CHILDREN OF DESTINY.

A Novel by William J. Fischer. Author of "Songs by the Wayside," "Wino Other Stories," "The Toiler," "The Years' Between." etc. etc.

CHAPTER VII.

DREGS OF SORROW. In the very heart of the Place O'Pine on a narrow, clean, shady street, stood neat, little white cottage, surrounding which was a rose garden. Roses of every description bloomed there all the year round, pink and red and white and yellow in their dainty velvet dresses, tossing their merry faces to the sun, while the bees, gay paramours, sipped the honeyed nectar from their scented lips. The island was full of many such gardens. There was a great demand for roses generally and the vendors did good business disposing of them to the guests at the various hotels.

In this particular garden, on this

mild December morning, a woman was at work cutting the long rose stems and carrying the flowers unto a large table that stood near the garden gate. Two small children, a boy of four and a girl of three—followed her down the sunny of three—followed her down the sunny paths, happy-hearted and free, their white dresses dotting here, there, every-where, like two silken butterflies, through that flowery place of splendor. The woman took a special delight in her garden. It helped her to make a living for herself and her two children. Twice daily she could be seen wandering daily she could be seen wandering through the various hotels with roses in her arms, and when she returned to her cottage her arms were empty and her

purse was full.

The woman looked a picture of loveli ness, as she flitted about the fragrant garden in her sombre, plain, black dress, her face radiant with the glory of the her face radiant with the glory of the sunshine, that lay gently upon every-thing around. She had the appearance of one who had tasted deeply of life's joys and life's sorrows. For her, life's sun had risen to sink into unutterable darkness; for her life's flowers had blossomed in the gay morning sunshine to fade in the heat of an afternoon. Little wonder then that her pale yet Little wonder then that her pale yet beautiful face still showed the deep lines which the tears had formed; little wonder too that her eyes harboured troubled, restless look.

The two little children had wandered away from their mother. The bay, glittering in the sunlight, lay right outside of the garden and there, on the sandy beach, the children were watching the ships come in. The bay was very restless. From the far horizon, in all the mad rush and fury, the white-capped horses came galloping in, their snowy white manes dangling carelessly in the blue-green water. And the found of their footsteps was like the roar of mighty thunder.

Presently the woman discovered the two children in the sould

"Ah, this is where you are," she spoke joyfully. "Don't go out any farther into the water. Constance darling, be careful! It is very deep there.

The little one clapped her hands together joyfully.
"See, mama," she cried as she lifted her bare feet out of the water. "Oh, it's

Many a time in the past the two children had stood there, waving their tiny handkerchiefs to their father as he passed. He had been the captain of the El Dorado.

heaven."
"To be an angel?" interrupted the

an

she cried childishly as her ace bright-

ened ea erly.

The mother turned toward her garden

to breaking. She knew too well that he had gone forever and that the two little ones would wait for their father's return in vain.

This woman in black was no other

than Mazie Lescot—widow of Lawrence Lescot. After leaving Kempton, the two came to the Place o' Pines. Lawrence joined the crew of the El Dorado. His associates were fond of him and in a very short time he was promoted to the position of captain. The El Dorado was one of the largest vessels sailing the waters just then and the captaincy necessarily brought with it a substantial salary. The first years therefore passed happily for Mazie and Lawrence. Their waters just then and the captainey nec-essarily brought with it a substantial salary. The first years therefore passed happily for Mazie and Lawrence. Their heaven was now complete. Lawrence was of a saving disposition, and, when his bank account had run up into a snug sum, he built the little white cottage, which was to be a home for himself, wife and children. But when their hopes were highest, just when their dreams were loveliest and their hearts warmest. were loveliest and their hearts warmest the darkening shadows again came.

Mazie waited patiently one day for her husband's return. He did not come. Evening was setting in over the roaring, black waters and then the truth was borne home to her. They told her that the El Dorado, during a severe storm, had struck a rock and had become utterly ruined; that the ship had sunk into the watery depths, bearing with it the lives of several hundred people.

A few however escaped and a passing steamer picked them up. These three men immediately came to the little, white cottage and told Mazie how Lawwhite cottage and told Mazie how Law-rence had struggled faithfully to the last in a noble endeavor to save the ship from ruin and her occupants from death. But it was useless they said. The waters poured in upon them and quickly all went down deeper and deeper until the waves closed over them.

