
CHILD OF DESTINY

pose he might be called a stump orator—eh, Mr. Arthur?" and he laughed loudly.

Presently Arthur rose to go. For a few moments he had forgotten his troubles—and Mazie.

"Must you go, Arthur?" asked Matt, kindly.

"Yes, I'm feeling just a little chilly. By the way, Matt, who was that woman I saw you talking to last evening down here at the first corner?"

"Oh, that was Miss Hogges, the old maid who keeps the seed-store on Wortley street."

"Miss Hogges, did you say? The poor thing is to be pitied for having such a name."

"That she is, Mister Arthur. I pity her a whole heap, but then I'm getting too old an' it would be a shame to offer her my name in exchange now," and he chuckled lustily.

"Not every man who dives into the ocean of matrimony brings up a pearl, Matt," declared Arthur.

"Perhaps not. But at all events Hogges will always be on the market," answered Matt, wittily.

"Falling in love is like falling into disgrace," continued Arthur, thoughtfully, "it's easier getting in than out."

There was a tinge of sadness in his voice. He had been a pupil in the cruel school of Experience.