

"Perley never makes a mistake in a perfume,"—that came, of course, from Maverick.

"Perley never did make a mistake in a perfume,"—observed Mrs. Silver, in the mild motherly manner she had acquired from frequently matronizing Perley. "Never from the day Burt made the blunder of tuberoses for her poor mother. The child flung them out of the casket herself. She was six years old the day before. It was a gratification to me when Burt went out of fashion."

Perley, it may be presumed, feeling always some awkwardness at the mention of a dead parent for whom propriety required her to mourn, and in connection with whose faint memory she could not, do the best she might, acquire an unhappiness, made no reply, and *sachet* and Mrs. Silver dropped into silence together. Fly broke it, in her ready way: "So kind in you to send for us, Perley!"

"It was quiet proper," said Perley.

She did not think of anything else to say, and fell, as her *santalina* and her *chaperone* had fallen, a little noticeably out of the conversation.

Fly and Maverick Hayle did the talking. Mrs. Silver dropped in now and then properly.

Perley listened lazily to the three voices; one sometimes hears very noticeable voices from very unnoticeable people; these were distinct of note as a triplet; idle, soft and sweet—sweetly, softly idle. She played accompaniments with them to her amused fancy.

The triplet rounded into a chord presently, and made her a little sleepy. Sensitive only to an occasional flat or sharp of Brignoli or Kellogg, she fell with half-closed eyes into the luxury of her own thoughts.

What were they? What does any young lady think about on her way to the opera? One would like to know. A young lady, for instance, who is used to her gloves, and indifferent to her stone cameos; who has the score by heart, and is tired of the prima donna; who has had a season ticket every winter since she can remember, and will have one every winter till she dies.

The ride to the theatre was not a short one, and slow that night on account of the storm, which was thickening a little, half snow.

Perley, through the white curtains of her falling eyelids, looked out at it; she was fond of watching the streets

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