
CHILD OF DESTINY

In the glare of the electric light, some distance from him, he saw the figure of a man, pail in hand, walking briskly. In a few minutes they would meet face to face.

"I wonder if that is Lawrence Lescot," he thought. "It looks his size and sounds like his walk. One would expect to see him pass here about this time on his way home from the mill. I'll hide behind these bushes and wait."

The footsteps approached nearer. The moon emerged from out the darkness and bathed Kempton in the glory of soft, subdued light. From behind the bushes Arthur viewed the narrow pathway. The next moment the moonlight shone full upon the man's pleasant face. It was full of smiles. He was humming a song. His words sounded nearer and clearer—

"You are the moon, dear love, and I the sea:
The tides of hope swell high within my breast
And hide—

"Lescot—the wretch!" groaned Arthur. Just then hate, jealousy and despair almost robbed him of his senses. "I'll kill him! I'll kill him," he said to himself.

Nervously his hand sought the pistol in his pocket. It flashed silver in the moonlight. And crouching down, he waited breathlessly. Lawrence was now but a few yards away.