CHILDREN OF DESTINY.

A Novel by William J. Fischer. Author of "Songs by the Wayside," "Winona Other Stories," "The Toiler," "The

CHAPTER III.

ROSEMARY AND RUE. Somewhat nervously, Muriel moved little closer to the window.
"Good-evening, Mazie," said Arthur

"Good-evening, Mazie," said Arthur with brevity.

"Miss Rawlins, if you please, sir," interrupted Mazie, indignantly.

"Good-evening, Miss Rawlins, then"—and Arthur bowed gallantly. "I see you are not pleased," he continued, "that I called this evening, but I shall the same held enough to offer nevertheless make bold enough to offer myself a seat." Rather unconcerned, Arthur sank in-

Mather unconcerned, Arthur sank into a comfortable arm-chair near by.

Mazie's face flushed crimson. Every drop of blood seemed to have rushed to cheeks. She raised her flashing eyes to his and said: "Arthur Gravenor, who invited you to come here this evening?"

"Nabels in warisallar Limited avery and the company of the Nobody in particular. I invited my-

self."

"People often put in appearance, when they are least wanted," the girl interrupted hotly.

Arthur laughed a cold, sarcastic laugh, which grated terribly on Mazie's ears.

"Won't you be seated?" asked Arthur reinting to a chair.

pointing to a chair. "No, all I have to say I prefer saying

"No, all I have to say I prefer saying standing."

"Well, then let us understand each other. You were kind enough to address a letter to Bleur House——"

"Yes, and in view of it," she interrupted, "I am rather surprised to see you here this evening." you here this evening.

"Ah, those were cruel lines you wrote azie. You must know that my heart Mazie. 101 must know that my heart had always dreamed of possessing you. It was a foolish dream perhaps, but I could not help it. And now comes your strange letter. Oh, those were cruel, heartless lines you wrote, Mazie!"

"Perhaps they were, Mr. Gravenor—"
"Oh do not saw Mr. Call see Arthey

"Oh, do not say Mr. Call me Arthur-it hurts me. Oh, Mazie-Mazie!"

"Mr. Gravenor, I am sorry for your display of emotion," Miss Rawlins be-gan slowly, after a moment's quiet, "but when you first made your advances, I begged of you, nay, implored you to turn your love into other channels, for

"Lawrence Lescot! Curse him!"
Arthur thought to himself.
"I begged of you," she pleaded "to leave me in peace, but you persisted.
And now it has come to this. Mr. Gravenor, I love Lawrence Lescot, and I intend to marry him, so be a man and follow your own path in life, and leave

She spoke in clear, decisive tones, and her words smote Gravenor's soul with subtle force. He loved Mazie madly, and it was with a pure, strong, abiding love. She was young and beautiful, but God had willed that she was to be given to another. Lawrence was only a poor boy—one of the hands down in the Arthur met him almost daily, and hated him with a strong and deadly hatred. Jealousy often makes monsters out of angels, and the deadly viper was already beginning to tighten its deadly coils. Lawrence Lescot was to be married to the girl he loved. The thought was almost unbearable. Up to the present, Arthur Gravenor's charac-ter had been above reproach but God only knew where his misplaced love was yet to lead him to.

For the next half hour Arthur plead-

ed strongly with the girl he loved, but Mazie met him each time with such an array of good, solid argument that even Muriel's heart went out to the woman in black, even though her brother's fate

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stood in the balance.
"What kind of a home can Lawrence Lescot give you, Mazie?" he asked as he rose from his chair. "He is poor, and with his few shillings a day he cannot do much for you. If you would consent to become my wife, a home even grander and more luxurious than Bleur grander and more luxurious than Bleur House would be yours. You would have comforts in plenty. I would do everything to make you happy. Picture the hovel Lawrence Lescot may take you to and then think of what I shall be proud to Lawrence.

When Arthur Gravenor had figured so conspicuously, but she brushed the picture aside hurriedly. She had made up her mind never to mention the matter to Lawrence.

When Arthur reached Bleur House, the place was evidently wrapped in place was evidently wrapped in the place was evidently wrapped when we will be proved which we will be proved whence we will be proved whence whence

your wealth or your promises!" Miss Rawlins said hotly. "Your gold is nothing to me so long as I possess the love of Lawrence Lescot, and I am willing to of Lawrence Lescot, and I am willing to brave all storms and go to the distant ends of the earth with him, for I know that God will be with us."

