

"I don't believe she ever wished it."

"A man can't tell what a woman wishes."

"Well, neither can a woman," returned Basil, lightly.

His wife remained serious. "It was a very fine point, — a very little thing to reject a man for. I felt that when I first read her letter about it."

Basil yawned. "I don't believe I ever knew just what the point was."

"Oh yes, you did; but you forget everything. You know that they met two Boston ladies just after they were engaged, and she believed that he did n't introduce her because he was ashamed of her countrified appearance before them."

"It *was* a pretty fine point," said Basil, and he laughed provokingly.

"He might not have meant to ignore her," answered Isabel thoughtfully; "he might have chosen not to introduce her because he felt too proud of her to subject her to any possible misappreciation from them. You might have looked at it in that way."

"Why did n't *you* look at it in that way? You advised her against giving him another chance. Why did you?"

"Why?" repeated Isabel, absently. "Oh, a woman does n't judge a man by what he *does*, but by what he *is*! I knew that if she dismissed him it was because she never really had trusted or could trust his love; and I thought she had better not make another trial."