

## Angela's Business

nobody understands better than I how unreasonable it is — to be so disturbed. And if you had n't come here to-day —"

"Won't you give me credit for some understanding? If you were ten times as disturbed, I'd think it the reasonablest —"

"Yes — for a woman. Well, I'm not that kind of woman," said Mary Wing, with curious agitation, as if she could stand any sort of talk better than this. "Please don't say any more. I don't tell my troubles to be comforted — patted on the head. I'm not feminine, I hope, after all these knocks. You make me —"

"Thank God, *no!*" said the young man on the ladder, considerably moved.

And then that connection which he must have been groping toward for a month flashed startlingly upon him, and he, the authority, blurted out like a boy: —

"No — *you're womanly!*"

He saw his old friend's face quiver a little as the strange word struck her: oddly, it seemed to silence her. But it was not possible that she could be one half so struck with that word as he, Charles Garrott, was. *Mary Wing was a Womanly Woman*. . . . And now she could no more have stopped his speech than she could have stopped a river when the one gate in the dam, long locked, has suddenly burst open.

"That's it. Of course. . . . Funny, I was just thinking over all that as I walked around here — how different those things are. No, not different — they don't belong in the same story at all. What's character got to do with — feathers in the springtime? . . . Born stupid," said Charles, in a low, stirred voice — "that seems to explain me. I'd better have been one-eyed — beat me over the head with it, and still I can't see. . . . Won't see. That's it! — it's worse. I'm just an old-line male — that's what. Just the sort who've taught