"Feolish girl!"

"Evolish girl!"

"Foolish girl!"
"I am satisfied," she answered calmly, "to battle with any storm so long as Lawrence's strong arms are at the oars."

Arthur approached her but she motioned him back.

'Go!go!" she cried, "let me alone.' "I see then that no entreaty can move you, Miss Rawlins."

coldly. "I do not love you, never could love you, so I beg you in the name of God never to visit me again."

Arthur's eyes sank to the floor. In moment he faced her again. His eyes had a deep, jealous passion in them and flashed wildly as a terrible curse fell from

his lips.

Mazie trembled, Her face was almost bloodless.
"Go!go!" she cried.

"You will suffer for this some day Remember!

Remember! "he said viciously.

A shudder ran through Muriel just then. "O God! preserve Arthur from harm!" she prayed. "He does not know what he is doing."

"Remember, Miss Rawlins—remember!" he almost hissed a second time.

Just then a faint ery style from the

Just then a faint cry stole from the other room. Grandma Rawlins vealling her daughter to her bed-side.

Arthur left the room.

Mazie sank upon a couch near by and gave way to bitter tears. The struggle had been too much for her, and now the

reaction came.

"Mazie! Mazie!" again sounded her mother's weak voice, and forthwith the girl hurried to her side.

When Arthur Gravenor entered the city park the moon was hidden by heavy clouds. Muriel had hurried on ahead, for he had a great many things to do

so that she would reach Bleur House before her brother. Arthur walked hurriedly down the small narrow path. Presently he halted for a moment. There were sounds of approaching foot-steps. 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."

I'll hide behind these bushes and wait."
The footsteps approached nearer.
Just then the moon emerged from out
of the darkness and bathed Kempton in
the glory of soft, subdued light. From
behind the tushes, Arthur viewed the
narrow pathway. The next moment the
moonlight shone full upon the man's
pleasant face. It was full of smiles.
The man 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

"Lescot - the wretch!" groan

Just then hate, jealousy and despair almost robbed Arthur 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.

At that moment, Muriel reached Bleur
House. "God protect my poor brother
from harm!" she pleaded as she closed
the door. "He knows not what he is doing.

Lawrence Lescot passed slowly, on hi lips the music of those tender words—
"You are the moon, dear love and the sea :"
Arthur Gravenor's fingers were or

Arthur forevenors ingers were on his pistol. He tried to move the trigger, but his fingers refused to obey his will. All control of them seemed gone. The next moment the pistol fell into the grass. Arthur tried to speak but his to speak but his grass. Arthur tried to speak but his lips and tongue were dry and no sound came. Hurriedly he rose and stumbled home in the moonlight, his mind a prey to strange, bitter thoughts. His angel had heard Muriel's prayer and borne it to the great white Throne.

Lawrence Lescot did not know that but a few minutes before he might have been swent ant of existence forever by a

been swept out of existence forever by deadly pistol shot. He hurried of gladly, his dinner pail dangling music ally on his arm. Presently he saw a flickering light at Mazie's window. Hi eyes sparkled and there was a look of sweetness on his manly face as his thoughts stole to the little queen whom he worshipped. Since this bright angel he worshipped. Since this bright angel had come into his fife, his days had been nothing but one continued period of love and song. Life held forth far greater possibilities to him now that it was radiant with Mazie's love. He was poor, but he had those qualities of hear and mind that gold could never procure

Presently he stood in front of the Rawlins' cottage. It was late. What was he to do? At that moment he saw Mazie gliding about the room. Noise-lessly he crept to the door. In a moment he stood in her processor of the stood in the processor of the stood in he stood in her presence, strong, manly lovable-looking fellow.

"Lawrence," whispered Mazie, "I im so glad you came.' "But what has happened?" exclaimed

he, greatly surprised at her worried appearance. "You look so pale and appearance. "You look so pare and troubled—and you have been crying oor, little dear !' He drew her into his strong arms and

ested|her head on his shøulder. "What has happened, Mazie?" "What has happened, Mazie?"
"Oh, nothing much," she answered in trembling voice. "I am not feeling well. I have had very little sleep the last few nights. Mother has been so

For your sake I am glad to hear that

nothing has happened," he replied Mazie's thoughts went back to that

"Mr. Gravenor, I care not naught for our wealth or your promises!" Miss awlins said hotly. "Your gold is noththe extremity of her anguish, had poured

knew that you tracked him to the place he would never forgive you. He would hate you all his life for it."

