

if she could not attain the power of silent perusal, to cease from reading altogether; but Euphemia would not hear of this.

"Poor thing!" said she; "it would be cruel to take from her her only recreation. And she says she can't read any other way. You needn't listen if you don't want to."

That was all very well in an abstract point of view; but the fact was, that in practice, the more I didn't want to listen, the more I heard. As the evenings were often cool, we sat in our dining-room, and the partition between this room and the kitchen seemed to have no influence whatever in arresting sound. So that when I was trying to read or to reflect, it was by no means exhilarating to my mind to hear from the next room that—

"The lady ce sel i a now si zed the weep on and all though the boor ly vil ly an re tain ed his vy gor ous hold she drew the blade through his fin gers and hoorl ed it far be hind her dryp ping with jore."

This sort of thing, kept up for an hour or so at a time, used to drive me nearly wild. But Euphemia did not mind it. I believe that she had so delicate a sense of what was proper, that she did not hear Pomona's private readings.

On one occasion, even Euphemia's influence could scarcely restrain me from violent interference.