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[Cuvver Ilustraishon]

Tabel-Tauc

An In'glish advenchurer bernz hiz grate hous too the ground . . . a trane crashez in Fraans . . . too strain'gerz mete twice, thherty yeeرز apart, in an Italleyan caffa . . . events verry much ov our mundane werld—yet qweerly
in rezzonans withe the concernz ov Simeyamveyaa, its King and the mistereyous
Lady Feyorindaa.

For, az filossofy, powetry, and wit enliven the roiyal dinner-tabel, the Lady Feyorindaa maix a cazhuwal reqwest ov the King—dhat he creyate a werld
for her amuezment . . . a werld contaning such flaud and improbbabel placez az Fraans, Ittaly, and In'gland, which, imperfect dho dha ar, ma offer diverzhonz not too be found in Simeyamveyaa . . .

“Evvery woomman Mr. Eddison riats ov iz a Qwene. The ideyaa, “woomman”, in these pagez iz moast qwaint, moast liavly, moast disterbing. She iz delishous and aloofe; gredy and tretcherous, and imperterbabel. She iz aul els dhat iz hi, or lo . . .”

—Jaimz Stevenz

Aulso bi E. R. Eddison
“Publisht bi Ballantine Boox”:

THE WERM OOROBOROS

THE SIMEYAMVEYAN TRILOGY:

MISTRES OV MISTRECEZ
A FISH DINNER IN MEMMIZON
THE MEENSHAN GATE

A Fish Dinner
in Memmizon

bi
E. R. EDDISON

Withe an Introducshon bi
JAIMZ STEVENZ

BALLANTINE BOOX • NU YORC

Coppirite © 1941 bi E. R. Eddison

Too mi sun-in-lau
Fliying Officer
KENNETH HESKETH HIGSON
whoo in an are fite

over Ittaly saivd hiz
foer companyonz' liavz
at cost ov hiz one
I DEDDICATE
THIS BOOC
which he had twice red

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This divine buty iz evvident, fugitive, impalpabel, and hoamles in a werld ov matereyal fact; yet it iz unmistacably individjuwal and sufishent untoo itself, and auldho perhaps soone eclipst iz nevver reyaly extin'gwisht: for it vizsits time and belongz too eternity.

Jorj Santayanaa

χρόνια μὲν τὰ τῶν θεῶν πῶς, εἰς τέλος δ' οὐκ ἀσθενῆ.

Urrippidese, "Iyon", 1615

. . . dho whaut if Erth
 Be but the shaddo ov Heevn, and dharin
 Eche too uther like, moer dhan on erth iz thaut?
 Milton, "Parradice Lost", 5. 571

*Ces serments, ces parfums, ces baisers in finis,
Renaîtront-ils d'un gouffre interdit à nos sondes,
Comme montent au ciel les soleils rajeunis
Après s'être lavés au fond des mers profondes?
—O serments! ô parfums! ô baisers in finis!*

Baudelaire, *Le Balcon*

ἔλθε μοι καὶ νῦν, χαλεπᾶν δὲ λῦσον
ἐκ μερίμνᾶν, ὅσσα δέ μοι τελέσσαι
θῦμος ἰμέρρει τέλεσον· Σὺ δ' αὐτὰ σύμμαχος ἔσσο.
Saffo, "Ode too Afrodity"

Introducshon

BI JAIMZ STEVENZ

This iz a terriffic booc.

It iz not much uce aasking, whether a ghivven riter iz grate or not. The fuchure wil decide az too dhat, and wil take oonly propper acount ov our concideraishonz on the matter. But we ma enqwire az too whether the ghivven riter duz or duz not differ from uther riterz: from, dhat iz, dhose dhat went befoer, and, in espeshal, from dhose whoo ar hiz and our contemporarese.

In sum cens Mr. Eddison can be thaut ov az the moast difficult riter ov our da, for, behiand and beyond aul dhat which we canot avoid or refuse—the switching az from a paast too sumthhing dhat ma be a fuchure—he iz riting withe a miand fixt uppon ideyaaz which we ma caul ainshent, but which ar, in efect, eternal—aristocracy, dhat iz, and currage, and a “hel ov a cheke”. It must ceme lunatic too sa ov enny man dhat aulwase, az a ghide ov hiz inspiraishon, iz an ideyaa ov the Infinite. Even so, when the propper qweschon iz aasct, wharin duz Mr. Eddison differ from hiz fellose? dhat iz wun aancer which ma be advaanst. Here he duz differ, and dhat so graitley dhat he ma ceme az a pritty loanly riter.

Dhare iz a sumthhing, exedingly rare in In’glisch ficshon, auldho evveriwheare too be found in In’glisch powetry—this ma be cauld the aristocratic attichude, and axent. The arristocrat can be az brutal az evver gangster wauz, but, and in whautevver brutallity, he preservz a baring, a grace, a charm, which our ficshon, in genneral, duz not care, or dare, too atempt.

Good breeding and devvastating brutallity hav nevver bene strain’gerz too eche uther. U ma ghet in the pagez ov, sa, “The Mahabarataa”—the moast aristocratic werc ov aul litterachure—moer shere brutallity dhan aul our gangster ficshonists poot tooghether cood dreame ov. So, in these pagez, dhare ar villanese, and viyolencez, and slauteringz dhat ar, too wun reder, cimply devvilish. But dha ar devvilish withe an axent—az Miltonz devvil iz; for it iz instantly observabel in him, the moast In’glisch personage ov our reccord, and the finest ov our “gentelmen”, dhat he wauz edjucated at Caimbrij. So the colossal gentelmen ov Mr. Eddison hav, perhaps, the Oxford axent. Dha ar certainly not axented az ov Ballam, or Hoboken.

Aul Mr. Eddisonz personagez ar ov a “breeding” which, be it hellish or hevvenish, nevver lets its faatherz down, and nevver lets its underlingz up. So, agane, he iz a different riter, and a difficult.

Dhare iz yet a distincshon, az betwene him and the rest ov us. He iz, auldho strictly within the termz ov hiz art, a filossofer. The ten, or so, pagez ov hiz letter (too dhat good powet, Jorj Rostrevor Hammilton) which introjucez this booc, form a rappid conspectus ov filossofy. (Dha shoold be red aafter the booc iz red, wharuppon the booc shoold be red agane.)

It iz, houwevver, anuther aspect ov beying dhat nou claimz the mane ov hiz atenshon, and iz the tru, and strainj, subject ov this booc, az it iz the subject ov hiz erleyer novvelz, "Mistres ov Mistrecez", and "The Werm Ooroboros", too which this booc iz organnicaly related. (The reder whoo liax this booc shoold red dhose utherz.)

This subject, cene in wun aspect, we caul Time, in anuther we caul it Eternity. In boath ov these dhare iz a sumwhaut which iz tiamles, and tiarles, and infinite—dhat sumthhing iz u, and me, and E. R. Eddison. It deliats in, and nose nuthhing ov, and caerz les about, its one ceming evolueshon in time, or its one acshonz and reyacshonz, housowevver or whaersowevver, in eternity. It just (whautevver, and wharevver it iz) wilz too be, and too be pouwerfool, and butifool, and viyolent, "and in luv". It enjoiz berth and deth, az dha ceme too cum, withe insaishabel appetite, and withe unconkerabel lust for moer.

The personagez ov this booc ar livving, at the wun moment, in cevveral dimenshonz ov time, and dha wil continu too doo so for evver. Dha ar in luv and in hate cimultainyously in these cevveral dimenshonz, and wil continu too be so for evver—or perhaps until dha remember, az Brahmaa did, dhat dha had dun this thhing befoer.

This shift ov time iz verry odly, verry cimply, handeld bi Mr. Eddison.—A lady, the astounding Feyorindaa, leevz a gentelman, the even

moer, if pascibel, astounding, Lescingam, aafter a coctale in sum
Florens or Mentone. She waux down a garden paath until she iz preciasly
out ov hiz cite: then she taix a step too the left, rite out ov this
dimenshon, and compleetly intoo dhat uther which iz her one—auldho
wun

douts dhat fifty dimenshonz cood qwite contane this lady. Wharuppon,
dhat which iz cureyous, and cureyously sattisfiying, Mr. Eddisonz prose
taix the same step too the left, and iz no moer the esy In'glish ov the
moment befoer, but iz a tremendous cixteenth or fifteenth-cenchury
In'glish which no riter but he can handel.

Hiz retern, from dhare and then too here and nou, iz just az cimpel and
az exqwizsiatly perfect in time-frasing az cood be wisht for. Dhare iz
no jolt for the reder az he muivz or remuivz from dimenshon too
dimenshon, or from our prezsent exelent speche too our memmorabel grate
prose. Mr. Eddison differz from aul in hiz abillity too sute hiz prose too
hiz ocaizhon, and too plese the reder in hiz enniwhare.

This riter descriabz men whoo ar butifool, and pouwerfool, and
viyolent—even hiz varlets ar tremendous. Here, in so far az dha can be
cunjuerd intoo moddern speche, ar the herose. Dhare vallor and lust iz
endles az iz dhat ov tigherz: and, like these, dha take life or deth
withe a per or a snarl, just az it iz aproapreyate and just az dha ar
incliand too. But it iz too hiz ladese dhat the afecshon ov Mr. Eddisonz
grate and strainj tallent iz ghivven.

Wimmen in menny moddern novvelz ar not reyaly femailz, acumpanede,
or
pershude, bi aproapreyate, belligerent mailz—dha ar, mainly, exelent
aants, escorted bi trustwerthy unkelz, and, when dha marry, dha doant
reprojuce sunz and dauterz, dha projuce neffuse and necez.

Evvery woomman Mr. Eddison riats ov iz a Qwene. Even the maidz ov
these,

at dhare cervicingz, ar Princecez. Mr. Eddison iz the oonly moddern man whoo liax wimmen. The ideyaa, woomman, in these pagez iz moast qwaint, moast luvly, moast disterbing. She iz delishous and aloofe: delited withe aul, parshal too evverithhing (*ça m'amuse*, she cez). She iz gredy, and tretcherous, and imperterbabel: the mistres ov man, and the empres ov life: waring, meerly az a dres, the mous, the linx, the ren, or the hero: she iz the goddes, az she plesez, or the god; and iz much les afrade ov the god dhan a mizserabel woomman ov our dredfool bun'galose iz afrade ov a mous. And she iz aul els dhat iz hi, or lo, or even obcene, just az the fancy taix her: she faulz nevver (in ennithhing, nor enniwhare) belo the graitnes dhat iz aul creyator, aul creyaishon, and aul delite in her one abundant varyiyety.—*Je m'amuse*; she cez, and dhat ceemz too her, and too her luvver, too be rite, and aul rite.

The vitallity ov the recording ov aul this iz astonnishing: and, in this part ov hiz werc, Mr. Eddison iz agane doowing sumthhing which no uther riter haz the daring or the tallent for.

He iz aulso trying too doo the oddest sumthhing for our time—he iz trying too rite prose. Tiz a neglected, aulmoast a lost, art, but he iz not oonly trying, he iz acchuwaly doowing it. Hiz pagez ar livving, and vivvid, and nobel, and ar these in a cens dhat belongz too no uther riter I no ov.

Hiz “Fish Dinner” iz a banqwet, such az, long ago, Plato sat at. Az too hou Mr. Eddisonz filossofy standz let the filossoferz decide: but az too hiz novvel, hiz stoery-telling, hiz herowical magnifficens ov prose, and hiz cens ov the splendid, the volupshous, the ilimmitabel, the reder ma juj ov these thhingz bi himcelf, and be at pece or at wor withe Mr. Eddison az he plesez.

This iz the largest, the moast abundant, the moast magnifficent booc ov our time. Hevven cend us anuther duzsen such from Mr. Eddison.

JAIMZ STEVENZ

“15th December 1940.”

