

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND

BY CHRISTINE FABER

CHAPTER XXIII

The usual summer home advent of visitors was upon Mr. Robinson but among them was one who seemed to be not at all of them, a shy, homely little girl, not more than eleven years old, and yet bearing in her sallow face the appearance of far maturer age.

She stopped as she spoke and kissed the child. There was a sound in the direction of Miss Balk very like an exclamation of disgust, but when both Mrs. Phillips and Mr. Robinson looked hastily at her she was in the same erect, rigid position, not even a muscle of her face having changed.

Little, strange, shy Cora Horton shrank from the caress of Mrs. Phillips, while her great, dark melancholy eyes looked at the lady with an expression in which wonder and dislike were singularly mingled.

"Well, I reckon the thing's settled then," said Robinson; "we'll drive over for you about four. Come, Cora." He stalked out, the child clinging to his hand, and making his adieu to Barbara as brief as had been her salutation to him.

Robinson half rose. "Don't you believe it?" he said fiercely. "I tell you Gerald Thurston's just as lief hang himself as tell a lie. He thinks a wonderful sight of truth and honor, as he calls 'em, and I don't know but he'd throw any oath or contract in the country."

"No, I reckon that ain't it; but Gerald's given his word to come back, and I'll stake his word 'gin any oath or contract in the country."

"Why, Barbara, what else could I say? You are not a relative, and I am sure you are not a friend."

"You are afraid that I would expect the same attention as yourself, and an invitation to Mr. Robinson's, but don't be concerned, Mrs. Phillips; I shall not interfere with you, for I would not for worlds deprive myself of the satisfaction of beholding your downfall, and that will come speedily enough if you are left to follow your own plans."

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attitude, eyes and head bent downward, and her face bearing the expression of tender melancholy which she had practiced so often that its assumption now seemed quite natural, my mourning precludes me from participating in the festivities from participating in the festivities...

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uttered in his loud shrill tones, being often heard above every other voice, and Helen found herself drawn into a lively debate with some of her neighbors. A chance remark had reference to Thurston.

"Yes," said the person to whom the remark was addressed; "I saw the name in paragraph of English news the other day. It seems that he has astonished some of those business men on the other side by his valuable ideas."

"Who is that?" chimed in another voice. "Gerald Thurston? I tell you, Robinson, you secured a mine when you got hold of that young man. And they seem to be appreciating him on the other side. I shouldn't be surprised if they make him such an offer that he never returns. What then, Robinson?"

"I'm not afraid of it," answered Robinson. "Why?" resumed the voice that had previously spoken. "Are the terms of his engagement with you so good that no better offer can be made?"

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and passing his shriveled hand over his face as if he was in undecided and troubled thought. At length, conquering his indecision, he went on with as much speed as his age and trembling limbs would permit, never pausing until he reached the part of the grounds where lay the greenhouse,--row upon row of them,--their glass sides glistening in the sunlight and the delicate plants within showing plainly through the crystal panes. While the old man looked in some bewilderment about him, a gardener appeared from one of the paths that wound among the shrubbery. Accustomed to see strangers on the grounds, the man would have passed without any remarks, but Grandfather Burchill hailed him.

"Have you any pomegranates growing here?" he asked in his quaking tones.

"Yes, a whole greenhouse full of 'em," was the answer given quickly and with a true Yankee nasal twang. "Like to see 'em growing?" he continued. "Just look here, and leading the way for a few steps, he pointed to a greenhouse, through the glass side of which the luscious fruit could be plainly seen. Indeed, one of the pomegranates seemed within a hand's reach of the passer. The old man's fingers twitched nervously, and his eyes seemed to devour the fruit, while his lips moved in a futile effort to speak. At last he clutched the gardener's arm:

"I've a sick granddaughter at home. Would Mr. Robinson sell or give me just one pomegranate for her? She likes them and I think it would make her better."

The Yankee face became repellant at once. "No one's allowed to touch any hot-house fruits but Mr. Robinson himself, and I reckon old man, you'd ask a good while before he'd sell or give you any."

He turned away, rapidly disappearing down the path which continued to wind through the shrubbery.

Poor old Burchill cast another longing look at the fruit, and turned away also. But his granddaughter's face rose before him; he seemed almost to feel the fevered breath from the parched lips which a pomegranate would so refresh and the again stood irresolute. The sun was setting, not a sound was to be heard save that of the insects which gave to an evening in the country at certain seasons of the year such an indescribable peculiarity. Not a person was in sight. The temptation became stronger. With one rapid look around he dashed his hand through the glass and seized the pomegranate, the blood from his cut fingers dyeing the fruit; but in the same instant there was the deep bay of a dog, and in another moment the old man was down and firmly pinioned by the fangs of a hound. The gardener, not far distant, heard the cry of the dog and hastened back.