It was a crushing, cruel blowto Mazie. She walked the floor incessantly, her arms extended imploringly to heaven, and in the extremity of her anguish cried out: "Oh God! why did you take

cried out: "Oh God! why did you take Lawrence from me? He was a good man. Poor, poor Lawrence!"

"Mrs. Lescot," remarked the old fire-man who had joined the El Dorado's crew that May morning she sped out of the harbor for the first time, full of power and majesty. "you must not cry the narbor for the first time, full of power and majesty, "you must not cry so! Lawrence died a hero. I saw him on deck, giving kindly words to the stricken unto the last. As I battled with the mighty waves I could hear him calling out loudly—and oh! the message was so full of comfort for all of us:— 'Good people, hear me! if die we must, let us die like Christians!' and he sank upon his knees and, as the ship went down I caught the sound of his manly voice saying a prayer—a prayer of thanksgiving to the eternal Father in heaven. Oh! it was all so sweet, I could not help thinking the angels were very ear all the while."

That evening when the men were gone

Mazie put the little ones to bed and kissed them tenderly. As she looked upon them in their spotless beds, her eart, deprived now of its most beauti-ul treasure, went out to God, craving Then she walked across the room.

hrew open the window that looked out ipon the tranquil night and for a long her bare feet out of the water. "Oh, it's 'o nice."

"But where are your shoes and stockings?"

"Under de fence," answered the boy.

Just then a steamer came swinging up from the south. It was moving along waters, the south. It was moving along waters, the realized that now her heart was the menty eage from which the cherished bird had flown never to return again—realized, poor, suffering, brave-hearted water the tender of the realized poor, suffering, brave-hearted water the tender of the realized poor, suffering, brave-hearted bird had flown never to return again—realized, poor, suffering, brave-hearted bird had flown never to return again—realized, poor, suffering, brave-hearted bird had flown never to return again—realized, poor, suffering, brave-hearted bird had flown never to return again—realized poor the transport of the transport of the suffering that the suffering had flown never to return again—realized poor the troubled, angry waters. swiftly. Soon it would be passing them.

"Oh, mama," shouted the boy, "dere comes papa's ship."

"Ah yes, it's the El Dorado," the poor woman sighed heavily. "It looks like a new vessel now that it has been remodelled since the catastrophe."

Many a time in the past, the incomplete the catastrophe in the past proclaimed the freshness and joy of a constant Spring-time love, which had made this poor, sordid, old earth into very heaven for them.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ROSE-QUEEN.
When Mazie Lescot realized what is El Dorado.

"I wonder if papa is dere to-day," the boy remarked thoughtfully to his mother.

"Let's see. I'll tate my handertief an always been a good provider and now, The next moment a little hand waved a hankerchief in the air, but alas! no kindly salute came from the steamer's deck this time as the El Dorado shot through the hissing waves.

kindly salute came from the steamer's deck this time as the El Dorado shot through the hissing waves.

The poor woman's eyes filled with tears. "Poor Lawrence!" she solbed.

"Mama, why does papa not wave to me any more?" questioned the boy.

"Papa, po' papa," chimed in Constance.

"Lissen mama," the boy continued.

"Why does papa not tum home any more? He's been away a lon' time "Papa's gone on a long, long journéy, dear and he's not coming back any more," the mother answered in tears.

"He's done on a lon, lon' way, mama—so far, far away," the boy repeated, his cyes opening widely.

"Yes, darling. Your papa's gone to "Yes, darling. Your papa's gone to "Anthur repeated to himself when the stood now another large payment was due. The debt haunted Mazie all day long. She could not help picturing herself destitute and homeless in the streets. She was after all but a woman with a woman's heart and for days she went about worrying. She had always dreamt of years of wedded bliss, and, when the hour of her loss came, it struck he went about worrying. She bead always dreamt of years of wedded bliss, and, when the hour of her loss came, it struck he went about worrying. A strange unearthly look came to his eyes and for some time he stared into space. He was picturing Mazie as he had seen for that first bright April morning years ago. He could see her now in her white dress and her some the whisper of prayer still lingering from Maze, he burden of the years, anxiously awaiting their call from God, their faces staring down into their graves, yet the grim Reaper passed them by. But Mazie did not complain. She knew that

