

Angela's Business

double-dealing than an egg was of meat. And yet, to Charles, the upsbot of all the hoping and planning had been a cruel disappointment. For Life, alas, still differs from Romance, realities still refuse to fade like a dream, at just the suitable moment. In brief, the School Board, by a majority of one, had yesterday ruled that Mary should have her reappointment to the High School staff, "as soon as arrangements would permit"; but of the assistant principal's office no word was said.

To one who had voluntarily surrendered her great promotion, this seemed but a scanty recompense. And as for the new plan, his and Hazen's, concerning the Assistant Superintendency of Schools next year — no less — ("There's really a good chance, now that the Mysinger bunch are showing a better spirit," said Hazen) — that was much too remote to seem very substantial just now. . . .

In the dark upstairs hall, the friends greeted briefly, in voices scarcely above a whisper. Mary said hurriedly: "Donald's here? Angela'll be ready to see him in just a second."

"I'll produce him — dead or alive."

The best man laid his hand on the banister. But his subconsciousness warned him that the banisters were dusty, and he took his hand away.

"You look bappy to-day."

"Yes — should n't I be? Were n't you — pleased, when you read —"

"They've treated you abominably — no other way to express it."

She smiled at him, but looked away. And he perceived, or thought he did, that the memory of their last meeting remained with her, touching her manner with a faint self-consciousness.