

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND

BY CHRISTINE FABER

CHAPTER XLII

Robinson's winter company had come, and hilarity reigned in The Castle to an extent it had reached hardly ever before. This was partly owing to the factory owner's own abnormal frame of mind.

And the guests, though somewhat disappointed by the intended curtailment of their pleasure, were yet thankful for and quite prepared to enjoy their present good things; nor did the fact of Miss Burchill's absence, she who had mingled with them on other occasions, disturb them in the least; neither did they miss Gerald Thurston.

Barbara's absence on the night of the day on which the latter had gone to New York had surprised and even alarmed Mrs. Phillips not a little—Barbara who had never been a night away except when she boarded at Mrs. Burchill's and who to Helen's knowledge had never relatives nor friends to visit.

"Where have you been?" asked Helen, so relieved at seeing Barbara that her tones were almost cordial.

"Visiting," briefly responded Miss Balk.

"But where?" persisted Helen.

"Certainly none that I have made by such tricks as Mrs. Phillips uses," and Barbara swept past the astonished widow into another apartment.

arose. What if Cora's impetuous, ardent affections had gone forth to Wiley in the way asserted by servant gossip?

Might not Wiley, in his own intense parental love, be unable to tell that the preference which his child evinced for him sprang rather from the impulse to love him as a suitor than from any natural filial instinct?

"There is something the matter with you," she said, seating herself beside Cora, and taking Cora's hand; "you are not like yourself, nor have you been for some time."

"I don't know what is the matter with me," she said. "I am at once happy and unhappy—happy in Mr. Wiley's society, happy in thinking of him, and yet unhappy in remembering the gloom by which he seems to be haunted; then I am tormented by the strangest yearning to do something which would put away this melancholy from him, and altogether I feel that if he were to go away from The Castle I could never, never be happy again."

That evening she sent a note to Horton, requesting him to meet her in a remote and seldom used room at the end of the main hall as soon after getting the message as possible, and having received the reply that he would be with her immediately, she hurried to the appointed place.

"My father?" repeated Mildred, softly, "your sorrowful, loving father."

"Oh, why was I not told before?" Tears came to her relief, and she threw herself sobbing on Mildred's breast.

"I must speak to you, Miss Burchill," she said, with her prettiest and most appealing air. "I must congratulate you on your engagement to Mr. Robinson. So fortunate as you are; it will take you from a life of poverty, and possibly, humiliation. Indeed, Miss Burchill, you are to be envied for the shrewdness and policy by which alone you must have been able to secure such a suitor."

There was a ring of mockery in the soft tones, which, combined with the last insulting words, aroused within Mildred such a spirit of indignation as perhaps she had never felt before.

"I never knew you had any friends to visit."

might recover her wonted demeanor. And as she leaned there, pressing her hands on her wildly beating heart, she made one rapid but firm decision: to obtain from Robinson the promise that after her marriage Mrs. Phillips should never on any pretence visit The Castle.

Her uncle was waiting for her, and though his face still retained much of its haunted, melancholy expression, there was so cheerful an air about him that she strove also to assume a cheerfulness, less her depressed manner might weigh upon him.

"I thought not to tell her," he said, "for some time yet; during that time my innocence in some way might be proved, or I might pass to another world. In that case she need never have known; but now to tell her all and perhaps she will believe with the world that I am guilty. But she is my child, my only one, and as such she must love me. Tell her, Mildred, do to her now and tell her all; then send her to me. I shall wait for her here."

He seated himself by the table, and buried his face in his hands.

"I want to enlist your sympathies for some one," she began at last—"some one who has suffered much, and who is now placed in a strange and trying position." And then she told her uncle's story, concealing names, and making it appear as if it were some tale which had suddenly and recently come to her own knowledge.

"How could she?" burst out Cora. "When she would know him to be her father, she would—she must—love him more."

"This story is your own, Cora. Mr. Wiley, or Chester Horton, the escaped convict of whom we have both read, is your father."

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want to have a Jewish rabbi for dinner, you'll have to cook it yourself."

As the feast of All Souls approaches, my thoughts invariably turn to poor Marie Le Galec. I have only to close my eyes to see her before me, her sweet peaceful countenance, her eyes still possessing all the innocent candor of a child's, her head, slightly bent upon her shoulders, clad in a black shawl and wearing the white cap with flowing streamers, customary to the locality.

Some of the neighbors were inclined to think Marie simple minded. Her one and only thought was the dead, and to their remembrance she was indeed faithful. She had arrived at the village at the close of a radiant summer day, dragging her weary feet along the road with difficulty.

Marie Le Galec was grateful for the farmer's sympathetic manner. She continued to gaze for a few minutes down the road which lay straight before her and then she made a further enquiry: "Would there be by any chance a cottage to let near here?"

"Where do you come from, my good woman?"

"From Brittany, sir," was her response.

"Do you live alone?" the farmer asked.

"Quite alone, sir."

"Will flowers grow well here?"