can. If it takes you years to pay it all, be satisfied to know that the holder of the mortgage will not complain. We realize too well what the El Dorado dissections are supported by the sund of footsteps above him. The concert was over and presently the guests began to appear. Hundreds of she looked—poor Mazie! I wonder what

pairs of bright eyes yonder, and we feel

From that day on Mazie Lescot was a new woman and faced the future with a woman's will and a woman's courage. The mortgage would be paid in time and then the cottage would be her own. So she set to work in her garden, planted rose-bushes and disposed of the flowers to the guests at the hotels. This was her cold income but she managed to

to the guests at the hotels. This was her only income, but she managed to save enough to pay a certain amount on the mortgage each month and still lay aside a balance for a rainy day. Twice daily she could be seen wandering through the places of fashion, her arms full of roses. She was a very familiar figure to the many guests in the hotels and parks. Other women were there selling roses, but they looked common and parks. Other women were there selling roses, but they looked common-place whenever she was near. Her face and figure was noticeable among all the others. She was so beautiful no one could help noticing her. No wonder then that everybody knew her as the "Rose Queen." It was a name an actor had given her one day as she passed him "Rose Queen." It was a name an actor had given her one day as she passed him by, and it clung to her always.

The Gravenors had been in the Place O' Pines two weeks. So far they had been greatly delighted with the restful been greatly delignted with the restriction surroundings and the charming people. Men, tired of business, artists and actors, sick of narrow Bohemian dens, novelists and poets, carvers of fine enchanting and poets. chanting dreams, women, weary of household duties were there, each find-ing rest and pleasure during their stay on the island. Concerts were contin-ually in progress on the various roof-gardens and in the luxurious parks. People, tired of music, revelled in the joys that boating, fishing and bathing afforded them. Others hied away to the pine forests, rifle in hand in search of

One afternoon Arthur lay carelessly in a hammock on one of the balconies of the Charendon. A cool breeze blev lightly from the lake. It was a finclear day. The sky was a perfect blue almost cloudless. From afar came the sound of the ocean's baracolle, tender and soothing and from the sun-kissed beach stole the voices of the merry bathers. Nature and the heart of hu-manity throbbed gladly under the influences of fresh, quickening joy.

Muriel and Kitty had gone out for uiet stroll through the city. Arthur was herefore left all to himself on the baltherefore let all the guests having gone cony, nearly all the guests having gone to listen to a fine programme of music on the roof-garden above. The change of scene had so far made little impression upon his mind. For hours he would sit seene had so far made little impression upon his mind. For hours he would sit and dream. His eyes too were begin-ning to show that strange wild stare one associates with a vacant mind. He could not divorce himself from the bitter past Mazie stood before him continually, and his mind was ever busy multiplying the many wrongs which he imagined had been thrust upon him by some evil spirit. If Mazie would have listened to his plea then everything would have cone well with him. He could never forget the night on which she had ordered him from her door. Ever since e imagined strange beings, evil spirits ad taken possession of his soul and ody, haunting and driving him to his doom. With the exception of this on delusion of persecution and wrong-doing Arthur Gravenor's mind was perfectly clear and sane.

Presently he turned about nervously n his hammock. His mind had been no busy to notice the music upstairs soon, however, a fine tenor voi ounded through the air. Signor Fr sounded through the air. Signor Fra-cati was singing—the noted singer of the Royal Italian opera company. Had come to the Place O' Pines for rest after a busy London season. Arthraised himself on his elbows and lis-tened eagerly for every word from the singer's lips. He could hear ever line distinctly and it was a soothing ter-der lyric that nipped at his been der lyric that nipped at his been der lyric that nipped at his hear

"To be an angel?" interrupted the cidid, "an angel, away up dere in deaky. But mans tant Tonstance an' me do up dere to see im?" he asked pleadingly.

"No, rev boy. It is so far away. We will all go together some day children, when God calls us home. Some day—"she repeated thoughtfully.

"Did on say God, mans? Is papa wiv God?"

"Yes, pet. Your papa is with God in heaver."

