

**STORIES BY  
AMERICAN  
AUTHORS. VOLUME 4**

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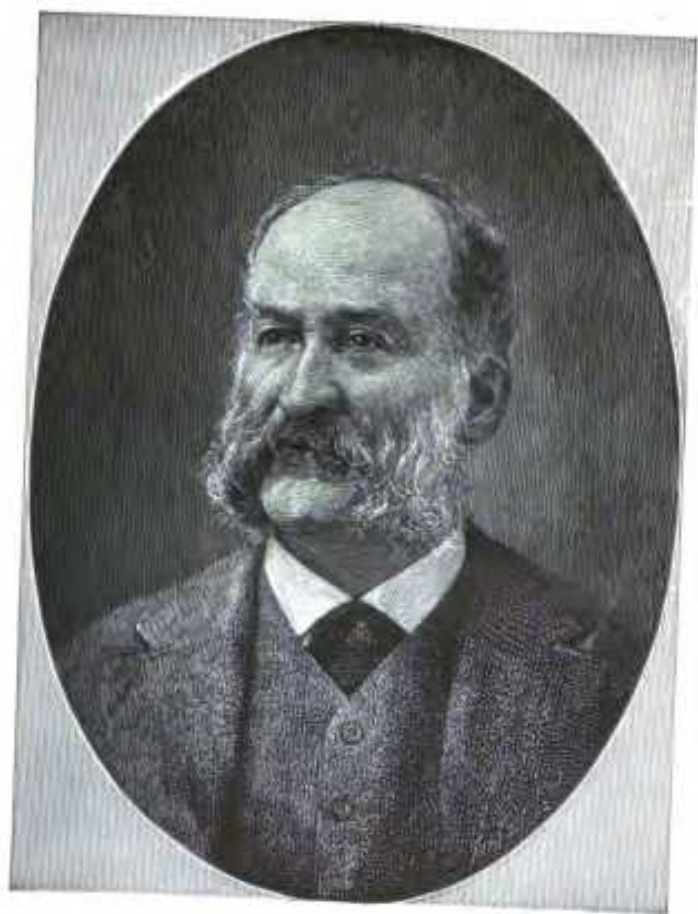
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VOLUME 4

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Arvald Rønnebo

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Stories by  
American Authors

VOLUME IV

*MISS GRIEF*

By CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON

*LOVE IN OLD CLOATHES*

By H. G. BURNER

*TWO BUCKETS IN A WELL*

By K. P. WILLIE

*FRIEND BARTON'S CONCERN*

By MARY HALLOCK FOOTE

*AN INSPIRED LOBBYIST*

By J. W. DE FOREST

*LOST IN THE FOG*

By NOAH BROOKS

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1899



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## MISS GRIEF.

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

“**A** CONCEITED FOOL” is a not uncommon expression. Now, I know that I am not a fool, but I also know that I am conceited. But, candidly, can it be helped if one happens to be young, well and strong, passably good-looking, with some money that one has inherited and more that one has earned—in all, enough to make life comfortable—and if upon this foundation rests also the pleasant superstructure of a literary success? The success is deserved, I think: certainly it was not lightly gained. Yet even with this I fully appreciate its rarity. Thus, I find myself very well entertained in life: I have all I wish in the way of society, and a deep, though of course carefully concealed, satisfaction in my own little fame; which fame I foster by a gentle system of non-interference. I know that I am spoken of as “that

quiet young fellow who writes those delightful little studies of society, you know ;" and I live up to that definition.

A year ago I was in Rome, and enjoying life particularly. I had a large number of my acquaintances there, both American and English, and no day passed without its invitation. Of course I understood it : it is seldom that you find a literary man who is good-tempered, well-dressed, sufficiently provided with money, and amiably obedient to all the rules and requirements of "society." "When found, make a note of it ;" and the note was generally an invitation.

One evening, upon returning to my lodgings, my man Simpson informed me that a person had called in the afternoon, and upon learning that I was absent had left not a card, but her name—"Miss Grief." The title lingered—Miss Grief ! "Grief has not so far visited me here," I said to myself, dismissing Simpson and seeking my little balcony for a final smoke, "and she shall not now. I shall take care to be 'not at home' to her if she continues to call." And then I fell to thinking of Isabel Abercrombie, in whose society I had spent that and many evenings : they were golden thoughts.

The next day there was an excursion ; it was late when I reached my rooms, and again Simpson informed me that Miss Grief had called.

"Is she coming continuously ?" I said, half to myself.