

Anne had been obliged to assist in packing, for, as concerned her books, she was as old-maidish and precise as are some other of her corps about what Anne regarded as quite unimportant properties. To escape, at last, out of the bustle of packing, and to find some one to talk to or be talked to, was entirely to her taste.

"Certainly, Margaret," she said.

"And do not let him talk."

"No."

"And do not talk to him, dear."

"Of course not."

"There is nothing so fatiguing."

"No. That is quite the case."

"And be careful about drafts."

"Yes. Is that all?"

"I think so," returned Mrs. Lyndsay, doubtfully, and then went before Anne into Carington's room.

"I have brought you a new nurse. My sister-in-law will look after you this morning. You must not let her talk to you." And having thus doubly provided against the deadly malaria of conversation, she went out as Anne sat down.

Carington liked the maiden lady, with her neat dress and erect carriage, which no suffering had taught the stoop of the invalid; moreover, her unusualness pleased him. Her talk, too, was out of the common, and full of enterprise. What she used of the learning or sentiment of others seemed also to acquire a new personal flavor. Mrs. Westerly had once said, "When Miss Anne quotes Shakspeare, it loses the quality of mere quotation. She can't say anything like the rest of us."