

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

BY MARY CECIL HAY. CHAPTER VIII.—Continued. "Joyce—Joyce—" He repeated the name absentively, with such a smile upon his white lips, that his wife covered her eyes and shivered when she saw him. "He is not dead, he is not dead—here, here, here—there has been a wedding; a broken wedding, and—no wife!"

Stevenson, when I recall that day, such a fire burns within my brain as—But," she cried, with a sudden tremor, "his passionate tone, "you could not understand." And then Mr. Pratman was silent a little, for he knew he could not understand; but when he could not understand, she spoke without a tremor, in his voice, he asked another question. "Rohan, where is Miss Carmichael?"

"What is it?" asked Rohan, wearily. "Well, it is a most curious assertion to make, I know, Rohan, and you will naturally disbelieve it; but it is simple fact all the same. We have a little school-mistress at the Hilton School who cares for, and knows, and helps, not only the villagers, but also the people on the Hilton Guise estate. I see that you want to ask, with your usual skepticism, what a young, and not over-strong, village school-mistress can do to compensate for the absence of a ruling power, I know, Rohan, and you will naturally disbelieve it; but it is simple fact all the same.

"But I can," observed Mr. Pratman, composedly. "I can think how very advisable it would be to give the school-children a holiday." "Hardly more!" he echoed, starting even himself by the new idea of glances in his voice. "It will be the dear spot on earth to me! But you have given me, this morning, the most precious gift in all the world, dear wife, and I can think of nothing else but to give you all about it, only on that point I don't think I could stand your contempt."

Stevenson, though no one else need be present. Then we will go somewhere, for my wife to get a little sunbath; and then— "Home," put in Evelyn, softly, when he paused. "Oh, Horace, I wish it were not hard to you to speak of Hilton Guise as home!" he echoed, starting even himself by the new idea of glances in his voice. "It will be the dear spot on earth to me! But you have given me, this morning, the most precious gift in all the world, dear wife, and I can think of nothing else but to give you all about it, only on that point I don't think I could stand your contempt."

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CHAPTER IX. "Rohan, for Heaven's sake reconsider such a decision as this! To go to America, from impulse, at such a crisis!"

CHAPTER X. "For two years, Horace Rohan lived his busy and solitary life out in the New World. He was not without his tortures of those years, from the long, stern self-repression, from the unbroken tension of that defiant grip upon the heart of memory, that came slowly into him as a longing—vague, and dim, and shadowy, yet so strong, withal, in every tiny fibre that, once sprung there, it held its place with sturdy retentiveness; until at last its tendrils clung resistlessly about his heart, and swayed him down, until at last it came back; and his work would be the lighter, and his life a little less hard, and cold, and useless, perhaps, for those last words she would say to him.

CHAPTER XI. "Why is it an uncomfortable plan?" asked Horace, in the rapid, absent way in which he had spoken throughout this long and painful interview, and with a brief, keen-edged laugh, which showed Mr. Pratman more ill at ease than any of the times he had been uttered.

CHAPTER XII. "The lawyer had intended to use far more forcible words, but somehow it happened that, when he looked into his friend's haggard, restless face, his thoughts fled so painfully back over the strange and miserable past, that he lost the words which were generally so ready."

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