

the chapel and went so far as the threshold. Then, seeing the two heads close together, she turned away. She did not fear interrupting Richard and Eleanor—there was no one among all her acquaintances, least of all these two, whom she could interrupt. But she turned away. Youth, with its confidence and its ignorance, was alien to her mood; youth which knew nothing of heartache, which had no visions of a loved body, covered—how many years ago!—with earth, of lonely days, of nights filled with rebellion. Even Mary Alcestis, who thought herself so wise in grief, knew nothing.

The Scott house was closed, the Scott family scattered, in happy separation, Mrs. Scott with her son at Atlantic City and Dr. Scott and little Cora exploring in Italy. Thinking of them, Thomasina smiled. She saw Dr. Scott enchanted, inarticulate. It seemed to her that each of her friends had that which his heart desired—even Mrs. Bent, whom Waltonville still called Mrs. Bent, though it knew better, who stayed in her little gray house adoring her household gods, and even Dr. Green, who seemed to crave management by his daughter. Neither Dr. Green nor Mrs. Bent felt apparently any reviving flame of affection, but jealousy at least was gone. Both now had Eleanor.

Each one, it seemed to Thomasina, entering her gate, had some hearth whereat to warm himself, some eyes wherein to see himself reflected. The latch of her door felt cold, the cool hall vault like. The house was empty; she shivered as she entered it.

She moved across her parlor. On the left