

Angela's Business

Stepping up on the verandah again, Charles encountered the relative who had welcomed him on arrival — Mrs. Flinchman, Finchman, did she say? — and who now welcomed him anew, beaming.

"Well, Mr. Garrott! — your friend is a fortunate young man, is he not? I don't think I ever knew a sweeter, truer, more womanly girl. And you," she queried, with immense archness, "knew her so very well, too, I believe?"

He intimated pleasantly that few, indeed, had known her better, perhaps: whercon the lady's expression grew more significant than ever.

"Well, no wonder the men were all flocking about her, I'm sure — a lovely, old-time young woman! But I understand it was love at first sight with these two — they simply *flew* together! Ah," said Mrs. Finchman (Flinchman?) with a sigh, which, however, did not disturb the deeply gratified look indigenous to women at weddings — "ah, it's very sweet! A real old-fashioned romance, that's what I call it, Mr. Garrott! And now that we've come to the end of the story, who can doubt that they'll live happy ever after — as you literary men are so fond of putting it?"

"Who, indeed, madam? It — all went off very smoothly, I thought? Well! —"

"You must be going? Then *good-bye*! — so sorry it's over! Knowing of you so well as dear Angela's faithful friend, Mr. Garrott, I feel that we are anything but strangers, and hope so much you will find time to come in and see us, one evening very soon. We live quietly on Mason Street, next to the Methodist Church — I and my sweet girl Jennie."

He left the house, after all, with Mary Wing, who was going home for an hour's work on school examination-books, be-