

LETTERS TO PATTY

IX.

OH, Patty, I wish you were here. I am tingling with excitement. I want to laugh and cry. I want to talk to you so. Did you know I had another nurse? A pretty creature with fine, wavy hair, Irish eyes and long-fingered hands. She delights in Walter Pater and William Morris, and quotes Keats to me. And this morning as she was making my bed she exclaimed:

"How your name suits you! I have only met one other Elaine in my life. And that was years ago when I was quite a child. And do you know she was a little like you!"

"Tell me about her."

"Well, I was staying for a day or two with some little cousins, and Elaine, a very fair, very pale little girl came to tea, bringing with her the biggest poodle I've ever seen——"

(Patty, how it made me think of dear Athos.)

"His hind leg was bandaged, and little Elaine was so unhappy about the poodle she would not play, would hardly speak to us in fact."