
CHILD OF DESTINY

moonlit night. The heavy damask curtains were only half drawn. Two large palms stood on pedestals near the pleasant windows. The floor was covered by a Turkish rug, and from the ceiling a heavy glass chandelier hung, full of many sparkling lights. Over the large arched doorway that led into the drawing-room were two costly paintings in oil—likenesses of the former owner of Bleur House and his charming wife. Marble busts were on the bookshelves. Upon the table in the middle of the room stood the bouquet of roses which Muriel had given Aunt Hawkins in the afternoon, and a bowl in which three or four pretty goldfish were swimming.

Just as Aunt Hawkins had seated herself after attending to the fire, there was a rap at the door. Turning, she beheld Kitty, the maid, in her nicely starched white cap and apron, a small silver card tray in her hand.

"Pray, ma'am, pardon my interrupting, but someone just this minute left this note at the door and bade me deliver it posthaste to Mr. Arthur."

"Arthur has not returned, but I shall see that the note is handed him, Kitty."

Mrs. Hawkins took the proffered envelope. It bore a woman's handwriting.

"And do you suppose, ma'am, that Arthur will be in for dinner this evening? It is getting late and—and—" Kitty bit her lips ner-