That evening Muriel went to bed with a heavy heart and drifted into a nervous

sleep.
Arthur, lest he might disturb th sleepers, tip-toed to his room across the hall. He did not turn on the light Miss Rawlins.

None, Mr. Gravenor, "she replied The room was bathed in the moon's soft rays. One face looked out brighter than all the others on the wall. It was Mazie's. In a time of friendship she had given the picture to him. Long he stared at it. He felt sure he could never forget her. Love had set its tendrils too deeply into his heart and he feared they would have to remain there always. He could not sleep. The Past haunted him. He rose and opened the window. A cool breeze swept in cooling his fear. his face. Kempton slept peacefully Afar off, the lakes flashed like sheets of molten glass beneath the starlit, blue heavens. Now and then a bird-voice sounded in the surrounding trees. It was like the cry of a soul, lost forever in impenetrable darkness. Presently the clock on the cathedral tower chimed the hour of midnight. Arthur sank into his chair and gazed for some time into the lonely night about him. His thoughts were still on Mazie.

Later a new light came to his eyes and he whispered to the stars about him: 'I will not trouble her any more. God! give me the strength to do it, for in my heart I know I shall love her always ! The old love can never die."

CHAPTER IV. THE SHADOW FALLS.

that day. The dawn was just breaking when he rose from his bed and sleepily walked over to the window. The regal lay was just then donning its crin day was just then donning its crimson garment in the east. The sun-children too were busy stirring their morning fires for the skies were growing very bright. Those precious early moments were one continual rhapsody of bird music. Everywhere the melodies echoed. Everywhere voices trilled and executed their intricate cadenzas charmingly. The grates of heaven seemed to

ecuted their intricate cadenzas charmingly. The gates of heaven seemed to stand wide open as Matt gazed across the pleasant landscape. For some minutes he stood spellbound.

"Sure, this is a grand world to be in," he muttered to himself as he left the window, "and yet people are never satisfied. God gives them flowers, hirds an supplied in plenty. His fields birds, an' sunshine in plenty. His fields yield them their daily food an' yet they grumble and grumble. I know I shall be very sorry when the call comes. It will be very hard to leave the big, wide green earth."

green earth."
A few minutes later Matt was busy a A few minutes later Matt was busy a work in his garden, his lips echoing the faintest words of a song. He always sang when the flowers began to come but in the fall of the year when the place looked desolate and bare not a

place looked desolate and bare not a sound of song escaped his lips.

Before long the old gardener felt footsteps very near to him. Turning, he saw Arthur but a few feet away.

"The top o' the morning to you, Mister Arthur," he called briskly.

"Good-morning, Matt. I am surprised to see you about see early."

to see you about so early."
"And I, you. May I ask what brought
you out of bed so early, Arthur?"

For a moment Arthur was perplexed He had not been able to sleep for reasons which the reader already know sons which the reader already knows and had wandered out into the open air rather aimlessly, his mind in a state of deep unrest. Matt's question there-fore rather puzzled him. He hardly

knew how to answer it.
"Well," he declared, "I forgot to wind my watch last evening and when awoke this morning, it pointed the hour of eight. When the cathedral chimes nowever pealed five I noticed the misof eight. When the take. So that explains my early appearance. But it is so very pleasant out here I think I will remain. There's nothing like a good whiff of fresh air so early in the morning, eh, Matt?" "A good whiff of fresh air an' an easy

conscience," rejoined the gardener.
The words stung Arthur. His con science was anything but easy at the noment, notwithstanding the resolution moment, notwi he had made.

"Be seated, Mister Arthur!" said Matt, pointing to a bench facing him. Presently the gardener raised himself from his knees and, leaning on his shovel, said: "By the way, Mister Arthur, I ha' somethin' to say to you, but you must not get angry at me for speakin' the truth."
"No I shall not get angry. Go on!"

speakin' the truth."

"No, I shall not get angry. Go on!"

"Well, I was over at Meekin's grocery store last night. It's a place the fellers come o' nights. They talk an' argue like a lot o' washerwomen an' then they fight like hyenas. Well, Bill Storms was there. Bill Storms, you know him—that hig sort o' hurly lookin' chan." that big sort o' burly lookin' chap."

