

eggs—where to run to earth the most tender chicken. “I had a lovely chicken yesterday,” she will say to you on Monday sometimes. Then with an infinite tender interest in her voice, “Do *you* like chicken fricasseed?” she asks you. And she will await your answer almost breathlessly . . . and sigh. “*Nessun maggior dolore . . .*” as Dante says.

I, like all other women, like to see her. An aroma of the Convent seems to come into my room as she enters it—something restrained—something a little far-away—something with a quiet beauty of its own. Tryphena loved the nuns, and evidently they loved her. They would. And she has learned from them all sorts of things—even the trick of pinning her neckwear accurately. All the ten years that I have known her the pins that keep her neckwear in its place have lain the same—one to the right, one to the left—criss-cross—just as the Sisters pin their headwear. Such perfect accuracy has a beauty of its own. Tryphena’s fricasseed chicken would taste good, I think. It would be accurately planned and cooked.

But the last time Tryphena came all this was changed. Her pale face was flushed—her eyes gleamed—the words rushed out of her. Never had I seen her that way. I was alarmed . . . as she bent to start her work I saw her hands were trembling.

“Is something wrong?” I asked her.

“No,” she said; and then, “Oh *no*.”

She stopped. She offered no further explanation.

“What is it?” I said; “tell me—has something happened?”

“Yes,” she said, “something’s happened.”