
CHILD OF DESTINY

"Won't you be seated?" asked Arthur, pointing to a chair.

"No! All I have to say I prefer saying standing."

"Well, then, let us understand each other. You were kind enough to address a letter to Bleur House—"

"Yes, and in view of it," she interrupted, "I am rather surprised to see you here this evening."

"Ah, those were cruel lines you wrote, Mazie. You must know that my heart had always dreamed of possessing you. It was a foolish dream, perhaps, but I could not help it. And now comes your strange letter. Oh, those were cruel, heartless lines you wrote, Mazie!"

"Perhaps they were, Mr. Gravenor—"

"Oh, do not say Mr.! Call me Arthur—it hurts me. Oh, Mazie—Mazie!"

"Mr. Gravenor, I am sorry for your display of emotion," Miss Rawlins began slowly, after a moment's quiet, "but when you first made your advances I begged of you, nay, implored you, to turn your love into other channels, for mine was already promised to another."

"Lawrence Lescot! Curse him!" Arthur thought to himself.

"I begged of you," she pleaded, "to leave me in peace, but you persisted. And now