
CHILD OF DESTINY

you are all I have in this world, and—" Then the tears came to her eyes.

A feeling of pity stole into Arthur's heart, and he drew her to his breast, kissing her forehead tenderly.

"There, little angel, do not cry any more!" he said with emotion. "I must away now. I will be back soon."

"This mysterious letter was not a good omen," Muriel said to Mrs. Hawkins as she entered the room. "It contained bad news. I could read it plainly in Arthur's eyes. A change is coming over my brother. What can it all mean?"

Thereupon she went to the fireplace and picked up the torn fragments of the letter. There were eight or ten pieces. Lifting them to the light, she approached the table and remarked: "I wonder, auntie, if these will give us a clue. They are pretty small, but perhaps we may be able to discover the writer."

Nervously the girl's eyes followed the words on the little white fragments.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "here's the name of the writer—Mazie Rawlins! Good heavens! Mazie Rawlins, the poor widow's daughter on Shelbourne avenue—"

"What dealings can this girl have with Arthur?" asked Mrs. Hawkins.

"Ah, I see it all," cried Muriel, her face