

to be twins! We're a lot different, though, in some ways. That me, over there, is such a sensible girl, and this me—foo!—is such a goose! She talks, that one does; I hear her, and it's very reasonable talk. I mustn't grieve for Andy—that's what she says. I mustn't, because he didn't belong to any race but our race, and he couldn't ever be happy living with the brown people. He loves them, but he ran away from them. He was coming back with presents, but he would be restless and discontented. Would run away again, most likely. Why should he have fought as he did, if he really belonged to them? Then the goose (that's the other me), she says he would, too, have been happy with the brown people. He loved them—his wife, Singing Thrush, and his little folks. Then, why not be happy? And the other, the sensible me, speaks up: 'You talk like that because you try to think there is someone would be happy with you if you were his wife. But it isn't so. He likes you. His cool gray eyes can have warmth in them when he looks at you, because he likes you. But love? That's another thing. It's she, the children's aunt, he really loves. And can't you see, you great silly, that you hardly belong to the same race with him? You never, *never* in this world could make him happy. No, not even if he loved you as much as Andy loved his Singing Thrush.' Yet the poor goose argues still that she would surely know how to make him happy, because she loves him. Only, of course, it's not enough to love; she knows it isn't; and she only goes on arguing, because it's so hard to give up."

After a time, when these grotesqueries of mind had