

## THE GARDEN OF FATE

Charlotte laughed softly, but with rather a mischievous light in her blue eyes, and then faced her friend.

"Now, why do you say that? You know he always amused me when it came to his every-day actions. I thought him an absurd man with his theatrical pose, always trying to look like a king, forever courteous and grave and stiff. They say he must be very wealthy," she went on inconsequently, "because I've heard it whispered that he gambles very heavily at times."

"So do all of them," was Margaret's scornful response. "But, for some reason, I did not like him — mere prejudice, I fancy. I have no patience with a man who deserts his country."

"But he hasn't deserted it! He's coming back."

Margaret showed signs of surprise.

"Why, he didn't say so when we were in Paris!"

It was Charlotte's turn to pause. She appeared confused, and looked at her father, who, having drawn a slip of paper and a pencil from his pocket, was engaged in making notes for his own remembrance.

"No," she said slowly, "he didn't; but — but — you see, I have had a letter from him."

"Ah!" The English girl gave a gesture of understanding. "So, that is it! He has decided to return to his native land, since he learned that you were to be here for some time. His patriotism had grown since his country held the charming presence of the young lady to whom he tried to be devoted in Paris."

Charlotte gave a low laugh, tilting her head back until the dimple in the chin was prominent, the fine teeth