

Angela's Business

fore returning to sup with Mrs. Flower. This decision she had casually communicated, by the hatstand just now. So the "holiday-time" came to a six-blocks' walk: and even that was an after-thought. Truly, if a man had a mind to see this woman, without definite transactions to discuss, he had need of all his delicacy and tact. Calls, drives, bridge-parties, going to places, doing things: she had no room in her life for such as these. Time was more precious to Mary than to a writer. And she had convinced one writer, at least, by a moving tribute to his perfect friendship, that she had never had a personal thought of him in her life.

But Charles did not despair. He was a young man still. And meantime he was happy.

"You should wear a hat like that every day," she said, agreeably, as they turned into Washington Street. "You look seven feet tall at least. . . . By the way, did you feel your ears burning, about one o'clock to-day?"

He said no, and smiled a little. Her intention of keeping the conversation away from certain topics — topics that might have been uppermost in both their minds to-day, perhaps — had been perfectly evident to him from the moment they crossed the verandah.

"I met Judge Blenso as I came home to lunch," continued Mary, "and we stopped for a talk — purely to tell me what a wonderful person you were, it seemed. But in that connection, he gave me some exciting news — that you've just had a very flattering offer for 'Bondwomen' — and refused it! I could n't understand why."

At that, he looked subtly pleased, while affecting but a modest amusement. The event in question had been, in truth, sweet balm to the spirit and the confidence bruised in so many rebuffs. Still, his reply was only that his relative was born for