"Oh yes, Storms, the liveryman's sor es, I know him," interrupted Arthur "Well, we got to discussin' politics an' then we drifted into a talk about the overly rich. Storms talked like a lawyer. He knew it all. He argued an fought with his tongue an' then his face got as red as a tomato.
the rich man! He is the bigges' enemy
the poor people, he cried. Then he got as red as a tomato. 'Down with the poor people, he cried. asked me for my opinion but I said not a word. This made him angry. He did not like my silence, so he up an' says "There sits old sleepy Matt Pensy over there with his lips closed tight, afraid to say a word." An' then he up again an' says: "I know now why he won't an' says: 'I know now why he won' commit himself. He daren't say one word. The Arthur Gravenor he is working for is one of them "rusty cats." 'My blood got boilin' hot. 'What did you say, Storms,' I cried. 'I said your master was one of them "rusty cats." 'Take back those words Bill Storms,' I cried as I rose from my chair, 'or I'll make you. 'I'll take nothing back,' he snapped again. 'Gravenor's a rusty cat. Isn't this so Sims, Flare, Bates?' and he ap-pealed to the other men. I jumped across the floor an' the next minute landed him a sweet one in the face with my fist, an' you can bet Mister Arthur, I'm sure he never received such a warm-in' before. I'll teach him to call you a rusty cat.

Arthur could not help smiling.

"What are you laughing at?" asked
Matt annoyed.

"Oh, nothing much, but I am afraid

ou made a mistake this time, Matt. m sure young Storms would not call me

"Well then he did, Mister—the little "Now, are you sure? You said that ou were discussing the overly rich."

Matt nodded his head in the affirma

"Yes, well, might he not have said aristocrat? Then Arthur spelled the word "A-r-i-s-t-o-c-r-a-t, aristocrat Think again Matt. Isn't this the word? "By Jiminy! I believe it is," Matt cried, dropping his spade. "I feel kind o' sorry now for young Storms. I should not ha' struck him."

"It will do him no harm. Besides: 'rusty cat" and aristocrat sound so much alike the mistake could have been made Thereupon the two laughed good

naturedly over the miunderstanding while in his heart Arthur gloried over the sworn fidelity of this trusty son Just then Noddles, Muriel's pet span

iel, appeared, wagging his tail Arthur bent over and stroked the

sides of the pretty canine.
"See, Matt, how he speaks to us with his short tail," declared Arthur. "Ah, he's a fine dog," said Matt, "all animation, an' how he does seem to speak, Mister Arthur. His tail bein'

rather stumpy, I suppose he might be called a stump orator—eh, Mister Art-hur?" and he roared loudly. Presently Arthur rose to go. For a few moments he had forgotten his troubles—and Mazie. "Must you go, Arthur?" asked Matt,

kindly. "Yes, I'm feeling just a little chilly. By the way Matt, who was that woman I saw you talking to last even-ing down here at the first corner?" "Oh, that was Miss Hogges, the old maid who keeps the seed-store on Wort-

"Miss Hogges, did you say? The poor thing is to be pitied for having

ich a name."
"That she is, Mister Arthur. I pity her a whole heap, but then I'm gettin' too old an' it would be a shame to offer her my name now," and he chuckled

lustily.
"Not every man who dives into the

"Not every man who dives into the ocean of matrimony brings up a pearl, Matt," declared Arthur.

"Perhaps not. But at all events Hogges will always be on the market," answered Matt wittily.

"Falling in love is like falling into the sea," continued Arthur thoughtfully, "it's easier getting in than out." There was a tinge of sadness in his voice. He had been a pupil in the cruel school of experience. eruel school of experience.

"Ah, blast all this love business any-

way, Arthur. Give me the birds and the flowers for company. That is all I want. A woman will jump into the sea for a man an' the story holds just as good on the other side. It's the same everlastin' question all the world over an' its old as the hills. Now the women are raked over the coals—now the men. So I am content to steer clear o' all this bloomin' love business. But here's the best thing o' all, Arthur. There's a woman of my acquaintance—Jemima Jepson's her name. She beats them all. She lost her speech through a bad cold an' in one small work she had thirty.

offers of marriage."
"Now, now, Matt, that's a big one,"
laughed Arthur. "Poor Jemima! Well
I must go Matt."

