

ably, who does not understand her place. She must be taught it."

She swept in, the voice that of an excited turkey gobbler, and now, as the invalid with a smile and a sigh took up his book again, the girl was at his side.

"What is the matter with that terrible old lady? Does she see red when she looks at me? It is actual active animosity."

The invalid nodded. What else could it be?

"Is it the Boston manner? My mother told me it was sometimes peculiar," she continued, "that I must not be surprised at singularities, but this old person really goes beyond that, you know."

She had seated herself beside him and looked up with a puzzled frown on her clear forehead.

"She is a very highly cultivated woman, I am told; in fact, I know it," the invalid said, with apology in his tone. "She is simply peculiar, that's all, and a singular stickler for place and recognition of her authority. The first thing her intellect does with any object is to class it along with something else. We all do that."

"Then she has classed me. Is that what you mean? But why?"—for the invalid nodded. "I am a person, not a class. A clam even, handled in that way—classed as just *crustacea* would have the right to object—to say as I do, 'I am myself, myself alone.'"

"That's it. You are 'yourself,' and he bowed with charmed recognition of a charming fact. "You are also 'alone,' and as you present no credentials and need none, she puts you under the general head *crustacea*, or what you like. She demands a tag. It seems to be the way with the people at Harwood's. One of them, however, fell from her high estate sufficiently to be a fashionable teacher after her husband died; head of an establishment for turning out *reptiles* of this order."

"Oh, a teacher," the girl said wearily. "I have met a good many this summer. And this morning I have been reading something that explains some of them."

"Read it, please," he said, for she had opened her book, then closed it with a smile.

"There is no reason why you should be bored," she said, then as she met his gentle eyes, opened it again. "It is a little hard on them, but it accounts for some of the strange lacks in this world of ours, doesn't it? You will see," and

she read in a voice as simple and charming as her face:

"Their education has not consisted in the acquiring of a state of being, a condition of organs, a capacity of tasting life, of creating and sharing the joys and meanings of it. Their learning has largely consisted in the fact that they have learned at last to let their joys go. They have become the most satisfactory scholars, not because of their power of knowing, but because of their willingness to be powerless in knowing. When they have been drilled to know without joy, have become the day laborers of learning, they are given diplomas for cheerlessness, and are sent forth into the world as teachers of the young."

She paused a moment. "If they're trained in cheerlessness of course they grow old that way and resent its lack in other people. This group of old tabbies are not teachers, but could take diplomas in it. They sit here and scold and chatter like so many magpies, and I have waited and listened for something really human, and heard chiefly genealogies."

The invalid nodded; but his eyes still questioned, and after a minute she went on.

"I can see now what my father meant when he said the emotional temperament must be before keen moral perception can be. The Czar has, it would seem, no spiritual judgment; dwells on the surface of her world. And this is not said because she despises me with such singular heartiness, but because she is shut up with herself like a squirrel in a cage, and supposes as she whirls in her wheel that she is circuiting the whole round world itself. She is to all intents and purposes;—all the world she can see. It's a type, of course, but I thought it a vanished one."

"You, studying types at your age!" the invalid said involuntarily. "But that was part of the amusement, I suppose. Isn't it a little lonely to be here as you are?"

"It is something that has never happened before and I think I like it in a way. I misread a date, and came here a month, almost, too soon. I wanted to see this old house and the place, for my father met my mother here long ago, and I am seeing it all, and am busy with a task, the price of which would have to be a little loneliness. These people, it seems, take the rooms from year to year, and it bars out those who would be happier in all this beauty."