

are not self conscious — and  
can not separate between a  
thing, and their conception  
of a thing. They are incapable  
of forming a <sup>clear</sup> conception. They  
can remember, <sup>well</sup> and compare,  
slightly. Hence they can reason  
some.

I was interested in  
aberrancy in a biography of  
Goethe that he formed some  
conception of Evolution, carrying  
it not only through the ma-  
terial but into the moral world.  
He had a vast mind. But  
I will not speak so much of  
Goethe seeing he is not a  
man you admire very  
much.

It is evening now. I  
took a long walk today,  
being, as it was, a remarka-  
bly fine day. The afternoon  
was clear and soft, and

almost cloudless. There were  
a few clouds low down  
on the horizon, that melted  
and bent, and formed again,  
making tops over which the  
sunlight floated, setting in  
brighter beauty the brilliancy  
of the sky. It has been  
for the first of any <sup>of the</sup> days  
I have seen since last spring  
and pleasanter than any <sup>of these</sup> since  
last fall. The days in the  
spring were hot and wild,  
making one think of heat  
and buzzing flies, with big  
thunder caps glancing over the  
trees low down. But today  
has been matchless for the  
proper warmth, the right kind  
of wind, the invigorating air,  
and that sense of repose, and  
ebbing away, that makes autumn  
beautiful and sad. The grass  
is growing amazingly, and the

trees have not yet become  
golden. It is sin-  
gular how one's feelings change  
in regard to a person. Miss  
Swift is just a good a com-  
bination as formerly, but for  
some reason this fact does not  
impress me so strongly. From  
being in the habit of putting  
in my spare time contem-  
plating the beauties of her mind  
and character, I think that on  
my walk of these hours I did  
not think of her once. When I  
do think of her, it is rather with  
an uneasy sense of something  
gone. From a frank way of  
saying anything I pleased, I feel  
under constraint in her presence.  
From protruding the neck just as  
long as possible, I feel more  
like hurrying through, and being  
gone. I don't hear all she says,  
and am sometimes enveloped by

her offering to me for an opinion  
on some matter under dis-  
cussion, which I have not  
attended to. I still like to  
hear her sing because she is  
a good singer; not particularly  
because it is she. Yet I do  
not see why I should not  
like her just as well as ever,  
she is just as pleasant, as en-  
tertaining; her eyes as as pretty.  
She pays just as much attention  
to me. The explanation  
may be this; that there is really  
nothing particular in each of us  
to please the other, except in  
a general way; or it is because  
a friendship must grow. Where  
a liking commences & with a  
good deal of gusto, and advances  
rapidly, as it surely did in this  
case, on my part, it must at  
once proceed to a logical con-

clusion, — perfect familiarity and mutual satisfaction. Anything that hinders this natural development must destroy the friendship. Now in this case, our friendship advanced almost at once to the limits of common acquaintance. The bars between common acquaintance and close friendship, seeming high and insuperable, destroyed the natural development of my liking, so nothing in particular came of it. The fine indefinable touches that one soul gives another, are very curious. It is <sup>as</sup> easy to feel whether one likes you, as to feel whether you like him. It often makes you dislike people when you feel their liking for you; but often you feel no liking for them until you feel their liking

for you. This whole business  
is a curious problem, so  
curious and interesting that I  
rather doubt whether I have the  
proper stuff in me to woo  
and win anyone. While in the  
midst of the process I should  
probably stop to see how I was  
feeling, take notes, look out for  
probabilities, and become so inter-  
ested in the problem that I  
should forget all about the  
wooing and winning, then  
the fair one would look at me  
coldly, and all would be over.  
I could not tolerate the thought  
of trying to get somebody I  
did not love, and I should  
think anybody I did could do  
so much better elsewhere, that  
I should not try to impose  
my inferiority upon her mate-  
lessness. Hence the problem

seems beyond solution. All  
the quantities are unknown,  
And yet there is a certain  
discrepancy in gazing down  
the vista of years, and see-  
ing myself going it alone,  
subsisting on the cold charity  
of cheap acquaintance,  
like the Trepas; or growing  
my own liver, feeding on  
my own mind, like Mr.  
Stowbridge. Ah, little  
Mary girl, when you leave  
a house of your own, you  
will keep a chair in the  
corner for little Pumpkin, so  
"Wherever my steps may lead me  
Meekly at the door I'll stay  
Pious hands will come to feed me,  
And I'll wander on my way,  
Each will feel a touch of gladness  
When my aged form appears  
Each will shed a tear of sadness,  
Though I reckon not of his tears

As well, for the present I  
have a home, at F. G.

Tell me succinctly  
all about yourself. Give a  
picture of your inner life.  
I hope the school is going  
well, although perhaps it does  
not deserve to.

Elmer Keene has not been  
very well. He has a boil  
on each cheek, making him  
look as if he were a bruiser,  
Good

Night

H. S. L.