

The Corrector of Destinies

from my fingers as the weapons of a man, I shall meet him with the weapons of a woman."

I closed the carriage door, and she drove away proudly like an empress.

The only occasion on which I have ever known Randolph Mason to go out of New York in any man's behalf was when he went to the residence of John A. Garnett at Bryn Mawr, a suburb of Philadelphia. The railroad magnate and the aspiring marshal had arrived at terms, as I understood it, or, rather, the one had accepted in capitulation the terms of the other. The conference was to conclude this treaty. I accompanied Randolph Mason, as I usually did.

The Garnett residence at Bryn Mawr is one of the most distinctive in America. It is a reproduction in white marble of the Petit Trianon at Versailles, set exquisitely in a forest, with white glistening roads winding among the trees and a brook and a bit of manufactured meadow.

After so many hideous mongrels, this example of pure architecture is strikingly impressive, especially when one comes upon a view of it at some turn in the road. The face of the country for a mile on every side has been made, with endless expense, to resemble that lying about the Petit Trianon. I think the selection of this model was the work of Margaret Garnett. The place had been lately built, and could hardly have been the idea of an American architect. Still, when one came to fit this masterful young woman