
CHILD OF DESTINY

"Yes, he is out there digging. My watch played me false this morning."

"But you have not been in bed at all, Arthur! The pillows and covers are just as I left them yesterday."

"True, auntie. When I came in last evening I was so very tired. I merely lay on the couch. But what is the matter, auntie? Your eyes look strange."

"I am afraid you will have to telephone for a doctor. Muriel is very ill. She woke me during the night. Her teeth chattered—she had a severe chill. All night long she has been talking strangely."

Arthur was totally upset. His sister was very dear to him and he hoped that no harm might come to her.

A moment later the two entered the sick girl's room. Muriel lay there with half-shut eyes, moving about uneasily. Her cheeks had a feverish flush and her lips were very parched. The fever tempest was evidently raging.

"Arthur, Arthur!" she called strangely.

He hurried to her side and placed his hand upon her forehead.

"She does not know you are here, Arthur. See, her eyes remain closed."

"She is delirious," said Arthur.

"They told me Mazie was good," muttered the sick girl.