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of evening, when she went out to dispose of her work. Her only diversion from her spinning-wheel was the care of her flowers, for already she had improved the garden. And the first money earned in the village had gone, not in the purchase of a soft bed for herself instead of the straw one upon which she lay, but in the buying of seeds and plants for her garden. Was it any wonder that the villagers were mystified about her?

As the days passed by she continued her spinning and the curiosity as to what she intended to do with the flowers in her garden increased in the locality, but no one could solve the problem. That was to remain a mystery until All Souls' day. The village cemetery was very uncared for, no one ever attempted to beautify the graves; indeed the grounds were never touched save by the grave digger, when he prepared the last resting place for a dead villager.

The cemetery was a realistic emblem of decay. Broken tomb stones and weeds were the only things to be seen in it. The surprise of the people of the village can easily be imagined when on the second of November, following the arrival of Marie in the village, they found each grave in this formerly neglected cemetery, neatly settled and covered with flowers.

"Who has wrought this marvelous change here?"

"At last was the problem unriddled. Two dressmakers, who lived close to the cemetery were able to throw light on the subject as they had often seen the old woman pass their window going in their direction and always carrying flowers. The two seamstresses moved about the cemetery saying to the villagers: "You may be quite certain that it was Marie Le Galec who had tidied the cemetery and planted the flowers."

"The days went on and with the usual forgetfulness of the world Marie's kindness was soon forgotten, but she still continued to live her quiet hidden life and thought of the dead. Her time was spent in securing Masses for them and in carrying flowers to the cemetery."

One day it came to pass that Marie herself died. The neighbors, when they heard that the gentle old woman had gone to receive her reward, got the parish priest to sign Mass cards which they laid on her wooden coffin. This was their tribute to her for what she had done for their dead. Flowers were also laid in numerous bunches on her grave, but as they were not planted they quickly withered and died, with the result that the grave was soon barren and covered with weeds.

The whole cemetery had once more assumed its neglected appearance when the people went out to visit it on the second of November following the death of Marie. Her absence was indeed manifest, as the whole place was overgrown with weeds and in disorder, but to the bewilderment of the villagers Marie Le Galec's grave was "one mass of radiant autumn flowers."

"This surprising fact amazed the villagers, who stood stupefied as they asked each other: "Who planted these flowers on Marie Anne's grave?"

"This time, the two neighbors, the windows of whose house overlooked the cemetery, and who had told of Marie's frequent visits to the graves, could offer no explanation. They had not seen anyone passing in or out of the cemetery since her funeral. Consequently the people of the village decided that the flowers blooming in such perfection on the young woman's grave was a proof of the gratitude of the forgotten dead to whose memory she alone in the village had been faithful, and that they had in their own turning placed a wreath for the last resting place of

one who had been faithful to their memory and who had never failed to pray for them in their suffering.—(By Rev. F. D., in the Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart.)

"WHEN ROGUES FALL OUT"

By Gen. Bart. Hartwell, S. L. L.

When rogues fall out honest men get their due." In current events we are getting samples showing the truth of this well-known adage. The falling out of former war associates and their revelations regarding one another are some of the interesting post-war developments of the last months.

Few war reputations, if any, have been enhanced since the signing of the armistice. More than one hero has suffered loss of lustre. But if future developments are destined to the credit and praise of any one of the prominent figures of the war, the present is not bated of hints that that man will be Pope Benedict XV.

Already this begins to appear. The late declaration of Mathias Erzberger that the Allies through the Papal Nuncio at Munich, made peace soundings in August, 1917, can be called by M. Ribot, the then French Premier, "a distortion of the truth," but it gives promise that the stigma of moral turpitude and pro-German partiality fixed upon the Holy Father, mainly by sectarian zealots, will be effaced in the near future by a better informed and more enlightened public.

Erzberger promised "more important revelations in a few days." As yet, they have not been forthcoming. The sudden hushing of the press discussion provoked by the German Vice-Premier's speech is a disappointment as well as significant.

There is no doubt that the Holy Father's peace proposal of Aug. 1, 1917, coming as it did at the high tide of German military success, afforded the main ground for the suspicion of some aid for the open charge of others that he, the Pope, was but the catpaw, or worse still, the particeps criminis of the German peace propagandists.

Other things helped to lend some color of truth to these conjectures. It will be recalled that Mathias Erzberger was very active in the peace movement of the summer of 1917, and as the leader of the Centre or Catholic party of the German Reichstag, afforded the main ground for the suspicion of some aid for the open charge of others that he, the Pope, was but the catpaw, or worse still, the particeps criminis of the German peace propagandists.

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A FRIEND OF THE DEAD

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A JUDICIAL REMARK

Rabbi Freuder of Philadelphia, according to the Catholic Herald tells a good story on himself. He was invited one day to dine at the house of a "gentle" friend. The host's wife went into the kitchen to give some final orders and incidentally remarked: "We are to have a Jewish rabbi for dinner today." For a moment the cook surveyed her mistress in grim silence. Then she spoke with decision: "All I have to say is, if you

TO BE CONTINUED