"Oh, I'm so glad." the child remarked as he folded his hands to his breast, a smile stealing to his fareas, and an everal weeks later, the holder of the mortgage on her house called the folded his hands to his breast, a smile stealing to his fareas, and an everal weeks later, the holder of the mortgage on her house called the could not complain. She knew that the God of heaven was a just and mercial Father and that He would help to the fare for her and her children just as He did for the birds and animals of the gard. This awakening of a new self was gateful to the gloomy night, that had come so suddenly with its dark heavy shadows and lorever blotted out the brightness of Loves soming, the unfotding of her children's blotted out the brightness of Loves young day. Another sigh escaped has lips more prolonged and paintint.

Again the cide hove in the God of heaven was a just and mercial Father and that He would help to the gard of the gard animals of the care for her and her children just as He did for the birds and animals of the care in the gard animals of the care in the saw state in the God of heaven was a just and mercial Father and that He would help to the father

" Till a' the seas gang dry my dear, And the rocks melt wi' the sun; I will luve thee still my dear, While the sands of life shall run."

realize too well what the El Dorado dis-aster really means to you and the two voices stole nearer and nearer. In trought her to the Place O' Pines? The mother turned toward her garden with a sigh. "Poor Lawrence, poor Lawrence, p another minute men women and children poured into the balconies. Arthur haps it's not M

Somewhat startled, he turned and saw a well-built man smiling into his face.

"Ah, it is you, Signor," he cried.
"Come, sit down and let's have a chat."
It was Signor Frescati. He had been one of the first men Arthur had met at the Place O' Pines. They saw each other frequently during the course of the day. The Signor's apartments were directly opposite Arthur's room. Often on an evening the two sat together enjoying quiet chats.

Signor Frescati was a well built man signor over the desolate fields of the past.

A few moments later he passed through Muriel," he said at the door. "My head aches slightly."

"Wait, my dear, and I shall go with you."
"Not to-night, sister. I know you are interested in your new book. Besides, you are tired and the air is rather damp and chilly."

Muriel's was aligning a hole in the ground. Gentles had not seen the fellow at work, until Gravenor drew his attention to him. "Come, sit down and let's have a chat."
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Signor Frescati was a well built man of about thirty, not overly tall, with coal black hair and the olive-tinted complexion of a son of Italy. His general appearance bespoke the man of culture, the careless artist accustomed

culture, the careless artist accustomed to life "in Bohemia."

"Do you smoke, Arthur?" questioned

the Signor as he seated himself. "If you do, you're welcome to this rich blend of rare tobacco," handing him his cigar case. "They are imported. A friend of mine in Naples keeps me well sup-

plied."
"Thanks, Signor, I shall try one." The two sat surrounded by gray clouds of smoke evidently enjoying the drift of

their conversation.

"By the way, Signor," said Arthur, "By the way, Signor," said Arthur,
"that was a fine song you sang at the
afternoon recital—a dainty, little lyric,
full of genuine feeling. The words are
beautiful—and the music was simply

"Do not flatter me, good fellow," the Signor interrupted. "Possibly you do not know that the music is my own. You, of course, recognized the lines. It is my favorite lyric of Bobbie Burns." "Really, I did not recognize the poem

at all and yet I have read it many a time. I always had a strong attrait for Burns. His simple honesty and humility

Burns. His simple nonesty and numility caught my heart."

"Speaking of that song, Gravenor, reminds me of a little story in connection with it. It was in late winter, after a very busy London season, when, one day, I was invited to sing at Windsor Castle. My heart had never dreamt of such an honor. The noble, gray-haired Queen Victoria, whom all the nations loved and honored, gave me a hearty welcome. At first I sang opera, then followed a bit of oratorio and later a few ballads. The Queen was delighted with them all. She, with one of the princesses and her lady-in-waiting were the only people in the saloon. After a delightful, informal chat the Queen asked me to sing a few little folk-songs which she loved. Ther we drifted on to Bobbie Burns and soon learned that Her Majesty fairly worshipped this plain singer of the fields and people. Do you know his lines—
'O my Luve's like a red, red rose?' she asked me. 'Are they not pretty?
They've been set to music, but I cannot recall the compact of the control of th recall the composer. Can you? she asked. I told her that I did not rememasked. I told her that I did not remember. 'But will you not sing them for me, Signor?' she continued. 'I would so like to hear them.' I replied that I had not the music. 'But I am sure,' she interrupted, 'You can easily improvise a melody. Do please!' So I sat down at the piano and lo! the inspiration came. Soon my wice accompanied the continuous. Soon my voice accompanied the soothing air which stole from my finger-tips. I was the same air you have just heard It was so beautiful that I wrote it down