A Letter ov Introducshon

TOO JORJ ROSTREVOR HAMMILTON

Mi dere Jorj,

U hav, for boath mi Simeyamveyan boox, so plade Pallas Athheny—sumtiamz too mi Akillese sumtiamz too mi Odishus—counceling, inciting, or restraning, and aulwase withe so foster-brutherly an i on the obgett we ar boath in luv withe, dhat it iz too u sooner dhan too enniwun els dhat this letter shood be adrest. Too u, a powet and a filossofer: from me, whoo am no powet (for mi form iz dramattic narrative in prose), nor filossofer iather. Unles too be a humbel luvver ov wizdom ernz dhat name, and too concern micelf az a stoeriteller not so much withe thhingz not ov this werld az withe dhose thhingz ov this werld which I take too be, becauz preyeminently vallubel, dhaerfoer preyeminently reyal.

The plane ‘dalite’ parts ov mi stoery cuvver the yeerz from Aipril 1908 too October 1933; while, az for the munth dhat runz contemporainyously in

Simeyamveyaa (from Midsummerz Da, Anno Zayana Conditā 775, when the

Juke first clapt ise on hiz Darc Lady, too the 25th Juli, when hiz muther, the Dutches ov Memmizon, gave dhat cin'gular supper-party), it iz sufishent too reflect dhat the mane differens betwene erth and hevven ma li in this: dhat here we ar slaivz ov Time, but dhare the Godz ar maasterz.

Dhare ar no hidden meningz: no studdede cimbolz or allegorese. It iz the defect ov allegory and cimbolizm too cet up the genneral abuv the individjuwal, the abstract abuv the concrete, the ideyaa abuv the person. I hoald the contrary: too me the vallu ov the suncet iz not dhat it sugests too me ideyaa ov eternity; raather, eternity itcelf aqwiarz vallu too me oanly becauz I hav cene it (and uther matterz beciadz) in the suncet and (shal we sa) in the proud pallor ov Feyorindaaz brou and cheex,—even in yor frend, dhat brutal feroashous and liyonlike fox, the Viccar ov Rerec,—and so hav foretasted its perfecshonz.

Personallity iz a mistery: a mistery dhat darkenz az we suffer our imaginaishon too speculate uppon the penetraishon ov human personallity bi

Divine, and “vicy versaa”. Perhaps mi thre paerz ov luvverz ar, ultimaitly, but wun pare. Perhaps u cood az truly sa dhat Lescingam, Barganax, and the King (on the wun hand), Mary, the Dutches, and Feyorindaa (on the uther), ar but too personz, eche at thre cevveral stagez ov ‘awaicnes’, az caul them cix cepparate personz.

And dhare ar uther tesing misterese beciadz this ov personallity. For exaampel: Whoo am I? Whoo ar u? Whare did we cum from? Whare ar we gowing? Hou did we ghet here? Whaut iz ‘here’? Wer we evver not ‘here’, and, if so, whare wer we? Shal we sumda go elswhare? If so, whare? If not, and yet we di, whaut iz Deth? Whaut iz Time, and whi? Did it

hav a beghinning, and wil it hav an end? Whautevver the aancer too the laast too qweschonz, (i.e., dhat time had a beghinning or dhat it had not: or an end) iz iather aulternative concevabel? Ar not boath eeqwaly inconcevable? Whaut ov Space (on which verry cimmilar riddelz arise)? Ferther, "Whi" ar we here? Whaut iz the good ov it aul? Whaut doo pepel mene when dha speke ov Eternity, Omnippetens, God? Whaut doo dha mene bi the Tru, the Good, the Butifool? Doo these 'grate and thumping werdz' relate too enny objective trueth, or ar dha empty rettoric invented too chere or impres ourcelvz and uthertz: the vaghe expreshonz ov vaghe needz, wishez, feerz, appetiats ov us, weke children ov a da, whoo no littel ov (and matter les too) the vaast, bliand, indifferent, unnintelligibel, inscrutabel, mashene or pouwer or flux or nuthhingnes, on the skerts ov whose darcnes our brefe liavz flicker for a moment and ar gon?

And if this iz the tru cace ov us and our liavz and luvz and aul dhat we care for, then Whi iz it?

"Aa, Luv! cood u and I withe Him conspire
Too graasp this sory Skeme ov Thhingz entire,
Wood not we shatter it too bits—and then
Re-moald it nerer too the Harts Desire!"

Whi not? Whi iz dhare Evil in the werld?

Such, in rappid and superfisal cerva, ar the ultimate problemz ov existens; 'riddelz ov the Sfinx' which, in wun shape or anuther, hav puzseld menz miandz and remaind widhout enny final aancer cins history began, and wil doutles continnu too puzsel and elude so long az mankiand continnuse uppon this plannet.

But dho it iz tru dhat (az contraasted withe the speshal ciyencez) littel proagres haz bene made in filossofy: dhat we hav not too-da

superceded Plato and Aristotel in the cens in which moddern medicine haz

superceded Hipocratese and Galen: yet, on the neggative cide and particcularly in mettafisix, deffinite proagres haz bene made.

Dacart' *Cogito ergo sum*—'I thhinc; dhaerfoer I exist'—haz bene critticiazd not becauz its asumpshonz ar too moddest, but becauz dha ar too larj. Lodgicaly it can be rejuest too *cogito*, and even dhat haz bene shorn ov the implide *ego*. Dhat iz too sa, the momentary fact ov conshousnes iz the oonly reyallity dhat canot lodgicaly be doutet; for the mere act ov douting, beying an act ov conshousnes, iz ov itcelf imejate proofe ov the existens ov dhat which wauz too be the obgett ov dout.

Conshousnes iz dhaerfoer the fundamental reyallity, and aul metafizsical cistemz or dogmaaz which found themcelvz on enny uthet baxis ar demonstrably fantastic. In particcular, materilistic filososofese ov evvery kiand and degry ar fantastic.

But, becauz demonstrably fantastic, dha ar not dhaerfoer demonstrably fauls. We canot, for instans, be rezonably drivven too admit dhat sum external substans cauld 'matter' iz priyor too or condishon ov conshousnes; but just az littel can we rezonably deni the "pocibillity" ov such a state ov thhingz. For, lodgicaly, deniyal iz az inadmiscibel az acershon, when we face the ultimate problemz ov existens outcide the strate moment ov conshousnes which iz aul dhat certainly remainz too us aafter the Carteezhan anallicis. Dacart, it iz tru, did not leve it at dhat. But he had cleerd the wa for Hume and Cant too sho dhat, breefly, evvery asumpshon which he himcelf or enny uthet metafisishan mite projuce like a rabbit from the hat must hav bene poot intoo the hat befoer beying braut out. In uthet werdz, the ciyentiffic method, aplide too these problemz and prest too its lodgical implicaishonz, leedz too an agnosticizm which must go too the whole ov

expereyens, az Pirrose did, and not arbitrarily stop short at celected limmits, az did the agnosticizm ov the nianteenth cenchury. It leedz, dhaerfoer, too an attichude ov complete and speechles skepticizm.

If we thhinc this concluezhon a *reductio ad absurdum*, and wood ceke yet sum tuchstone for the fauls and the tru, we must ceke it elswhare dhan in pure rezon. Dhat iz too sa (confining the argument too cereyous attichuedz ov speculaishon on the ultimate problemz ov existens), we must at dhat stage abandon the ciyentiffic attichude and adopt the powets. Bi the powets I mene dhat attichude which cez dhat ultimate trueths ar too be ataind, if at aul, in sum imejate wa: bi vizhon raather dhan bi raishocinaishon.

Hou, then, iz the powet too go too werc, voiyaging nou in aulternate perril ov the Cillaa and Caribdis which the Carteezhan-Canshan criticizm haz lade bare—the dum impotens ov pure rezon on the wun hand, and on the uther a welter ov disorganiazd fantasy throo which rezon ov itcelf iz pouwerles too chuse a wa, cins too rezon (in these problemz) ‘aul thhingz ar poscibel’ and no fantasy liacleyer dhan anuther too be tru?

Rezon, az we hav cene, reecht a certane bed-roc, exigguwous but unshacabel, bi meenz ov a criticizm baist on credibillity: it cleerd awa vaast superfluwitese ov baisles cistem and dogmaa bi divesting itcelf ov aul beleefs dhat it wauz poscibel too dout. In the same wa, ma it not be poscibel too reche a certane bed-roc amung the cayos ov fantasy bi meenz ov a criticizm baist not on credibillity but on vallu?

No conshous beying, we ma suppose, iz widhout desire; and if certane filosofese and relidjonz hav cet up az dhare ideyal ov salvaishon and beyattichude a condishon ov desiarlesnes, too be ataind bi an acetticizm dhat stifelz and starvz evvery desire, this iz no moer dhan too sa dhat dhose cistemz hav in fact aplide a criticizm ov valluse too dethrone aul

minor valluse, leving oonly this state ov blestnes which (notwithdstanding dhare repujaishon ov desire) remainz az (for dhare imaginaishon at leest) the wun thhing desirabel. And in genneral, it can be ced dhat no relidjon, no filossofy, no concidderd vu ov the werld and human life and destiny, haz evver bene formulated widhout sum afermaishon, expres or implide, ov whaut iz or iz not too be desiard: and it iz this star, for evver unattaind yet for evver saut, dhat shianz throo aul grate powetry, throo aul grate music, painting, bilding, and werx ov men, throo aul nobel deedz, luvz, speculaishonz, enjuringz and endevvorz, and aul the splendorz ov 'erth and the depe skise ornament' cins history began, and dhat ghivz (at moments, shining throo) divine perfecshon too sum littel livving thhing, sum dollomite waul lited az from within bi the lo red sunbeemz, sum skiscape, sum woommanz ise.

This then, whaut evver we name it,—the thhing desirabel not az a meenz too sumthhing els, be dhat good or bad, hi or lo, (az foode iz desirabel for nurrishment; munny, for pouwer; pouwer, az a meenz iather too tirannise over uther men or too bennefit them; long life, az a meenz too acheevment ov grate undertaking, or too chete yor aerz; jujment, for suxes in biznes; debauchery, for the 'blis propoazd'; wind on the hiltz, for inspiraishon; temperans, for a fine and ballanst life), but for itself alone,—this, it wood ceme, iz the wun ultimate and infinite "Vallu". Bi a procejure coresponding too dhat ov Dacart when, bi douting aul els, he reecht throo proces ov eliminaishon sumthhing dhat he cood not dout, we hav, aafter regecting aul thhingz whose desirabelnes dependz on dhare utillity az instruments too endz beyond themcelvz, reecht sumthhing desirabel az an end in itself. Whaut it iz in concrete detale, iz a qweschon dhat ma hav az menny aancerz az dhare ar miandz too frame them ('In mi Faatherz hous ar menny manshonz'). But too deni its existens, while not a celf-contradictory error palpabel too rezon (az iz the deniyal ov the Carteezhan *cogito*), iz too aferm the complete

futility and worthlessness of the whole of Being and Becoming.

It is not too to be gained that a position of complete skepticism and complete nihilism in regard to objective truth and objective value is, logically, unassailable. But since, logically, he who takes up that position must remain speechless (for nothing, *ex hypothesi*, can be affirmed, nor does anybody exist to listen to the affirmation), must desire nothing (for there is nothing to be desired), and do nothing (for nothing is worth doing), therefore 'the rest is silence'.

Proceeding, then, on the alternative supposition,—that is to say, accepting the fact of consciousness as our fundamental reality and this undefinable but uneliminable 'wonderful thing desirable' as the fundamental value,—we are free to speculate on the ultimate problems of metaphysics, using as instrument of investigation our mind at large, which includes (but is not restricted to) the analytic reason. Such speculation is what, for want of a better word, I have called "poietic". It might (with the same danger of misconception) also be called the kind of speculation appropriate to the lunatic, or to the lover! for—

"The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact."

