
CHILD OF DESTINY

burdens—and he had nothing to fear from the Prince of Peace. And thus the Gravenor millions fell into the hands of the two children—Muriel and Arthur—who, together with old Aunt Hawkins, the trusty nurse, and Matt Pensy, the gardener, and several maids, constituted the Gravenor household at the time when this story opens. Arthur was then a handsome young man of twenty-eight, and Muriel a shy girl of seventeen.

One afternoon in late July, when Nature looked its loveliest, Aunt Hawkins hied away to a cool spot under the trees in the garden. A wave of heat had suddenly swept over Kempton, but it was not to last very long, for a cool wind was creeping up stealthily from the lake through the not far-distant cedars and hemlocks. The heart of the old nurse beat joyously as she seated herself on the mossy bench which was her favorite resting-place. She was a short, plump, good-looking woman, with a perfectly round, fat face. Her hair was a soft, silky white, and, though she was well up in years, not a wrinkle was visible on her pleasant face. But the years were beginning to manifest themselves in her gait. She moved with difficulty, and her hands were already showing the tremor of age. Yet withal she was good to look at as she sat there in her neat, plain, gray dress and white apron, a favorite volume of Dickens in