

who could not stand the English cooking ; and a young striving musician who was unable to pay for his board and tried to commit suicide every Saturday.

Although the people were polite to me and I liked them very well, I did not really care to associate much with them. Such, however, was not the case with my friend, who used to amuse herself chiefly with the discontented Swiss, in a way that at first surprised, later alarmed, and finally disgusted me. It happened often that I left the dining-room without a word, and sat down on my bed in our little room until my friend came upstairs. She then used to look very gay and began to tell me stories such as I had never heard from her before, and which recalled to me the stories of the cook. I responded but little, whereupon she grew very bad-tempered, and declared I was a dull girl who could never see a joke. Sometimes I felt some sharp reply on the tip of my tongue, but swallowed it down again, thinking that I was perhaps really "dull" and she right after all. I tried to make amends for my behaviour by