

creatures, just conversing. And now here was another woman—not calm—hardly self-respecting—lost to everything—triumphant—another Tryphena altogether. A thing I didn't know existed had burst its sheath and was in flower before me.

"You never talked," I said at last, "of babies."

"Talked!" said Tryphena. "Where was the good of *talking*!"

"But I mean I didn't know," I said, "that you were even fond of them."

"Fond," she said—"fond of them!"

She gave a sort of gasp.

"Why," she said, after a little bit, "that's all that's kept me going—just the thought I'd have one."

She paused.

"You can't help it," she said, "if you're lonesome. What are you to do?"

"You never said," I said to her, "that you were lonesome."

And there Tryphena interrupted me—a thing she had never done before.

"Oh, where's the *use*?" she said again. "Lonesome! You're sick with lonesomeness. But now!"

She laughed. Tryphena actually laughed. In the ten years that I had known her I had never heard her laugh before.

"Last week," she said, "listen—Thursday it was—the Sisters sent me word they had a baby. Healthy. Just the right one. Come at last. I didn't know the way to wait for Sunday."

She drew a deep, long breath.

"Yesterday," she said, "I went.

"Oh!" she said.