

hear it from some one older than I am." And she withdrew her head.

Whittaker wondered what she meant. Was she waiting to frame into words what she had to say? Or, was she trying to get courage to say what she thought? Or, was she making game of him as she had of Highbury?

In a minute there appeared at the garret window the face of an old woman in frilled white cap and spectacles and a red neckerchief. The face seemed wrinkled and the voice was quivering and cracked. The words were uttered slowly and solemnly and with a pronunciation a little broken with a French accent.

"You must not think about her now. It is very bad. It will do harm to everybody. Get to work, and put far away these evil thoughts and wishes that can do no good. She is his, and you *must* not think about her."

The head had disappeared before Whittaker could realize that it was but Twonnet in masquerade. He felt vexed to think she had guessed the secret of his thoughts. Then he was lost in wonder at the keen penetration and deep seriousness hidden under this volatile exterior; and he was annoyed that she had ventured to rebuke him, a minister, and to imply that he was likely to go wrong. Then he honestly tried to see the truth of what she said. At any rate he resolved to think no more of Roxy.

But when the human mind gets down hub-deep into a rut of thinking it is hard to lift it out. He could not study, or walk, or talk, without this numb paralysis of wishing and thinking creeping over him. It was in vain that he studied the tables of Italian definitions hung about his room; he could not remember them. He preferred reading Petrarch's sonnets to Lady Laura, which he had forbidden himself. This struggle went on for two days. Twonnet did not take any notice of it. She laughed and sang French *rondeaux* and English songs, and gambolled with the children, and chatted in superficial fashion with Mr. Whittaker, and scolded at things about the house that went wrong, until he was more than ever puzzled by this doubleness. He could not explain it, and he contented himself with calling her in his thoughts "that witch of a girl." He would have been yet more perplexed had he known that after her merriest laughter and her wildest frolics with the children, and her most bubbling and provoking banter, she would now and then elude the little sister "Teet" in some dark corner, and escape to the garret, where she could have a good cry under the rafters. Then she would take up the old doll and caress it, saying, as the tears slowly dropped upon it:

"Nobody cares for *me*. Everybody loves Roxy because she is good ;