been thinking of her betrothed whose picture hung on the opposite side of the room. 'It was sung beautifully, Signor,' she said to me, rising and taking me by the hand,' and I thank you.' One week later I received this valuable gold pin from the Qeeen — a precious cameo of Bobbie Burns, inscribed on the other side you see—' Victoria, R.'"

"It is very heautiful Signor." Author Bobble Burns, Inscribed on the other side you see—'Victoria, R.'"
"It is very beautiful, Signor," Arthur remarked, as he examined the precious souvenir, "and to think it should have been given you by a queen!"
At that moment there was a little excitement several yards away. The sound

that very evening. When I had finished the song I turned and saw that the poor

Queen was weeping. She had evidently been thinking of her betrothed whose

citement several yards away. The sound of voices startled the two men in their conversation. The Signor turned around in his chair nervously.

"Ah, I see it now," he exclaimed, "the Rose-Queen is coming down the stairs and the people are rushing for roses."
"The Rose-Queen, Signor? Where is he? I have heard so much of her." "She's a beautiful woman, Gravenor, plainly dressed, but withal a model. Do

you not see her?" "Where—where is she?"
By this time Arthur was standing on tip-toe, gazing over the hundreds of heads in front of him.
"Where is she, Signor? I do not see her yet."

Do you see that tall man over there with red whiskers?"

"And the puny, old woman in front of

"Yes."

"Well, two people down from this woman stands the Rose-Queen. She is just bending over now and handing a few roses to an elderly woman. Look at her smile, those eyes—ah! she's—"

"I see her now," gasped Gravenor.
"It is Mazie!"

"He became weak, the color left his face and he would have fallen had not the signor eaught him in his arms.
"What is the matter, Arthur?" kindly the hammock.

"Just a little weak spell I get occa-

sionally, Signor, thank you

CHAPTER IX. HOPE RISES HIGH.

It took sometime for Arthur to recover from the great surprise Mazie's sudden appearance had caused him. He felt very nervous and restless and went to from the great surprise Mazie's sudden appearance had caused him. He felt see you have returned and Mr. Arthur, I hope, is feeling better now."

I hope, is feeling better now."

"Yes, thank you, signor. I'm all gift again," answered Gravenor.

Eventually the very pictures on the walls seemed to mock him. He sank into a comfort and an the luxury of living, but never happiness to me. No. Mr. Gravenor, I never could be happy with you. I told you long ago and I had hoped you would not approach me again."

"What does this all mean?" interprint of the happy with you. I told you long ago and I had hoped you would not approach me again."

"What does this all mean?" interprint of the happy with you. I told you long ago and I had hoped you would not approach me again." "Oh, I'm so glad," the child remarked as he folded his hands to his breast, a smile stealing to his face, "Den he does not sail no more, mama?"

"No dear he is watching us every about the mertgage, "You dear he is watching us every day and praying for us."

"Use then the figure of a man was seen coming up the beach. Constance espied him and in a moment she was out of the water.

"We will not press you hard for the mertgage on her house called to see her.

"We will not press you hard for the mortgage on her house called to see her.

"We will not press you hard for the meaning up the beach. Constance espied him and in a moment she was out of the water.

"Soon he was aroused from his musings by the sound of footsteps above him, he repeated, slowly and thoughtfully, money, Pay us a little whenever you can. If it takes you years to pay it all, be satisfied to know that the helder of the mortgage will not complain. We have the still my dear.

"While the sands of life shall run."

"While the sands of life shall run," he repeated, slowly and thoughtfully, money, Pay us a little whenever you can. If it takes you years to pay it all, be satisfied to know that the helder of the mortgage will not complain. We

his attention to him.
"What is he digging the hole for?"

asked Arthur.

"Ah, the little fool! He's just ruining that plot of ground. Sambo — I say, Sambo! Come here!"

