

## *The Corrector of Destinies*

I came back wonderingly to Randolph Mason. His boast that he would be here to prevent the ruin of Garnett was idle. He rather had speeded that ruin. The attorney regarded him with cold serenity.

"Have you in fact," he asked, "any interest in the success of John A. Garnett?"

"I have not," he said. Then he continued, like one explaining briefly to an annoying query. "I am interested only in removing this man from his office, in correcting thereby the wrong of his appointment."

"Ah," said the attorney. "I understand, then, why you so readily cut from under us the only possible foothold against this man—that of an escrow. With Wood once out of office, the delivery of this paper might have been enjoined."

"Sir," replied Mason, "your purposed flimsy trick was patent even to Wood."

"Perhaps," said the attorney, "but in a shipwreck no plank can be allowed to pass. You had no right to come into this affair, if you had no regard for Mr. Garnett's peril."

"Since I came into the affair," replied Randolph Mason, "Mr. Garnett has never been in peril."

This conversation with its last enigmatic answer of Randolph Mason was interrupted by the abrupt entrance of Margaret Garnett. The whole aspect of the woman was transformed as under some enchantment; she seemed in some mysterious way to be flooded with color—silver struck into life, porcelain running