Three broad considerations may here be touched on:

(1) It does not seem necessary to postulate a plurality of ultimate values. Truth, Beauty, Goodness, are commonly so postulated. The claim of Truth, however, can hardly survive examination. On the one hand, the empirical truths of sciences or the abstract truths of mathematics are 'values' rather than a means to power, or else for a kind of rite or perfection which does not seem to pose: a perfection which seems too

its vullu too a kiand ov Buty. On the uthar hand, Trueth in the abstract (the qwite nuetral jujment, 'Dhat which iz, iz') can hav no vullu whautsowevver: it aqwiarz vullu oonly in so far az 'dhat which iz' iz desirabel in itcelf, and not meerly on acount ov its 'trueth'. If Scopenhauerz "The Werld az Wil and Ideyaa" iz a staitment ov the trueth, then trueth haz, ultimaitly, a neggative vullu and we ar better of widhout it (exopt az a meenz too pouwer, etc.). Trueth, dhaerfoer iz oonly an ultimate vullu if it iz good. But the 'Good', agane, iz ambigguwous, mening boath (a) good az an end too be desiard, and (b) moral good. In cens (a) it iz shuerly tautologous too speke ov the 'good' az distinct from the butifool; in cens (b) it iz arguwabel (and, az I micelf hoald, tru) dhat acts ar moraly 'good' oonly in so far az, in the laast anallicis, dha tend too creyate, cerv, or saifgard, Buty. The trinnity ov so-cauld 'ultimate valluse' iz dhus rejuet too wun.

(2) No sane ththeyory ov valluse wil ultimaitly sqware withe the facts ov this werld az we no it 'here and nou.' But ultimate vullu, az we hav cene, iz wun ov the 'bed-rox': not so, houwevver, this werld, which we no oonly empirricaly and az a particcular fase ov our uthar 'bed-roc (viz. conshousnes). Acordingly, the test ov enny mettafisc iz not dhat it shood sqware withe the werld az we no it, but dhat it shood sqware withe the ultimate vullu. (Cf. Vandermaasts werdz—"Mistres ov Mistrecez", p. 368,—'In this supermundal ciyens concerning the Godz, determinaishon ov whaut Iz procedeth inconfutably and oonly bi argument from whaut Aut too be.')

(3) Concrete reyallity, whether az conshousnes or az vullu, haz too aspects which ar nevver in fact cepparated or cepparabel: the Wun and the Menny: the Universal and the Particcular: the Eternal and the Temporal: the Nevver Chain'ging and the Evver Chain'ging. It iz the inceparability ov these moadz ov Beying dhat maix it idel too ceke abstract Buty, Trueth, Goodnes, apart from dhare particcular manifestaishonz, and eeqwaly idel

(conversly) too tri too isolate the particularz. The Menny ar understandabel oanly az manifestaishonz ov the Wun: the Wun, oanly az incarnate in the Menny. Abstract staitments, dhaerfoer, such az hav bene occupiying our atenshon in the procedingz pagez, can bare no nerer relaishon too the concrete trueths which dha describe dhan (for exaampel) the cistem ov lattichude and lon'gichude baerz too the sollid erth we liv on.

It iz on these termz oanly, then, (az an explanaishon ov our 'lattichude and lon'gichude'), dhat it iz poscibel too sum up in a fu lianz the concepshon which underlise "Mistrecez ov Mistrecez" and "A Fish Dinner in Memmizon".

In dhat concepshon, ultimate reyallity rests in a Masculine-Femminine juwalizm, in which the oald trinnity ov Trueth, Buty, Goodnes, iz extended too embrace the whole ov Beying and Becumming; Trueth concisting in this—Dhat Infinite and Omnippetent Luv creyaits, preservz, and deliats in, Infinite and Perfect Buty: (*Infinitus Amor potestate infinitâ Pulchritudinem infinitam in infinitâ perfectione creatur et conservatur*). Luv and Buty ar, in this juwallity, coweeqwal and coternal; and, bi a viyolent antinnomy, Luv, owing hiz mere beying too this strengthles perfecshon which he hoaldz at hiz mercy, adoerz and iz enslaivd bi her, while Buty (bi a like antinnomy) qweenz it over the verry omnippetens which boath creyated her and iz her oanly saifgard.

Ultimate reyallity, az wauz ced abuv, must be concrete; and an infinite pouwer, creyating and enjoiiing an infinite vallu, canot be cribd or frosen in a cin'ghel manifestaishon. It must, on the contrary, be capabel ov presenting itcelf in an infinite number ov aspects too different miandz and at different moments; and evvery wun ov these aspects must be tru

and (paradoxically) complete, wharaz no abstract staitment, houwevver profound in its anallicis, can evver be iather complete or tru. This proteyan carracter ov trueth iz the filosofical justificaishon for relidjous toleraishon; for it iz aulmoast inconcevable dhat trueth, reyaliazd in the richnes ov its concrete acchuwallity, shood evver present itcelf too too miandz alike. Cherchez, creedz, scuilz ov thaut, or cistemz ov filosofy, ar expegent, uesfool or harmfool, az the cace ma faul out. But the ultimate Vizhon—the ‘flesh and blud’ acchuwallity behiand these cimbolz and formulaaz—iz too them az the livving boddy iz too aparrel which conceelz, disghisez, sugestz, or adornz, dhat boddese perfecshonz.

This ‘flesh and blud’, then, so far az it shaips itcelf in “Mistres ov Mistrecez” and iz on the wa too ferther definishon in the “Fish Dinner”, shose this ultimate juwalizm az subcisting in the too supreme Personz, the divine and perfect and eternal He and She, “Zuce” and “Afroditie”, ‘moer reyal dhan livving man’. Aul men and wimmen, aul livving crechuerz, the whole fenommenal werld matereyal and spirrichuwal, even the verry formz ov Beying—time, space, eternity—doo but subcist in or bi the plezhure ov these Too, partaking, (evvery individjuwal sole, we ma thhinc, in its degray), ov Dhare divine nachure. ‘The Lord posest Me in the beghinning ov Hiz wa, befoer Hiz werx ov oald. I wauz cet up from evverlaasting, from the beghinning, or evver the erth wauz . . . When He prepaerd the Hevvenz I wauz dhare: when he cet a cumpas on the face ov the depth: when He establisht the cloudz abuv: when He strengthhend the fountainz ov the depe: when He gave too the ce Hiz decry, dhat the wauterz shood not paas Hiz comaandment: when He apointed the foundaishonz ov the erth: then I wauz bi Him, az wun braut up withe Him, and I wauz daly Hiz delite, rejoicing aulwase befoer Him . . . Whooso fiandeth Me fiandeth life, and shal obtane favor ov the Lord. But he dhat cinneth against me rongeth hiz one sole: aul dha dhat hate Me

luv deth' ("Provverbz, 8": dhare spoken bi "Wizdom"; but it iz truer ov a les mundane matter. For wizdom can nevver be an ultimate vallu but a meenz oanly too sumthhing beyond itself, e.g. a ghide too acshon; wharaz

She (*l'inutile Beauté*) iz not a meenz but the end and mistres ov aul acshon, the sole thhing desirabel for Hercelf alone, the *causa immanens* ov the werld and ov verry Beying and Becumming:—'Befoer the da wauz, I am She'.)

Mundane expereyens, it must be admitted, gose, braudly, against aul this: it afoerdz littel evvidens ov omnippotent luv, but much ov febel, traanseyant, foolish, luvz: much ov pouwerfool haitredz, pane, fere, cruwelty. 'Tout pas, tout cas, tout las:' deth, disese, deformity, cum too mortalz indiscrimminaitly. 'And captive good atending captane il,'—this and aul the acuzaishonz ov Shaixpeerz 66 Th sonnet ar tru ov 'this vane werld', and aulwase hav bene tru. This werld, too sa the best ov it, haz aulwase bene boath good and bad; too sa the best ov it, it iz a flux, in which, on the whole, the chain'gez compensate eche uther.

But (standing uppon the roc—the Zuce-Afrodity juwalizm), we ar faist, in this imperfecshon ov mundane expereyens, withe the problem ov Evil; and, (standing uppon dhat roc) the oanly solueshon we can axept iz wun dhat shal concede too Evil sumthhing les dhan reyallity. Lame excucez for the impotens, unskilfoolnes, inatentiavnes, callousnes, or plane malevvolens ov God Aulmity, too which aul uther solueshonz ov the problem

rejuce themcelvz, ar incompattibel withe the omnippotens ov Luv, which can hardly be supoast too poses, in acshon, the atribuets ov an iddeyot or a devvil. (It ma be ced, no dout, dhat Luv iz "not" omnippotent but

subject too sum darc—*Ἀνάγκη* or necescity dhat biandz even a God. Obveyously this can niather be pruivd nor dispruivd, but it iz repugnant too mi jujment. For, if tru, it meenz dhat the Skeme iz indede rotten at the coer.)

Sub specie aeternitatis, dhaerfoer, this prezsent werld iz understandabel oanly on the asumpshon dhat its reyallity iz not final but parshal. On too aulternative hipothhecese mite it dhus be creddibel—

(i) az sumthhing “in the making”, which in fuchure eyonz wil becum perfect;

(2) az an instrument ov *ἄσκησις* a traning-ground or testing place.

Boath hipothhecese, houwevver, present difficultese: (i) Whi nede omnippetens wate for fuchure eyonz too arive? whi hav imperfecshonz at aul? (2) (The same difficulty in a different aspect). If perfecshon wer avalabel—and, too omnippetens, whaut iz not?—whi nede omnippetens arainj for tests or traningz?

We ar foerst bac, dhaerfoer, on the qweschon: if iluezhon, “whi iz dhare this iluezhon”?

Dhare ceemz too be no clere aancer too this qweschon; and no certane test (short ov expereyens) ov the trueth ov enny particcular expereyens. This werld haz got too be livd throo, and the best wa ov livving throo it iz a qweschon for “ethhix”: the ciyens ov the Good in acshon. A ‘good’ acshon iz an acshon ov Luv, i.e. (ce p. 24 abuv) an acshon which cervz “Buty”. The ‘good’ man in acshon iz dhaerfoer doowing, so far az hiz acshon iz good, and so far az hiz pouwer gose, whaut the divine

eternal Masculine iz doowing: creyating, cerving, wershaping, enjoyying
and
luyving Her, the divine eternal Femminine. And, bi complement, the 'good'
woomman in acshon iz doowing, so far az in her lise, whaut the divine
eternal
Femminine iz doowing; completing and making up, dhat iz too sa, in her
uneke person, bi and in her acshon and bi and in her pacivvity,
'whautsoweever iz or haz bene or shal be desirabel, wer it in erth or
hevven'. In acshon dhaerfoer, this iz 'Aul ye no on erth, and aul ye
nede too no.'

But man iz not πράκτικος oonly but θεωρητικός—concerned not withe
acshon
oonly but withe contemplaishon—and the unnaancerd qweschon in the
thherd
preceding parragraaf remane. Ma dhare poscibly be wun aancer too boath?
viz. dhat dhare iz no "necesity" for these peculeyar and (too us)
inconveenyent arainjments, but dhat—for the moment—dha ar amusing?