TO BE CONTINUED

CHAPTER XXIV

A gnawing, hidden anxiety, combined with insufficient food and rest, produced its effect upon Miss Burchill. She was prostrated at last with a slow heavy fever. Then came into activity all the kindness which lurked in the hearts of the men. Mrs. Hogan was as constant as the sick girl's bedside as the care of her own little household would allow her to be, and from her table poor old Grandfather Burchill was supplied; while Hogan himself, learning from his wife of the sick and destitute condition of Mildred, cheerfully devoted part of his week's earnings to aid the Burchills. He actually exerted himself at his work in order to feel that he was entitled to the amount that he received.

The poor neighbors about were all concerned for the young girl; most of them had received kindness from her in some way, and many and frequent were their offers to share Mrs. Hogan's vigils. To the little old grandfather, who hung above her bed in mute woe, their warmest sympathy was extended.

Hogan had brought a doctor who pronounced the case not serious, but one which required the most tender care, and which must necessarily be tedious. So days and nights passed, Mildred sometimes delirious, and in her delirium repelling the fond old face that hung in such tender solicitude above her own, and again, in an interval of consciousness, trying to clasp her arms about the withered neck, and whispering:

"Darling grandfather!" One evening Mrs. Hogan came in with a pomegranate. Dick got it she said in the shop. Some gentleman had been seen up to see Mr. Robinson, who, in taking him over the grounds had given him a couple of pomegranates, with other fruits, from one of the hot-houses, and the gentleman coming directly to the shop on business, and not being partial to pomegranates, gave one to the employer and the other to Dick, who happened to be in the office of the shop at the time. Dick thinking of Miss Burchill saved it for her. The poor sick girl seized it with avidity and put it to her parched lips. Her enjoyment of it appeared to bring her strength; for the moment, and her grandfather watching her with delight turned sorrowfully away when, having devoured it all, she seemed to wish for more.

"Can't they be bought anywhere?" he asked Mrs. Hogan.

"No," was the reply; "it's only Mr. Robinson that has them in his hot-house. They don't grow here."

"Would he sell any, do you think?" the quavering tones asked again.

"Oh, dear no!" They say he doesn't even let the gardener pick the hot-house fruits for the table, that he always picks them himself."

He turned away with a sigh, but all that night and the next day the thought of the fruit haunted him. Poor Mildred's parched lips seemed to crave it from him, and as he remembered the avidity with which she ate the one given her, he was tormented by the thought that a few more might make her well. Late in the afternoon, when Mrs. Hogan came to resume her watch in the sick-room, and at the same time entreated him to take a turn in the air, he did not refuse with such determination as he was accustomed to do; and after a little while as Mildred seemed to slumber and her kind-hearted attendant quietly watched her, he put on his hat and left the house. He took his way to "The Castle," pausing when he reached the outskirts of the grounds,

"Mother has all your books. Some of them she's read to me, some I've read to her. And we like you just awfully."

"But how nice of you!" exclaimed the pleased post. "Don't you think I might shake hands now?"

"Sorry mine isn't cleaner," he said as he put his small brown hand into the post's white one. "I suppose you couldn't call and see my mother? She'd be so tremendously glad to speak to you, I know. Our cottage is quite close."

"But if you think I might take such a liberty--"

"She wouldn't think it a liberty, sir; 'twould be a pleasure to her. It would be a great pleasure to me, I assure you."

"Then we'll make a bee-line through the wood."

Dunstan led the way, sturdily crashing through the undergrowth, stamping down every obstacle under his heavy tailed boots, dexterously holding back a long briar for his companion's passage.

"It's a bit rough, I'm afraid," he called back. "Mind the brambles, sir, they tear your clothes. That's why I wear corduroy and leather leggings. The boys at school call me 'Game-keeper,' and the 'Iron-clad'--that's because of my boots--but I don't care."

"I'm wondering what your mother calls you," Field. "Dunstan is a capital name for a boy, but--"

"Oh, she calls me D. D. That means Dinnie Darling, not Doctor of Divinity. You see, I'm her only one and she's very fond of me. My father died before I was born. He was a commander in the navy. If I hadn't to take care of mother and auntie I should go into the navy, but mother can't spare me. Oh, here we are!"

The cottage was on the very edge of the wood and was built of pine logs. Creepers completely covered its front, and a veranda ran round the entire building. The front door opened into a small hall which had been turned into a book-room of a most inviting kind. Aubrey Field sunk into a low chair and looked round with a smile of appreciation as Dunstan disappeared in quest of his mother.

"Sweetheart!" he heard the boy call in his high treble. "Where are you? There's a visitor. You can't guess his name if you try. It's Mr. Aubrey Field, the post."

