

The Corrector of Destinies

"I have no interest in him," replied Randolph Mason.

"No interest?" she repeated. "Why did my father's attorney come here?"

"Why do you come here?" returned Mason.

She began to speak then, her voice vibrating like the tense string of a viol. She repeated, but in finer sequence, all she had said to me on that night of Gafki's drama, and all that she had later said over our luncheon. But she said it now like one determined to be heard, determined in the end to be obeyed. She said it like an advocate, speaking for one's fortune, one's honor, one's life. She said it like one who had slept and eaten with every word uttered. Her sentences rushed, streamed out. The spirit of the woman came forth on the flood; she was deeply, vitally, passionately in earnest, speaking against a sacrilege, speaking against a wrong, demanding, urging, pleading with Randolph Mason to remain immovably neutral. Let the struggle between her father and this man be fair. Let its thrilling, dramatic balance remain undisturbed. She was the one whose interest for her father should be deepest, and she, above all things in this world, wished to see the game played out by the two now seated at the table. It was weak, cowardly in her father to come here for aid. If he could not win alone, fairly, like a man, then she, his daughter, Margaret Garnett, wished him to lose.

The woman thus fired with transcendent courage was superb. My blood sang under her words. The