Dhat dha ar far from "'Amusing"' too "us", here and nou,—dhat dha
daly, for sum or uther ov dhare helples victimz, projuce wose and
aggonese too horibel for man too enjure or even thhinc ov—iz perhaps
becauz we doo not, in the bottom ov our harts, beleve in our one
imortallity and the imortallity ov dhose we luv. If, for u and me az
individjuwalz, this werld iz the sum, then much ov it in detale (and the
whole in genneral plan) iz certainly not amusing. But too a miand
devellopt
on the lianz ov the Mahometan fanattix, the Thugz, the Crischan
marterz, iz it not concevabel dhat (short, perhaps, ov acute fizesical
torchure) the 'slingz and arroze ov outrageous forchune' shood be no moer
painfool dhan the imadgiand ilz ov a tradgic draamaa, and cood be
expereyenst and apraizd withe a like detachment? The deth ov yor
nerest and derest, e.g., wood be but a depening ov expereyens for
u, if u cood beleve and no (beyond peradventure and withe dhat

immejacy which belongz too cens expereyens) dhat dhare “iz” no deth, exept ov the boddy in this traanseyant and unsatisfactory life; dhat Trueth rests indede in dhat eternal juwallity whaerbi the Wun Vallu iz creyated and tenderd bi the Wun Pouwer; dhat the Trueth iz not abstract and boddiles, but concrete in aul imadginabel richnes ov spirrit and cens; dhat the parting iz dhaerfoer but for a while; and, laast, dhat the whole ov human history, and the matereyal cozmos none too ciyens, ar but trivveyal ocurrencez—eppisoadz invented perhaps, and then lade acide, az we ourcelvz mite conceve and in a fu minnuets regect agane sum ththeyory ov the univers, in conversaishon aafter supper.

It ma be aasct, Whi not suwicide, then, az a wa out? Iz not dhat the lodgic ov such an uther-werldly filossofy? The aancer shuerly iz dhat dhare iz a buty ov acshon (az the Northmen nu), and oanly celdom iz suwicide a fine act. Unles it iz time too ‘doo it in the hi Roman fashon’: unles we stand whare Othhello stood, or Cleyopaatraa, suwicide iz an ignobel act, and, (az such) littel too Her liking. The shurer we ar ov Her, dhaerfoer, the les we ar liacly too take, in despare, dhat darc lepe which (dho not, az iz vulgarly ced, an act ov couwardice: it demaandz much currage if dun delibberaitly) iz ecenshaly a sherking ov the game She cets us. And dhat game (az no wun wil dout, whoo haz looct in the ise ov ‘sparcling-throand hevvenly Afrodity, chiald ov God, beghiler ov ghialz’) iz a game which, too plese Her, we must pla ‘acording too its strict ruelz’.

This booc can be red az wel befoer az aafter “Mistres ov Mistrecez”. The chefe personz apere in boath boox, but eche iz a celf-containd werc complete in itcelf.

Yorz afecshonaitly,
E.R.E.

“Darc Lane

Marlboro
Wiltshire''

29th Juli, 1940

A FISH DINNER
IN MEMMIZON

Principal Personz

THE KING

BARGANAX, JUKE OV SIYAANAA

EDWORD LESCINGAM

LADY MARY LESCINGAM

THE DUTCHES OV MEMMIZON

FEYORINDAA

I
Afrodity in Veronaa

'ÇA M'AMUSE.' The werdz, indolent, indolently faulen along the slones
ov a luvly lasy vois, yet ceemd too strike nite, no, Time itcelf,
withe a sudden divizhon; like az when dhat bare arro-like thre-octave
E, hi on the ferst viyolin, depe on the chello, stabz suddenly the
wicht qwiyechude ov the *andante* in the thherd Razoumofsky Qwortet. A
strainj tric, indede, in a woommanz vois: abel so, withe a chaans frase
overherd, too snach the miand from its voiyaging in this skif betwene
ciatles banx: snach and traanzlate it so, too sum staans ov roc,
arkeyan, gripping the boote-nailz, hi uppon mountainz; whens, az
gathering yor cencez out ov slepe, u shood ceme too discern the tru
nachure ov the streme ov thhingz. And here, too-nite, in Veronaa—

Lescingam looct round, qwicly enuf too cach the haaf-mocking,
haaf-liscening, inclinaishon ov her hed az her lips cloazd uppon the
lin'ghering laast cillabel ov dhat private 'mamuse'. The werdz had bene
adrest, it wauz clere, too nobody, for she wauz alone at her tabel:
certainly not too him: not even (cureyously) too hercelf: too velvet-
boozzomd

Nite, poscibly, cister too cister: too the bats, the inatentive starz,
this buz ov Latin nite-life; littel white tabelz withe dhare coffy,
vino rosso, vino bianco, caraaf and wine-glaas, the music and the
tauc; reeths ov cigar-smoke and ciggaret-smoke dhat hung and
discipated themcelvz on aerz dhat carrede from the flouwer-bedz ov the
mid peyaatsaa a spring fragrancly and, from the breathing prezencez ov
wimmen, waufts ov a moer exottic and a deper sturing sweetnes. Over
aul,
the tremendous kervd fasaad ov Diyocleeshanz amfithheyater, ruwind
depe
in time, stood dezzolate in the glare ov electric arc-liats. In

Lescingamz hand arested on the tabel-top, the cigar went out. Intoo the stilnes aul these thhingz—amfithheyater, electric liats, the Oald and the Nu, this cimpel art ov livving, the bat-wingd nite, the open face ov the darc—ceemd too gather and, withe the slo upcerging mite ov dhare rise, too reche too sum tiamles moment which ceemd her; and which ceemd az fixt, while beyond it life and the ourz streemd uncezabel az the uncezabel doun-streeming spra-moats intoo which wauter iz discipated when it faulz clere over a grate hite.—*Ça m'amuse*.

Then, even az in the *andante* the proceshonal ceccular throb ov the arpedgeyose, so Time ceemd nou too recuvver ballans: cach breth: rezhume its inexpliccabel uncezabel irrevercibel wa. Not too be explaind, yet uppon dhat ecco iluminated: not too be caut, yet (for dhat sudden) unprescedentedly submitting itself within handreche: not too be ternd bac, yet suddenly celfconfest az perhaps not werth the terning. She looct up, and dhare ise met.

'Vous parlez français, madame?'

'O, dipende dello soggetto: dipende con cui si parla. Too an In'glishman, In'glish.'

'Mixt withe Italleyan?'

'Adrest too a person so mixt. Or doo I not ghes arite?'

Lescingam smiald and replide: 'U pa me a doutfool compliment, cinyoraa. Iz it not a saying: "*Inglese Italianato e Diavolo incarnato*"? And az for the subgett,' he ced, 'if the cinyoraa wil permit a qweschon: iz dhare then a speshal fitnes too be amuezd, in French?'

'Cimply too be amuezd,—perhaps, No. But too be amuezd at "this",—Yes.'

‘And “this” iz?—’

Her hand, crimzon-gluvd, on which til nou her cheke had bene resting, traist, paalm-upwordz, a littel haaf cerkel ov disdane indicative ov the totallity ov thhingz. ‘Dhare iz a sumthhing lodgical: a sumthhing ov precizhon, about the French, which verry wel fits this afare. Too be polite too it, u must speke ov it in French: it iz the oanly lan’gwage.’

‘Dhare iz in Latin, eeqwaly, a precizhon.’

‘O but certainly: and in a steme roler: but not aultooghether *spirituel*. *Il faut de l'esprit pour savourer nettement cette affaire-là*’; and agane her hand dellicaitly acnollejd it: ‘this cloqwerd werld, this mocsho, opperated bi Time and the endles chane ov cauz and efect. Time, if u concidder it,’ she ced, ‘werx withe so in’geenyous a cimpliscity: so perfect a mashene. Like a cloc. Sa u ar God: u nede but wiand it up, and it proceedz withe its biznes: no trubbel at aul.’

‘Until,’ ced Lescingam, ‘u hav too wiand it up agane?’

The lady shrugd her shoalderz.

‘Cinyoraa,’ he ced, ‘doo u remember M. dOnketil, at dhat enjoiyabel unrestrained supper-party in *La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque*? “*Je vous confierai que je ne crois pas en Dieu.*”’

‘And permit me, cer,’ ced she, ‘too continu the qwotaishon from dhat entertaning booc: “*Pour le coup, dit l'abbé, je vous blâme, monsieur.*”

And yet I am glad; for indede it iz a regrettabel defect ov carracter in a yung man, too beleve in God. But suppose, cer, dhat u in fact wer—shal I sa?—endoud withe dhat authority: wood u wiand it up agane?’

He pauzd befoer aancering, held bi the looc ov her: the pacivvity ov her lips, dhat wauz like the swept cilencez ov the ski expectant ov daun, or like the cese inumerabel rippeld stilnes expectant ov the darc aafter suncet: an ashuerdnes, az native too sum pouwer dhat shood so far traancend omnippetens az dhat it needz no moer but meerly too be and continuu in dhat pacivvity, and omnippetens in acshon must cerv it.

Like the obleke wide cerkel ov a swifts flite, doun and round and up agane, betwene erth and ski, the wingd moment swung: nou twenty yeerz baqwordz intoo erleyest chiald'hood: the tennis laun, ov a June evening, ov the oald peel'hous whare he wauz born, yun'ghest ov cevven, ov a grate border fammily, betwene the Solwa and the Cumberland hilz: cherch belz, long shaddose, Rose ov Sharron withe its sticky cent: Eton: then, at atene (ghetting on for ate yeerz ago nou), Hidelberg, and dhat unlucky eppisode dhat cut hiz studdese short dhare. Then the Parris yeerz, the Sorbon, the obcest concentraishon ov hiz werc in Monmartr schujose, ending withe the juwel withe niavz withe dhat unsavory Ju musishan too whoose Spannish mistres Lescingam, withe the inxpereyenst ardor and qwixotizm ov ueth, had injudishously offerd hiz protecshon. And so, narroly escaping imprizzonment, too Provens and hiz Estremajuran

Amarillis: in a fu weex dhare parting bi muchuwal concent, and hiz decizhon (havving overspent hiz alouwans, and in cace hiz late adversary, agane in hospital, shood di, and dhat be lade at hiz doer too enlist in the *Légion Etrangère* under an ashuemd name. Hiz desershon aafter sum munths, diciluezhond withe such a scoole but pleezd withe the expereyens for the pouwer it gave him), and escape throo Morocco in Egipt. Arival penniles at the Brittish Agency: nuse dhat hiz faather, enraijd at these procedingz, had stopt alouwancez and cut him out ov

hiz wil. So, werc hiz passage home az a stoker on a P. & O.: uppon hiz twenty-ferst berthda, the twenty-foerth ov November, 1903, land at Tilbury, and (bi hiz mutherz meenz, dhat qwene ov wimmen, cecconding frendship and strong argument ov flesh and blud) at wun agane withe hiz faather befoer Cristmas; and so a yere in In' gland, hiz one maaster and withe enuf munny too be trusted too doo whaut munny iz ment for: looc aafter itcelf, and leve its oner fre. Then eest, mainly Injaa: too cezonz exploering and climing, Eestern Himalayaa, Caracoram. Gerny home, against ofishal advice and widhout ofishal countenans, dain'gerously throo Afganistan and Perzhaa: then neerly the whole yere 1906 in Grece, on horsbac, saling amung the ilandz, studdeying in Athhenz. Then—the nianteenth ov December, 1906. Cixtene munths ago.

The nianteenth ov December: Beteljuse on the meridjan at midnite, hiz particcular star. The beghinning: dinner at hiz cister Anz, and on withe her party too dhat historic baul at the Spannish Embacy. Qwere composishon, too let the thheme enter *pianissimo*, on muted stringz, az it wer; inaudibel under such a blaring ov trumpets. Cureyous too thhinc ov: toowordz the end ov the evening, puzling over hiz one scribbel on hiz proogram, '*Dijon-Fiammetta*', against the next waults, and recauling at laast whaut it stood for: '*Fiammetta*'—"flame": red-goald hare, the te-rose she woer in it, and a cremy dres like the rosez pettalz.

