

she cared very deeply for him; but I think she's a strong, sane woman, now. She's about the steadiest, coolest person I know — and I know her better, lately, than I used to. I think she made up her mind that she'd not sit down and mope over her unhappiness, and that she'd get over what caused it; and she took the very best remedy: she began going about, going everywhere, and she went gayly, too! And I'm sure she's cured; I'm sure she doesn't care the snap of her fingers for Wade Trumble or any man alive. She's having a pretty good time, I imagine: she has everything in the world except money, and she's never cared at all about *that*. She's young, and she dresses well — these days — and she's one of the handsomest girls in town; she plays like a poet, and she dances well — ”

“Yes,” said Richard; — reflectively, “she does dance well.”

“And from what I hear from Mrs. Villard,” continued his mother, “I guess she has enough young men in love with her to keep any girl busy.”

He was interested enough to show some surprise. “In love with Laura?”

“Four, I hear.” The best of women are sometimes the readiest with impromptu statistics.