Sambo! Come here!"
Sambo threw down the shovel and obeyed his master's orders.
"What am de mattah, massa?" he asked kindly, his white teeth showing conspicuously between the prominent

red lips.
"What are you digging there?"

"What are you digging there?"
"Diggin' in de groun', massa."
"Yes, but you're just ruining that lawn. What in under the sun are you digging out that enormous hole for?"
The bell-boy rubbed his hands together smacked his lips and answered with a certain air of pride: "Well, ye see, Massa' Gentles, I read in de papah dat de gover mint am goin' to give ye a post of honah an' dat hole am for e to put it in. It am right here at de very entrance, ye see."

entrance, ye see."

The two men laughed at poor Sambo's

stupidity,
"Now, Sambo, be a good boy and close that hole as soon as possible," Gentles said to him, after he had explained to the negro's satisfaction the

ost of honor."
"Well! well! dis pooh niggah am a fool, eh massa," Sambo cried laughingly as he crossed the lawn.
"Where, if I may ask, were you going,

Gravenor?" said Gentles.

Arthur hardly knew what to answer. Presently a happy thought came to him and he replied: "I was thinking of going down town to purchase some roses for my sister."

Why go down town when you can procure them here."
"Where he asked, seizing the oppor-

unity to continue his enquiries regarding Mazie.
"Why the Rose-Queen comes here what time it twice daily. Let me see what time it is," he continued looking at his watch. "Five o'clock. Ah! it's too late, she's

already made her rounds. She will be here again this evening."
"I think I might as well wait then," remarked Arthur. "The Rose-Queen does a good business here with her

"Yes and she's a pretty woman too."

"Has she been here long?"
"About five years, I think."
"What's her real name?"

"Mat's her real name;"
"Mazie Lescot," repeated Arthur
lowly, a sudden paleness stealing into
its face and a sigh breaking on his lips,
"She's a widow you know," Gentles
continued, "Her husband, Lawrence
lescot was drowned two orthree months Lescot, was drowned two or three months ago. He was captain of the "El Dorado," which went wrong in a storm onight. And since his death she has be

elling roses."
"She is poor then," Arthur said anxi-

Yes, quite. Lawrence built a cottage

"Yes, quite. Lawrence built a cottage but there's a heavy mortgage on it, and the poor woman's had a struggle."

At the sound of these words a fresh hope kindled anew in Arthur's heart.

"She has two children, a boy and a girl, to care for," Gentles continued.
"Lawrence was a fine fellow, full of true valor, and many hearts, wowned his valor, and many hearts mourned his

"Is Mrs. Lescot's home in the city?" Arthur asked, anxious to get all the par-ticulars he could from the unsuspecting informant who was so willing to tell all

nformant who was he knew.

"Yes, about a mile from here, on Piccadilly street in a neat white cottage with roses on all sides of it. The place is easily found, and everybody knows the Rose-Queen."

The woman he had seen then was Mazie Lescot and she was a widow and perhaps in want. In his heart Arthur could not help feeling glad that Lawrence was dead. He had been the only obstacle which Fate had placed between himself and the woman he loved. Surehimself and the woman he loved she words stole into their ears with double meaning:

"Let us begin, dear love, where we left off the words stole in the broken threads of that old dream: y now Mazie would listen to this entreaties. Surely now she would be only too glad to accept his offers that would mean luxury and ease instead of misery and penury. And gladly his mind framed a beautiful And gladly his mind framed a beautiful picture. Afar off lay the past, shrouded in heavy dark shadows, and over it all rose the Future, radiant with glory. With hopeful thoughts Arthur awaited the approaching evening and the forthcoming appearance of the Rose - Queen.

CHAPTER V

When Arthur reached his room some minutes later he felt much easier. A heavy weight seemed to have been lifted suddenly from his heart. Muriel lifted suddenly from his heart. Muriel "But, Mazie, think how you have to "But, Mazie, think how you have "But, Mazie, think how you have to "But, Mazie,

spirits.

"I am so glad to see you smiling again, Arthur," she said, placing her arm lovingly about his neck. "You really look your old self to-day. I was afraid you would never grow strong again, but now a new hope seems to be dawning. Arthur, I am so glad."

There was a rap at the door and Signor Frescati entered.