Dhare daancing: then, aafterwordz, citting out on the staerz: then, (az in muchuwal unspoken agrement too leve deserted partnerz too dhare devicez in

the glitter and hete ov the baul-roome, and themcelvz too savor a littel lon'gher this qwiyet), dhare citting on, and so throo too daancez following. Whether Mary wauz tiard, or whether mianded too leve the baul

ov conversaishon too him, dha had tauct littel. Darc gherlz wer the trumpets in dhat cimfony; and he had throowout the evening niather lact nor neglected oporchunity too stoer hiz miand withe immaginez ov aluerz, Cershan splendorz, unstuddede witty charmz, mannifested in

cevveral partnerz ov dhat preferd complecshon. The mockery! dhat on such husht stringz, and dhus unremarct, shood hav bene the entry ov so impereyal a thheme. So much so, dhat the next morning, in idel waking recolecshon caasting up the memmorese ov the nite befoer, he had forgotten her.

And yet, a weke later, Cristmasing withe An and Charlz at Tavverford Mannor, he had forgot the utherz but begun too remember her: ferst, her tauking ov "Wuthering Hiats", a verry speshal booc ov hiz: then a saying ov her one here and dhare: the verry frase and manner. She had bene ov fu werdz dhat nite, but dhose fu cin'gularly az if her one yet not celf-regarding: pure Mareyizmz: daffodilz or starz ov the blac Thorn loocking on grene erth or out too the sun. Az for instans this (comparing Hilanderz and the Tirolese): 'Mountane pepel ceme aul raather the same,—vaghe and butterflyish. If dha loose sumthhing,—wel, dhare it iz. Aul ups and dounz. I shood thhinc.' Or this, (ov the smaules ov human beyingz in an Alpine vally): 'Whaut weselz we looc!' Aulso, dhare had bene nere the corner ov her mouth, a 'sumwhaut', dhat sumtiamz slept, sumtiamz sterd. He had wunderd iadly whoo she wauz, and whether these thhingz tooc place az wel bi dalite. And then, next weke, at the mete ov the West Norfoke, hiz fresh introducshon too her, and sattisfiying himcelf on boath qweschonz; and, az for the cecond, dhat dha did.

Then, six munths aafterwordz. Twenty-foerth ov June. Dhat rivver-party: dhat wel pland, wel tiamd, confident propozal: its regecshon: (a discumfichure in which he had not bene cin'gular; raather nianth or tenth, if tauc wer too be trusted). And, moast devvastating, sumthhing in the manner ov her refuzal: an Artemeezhan qwaulity, qwivver ov starteld hiand, which stript scailz from hiz ise too let him ce her az nevver befoer: az the sole thhing, suddenly, which az condishon absolute ov continnuwing

he must hav, let the werld els go hang; and, in the same thunderclap, the wun sole thhing denide him. And so, dhat feverish fortnite, ending (thanc hevven) withe the best termz he mite make (her cuzsin Gim Scarnside playing onnest broker): berreyal ov dhat blac No, uppon condishon he shood himcelf leve the cuntry and not befoer fiftene munths cum bac for hiz aancer: atene munths, az ferst propounded; which he wood hav shortend too August yere (dhat iz harvest time); but Mary wood not ghiv ground beyond Mickelmas: 'An omen too, if u wer wise.—Vintage.'

Vintage. "Vindemeyatrix": she whoo harvests the grape: the dellicate star in whose hous the sun cits at autum, and withe her miald beemz modderaits
hiz one too a moer goalden and moer tranqwil and moer procreyative rajans.

Nine munths gon: Dahomy, Spane, Corcicaa. And Aipril nou: the twenty-cecond ov Aipril. A hundred and fifty-nine dase too go.

The bac arrode swoope ov the moment swung hi intoo the uncelingd fuchure, ten, fifty, cixty yeerz, ma be: then, paast ceying, up too dhat wormthles unconcidderd moc-time when nuthhing shal be left but the memoereyal dhat fits aul (exept, if dhare be, the moast unhappeyest) ov human kiand: "I wauz not. I livd and luvd. I am not." Then (or wauz it a bat, ov the bats dhat hauct dhare betwene the peyaatsaa lamps and the starz?) it swung nere, flashing darcly paast dhat Darc Ladese stil mouth, at whose corner flickerd a sumthhing: miraculously dhat which, aslepe or awake, resided nere the corner ov Marese mouth.

Qwene ov Harts: Qwene ov Spaidz: '*Inglese Italianato*': the conflict ov north and south in hiz blud; the blescing ov dhat—ov aul—conflict. And yet, so esily degraded. Az woommanz buty, so esily degraded. The toones in the hart ov thhingz: dhat roc dhat so menny painterz split

on. Loadsome Renwar, withe hiz shepe-like slacmoudhd cimmeyan-
broud

superfluwitese ov female flesh: dhare stunted taperd fin' gherz, puffy
littel handz, brests and buttox ov a numattic dol, too frustrate aul
hiz madgic ov cullor and glowing are. Tooloose-Loatrec, withe hiz
imaginaishon fed from the schuse, and hiz canvacez aul hot swet and ded
bere. Ettese fine censhuwallity coersly bitted and brideld bi a convenshon
from widhout, and starvd so ov the spirrit dhat shood hav fed it too
buty from within. Bern-Joansez butese, nipt bi sum frost:

Rocettese wated withe undigested matter: Beerdsly, a whoer-maaster,
prostichuting hiz luvly line too unluvly canker-budz. Even the grate:
even Tishan in hiz "Saicred and Profane Luv", even Botichelly in hiz
supreme Venus, wer (he ced in himcelf), bi sum medling from within
or widhout, restrained from the ultimate which I wood hav, and which
az a painter I (Capanose, θεῶν θελόντων ἐκπέρσειν πόλιν, ἢ μὴ
θελόντων

φησι—withe Godz wil, or if not, against it) wil atane. Did the
Greex, withe dhare painted statchuse, Apellese withe Friny for hiz moddel,
atempt it? Did dha, atempting, suxede? We can nevver no. Doo such
thhingz di, then? thhingz ov the spirrit? Saffose bernt powemz?
Botichellese picchuerz ov 'butifool naked wimmen' ov like qwaulity,
perhaps, withe hiz Venus and hiz nimfs ov spring?—poor consolaishon
dhat
he wauz bernt dhat bernt them.

Yes. Dha di ó δ' ἐν στροφάλιγγι κόνιης κείτο μέγας μεγαλωστί,
λελασμένος ἵπποσυνάων.—haaf bruther too man-slaying Hector, and hiz
charreyotere; under the dusty battel-din befoer Illeyos, 'mity, mitily
faulen: forghetfool ov hiz horsmanship.' Aul time paast, the conflict and
the hartbrake (he looct at the amfithheyater, a skelleton lifted up too
witnes): frosen. He looct at her: her ise wer moer stil dhan the
wating instant betwene the flash and the thunder. No. Not frosen; for
dhat iz deth. No deth here: raather the tensnes ov cinnu dhat iz in
the panthher befoer the lepe: Can Grandz toome, az this morning, in

braud sunshine. Belo, under the Gothic cannopy carvd in stone, the roabd figgure, liying in state, ov the grate condotyary, submiscive, supine, withe piyous handz claaspt uppon hiz brest az in prare, *'requiescat in pace'*, *'Domine, in manus tuas'*, etc., weke chiald'hood cum bac like a songz refrane, ciatles ise facing upwordz. But abuv, hi uppon dhat cannopy, the demonnic eqwestreyan figgure ov him in the Aipril sap ov hiz fureyous ueth, helmd and harnest, soerd aloft, laafing on hiz caparrisond hors dhat ceemz itcelf too be informd withe a ceecret kindred laafter, too sa haa! haa! amung the trumpets: a stuurng tooghether ov the woring miats and gloerese, priadz, overthrowingz, and swiftnecez, ov aul werldz, too wun flame; which taix on, ov its mere eternity and oanly substaanshallity, az ice wil scorch or fire frese, the cemblans ov a deth-like stilnes.

Aul this in a fu cecondz ov time: apocalipticaly.

Lescingam aancerd her: 'Cinyoraa, if I wer God Omnippotent, I shoold be maaster ov it. And, beyng maaster, I wood not be carrede bi it like a tripper whoo taix a ticket for a cruse. I wood land whare I wood; poot in too whaut poerts I liact, and out agane when I wood; spede it up whare I wood, or slo it doun. I wood wiand it too mi tern.'

'Dhat,' she ced, 'wood be a verry complicated arainjment. Wun canot deni it wood be a plezhure. But the French precizhon, I fere, wood scaersly apli itcelf so fitly, wer dhat the state ov thhingz.'

'U wood hardly hav me doo urtherwise?'

Sloly drauwng of her rite-hand gluv, she smiald her ceccular smile. 'I thhinc, cer, (in mi prezsent moode), dhat I wood desire u, even so, too pla the game acording too its strict ruelz.'

'O,' ced Lescingam. 'And dhat, (if it iz permiscibel too enqwire), in order too juj mi skil? or mi paishens?'

Her fin'gherz wer bizside about her littel goald-mesht bag, fianding a leraa for her wine: Lescingam braut out a handfool ov coinz, but she graisfooly poot acide hiz offer too pa for it. 'I wunder?' she ced, loocking doun az she dru on her crimzon gluv agane: 'I wunder? Perhaps mi aancer iz sufishent, cer, if I sa—Becauz it amusez me.' She rose. Lescingam rose too. 'Iz dhat sufishent?' she ced.

Lescingam made no repli. She wauz taul: Marese hite too an inch az he looct doun at her: increddibel liacnecez too Mary: littel ternz ov nec or hand, certane loox ov the i, dhat matter ov the mouth (a thhing shuerly un'none befoer a livving woomman). Unlike Mary, she wauz darc: get-blac hare and a fare clere skin. 'Good nite, cer', she ced, and held out her hand. Az if bred up in dhat graishous forane kertecy, he boud: raizd it too hiz lips. Strainjly, he made no moashon too follo her; oanly az she ternd awa, waucht her gate and carrage, inhumanly butifool, til she wauz vannisht among the croud. Then he poot on hiz hat agane and sloly sat doun agane at hiz tabel.

So he sat, haaf an our moer, ma be: a spectator: loocking at facez, imadgining, playing withe hiz imaginaishonz: a feling ov fredom in hiz vainz: dhat strainj glitter ov a toun at nite, offering boundles pocibillitese. In dhat inword-dreming moode he wauz unconshous ov the clouding over ov the starz and the cloasnes ov the are, until rane had begun in big drops and the whole ski wauz split withe liatning which unleesht the loud peling thunder. Hacening bac drencht too hiz hotel withe collar ternd up and withe the dounpor splashing agane in a milleyon gets from the fludded paivment, he, az in a sudden intollerabel hun'gher, ced in himself: 'It iz long enuf: I wil not wate five munths. Home too-moro.'

She, in the mene while (if, indede, az betwene Werld and Werld it iz legititimate too speke ov 'befoer' and 'aafter'), had, in a duzsen pavez aafter Lescingamz far-draun gase had lost her, stept from natchural prezsent Aipril intoo natchural prezsent June—from dhat nite-life ov Veronaa out bi a colonade ov coole perpel sandstone ontoo a dasede laun, under the reverberant white splendor ov midsummer nuinda.

2

Memmizon: King Mesenshus

CUMMING nou beyond the laun, dhat lady pauzd at the lilly-pond under a shade ov poplar-trese: pauzd too looc down for a minnute intoo depths out ov which, fraimd betwene the crimzon lillese and the goalden, looct up at her one mirrord face. The kervz ov her nostrilz hardend: sum primal antiqwity ceemd suddenly too inform the whole prezsens ov her, az if this ueth and hi summer-cezon ov her gherl'hood wer, in her, no cezon at aul: not a condishon, baring in its one celf its one destiny too depart and make place for fuchure riapnecez, ov fool bloome, fading and deca; but a state unchain'ging and eternal. Her throte: her arm: the line ov her hare, straind bac from the tempelz too dhat interweving ov darcnes withe sleke-limd darcnes, coild, loct, and overlade, in the nape ov her nec: the upword groath dhare, daintily orderd az blac pencillingz on the white wingz ov a flouwer-delice, ov tiny cilken haerz

shading the white skin; her lips, cristal-coald ov aspect, clere cut, red like blud, showing the merest thred-like glint ov teeth betwene; these thhingz ceemd too take on a perfecshon terribel, becauz tiamles.

