
CHILD OF DESTINY

"How pretty she looks!" Muriel whispered. "Poor woman! But where is Arthur? Perhaps after all I am on the wrong track. I shall wait a few minutes."

The minutes hung like heavy, leaden hours upon Muriel's heart. "I wonder what it all means," she mused. "Why should Mazie write my brother a letter?"

Just then footsteps sounded on the pavement. They were coming nearer and nearer. A man passed by hurriedly. Another minute, and there was a rap at the door of the Rawlins cottage.

Muriel raised herself full length before the window. Every nerve in her body tingled. Her breath came quickly as her eyes stared into the cosy little room.

Mazie ceased playing. Like a frightened bird, she rose and turned towards the door. There was just the faintest smile on her lips. She halted for a moment. Her plain black gown hung gracefully from her shoulders. She looked very pretty. The sudden excitement had brought the color to her cheeks. Her soft, bright eyes had a dreamy look in them as she toyed nervously with the little golden necklace round her throat. But it was only for an instant. Then the door opened quickly and the man entered.

"It is Arthur. I'll remain here quietly and listen," whispered Muriel to herself.