Matt, with spade in hand, was soon usy again.
"I don't know what's the matter with

"I don't know what's the matter with that boy at all—at all," he murmured to himself. "He looks so strange. He's got a world o' trouble in his eyes."

When Arthur entered the house he was met by Mrs. Hawkins.

"Where have you been, Arthur? I have been looking all over for you," she spoke personely.

poke nervously.
"I've been out with Matt in the garden. "Surely not at this hour of the morn-

Yes, he is out there digging. My consequently rose too early."
"But you have not been in bed at all,

The pillows and covers are just as I left them yesterday."
"True, auntie. When I came in last evening I was so very tired and I mere-

y laid on the couch. But what is the natter, auntie? Your eyes look strange. "I am afraid you will have to tele-The arrand you will have to telephone for a doctor. Muriel is very ill.
She woke me during the night. Her teeth chattered—she had a severe chill.
All night, long she has been talking

strangely."
Arthur was totally upset. His sister

Arthur was totally upset. His sister was very dear to him and he hoped that no harm might come to her.

A moment later the two entered the sick girl's room. Muriel lay there with half-shut eyes, moving about uneasily. Her cheeks had a feverish flush and her lips were very parched. The fever tempest was evidently raging.

"Arthur, Arthur!" she called strange-liv.

ly. He hurried to her side and placed his

hand upon her forehead.

"She does not know you are here,
Arthur. See, her eyes remain closed."

"She is delirious," said Arthur.

"They told me Mazie was good,"
muttered the sick girl.

"Marie", "Arthur, "Whate,"

"Mazie!" gasped Arthur. "What can she mean?"
"I saw Mazie in the room," she continued "and Arthur was there—poor, poor Arthur! I'll twine for them a rose wreath on their wedding morn. Mazie, Mazie! You must not cry—you must not. Oh! the angels are singing. I can hear them so plainly." stole to her face, a sweet lingering smile which seemed to have come from

night's trial was too much for the poor thing," she thought to herself. "Even thing," she thought to herself. "Even in her delirium she is unravelling the threads of her experiences. I hope Arthur will not discover her."

"Oh God, keep Arthur from harm!"

"Oh God, keep Arthur from narm?"
the sick girl pleaded.
"Muriel, Muriel!" he called loudly.
"I am here! Listen! Open your eyes,
your brother is standing before you!"
But not a sign of recognition was written on |the young girl's face. She was
breathing faster and she spoke with

difficulty.
"Take me away from these bad men Mazie—Arthur—do you not hear me?
They have come to carry me away."
Then she mumbled strange sounding words which Arthur could not under-

The first gleam of sunlight shon through the delicate lace curtain and lay about Muriel's hair like a halo of

Arthur bent over the tossing form and kissed tenderly 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 com-plain of any pain?" he asked Mrs.

"Yes, in her right side." "I thought so," he remarked, thought-

fully.

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

she had come across the torn pieces of that mysterious letter. For some days she had been thinking seriously of open-ing her heart to her brother and telling

him all. But her courage failed her. Arthur however, came to her rescue rather unexpectedly. Her references to Mazie during her flights of delirium had set his mind athinking. No wonder, then, that he spoke rather abruptly; "By the way, Muriel, the first day you were ill I went to your room but you did not recognize me. Your mind wandered on in strange delirium, yet you spoke of a certain Mazie quite frequently and you coupled mine name with hers. Then you spoke of rose-wreaths and wed-

Muriel's cheeks flushed crimson.

Muriel's cheeks flushed crimson.
Had she really referred to these things
during her illness?

A painful silence stole between them
for some minutes, their eyes staring
strangely at each other.

Slowly Muriel began: "Yes, brother,
there was more truth than fiction in what
I was saying. But before going further,
will you promise me not to get angry?"

will you promise me not to get angry?"
"I promise, dear!"
Then Muriel related the details of

that eventful evening in July—her finding a clue in the mysterious letter and her shadowing him to the Rawlin's "It was love, Arthur, that urged me

to go—love for a brother. I could not resist. The arms of a great temptation encircled me, and my heart urged me on. I felt that I had you to save—no matter the cost. That very night I caught the "Which came near ending in death, dear sister. However I can understand

dear sister. However I can understand your anxiety in the matter and can blame you only in having been too kind to a brother who does not deserve your affection. Yes, Muriel, I loved Mazie, and now that she has gone out of my life, there will always be a vacant spot which no other shall ever fill."

