

The Corrector of Destinies

"I see nothing to do," continued the attorney, "other than to accept the conditions of Thomas B. Wood—to surrender, to give him what he demands."

"Do it then," said Mason.

The voice of the attorney arose again lingeringly on his words.

"You give it up then, you bid me ruin Garnett?"

"I bid you save him," said Mason.

"But," continued the attorney, "when this agreement is once effected, what will be there to save him?"

"I shall be there," replied Randolph Mason.

WHEN the attorney left after his conference with Randolph Mason, I wrote a note to Margaret Garnett. "Have a care," I said, "Randolph Mason is no longer neutral."

The next morning brought an answer in the large, firm writing of an Englishwoman: Miss Garnett would be at the Dresden at one o'clock. Would I come there? I was there at the hour, and we lunched together. I thought Margaret Garnett, in a dark-blue traveling-dress that fitted perfectly to her figure, more striking, more splendidly impressive than she had been on the night of Gafki's drama; besides, she was now aroused; her face showed inquiry, care, a moving energy. Although John A. Garnett had no