

AGE
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THE SPINNING OF FATE

CHAPTER I

A WEEK-END VISIT

It was half-past four on a fresh, sweet morning in May. The London train, which usually thundered past Strathbog Station at four-thirty to the minute, but which was being stopped this morning by special request, had not yet put in an appearance, and the station-master, coming out of the gate which gave direct access from his garden to the platform, glanced up at the signal with eyes which were only half open. It fell as he looked, and, with a yawn and a stretch of his arms, he moved past the wooden structure dignified by the name of waiting-room to the white paling beyond, and viewed the road outside.

He expected to see a vehicle of some description waiting, but there was none, and he took off his cap and scratched his head perplexedly.

"Dod, that's queer!" he muttered. "The