Almost immediately the portiere was lifted and the two appeared, the lover like, she with an arm about his neck, he clasping her waist.

"This is an honor and a pleasure," said Mrs. Hasop when her son had made the introduction in his own way, after which he retired to wash his hands.

"For me it is both," bowed the post. "I was fortunate in meeting your son in the wood. He put me at my ease at once by anticipating any question I might ask him."

"I hope you did not think him rude?"

"By no means. I suspect the wood has many visitors, and that he is subjected to much impertinent chattering."

"You are right. Painters come here all the year round, and small wonder. Some of them are gentlemen, but some are not. D. D. has suffered from the curiosity of the latter."

Tea was brought in by a nice old woman in black. She was soon followed by Dunstan and his aunt. The conversation took such a severely literary turn that D. D. was content to listen to it, and to eat home made cake with much appetite.

neighbors. And I'm hoping that you and your mother will make our house a kind of second home."

"Oh, but that'll be awfully jolly!" exclaimed D. D. enthusiastically. "And if you marry my aunt, Mr. Field, I suppose you'll be my uncle."

"To be sure I shall."

"Well, I always thought I should like to have an uncle. And I fancy you'll make a pretty decent one."

"Thank you, D. D., smiled the post as he shook hands with his prospective nephew. "I'll do my best."

All this happened some thirty years ago. To-day D. D. is a veritable Doctor of Divinity and a canon of his diocese. In speaking of his boyhood he will tell you that he was a very pert and forward youngster, idolized and a little spoiled by his widowed mother, but that when he was about twelve years old he had the good fortune to acquire an uncle.

"To that excellent man," he says, "I owe very much. Under God, I owe to him my vocation to the priesthood. He was a wonderfully devout man, and he had the patience of an angel. He corrected my pertness so gently and affectionately that I scarcely knew that I was being corrected. And whatever good he found in me he took the greatest pains to foster and increase. But no boy could have been a more unlikely subject than I was."--Clement Dans in the English Messenger.

THRIFT

The present generation does not take kindly to thrift. There seems to exist an impression that there is something narrow and sordid about it. Indeed the country has not finished growing. New lands have been opened up within a few years, cities built, and great industries started. An inspiration of stimulating prosperity has characterized both the native worker and the newcomer. The idea has not been to economize resources, but to develop rapidly the new resources brought to light. This very novelty of settlement and exploitation has thrust aside to a degree what is known as comfort in older civilizations. People lost sight of certain comforts in the realization that they were able to purchase unaccustomed luxuries.

Long before coal was well known in New England homes, wood was burned lavishly, burned up to get it out of the way. Every saw mill had fires going day and night in some part of the yards to get rid of the odds and ends of lumber and of saw-dust. The forests were eliminated as if they were a nuisance like the proverbial rocks of a New England farm.

The prices of things in the United States have always amazed foreigners who came here until they fell under the spell of the national vigor and thrill and recognized that a development unprecedented in world history was taking place.

It is perhaps not an unmitigated evil that the War and its consequences have opened our eyes to the fact that it is time to conserve resources, to learn again the good lessons of thrift and economy. We are beginning to see that national resources are inexhaustible. The readjustment pinches everybody, but if the problem is faced with the courage and good will manifested in every difficulty that has faced our people, it may be well worth the trouble.

Wars are great teachers. The process of education is painful, as it was in the days when the pedagogue enforced his lessons with the birch. The average American to-day probably understands and sympathizes with his brother in France, Great Britain and Italy as never before. He has found out that great industries--in those countries that were supposed to subsist solely on low wages also owed much of their success to thrift on the part of employers and employees. These people were used to ease and economy in everything they did, and second nature with them. Long before the present War the Garman had taught business competitors much in the utilization of things that others threw away or ignored, and this national habit has had much to do with keeping Germany going during this War and the unprecedented call on its resources.

The universal call upon us for economy in food and fuel recalls to the mind certain traits observable twenty five years ago among Europeans. One could obtain a decent room in Irish and English cities for a shilling, and by dint of care, shave down living expenses to something like the equivalent of our dollar for each day. It was easier to do this because everybody else was careful in such matters.

In Paris, the modest pension or little hotel provided a comfortable room for each guest and the satisfactory meals for six or seven francs a day all told. This was between \$1.25 to \$1.50 of our money. It may be remarked that both accommodations and food were such as a traveller in the United States would obtain for three times that amount.

How could it be done at any profit at all, even with large concessions to the manager's keeping? All the food for forty or fifty guests was prepared in a kitchen about the size of the modern kitchenette. The cook went out to the market before each meal and purchased what was necessary. There was never any waste. Probably the guest could have eaten more but each one had sufficient. One explanation of the cleanliness of the streets in European cities is that all refuse was utilized. Not a single

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