

Angela's Business

only cried, and said it was hopeless to try to explain to me — how differently a woman felt about all these things when she was going to be married. I believe she said I was incapable of understanding the new emotions that came with a great love."

That, indeed, seemed a romantic description of the mild, chance product of the Foidette. However, the replete young authority only said: —

"Then I suppose it's great love that taught her engineering so quickly — and all Donald's little peculiarities?"

Mary Wing made no answer. Her capable small hands took up the literature lately provided by Charles. And when she spoke, it was as if his unaccustomed acrimony had met and destroyed her own.

"Oh, it's natural that we should see everything differently. She is really a sweet-natured girl. I'm sorry already for what I said to her. . . . And her not wanting to stay here — you must n't think that's just a selfish whim — just wanting to live in New York. Of course, what she wants is to have Donald to herself — to have their young married life to themselves. And my going there to give advice to-day — naturally that made her more certain than ever that she could never have that here — with me just around the corner. She let me understand that, finally. She intimated that Donald had said as much — he was tired of being managed. . . . Oh, it's perfectly natural, perfectly right. To-morrow, I'll accept it easily enough. . . . As I say — I have n't had much time."

He was more touched by that speech than everything that had gone before, yet more resolved, too, not to say, "I'm sorry."

"As a matter of fact," he asked straightforwardly, "what was decided — as to Mrs. Flower?"