"Do you ment then Arthur that you "Do you mean then Arthur that you

will never marry ?" "I do, sister. I always dreamed of possessing Mazie, and no woman living will ever be worthy to fill her place."
"You poor boy!" exclaimed Muriel as she rose from her chair and walked over to him. "I pity you." Lovingly she twiced her arms about his neck.

There was a gentle rap at the door.
"Come in!" cried Muriel. "Oh, it s you Kitty.
"Yes, Mister Arthur, the postman

just called so I thought I would bring your mail up here," remarked the kindly Kitty." "It's very good of you, Kitty. Thank

spare listening to his story. Now, I didn't care whether his brooms were any better than ours. Oh, he was so bold. Imagine, he asked me: 'Is your master at home?' I replied: 'No, he's out, and besides, he never buys brooms.' 'Is your mistress in?' 'No, she's out, too.' Then he got fresh and said: 'Well, I'll just come in and warm my feet at the fire until they return.' But I took him short by telling him the fire was out, too, and he'd better call again to-morrow." And laughing, she ran out of the

"She is a great girl," said Arthur as he looked over his mail. "Ah, here's the Daily Chronicle. I wonder what's

new to-day.

He had barely picked up the paper and commenced reading when uncon-sciously almost a few words escaped his

"Too bad! too bad!" he whis-

Muriel's ears.

When he had gone Muriel picked up the Daily Chronicle. The first thing to meet her eyes was the announcement of Mazie Rawlins' marriage to Lawrence League and in her heart she felt rence Lescot, and in her heart she fell sorry for her brother. It would all have been very nice if Arthur's dream had come true. God, however, willed

built a beautiful garden in Arthur Gravenor's young heart, musical with bird song, bright with sunshine and odorous with rose perfume. But it was not to last long. Ever so soon the transformation had come. Now that same heart was nothing but a bleak desert covered with the dust and ashes of young ruined hopes and dreams. Birds and sunshine and flowers had vanished in one moment. The fragrance of memory alone lingered. The dark heavy shawdows had fallen.

TO BE CONTINUED

A FALSE PROPHET.

Now that I am an old man I judge that it is worth while to write down what I can recall of the things which happened many years ago. Hence I will write of the Prophet Elisha and of the Prophetess Rebecca Whiting; and of the day which stirred the souls of men—for eve days the least superstitious of us were disturbed as well, in the days of 1843.

It was a bleak day in April of that year. A day when the snow blew and the wind howled derisively around the house; a day in which it was not good to be out of doors, for the wind had a sting to it, as it blew in from the sea, more biting than even in midwinter. While the storm was at its height the While the storm was at its height the Prophet came to our house, beating his way against the wind and snow as I have seen a schooner beat against the tide in coming up the bay. My father opened the door when he knocked, and a gust of snow whirled across the room. I saw a man tall and gaunt, with a light in his man tall and gaunt, with a light in his eyes I had never seen before. "Prepare to meet thy God!" he said abruptly, as he shook the snow from his beaver hat.

I started, fearing that he was insane; but my father laughed reassuringly but my father laughed reassuringly.
"We must prepare to keep warm, my
friend," he said, genially. "Did you
ever see such weather for the middle of
April? In my opinion the month is
doubling on its tracks and making its way back toward March instead of going

man," said the stranger, solemnly, "The last days of the world are at hand and the King of Kings will soon be here. The days are numbered.

The days are numbered."
"That may all be, friend," said my father, "but the numbers will run into the tens of thousands yet, I hope; ave, millions, too, for aught we know. It is not given to man to know when the end of things will be. Are you travelling

far?"
"I am from Ohio, and I am making my way east toward Jerusalem, for there I must be when the Lord comes, there I must be when the Lord comes, I travel slowly and warn people as I go to flee from the wrath to come. Is it possible, man, that you do not believe that the end of all things is at hand?"

