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LUEMMA, the twelve-dollar cook, had never dreamed of having opera-glasses of her own; hence she looked pleased, for once in her life, when her departing young mistress unexpectedly presented her with a pair: old and somewhat shabby, doubtless, but still possessing the valuable power of bringing distant objects near. And it must be assumed that the nice man who sold the gasoline was equally glad to have the Fordette for his own: else he would probably not have fattened up the trousseau, one day, by purchasing the interesting little vehicle (cheap) for cash.

Because of mourning in the bride's family, the Flower-Manford nuptials would be "very quiet." Invitations were strictly limited to near relatives of the contracting parties, with a very few of the most intimate friends. So the social columns of the "Post" had warned and notified all persons in due season. However, Charles Garrott, reading, was not cast down. As the groom's chosen supporter in his "most need," Charles had had his fixed place from the beginning. Further, he considered himself fully entitled to be present in the category of intimate friends, not to mention his peculiar relation as one who had narrowly escaped a yet closer privilege in the premises.

Angela's was an afternoon wedding: the hour of "taking place," five o'clock. At four o'clock on the set day, Charles prematurely snapped his tutorial watch at Miss Grace (who was still waiting), and rushed away to his rooms. At half-past four, after scenes of wild haste, he stood out in the Studio,