
CHILD OF DESTINY

the delicate lace curtain and lay about Muriel's hair like a halo of light.

Arthur bent over the tossing form and tenderly kissed the red lips.

"Poor little saint!" he whispered as he rose and gazed upon her. Then the tears came to his eyes. A few minutes later he left the room.

"She is very ill, is she not, Arthur?" Mrs. Hawkins asked in the hall.

"Yes—I'm afraid—I'm afraid Muriel is going."

"For heaven's sake, telephone the doctor at once!"

The doctor arrived in due time.

"She is very ill," he said. "I believe pneumonia is setting in. Did she complain of any pain?" he asked Mrs. Hawkins.

"Yes, in her right side."

"I thought so," he remarked knowingly.

For some weeks Muriel's life hung in the balance, but finally she triumphed. One afternoon in late September, when she had fully recovered, she and her brother were sitting together in the library. It was Muriel's second day downstairs. Naturally she felt elated, but somehow or other she could not help recalling that eventful evening on which she had come across the torn pieces of that mysterious letter. For some days she had been thinking seriously of opening her heart