

Angela's Business

They were sent aloft to an upper chamber, conceived to be Wallie's. Here they were instructed to wait quietly till somebody had need of them.

The waiting was rather trying. Tête-à-tête in the small bare room, groom and attendant talked but fitfully. Donald seemed to have drawn little courage from his dram. He sat stiffly on a chair-edge, jumping at each peal of the loud little bell below. Much more unreasonably, the best man showed signs of nervousness, too: it was observed that he had cut himself twice while shaving. And suddenly, jerking out his watch, he announced that probably he had better step out for a minute — reconnoiter — see what he could see.

"They ought to want you now, seems to me," quoth he. "I'll see. You sit tight, right there."

"Awright," croaked Donald.

So Charles stepped out from the nuptial waiting-room, and closed the door behind him. Having done this, he came to a standstill, abruptly: for here, in the Flowers' still upstairs hall, he beheld just the sight he had gone forth to seek.

At the other end of the hall, in the dimness, stood the bride's attendant, Cousin Mary Wing. She, too, had just come out of a door, it seemed; she, too, had stopped and was gazing. And the first look of the blue eyes, over the space, released in him, the old helper with his secret help, a vast content; just touched with a subtle sadness that such a little gain could mean so much to her now.

He moved toward her in the expectant quiet. . . .

Doubtless, it was no small thing that Mr. Mysinger had kept, more or less, that promise he had made under 'reat and duress; marvel enough that he had, in fact, "personally requested" Mr. Senff to "see what could be done," etc., as agreed. Surely the whole matter had been fuller of openings for