dear, and apologize to Mr. Thurston for so unfortunately detaining him, and also appease Mr. Robinson's impatience?"

give me any chance of showing my likin'. I'd have been kind to you, Miss Burchill; I wanted to be kind to you, and that time your grandfather was taken and died in the jail it wasn't my fault. Gerald told you, didn't he, that I didn't know nothin' about the right facts in the case?"
Mildred slightly bowed. Strange emotions were well-nigh overpowering her. A breeze, as if the wind had suddenly risen, swept in through the window and extinguished some of the lights near Robinson. He rose instantly.

her alarm sufficiently to ask if he were ill. He looked up at her and smiled, the same which sat so oddly upon him before:
" Was you skeered? I get these spells pooty often, but they don't amount to nothin' up. Going to your room, Miss Burchill? Well, good night! I'll take a turn out on the grounds."
It seemed anxious to get away from the apartment, and without even waiting to have Mildred fairly gone, he dashed out on the piazza and down the steps into the moon-illuminated path.

his heels, and into a room, kitchen and dining-room in one. I saw the fatal, disordered breakfast table, blotched with blood; and beside the sink for dish washing a kindly faced man standing, cuffs off—he was washing his hands—and humming a tune very coolly. Hearing our hasty footsteps, he turned and smiled (a singularly winning smile, had Dr. Anthony Stromberg), frankly amused by our engorgement and excitement. (By the way, that name is fictitious, and so are the other proper names; but the persons were very real, as also are the happenings.)

of my college mates. I see him a good deal.
Such a battle royal as the breakfast proved to be! It was Father Blankton especially with whom the doctor chose to measure wits, though not neglecting me. He was good-natured, yet merciless in his jibes; particularly did miracles and mysteries call forth his scorn.
" You pious fellows believe things whether or not you can understand and explain them. I'll never do the like of that," he held us positively.
" Perhaps you can understand the constituent elements, and the substantial make-up of electricity?" suggested Father Blankton.
" Not just yet—but we'll get to that after a while," came the confident reply.

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AN ATHEISTIC DOCTOR

BY A MISSIONARY
The occasion of my first meeting with Dr. Anthony Stromberg, promised much of dramatic possibility, yet it turned out to be a sort of anti-climax, leading apparently to nothing. Alas! I kept him, sorrowfully enough, in my prayers as one of my failures.
It was the last Saturday morning of a busy two-weeks Catholic mission in an industrial town not a thousand miles from New York. In the basement I was occupied with a few penitents and finishing with them. I then rose to leave the Confessional. It was ten minutes to seven, and I intended going across the yard to the pastor's house for breakfast, but the sound of hurrying footsteps deterred me. Was this perhaps a bearded man, wild of look, pallid, frightened, pulled aside the curtain on the confessional door. "Come, Father!—Oh hurry—hurry!" he gasped. "I've murdered my brother!"

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