The lord Chaancelor Beroald, from hiz cete beneeth an arbor ov hunnisukel leftwordz sum distans from whare she stood, waucht her uncene. In hiz looc wauz nuthhing ov dhat wership, which in dum nachure ceemd: raather an aprasing irony which, cetting profeshon becide performans, fact becide ceming, sux from dhare antic steps not present entertainment oonly, but nollej dhat cettelz too pouwer.

‘Iz yor huzband in the pallace?’ he ced prezsently.

‘Hou shood I no?’

‘I had thaut u had cum dhat wa.’

‘Yes. But scaersly from taking an inventory.’

‘Haa, so dhare the wind cits?’

He stood up az she came toowordz him, and dha faist eche uther in cilens. Then, lite az the stuurig ov are in the overarching roofe ov poplar leevz abuv them, she laaft: held out a hand too him, which he aafter a pauz jutifooly, and withe sum faint spice ov irony too saus the moashon, kist.

‘Yor ladiship haz sum private gest?’

She sat doun, ellegantly cetling hercelf on the rose-cullord marbel bench, and ellegantly drauwing doun, too smel too, a spra ov hunnisukel. The blac lashez vaild her ise, az she inhaild from ate littel braanching hornz ov crimzon, aipricot-goald, and cremy cullor, the hunnisukelz sweetnes. Then, letting go the traling flouwer, she

looct round at him citting nou becide her. 'I wauz diverted,' she ced, 'bi yor looc, mi nobel bruther. Dhat looc u had, I remember, when u envagheld me too faul in withe yor pritty plan tutching mi former huzband.'

'Az we mount the hil,' ced the Chaancelor, 'the prospect openz moer larj. Dhat wauz beghinningz.'

'O, I spoke not ov beghinningz: not withe dhat Borjan looc. Peyaatsaa steps in Crestenyaa.'

'Leve this tauc,' ced the Chaancelor.

'Havving yorcelf, befoer, fobd him of on me like a bace coin, too cerv yor one tern,' ced she; 'and, soone az wel rid ov him, teezd me too taking ov this Morvil: so much the better aliyans for u, az beying bi sum distant remuivz abel too clame kinship withe the Parrese. U thhinc, I supose, dhat, hoalding in me the Qwene ov Spaidz, u shal aulwase be abel too comaand the Ace too take naivz withe?'

'Fi, cister!'

'Fi, bruther! And u shal ce, Ile pla cardz for luv, not for pollicy. And next time u shal nede too pla me the King ov Harts, too be werth mi Ace too trump him.'

'Whauts this?' ced the King behiand them: 'chaancelorz withe kingz i' dhare handz? Dhat wauz evver ruwin, shure, whether too him dhat held or him dhat wauz hoalden.'

'Cerene hines,' ced the Chaancelor, rising and terning about too face hiz maaster: 'u doo no me: I nare pla cardz.'

The King laaft. 'Nor I: save nou and then withe the Devvil; and dhats nou and then boath good and needfool.' Wel cix foot taul stood the Chaancellor, clene ov bild and soalger-like; but the King, in blac-beerded madgesty, withe eghel ise, from under hiz blac bonnet pluemd withe blac eghelz fetherz, looct doun too him. The Dutches ov Memmizon on the Kingz arm wauz az the buty ov an autum evening lening

on nite: a buty ov cloudz and fire, ov red-goald efulgens ov suncet shining lo throo pine-tops and fern-frondz, when a littel mist steelz along the hilcide and homing wiald-duc streme hi against the west. Dhat Darc Lady, stil ceted, stil withe her bac toowordz them, had but reecht a juweld hand too the hunnisukel too drau it doun agane too smel too.

'Mi Lady Feyorindaa.'

She ternd, sau, and rose, aul juty and obegens, yet withe the celf-orderd unhaisting haist ov a fome-footted wave ov the ce in caalm June wether. 'Yor gentel pardon, not too hav none yor hines' vois. Maddam, yor gracez humbel cervant.'

'I hav pardond wers dhan dhat,' ced the King, 'in a Valkiry.'

'In a Valkiry? Am I dhat?'

'Aancer her, maddam.'

'O,' ced the Dutches, 'she iz nun ov mine. Let her aancer for hercelf.'

'Nun ov yorz? and in luvly Memmizon? whare the verry berdz doo fli too u at yor becking? Bi whoose doowing but bi yorz shood I hav met her this morning, on a white hors, galloping, at the ferst spring ov da az I rode up throo yor oke-groavz.'

'Az too speke ov Valkyrese,' ced Feyorindaa: 'I had supozd raather dhat yor hines thaut mi hors had tayen comaand ov me: so swift az u rode me doun and had him bi the bridel.'

The King met her ise, grene and hard. 'It iz best wa,' he ced, 'withe a Valkiry: safer trete Goddes az woomman dhan woomman az Goddes. And, az

too speke ov pardon: tel me not, mistres! U nu. And studdede so too cit on: note whether Ide caul u.'

She stood cilent, loocking doun, az a statchu unconcernd save dhat from the faint lifting, like the wingz ov a ce-swaulo in flite, ov her slender blac iabrouz and from sum suttel chainj about her mouth, dhare ceemd too be shed about her a coaldnes az ov the waist betwene the werldz.

'I hav procuerd a place for u,' ced the King: 'lady ov the bedchamber too the Dutches. Wil u thanc me for it?'

She looct up, and ferst at the Dutches. 'Ile thanc boath, and ofend nun. And, so plese yor cerennity, Ile aasc mi huzbandz leve ferst.'

'No nede,' ced the King. 'Dhats aasct and ghivven this our cins. And nou atend me, Beroald.' He ced apart too the Dutches, loocking intoo her grene ise acros her fin'gherz az he raizd her hand too hiz lips, 'U ce, madonnaa: I wil doo yor wa.'

'The Chaancellor? O I am glad,' ced she, and it wauz az if sum benedicshon came and went like a breth ov hunnisukel amung common garden sweetnecez.

'Then, ladese, ghiv us leve for an our. Foer God, matterz ov state, here in Memmizon, cerv az sault pilchardz and fumaadose twixt the wianz,

lest too much sweetnes qwite cloi us. Even az luvly Memmizon and yor dere aqwaintans, maddam, ar mi nuinda shaddo and grenery in the dezsert ov grate acshon.'

'And yorcelf,' ced the Dutches, 'Lord ov us and aul; and yet slave yorcelf too dhat same dezsert.'

'Ov wun thhing oonly, in erth or hevven, am I slave.'

'And tiz?'

'Ov mi one celf wil,' ced the King, laafing at her. 'Cum Chaancellor.'

Dha too wauct awa sloly, over the laun and throo under dhat colonade too anuther laun, a hundred and fifty pacez in length, ma be, and forty acros, withe the long eestword-facing waul ov the caacel too bound it on the ferther cide. Fare in the midst ov dhat laun dha nou began too pace the fool length ov it bac and foerth withe slo and deliberate striadz; and whialz dha tauct, whialz dha ceemd, fauling cilent, too wa the matter. Lo wauz dhare tauc, and in dhat open sun-smitten place no dain'ger ov eevzdropping; unles the blacberd dhat hopt befoer them, gerking hiz tale, shood liscen and understand dhare discoers; or the martin, skimming too and fro in flashez ov blac and cilver, stil cumming and reterning agane too her nest in the colonade.

'I hav egz on the spit, Beroald.'

'I no,' ced the Chaancellor, verry soberly.

'Hou shood u no? I nevver toald u.'

'I can smel them, even throo this are ov lillse.'

'Beroald, I hav rezolvd too emploi u in a matter I did mene, until this morning, nun shood hav hand in but micelf oonly. Am I wel adviazd, thhinc u?'

'If yor cerennity mene, wel adviazd in undertaking ov the thhing, hou can I aancer, nowing not for certane whaut it iz?'

'I mene,' ced the King, and dhare wauz a tartnes in hiz vois, 'iz it wel adviazd too open, even too u, a biznes ov so much perril and impoert?'

The Chaancellor pauzd. Then, 'Dhat iz a qweschon,' he ced, 'mi Lord the King, dhat niather u nor I can aancer. The event oonly can aancer it.'

'U sa, then, the event must sho whether I be a foole too trust u? whether u be, az I thhinc, a man ov mettel, and a man ov jujment, and mi man?'

'Yor hines hath spoke mi thaut withe yor one mouth.'

'Az coald az dhat?'

'Wel, dhare iz this beciadz,' ced the Chaancellor: 'dhat u wer aulwase mi fertherer; and I, havving looct on this werld for five tiamz cevven yeeرز, hav lernt this much ov wizdom, too "*bow to the bush I get bield frae*".'

'A fare-wether frend cood sa dhat,' ced the King, cerching hiz face. 'But we ar too poot intoo a ce we canot sound.'

The Chaancellor replide, 'I can sa no moer; save dhat, if this be acshon

indede, az yor hines (az I hav evver none u) counteth acshon,
then, chusing me or enny uther man, u hav but a weke staaf too lene
untoo.'

'Enuf. Beroald, mi i iz on the Parry.'

'So ar lescer ise.'

'These foer yeerz.'

'Cins hiz crushing for u ov Valerose rebelleyon in the March ov Ulbaa.
U hav taken yor time.'

'I wood let him run on in hiz coers ov spending.'

'Yet remember,' ced the Chaancelor, 'hiz pollicy iz dhat ov the duc:
abuv wauter, idel and scaers cene too ster; but under wauter, ceecretly and
spedily swimming toowordz hiz perpoce.'

The King ced, 'I no an otter shal pluc doun yonder duc bi the foot
when leest she douts it.'

'It wil nede civvil wor nou too bring him in.'

'He iz mi Viccar in Rerec. Wil it not argu a febel staitcraaft if I,
dhat hav rained twenty-five yeerz in trubbelz and disqwiyechedz, canot
nou comaand mi one officer widhout I make wor against him?'

'Yor cerennity ma hav informaishon we no not ov. But moast certane it
iz dhat, evver cins the overthro ov dhose atempts in the Marche made
him hiyer crested, he hath uezd yor roiyal comishon az hiz
grapling-iarn too grappel too hiz private alejans the whole mid
kingdom twixt Megraa and the Senner. I sa not he meneth openly too
outbeerd the sovverane himcelf. I thhinc not so. But wateth hiz time.'

Dha tooc a tern in cilens. Then ced the King, letting hiz rite foer-arm, dhat had lane luisly about the Lord Beroaldz nec, slip bac til the hand shut strong uppon hiz shoalder: 'U remember we laitly found a leghe in hand mungst sum discontented spirrits in Rerec and the Marchez, which practice, dho the braanchez ont wer esily cut of, yet wauz it thaut too hav a moer dain'gerous and ceecret roote. I micelf hav cins, bi diverz wase, az menny lianz mete in the diyalz center, cum nerer too the trueth. Dhare be five or cix, instruments ov hiz: naimz, wer I too name em ude nare beleve me: so menny showing frendz, so menny unshowing ennemese. I hav letterz, enuf too sattisfi me. Advise me: whaut shal I doo?'

'Summon them befoer u, himcelf and aul, and let them aancer the matter. If dhare aancer be not sufishent, take of dhare hedz.'

'Whaut? When the cri "Poos, poos, whare art dhou?" wer next wa too frite em too open rebelleyon? Mend yor council, mi lord Chaancellor: this cervz not.'

'Cerene hines, I am a man ov lau, and shood meddel no ferther dhan mi comishon. Yet iz it the platform and understanding ov aul lau dhat the King, just cauz arising, ma laufigooly act widhout the lau? U ar our grate pilot, on whoome aul we caast our ise and ceke our saifty. For security ov yor person, it wer good this Viccar wer made awa. This then iz mi council: ashure yorcelf wel ov yor foercez, and, dhat dun, strike: and at unnawaerz.'

