

## *The Twenty-first of June.*

"I know; but Henry has been a bit crowded for a week or two, you remember, and worried about his mother. I'm inclined to think that is the way it happened. Does the misunderstanding embarrass you? Are you engaged for the twenty-first?"

"Tentatively; thank you; pardon the interruption." Then Mr. Curtiss went back to his desk and read the troublesome letter for the fourth time; and hunted among more papers, and finally leaned his elbows on the desk and his head on his hands and thought.

At last he turned to his telephone, and, after arranging the preliminaries, there followed the sort of one-sided conversation that is so exasperating to a third person.

"Is this Dr. Potter?"

"I am sorry to have to tell you that I cannot complete the engagement with you for the twenty-first. I find that I am already engaged elsewhere."

"I know, but it seems there has been a misunderstanding, owing probably to a mistake made by our office secretary."

"That is true, and I am very sorry indeed; I thought I had planned most carefully."

"Unfortunately, no; the other engagement is one that was arranged for many weeks ago. The mistake in date is evidently one that was made in our own office."