"Ah, Miss Muriel," he remarked, "I see you have returned and Mr. Arthur, I to see you have returned and Mr. Arthur, I to see you have returned and Mr. Arthur, I to see you have returned and Mr. Arthur, I to see you smiling to fear. There are only three of us and God will provide."

"Think of the home I could give you and your two children, Mazic." Arthur, loosened his grip and Mazic's arms swung to her side.

"I to might mean comfort and all the luxury of living, but never happiness to

rupted Muriel. "Have you been ill,

"Sister, mine, calm yourself!" Arthur by heaven! (he raised his clenched lists into the air) I'll never forget or forgivo replied. on the balcony this afternoon and a weak spell came over me. That was all.

But I'm quite well again. I feel stronger

"Yes, and will persist just as long as "Yes, and will persist as "Yes, and will persist as "Ye

cot's presence in the city. Up to the man will ever be good enough to follow present she had not seen the Rose- in Lawrence's footsteps. Leave me in

Muriel's kindness of heart almost startled Arthur. At that moment he wished, her thousands of miles away.

"Would you like to go to the garden-recital this evening, Muriel? Signor Frescati is going to sing again," he added thoughtfully. Arthur wanted to know just what his sister's plans were, Mazie would be present selling roses and he was anxious to meet her without

his sister being present.
. "No, Arthur, I am so very tired. I think I shall retire early. Kitty and I had a long walk. We took the car to one of the pine-forests and oh! it was glorious tramping through the woods."
"I am sure it must have been great
sport. Well, Muriel, don't worry about I shall be home in good

and he was anxious to meet her without

ne. I sha Good-bye!" The customary evening concert at the The customary evening concert at the Clarendon was to take place in the rich flower garden, just outside of the hotel grounds. It was a pleasant spot in which to listen to delightful music. Hundreds of suspended electric lights gave the place an appearance of an enchanted fairyland. Already the guests were passing through the gates. These recitals were a special delight to the people out there below the majestic. vellow moon and the tranquil brooding

stars.

Arthur stole through the gate and took a seat under a lovely willow, quite a distance from the audience. He knew that the Rose-Queen would be passing there on her way out of the garden and that he would not be the cynosure of many eyes.

At length the Rose-Queen arrived.

From his secluded spot Arthur could see her plainly, disposing of her roses to many of the people in the audience.
There was a rule that flowers were
only to be sold before the concert and this was rigidly enforced.
Mazie was glad for there were
two children waiting anxiously for her
at home and she alwars hymiolate. at home, and she always hurried to them as soon as possible. Now she was draw-ing nearer and Arthur's heart beat ing nearer and Arthur's heart beat rapidly. A strange feeling came over him—a feeling of half joy, half fear. She wore a black dress, very plain yet most becoming. On her breast a golden cross sparkled brightly. Her face had not lost any of its former beauty, her cheeks were full of color and her eyes danged explicit.

danced exultingly.

Presently she walked down the narrow sles, gathering the few roses she had left under her, and made for home. Passing the willow where Arthur was sitting she noticed the shadow of a man in the subdued light. Drawing nearer, she asked: "Any roses, sir? two for a

The man's eyes stole to the ground. How many have you left ?'

"About ten, sir."
"Il take them all. Here's the While she was busy making change

Arthur rose from his bench. The moor gight shone full upon his face. "Here's your change, thank you!" the Rose-Queen said gratefully as she handed him the money. Then her eyes stole to his face for the first time. The woman staggered and could hardly believe her some

her senses. "Great heaven! Arthur Gravenor, she moaned, "what brings you here?"
"Mazie! Mazie!" Arthur cried.
"I don't know, but God must have

lirected me."

The frightened woman threw her thin

Arthur whispered something into the Rose-Queen's ear. She turned, like a frightened bird and her cheeks flushed a beautiful crimson. Then she tried to tear herself from his grip.

"No, Mr. Gravenor," she exclaimed hotly, "it can never be! How dare you insult me thus, ask me for my hand in marriage when the love for my lead.

"You have done me a great wrong, Arthur? Has something happened?

Speak, brother, speak!"

"You have done me a great wrong, Mazie, You have ruined my life, when you might have helped me s easily and,

there's life in this body. Mr. Gravenor.

obbing down the nar-