"It is," my father answered firmly, "I no more believe that you or any other "I no more believe that you or any other man can know when the end of the world will come than I believe that yonder oak will be blown over by the storm today— after the century of storms it has withstood," pointing as he spoke to a giant tree, the pride of our farm and the neighborhood, which stood by our gate. But, even as his arm was outstretched there came a fearsome rush of wind from out of the east, which seized the old tree out of the east, which seized the old tree in its mighty grasp. There was a wild, impotent beating of the air with its tortured branches, the crash of splinter-ing straining wood, and the great oak thundered to the ground, breaking our windows as the topmost limbs struck agains the house, and tearing up the earth for many feet around as the huge roots were dragged to the surface from their deep resting places beneath the frozen earth.

frozen earth.

The very suddenness of the thing dazed us for a moment. Then the Prophet, pointing to the fallen tree, exclaimed in solemn tones, "Behold! God has given you a sign! Now will you believe? He has chosen you, by the sign of vander prostante. frozen earth sign of yonder prostrate oak, as his elect. He calls on you to make your peace with Him. As it was in the days of Noah few believed and the many scoffed. Once again I ask you: Do yo

My father was a man of hard common sense, but the strangeness of it all came over him with a feeling of awe. My mother was crying with fear, thinking that the Lord had indeed sent that sign to us, that He was coming soon, and even my father believed that it was the sign of the last day. But, to me, it looked like a strange coincidence, for I had long known that the old tree was dead

and must sooner or later fall.
"My name is Elisha Wells," said the stranger, after the wreck of the tree had been cleared away and the windows mended as best they might be in such a "It's very good of you, Kitty. Thank you!"
"But what is the matter, Kitty?"
asked Muriel. "You look as if your mind had been ruffled."
"Oh," replied Kitty, "a thin, miserable dyspeptic agent just rang the door bell. He thought I had a whole hour to spare listening to his story. Now, I egg, a trifle larger than an ordinary hen's egg, but of perfect shape and coloring, from his pocket. Its contents had been carefully blown out and the shell itself filled with plaster of paris. He told of this as he passed it to my mother. "It was laid by one of my own hens. Look at it closely and tell me

what you see," he said impressively.

My mother passed her fingers over it as she held it up to the light. "It looks as if these ridges on the shell were figures," she said slowly. 'They are," said the Prophet. "Read

them," he commanded.
"A three, a four, and eight and a one," she said in an awed tone.
"You have them read backward." he

one," she said...

"You have them read backware,
corrected. "Begin with the one."

"One—eight—four—three," she read
slowly. "Eighteen forty-three," she repeated in a dazed way. "Who put these marks on this egg?" she question-

ed suddenly.
"The Lord of Hosts!" he replied decisively. "No human hand could have ridged that shell. He chooses the foolish things of the world to confound the mighty. I was, like Paul of old, an un-believer; I needed a sign; so when this was sent to me I could not help but believe. Others all over the country received such signs and thousands upon thousands are turning from the paths of sin : for now is the accepted time, now sin: for now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation. I will read to you from the prophecies and you will see how everything points to October of this year. The word of God never lies and it cannot err." And until far into the night he read and expounded the mystical magning of the Book of Review. mystical meaning of the Book of Revela-tion as well as the sayings of the proph-ets, until my parents believed as well as

he. They were sorely grieved because I did not believe likewise, but to this day I cannot help but wonder at their credulity in believing the signs and omens of that strange year.

The snow which fell that day remained on the ground for nearly a week. I be-lieve that I said that it was the middle of April, but I think now that it was not much later that the 10th; still it was very strange and cold weather for our latitude. The next day I took the sleigh and drove some three miles to the home of Israel Whiting, on business for my father, and the prophet went with me; and by his burning eloquence and me; and by his burning enquence and almost magical power he had of swaying the hearts of men, he converted the Whiting family to his way of thinking; a proceeding which troubled me greatly, for Rebecca and I were sweethearts and had planned to be married in the fall. After the Prophet's visit, however, she

would not hear of it. would not hear of it.

"There is no use to argue with me,
David;" she said firmly. "In heaven
there are no marriages and no one is
given in marriage; and as the end of
all things is at hand, we must remain as we are.

"But all the more need of our being married immediately," I urged, " if you are so sure that the end of the world is coming soon-although I do not believe word of it, led us be married to-day or

er."
"No, David. We could not be husband and wife there, and the pain of being separated from you eternally, after a few months of wedded life, would destroy for me the happiness of heaven,

not help recalling that eventful evening of some weeks ago on which way back toward March instead of going on toward May."

"It is but the beginning of the end, same," I insisted. "What ails you, Re-