
THE MYSTEROUS LETTER

white with excitement. "On the slips I can decipher two phrases—'You torture me' and 'I do not love you.'"

The girl sighed deeply.

"Oh, I see it all," she continued. "Arthur is in love with Mazie Rawlins. He is going to her to-night. I'll follow him and see what it is all about. There is not a moment to be lost."

"Muriel, it is getting late. Are you not afraid?" asked Mrs. Hawkins, anxiously.

"Afraid? No, auntie. There is something wrong somewhere, and I will find out the cause. Poor Arthur! He has been acting strangely. I see it all now, and my heart breaks for him. The black cloak, auntie—quick! I must go. Arthur, I am sure, is only a block ahead by now."

"I fear for your safety, child."

"Do not worry about me. Something tells me I must go, and go at once."

Muriel threw the black-hooded cloak over her shoulders and was off in a minute.

"Good-bye, auntie," she said. "Don't worry about me."

In a moment she was in the street, hurrying on as fast as her feet could carry her in the direction of Shelbourne avenue. But there was no sight of Arthur in the throngs that passed her. Hoping to save time she entered the city park. The band was just then play-