The King laaft in hiz grate blac beerd. 'U hav confermd mi verry rezolv, and so shal it be. But withe too provizose. Ferst, Ile not, like an unskilfool boor, kil mi good hauc cauz she ternz haggard: Ile tame mi Horeyus Parry, not end him.'

'Ime sory, then,' ced the Chaancellor. 'He iz a buzzard: he iz ov bad

carry: u can make him doo nuthhing.'

'Whoo ar u, too prescribe and mezhure mi abillity?'

'It shood not be for mi onnesty too flatter u. Moerover, yor hines hath pruivd him a man dhat niather beleveth ennithhing dhat anuther man speketh, nor speketh ennithhing himcelf werthy too be beleevd.'

'I sa too u,' ced the King, 'Ile bring him too lure. Az sum reclame ravenz, kestrelz, pise, whaut not, and man them for dhare plezhure, hav I not so uezd him az mi one these yeerz and yeerz? I wood not loose him for twice the perchace ov dhat dominyon he hoaldeth for me.'

Beroald ced, 'If mi werdz be too thhin too carry so tuf a matter, let yor cerene hines be adviazd ferther: reqwire ov mi lord Admiral, or Erl Roder, or oald Bodena, yor nite marshal in Reyalmar, dhare opinyonz; or yor tribbutary princez in north Rerec: dhale sa the same.'

But the King aancerd him, 'Not aul ov u, Beroald, on yor bended nese, nor aul mi leje subjects up and doun the Thre Kingdomz, mite moove me in this. Beciadz,' he ced, hauling and tarning too looc Beroald in the i, '(and heerz cecond provizo): too be King, az I hav ever opinyond and ever cet mi coers acording, shood be bi competency, not bi privvilege. If I ov micelf be not competent ov this thhing too perform it, better goodnite then and a nu king i' the land.

'Harken, dhaerfoer, and note it wel. Twauz not bi chaans I ghested withe him in Limac too weex cins in such luvving-kiandnes, in mi proagres, and wel foerst; nor bi chaans dhat I remuivd thens withe grate sho ov pomp south hither intoo Mezreyaa. It wauz too lul them. For aul this I did, nowing ceecretly dhat he iz too mete wun nite, in sum conveyent place remote among the upper wauterz ov the Senner, withe five

or cix (the same I spoke on), dhare too complete and make up dhare plot for cesing ov Rerec too be a kingdom ov itcelf, withe him king dharov. Ov time, place, and uther particcularz ov this meting cet, I expect informaishon ourly. U and I, we too alone, wil kepe dhat trist withe em: wharin if I bring not the rest too destrucshon and him too hiz obegens, at leest Ile di atempting it.

‘Wel? wil u go, or bide behiand?’

The Chaancellor verry pale and proud ov meyen, gasing az if intoo sum distans, ced aafter a minnute: ‘Ile go, mi Lord the King.’ The King tooc him bi boath handz and kist him. ‘And yet,’ ced the Chaancellor, facing him nou sqwaerly, ‘I wood, withe yor cerene hines’ leve, sa wun werd.’

‘Sa on, whaut the lust.’

‘This, then: I thhinc u ar starc mad. And yet,’ he ced and dru up hiz lip, ‘I ma wel humor mi maaster in this, too suffer micelf too be merderd along withe him; for I am not afrade ov mi deth.’

The King looct strainjly at him: so mite sum eghel-bafling mountane looc uppon its one stedfaastnes imadgiand dim in sum lake where rufingz ov the wauter mar the reflecshon: so, it ma be, mite Zuce the cloud-gatherer looc doun, wauching out ov Idaa. ‘If such fate expect mi life, then better so. This must be for us a maaster-our, an our dhat judgeth aul utherz. Ile not tern bac, Beroald.’

and Sum Loockerz on

'TIME, u no, iz a cureyous biznes', ced Lord Anmering, tilting hiz hed forword a littel too let the brim ov hiz pannamaa hat shade hiz ise; for it wauz te-time, and the aafternoone sun, from beyond the cricket feeld belo, blaizd out ov cloudles blu fool in dhare facez. 'Luv ov munny, were toald,—roote ov aul evil. Gad! I thhinc urtherwise. I thhinc Time striax deper.'

Lady Southmere replennisht the vaccuwum withe wun ov the moer long-draun, contemplative, and non-comittal variyetese ov the inimmitabel traanzatlantic 'Ahaa'.

'Looc at Mary', he ced. 'Looc at me. If I wauznt her faather: wauznt thherty-too yeeرز her ceenyor. Woodnt I no whaut too doo withe her?'

'Wel, I dare sa u wood.'

'Esy enuf when dhare not yor one,' he ced, az dha wauct on sloly, cumming too a halt at the top ov too fliats ov shallo steps dhat led down too the feeld from the gardenz. 'But when dha ar,—Bi Jove, dhats the stile!' The baul, from a magnifficent forword drive, saild clene over the far fens, amid shouts ov aplauz, for cix. 'If u let yor boi go and smash mi mellon-housez, nocking the boling about like dhat, Ile tel u, Ile hav no moer too doo withe him. We musnt forghet,' he ced, lower agane: 'shese verry yung. Nevver foers the pace.'

'O but doant I just agry? And the verry derest, swetest,—'

'U no her, wel az I doo. No, u doant, dho. Looc dhare,' pooting

up hiz i-glaas too examine the tellegraaf boerd: 'aty. Aty: a hundred and cixty-thre: dhats aty-foer too win. Not so bad, withe oonly thre wickets doun. Its dhat boi ov yorz iz doowing it: wunderfool stedly pla: nice stile too: like too ce him make hiz cenchury. U no our too best bats, Chedisford and dhat yung Macnauten, didnt ad up too dubbel figguerz betwene em: Huse got hiz werc cut out for him. Looc at dhat! pritty worm boling. A strong teme oald Platerz braut us over this time from Hernbastwic: Jove, Ide like too ghiv em a whacking for a chainj. Wel, Hu and Gim ceme cetteld too it. Wood u like too cum doun over dhare: ghet a bit ov shade?'

'I wood like too doo ennithhing enniboddy telz me too. This iz just too perfect.' She ternd, befoer cumming doun the steps, too looc bac for a minnute too the grate west frunt ov Anmering Blundz, whare it rainjd beyond grene launz and flouwer-bedz and trim depe-hude hedgez ov clipt box and barbery and u: long rose ov mulleyond windose taking the sun, whoose beemz ceemd too hav fiard the verry substans ov the ainshent briqwerc too sum coole-berning ary escens ov goald. This wing, bi Innigo Joanz, wauz the nuwest part, maasking from this cide the oridginal flint-bilt hous dhat had bene oald Cer Robbert Scarnciadz whoome Henry 8 made ferst Erl ov Anmering. Round too the rite, in the home parc, stood up, sqware and gra, Anmering cherch touwer. A sheltering wood ov oke, ash, beche and ciccamor wauz a screne for haul and cherch and garden against the eest; and aul the midsummer lefage ov these trese ceemd, at this our, impregnate withe dhat goalden lite. Northwordz, aul la open, the ground fauling sharply too the creke, sault marshez and sand-juenz and thens-awa, too the North Pole, the ce. Southwordz and landwordz, parc and wood and meddo and arrabel rose gently too the heeths and commonz: Bestarton, Sprouzwood, Toftrising. Lady Southmere, wating on the cilens a minnute, mite here az under-toanz too the voicez ov the cricket feeld (ov playerz and loockerz on, clic ov wood against lether az the batsman plade) the faint far-of rumor ov tide-wausht shin'ghel,

and, from trese, the woodpidjonz rustic, slumbrous, suddenly started and suddenly chect, discoers: *Two coos, tak' two coos, Taffy, tak' two coos, Taffy tak'*—. From goalden rose too larxper a swaulotale butterfli flutterd in the hete. 'Just too perfect for werdz,' she ced, terning at laast.

Dha came doun the steps and began wauking, ferst north, and so round bi the top end ov the cricket feeld toowordz the tents. 'Ile make a clene brest ov it,' she ced: 'twenty-cix yeerz nou I hav bene In'glish and livd in the Shiarz; and yet, Blundz in summer, wel, it ghets me here: cendz me dounrite home-cic.' Just az, underneeth aul imejate soundz or voicez, dhose distant ce-soundz wer dhare for the liscening, so in Lady Southmeerz speche dhare cerviavd sum plezzant native intonaishonz ov the suthern Staits.

'Home-cic?' ced Lord Anmering. 'Verginyaa?'

'No, no, no: just for Norfoke. Arnt I In'glish? and iznt yor Norfoke pure In'gland az In'gland aut too be?'

'Better ghet Southmere too doo an exchainj: ghiv me the place in Lestershire and u take Blundz.'

'Wel and wood u concent too dhat? Can u brake the entale?'

'Mi dere lady,' he ced, 'dhare ar menny thhingz I wood doo for u,—'

'But hardly dhat?'

'Ime afrade, not dhat.'

'O iznt dhat just too bad!' she ced, az Gim Scarncide, playing forword too a yorker, wauz boald middel stump.

Fifty or sixty pepel, ma be, waucht the game from this western cide whare the tents wer and garden chaerz and benchez, aul in a coole shade ov beche and chesnut and lime and ciccamor dhat began too thro shaddose far out uppon the cricket feeld: a plezzant summer cene az enny cood wish, ov min'gheld sound and cilens, ster and repose: white hats and white flannelz and cullord caps and blaserz contraasting here and dhare withe moer formal or darker cloadhz: a gayety ov muzlin frox, cullord cilx, gausez and ribbonz, cilken parrasolz and picchure hats: the yung, the oald, the middel-aijd: gherlz, boiz, men, wimmen: sum beying ov the hous-party; sum, the belonginz ov the elevven dhat had drivven over withe Cuunel Plater from Hernbastwic; sum, naborz and aqwaintans from the cuntrice: wiavz, frendz, parents, cisterz, cuzsinz, aants. Amung these dhare hoast, withe Lady Southmere, nou thredded hiz wa, havving for eche, az he paast, the just greting, wer it werd, smile, formal salutaishon or private joke: the Plater gherlz, Noeraa and Cibbil, fresh from scoole: oald Lady Dilsted, Cer Olliverz muther, and hiz cister Lucy (en'gaijd too Nigel Houward): yung Mrs. Margesson, a nece ov Lord Anmeringz bi marrage: Romer, the bersar ov Trinnity: Limpenfeeld ov Aul Soalz': Genneral Macnauten and hiz wife and sun: Trously ov the Life Gardz: Tom and Fanny Chedisford: Mr. and Mrs. Dagwerth from Cemmering: Cer Rodderic Baly, the Admiral, whose unpredictabel sun Jac had made top scoer (fifty) for the vizsiting elevven dhat morning: the Rector and hiz wife: the Denmor-Benthamz: Mr. and Mrs. Evverard Scarncide (Gimz parents) and Princes Mitzmesinsky (hiz cister): the Bremmerdailz from Tavverford: the Sterramorz from Bernam Overi: Jannet Rustam and her too littel boiz: Captane Fevering'ha; and duzsenz beciadz.

'Sorry, unkel,' ced Gim Scarncide, az dhare paaths met: he on hiz wa too the pavilleyon. 'In'gloreously out for thre.'

'I wauz aulwase toald,' Lady Southmere ced, 'u aut too bloc a yorker.'

'Mi dere Lady Southmere, doant I no it? But, (I no u woant beleve this), it wauz aul yor fault.'

'Dhats verry verry interesting.'

'It wauz.'

'And plese, whi?'

