

Let Not Man Put Asunder

"That means he is against us," Mrs. Faneuil cried. "If a man has anything good to say of women he is only too glad of the chance to prove himself a flatterer."

"With the flatterers there are often busy mockers, I have read," Petrina rejoined.

Then they talked on banteringly, but Petrina said nothing more. She had ceased to listen. She lay back in her long chair, letting her eyes wander from one speaker to another, and instinctively comparing the two men before her.

As she glanced at Lechmere, she recognized the justice of her stepmother's description. He did look like a Vandyke Charles I. There was the same noble forehead, the same large, gentle eyes, the same pointed beard, and the same upward-curving mustache which did not conceal the mobile, rather sensuous, mouth.

"He's not like other men," she thought. "Mamma was quite right. He is something of a Stuart. He has the Stuart dignity, the Stuart charm, and possibly the Stuart haplessness."

It was with unconscious relief that she turned from Lechmere to Vassall. However much she liked the complex, she preferred simplicity in men: and, as she looked over at the man of her choice, standing by Mrs. Faneuil in the grass, she felt, with satisfaction, that she could read him easily. Had she met him in Cairo, Constantinople, or St. Petersburg she would have known him to be of that special Anglo-Saxon type which is brought forth by New England, trained by Harvard, and indelibly stamped by Boston. Petrina passed over his fair but sun-browned good-looks and his rather negligent attire as circumstances of no importance; but she liked to observe his intellectual