



REAPING THE WHIRLWIND

BY CHRISTINE FABER

A most stylish equipage was waiting at the depot for Miss Brower, and her trepidation when, having descended from the train she knew not which direction to pursue, was quickly allayed by the appearance of a servant in livery, who seemed to single her out by intuition.

eyes of Mr. Phillips turned frequently to her with undisguised admiration, and Helen's vanity was abundantly fed by such flattering notice. The blushes caused by her own vain consciousness had not ceased to burn upon her cheeks when the ladies returned to the parlor, leaving the gentlemen to their coffee and cigars.

Brower is and what she says about me?" It was Barbara's voice again, and Barbara's black eyes were turned in an awful look on Gerald's face. There was another who was looking at Gerald—Mildred, who had lifted her head suddenly at the sound of Miss Brower's name, and whose clear, gray eyes looked as if they would pierce him through.

CHAPTER VII. Never was there more to turn the head of a vain young beauty than the allurements with which circumstances had conspired to surround Miss Brower.

CHAPTER VIII. He bent so low that his breath fanned her forehead; but she, shrinking from him, almost covered in her chair, while a hot and painful blush suffused her face and she even on her neck through its filmy covering of white lace.

CHAPTER IX. It was the first time he had addressed her by her Christian name, and it made her heart palpitate with sickening speed. He sought Mr. Tilbotson, and immediately withdrew with that gentleman to the library.

CHAPTER X. "Why, Polly?" some one said, and there was Judson leaning on the fence and looking as though he owned the universe, as Polly told him later.

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