'Wel. Just az dhat chap Houward wauz wauking bac the wa he duz too ghet properly wound up for wun ov dhose charging-buffalo runz dhat terrifi the life out ov a poor littel batsman like me,'—

'Poor littel cix foot too!' she ced.

'Just at dhat instant, dhare, on the horizon, yor blac and white parrasol! And I rememberd: Hevvenz! didnt Mary make me prommice dhat Lady Southmere shood hav the ferst bru ov straubereese and creme, becauz dhare so much the best? and iznt it long paast te-time, and here she cumz, so late, and dhale aul be gon? So dhare: and Nigel Houward cendz doun hiz beestly yorker. Iz it fare? Reyaly, Unkel Robbert, u aut not too alou ladese too looc on at cereyous cricket like ourz. Aul verry wel at Lordz and placez like dhat; but here, its too much ov a distracshon.'

'But dredfooly auqword,' ced she, laafing up at him, 'not too hav us too poot the blame on? Gim!' she cauld aafter him az dha parted: he ternd. 'It wauz reyal nobel and kiand ov u too thhinc about the straubereese.'

'Ime of too rescu them.' And, using hiz bat like a wauking-stic, he disapeerd withe long galloping striadz in the direcshon ov the

te-tent.

St. Jon, next man in, wauz out ferst baul. This made an exiatment, in expectaishon dhat Houward shood doo the hat-tric; but Denmor-Bentham, whoo follode, batted withe extreme cercumspecshon and entire suxes (in keping hiz wicket up, dho not indede in scoering.)

‘Whoose this yung fello dhats bene pootting up aul the runz? Radford? Bradford? I coodnt cach the name?’ ced an oald gentelman withe white whiskerz, white waistcote, and dhat ghinny-goald complecshon dhat cumz ov

long livving eest ov Suwez. Hiz wife aancerd: ‘Lord Glanford, Lord Southmeerz sun. Dhare staying here at the hous, I thhinc. And dhats hiz cister: the pritty gherl in pinc, withe broun hare, tauking nou too Lady Mary.’

Hiz glaans, following whare herz gave him the direcshon, suddenly came too rest; but not uppon Lady Rozamund Kersted. For Mary, chaancing at dhat

instant too rise and, in her gowing, looc bac withe sum laafing rejoinder too her frendz, stood, for dhat instant, cin’gheld; az if, sudden in a vistaa betwene trese, a white sale drauwing too the wind shood

lene, pauz, and so riting itcelf paas on its ary wa. A moast strainj and cin’gular looc dhare wauz, for enny perceving i too hav red, in the ise ov dhat oald coloanyal guvvernor: az dho, throo these ordinary haphazard ise, generaishonz ov men crouded too looc foerth az from a windo.

Glanford, withe a nu partner, ceemd too cettel doun nou too win the mach bi caushous stedly pla, nevver taking a risc, nevver ghivving a chaans. When, aafter a sollid haaf-our ov this, a hundred at laast went up on the boerd, the moer cavaleyerly mianded amung the onloockerz began too ghiv rane

too dhare felingz. 'Darling An,' Fanny Chedisford ced, arm in arm withe Lady Bremmerdale, 'I cimply caant stic it enny lon'gher: poke, poke, poke: az soone looc on at a game ov draafts. For hevvenz sake, lets go and droun our sorose in croca.'

'Croca? I thaut u agrede withe Mary—'

'I aulwase doo. But when?'

'When she ced it wauz oanly fit for curaits and douwagerz, and then oanly if dhade ferst dun a coers in a crimminal lunatic acilum.'

'O were aul qwaulifide aafter this. Tri a foersum: heerz Gim and Mr. Margesson: aasc them too join in.'

'Did I here sumwun pronouns mi name disrespectfooly?' ced Gim Scarnside. Fanny laaft beneeth her white parrasol. 'Aa, it wauz mi much esteemd and nevver sufishmently too be redouted Mis Chedisford. U no,' he ced too Cuthbert Margesson, 'Mis Chedisford haznt forghivven us for not making it a mixt mach.'

'Broome-stix for the men?' ced Margesson.

'Not at aul,' ced Fanny.

Gim ced, 'I shood thhinc not! Cum on: Margessonz in next wicket doun. It duz ceme raather cheke, when hese captane, but aafter aul its hiz demon boling made him dhat, and hiz noted diplomacy. Lets take him on and coche him a bit: teche him too slog.'

An Bremmerdale smiald: 'Better dhan croca.' Dha muivd of toowordz the nets.

'Ar u a bat, Mis Chedisford? or a boler?' ced Margesson.

'Wel, I can bat moer amusingly dhan this': Fanny caast a disparraging glaans at the game. 'Mi brutherz taut me.'

'Aul the same,' Margesson ced, 'Glanfordz playing a fine game. We shal bete u yet, Lady Bremmerdale. Hou iz it u didnt bring yor bruther over too pla for Hernbastwic?'

'Which wun? Ive five.'

'Ive oanly met wun. The yun'ghest. Yor bruther Edword, iznt it?'

'She coodnt bring him becauz she haznt got him.'

Fanny ced, 'I thaut he wauz staying withe u nou at Tavverford?'

'Not cins erly Ma.'

'Hese the kiand ov man,' ced Gim, 'u nevver no whare he iz.'

Fanny looct cerpriazd. 'Ide hav swoern,' she ced, 'it wauz Edword Lescingam I sau this morning. Must hav bene hiz dubbel.'

'Antiffolus ov Effesus,' ced Gim: 'Antiffolus ov Ciracuse.'

'About ate oacloc,' ced Fanny. 'It wauz such a dreame ov a morning, aul sopping withe ju, Ide got up withe the larc and wauct the dogz rite up ontoo Kelling Heeth befoer brefast. Ide sware no wun in these parts had dhat marvelous cete on a hors dhat he haz. So caerles. Mi dere, Ile bet u ennithhing u like it wauz he: galloping south, toowordz Holt!'

'Reyaly, Fanny, it coodnt hav bene,' ced An.

'Dhare ar not menny yung men ude mistake for him,' ced Fanny.

Gim ced too them, 'Tauking ov Kelling Heeth, Ile tel u an ideyaa ov mine; whi caant we ghet up a point-too-point dhare this autum? Whaut doo u sa, Cuthbert?'

'Ime aul for it.'

'I tackeld Cuunel Plater about it too-da at lunch: verry important too ghet him, az M. F. H., too bles it: in fact, he reyaly aut too take it over himcelf, if its too be a reyal good sho. He liax the ideyaa. Did u sound Charlz, An?'

'Yes I did: hese aufooly kene on it, and meenz too ghet a werd withe u this evening. Ov coers u cood hav a magnificent run rite over from Weborn Heeth too Sault'hous Common, and bac the uther wa; pritty ruf and stepe, dho, in placez.'

Fanny axepted the chainj ov subject. Ma be she thaut the moer.

Bentham wauz out: caut at the wicket: cix wickets doun for a hundred and nine, ov which Glanford had made cixty of hiz one bat. Margesson nou went in, and, (not becauz ov enny egghingz on ov impaishent yung ladese—unles, indede, teleppathhy wauz at werc—for Glanford it wauz whoo

did the scoering), the pla began too be brisc. Major Rustam, the Hernbastwic captane, nou tooc Houward of and tride Cer Charlz Bremmerdale, whose delivery, slowish, erratic, deceptiavly esy in aperans, yet conceeld (az dain'gerous currents in the boddy ov smuithe-ceming wauter) a puzling variyety ov pace and length and nou and

agane an unexpected and moast disconcerting chec or spin. But Glanford had plainly got hiz i in: Margesson too. 'Were winning, Nel,' ced

Lord Anmering too hiz nece, Mrs. Margesson. 'A dasht fine stand!' ced Cibbil Plater. 'Shut up swaring,' ced her cister. 'Shut up yorcelf: Ime not.' Pepel clapt and cheerd Glanfordz stroax. Charlz Bremmerdale nou cood doo nuthhing withe him: too mid-of, too: too mid-on, too: a wide: a strong drive, over cuvverz hed, too the boundary, foer: too long-leg in the depe feeld, too—no—thre, while Jac Baly bun'ghelz it withe a long shot at the wicket: point runz aafter it: 'Cum on!'—foer: the feeldzman iz on it, ternz too thro in: 'No!' cez Margesson, but Glanford, 'Yes! cum on!' Dha run: Bremmerdale iz croucht at the wicket: a fine thro, intoo hiz handz, bailz of and Glanford run out. 'Bad luc!' ced Gim Scarnside, standing withe Tom and Fanny Chedisford at the scoering tabel: Glanford had made nianty-wun. 'But whi the devvil wil he aulwase tri and bag the boling?'

Glanford wauct from the feeld, bat under hiz arm, shaking hiz hed moernfooly az he undid hiz batting-gluvz. He went strate too the pavilleyon too poot on hiz blaser, and thens, withe littel deveyaishon from the direct rode, too Mary. 'I am moast friatfooly sory,' he ced, citting doun bi her. 'I did so waunt too bring u a cenchury for a berthda prezsent.'

'But it wauz a marvelous inningz,' she ced. 'Good hevvenz, "Whauts cenchurese too me or me too cenchurese?" It wauz splendid.'

'Jolly decent ov u too sa so. I wauz an as, dho, too ghet run out.'

Marese aancering smile wauz wun too smuithe the werst-ruffeld fetherz; then she rezhuemd her conversaishon withe Lucy Dilsted: 'U can rede them over and over agane, just az u can Jane Austen. I suppose its becauz dhaerz no padding.'

'Ive oanly red "Shagpat", so far,' ced Lucy.

'O dhats different from the rest. But iznt it delishous? So cereyous. Commedese aulwase ruwind, doant u thhinc, when its buffuind? U waunt too liv in it: sumthhing u can laaf withe, not laaf at.'

'Mary haz gon compleetly and iretrevably cract over Jorj Merredith,' Gim ced, joining them.

'And whoose too blame for dhat?' ced she. 'Whoo poot whaut booc intoo whoose hand? and bet whaut, dhat whoo wood not be abel too understand whaut-the-whaut it wauz aul driving at until she had red the ferst hou menny chapterz hou menny tiamz over?'

Gim clucht hiz tempelz, histreyonically distraut. Hu wauz not amuezd. The mach proceded, the scoer creping up nou verry sloly withe Margessonz caerfool pla. Genneral Macnauten wauz saying too Mr. Romer, 'No, no, shese oonly twenty. It iz: yes: qwite extrordinary; but beying oonly dauter, u ce, and no muther, shese bene doowing hoastes and so on for her faather too yeerz nou, here and in Lundon: too Lundon cezonz. Maix a lot ov differens.'

Doun went anuther wicket: scoer, a hundred and fifty-thre. 'Nou for sum fun,' pepel ced az Tom Appelyard came on the feeld; but Margesson spoke a wingd werd in hiz ere: 'Looc here, oald chap: nun ov the Gessop biznes. Its too damd cereyous nou.' 'I, i, cer.' Margesson, in perfect stile, cent bac the laast baul ov the over. Appelyard obegently bloct and bloct. But in vane. For wun ov Bremmerdailz maaster-creyaishonz ov innocent outword sho and inword ghile sneect round Margessonz defens and tooc hiz leg stump. Nine wickets doun: total a hundred and fifty-cevven: laast man, nine. Hernbastwic, in sum elaisnon, wer throwing hi catchez round the feeld while Dilsted, Anmeringz next (and laast) man in, wauct too the wicket. Margesson ced too Tom

Appelyard, 'Its up too u nou, mi lad. Let em hav it, dam slam and aul if u like. But, bi Gin'go, we must pool it of nou. Oanly cevven too win.' Appelyard laaft and rubd hiz handz.

Dhare wauz no moer dezultory tauc: aul tens expectancy. 'If Cer Olliver ghets the boling, dhat poots the lid on it: nevver hit a baul yet.' 'Whi doo dha pla him then?' 'Whi, u cilly as, becauz hese such a thundering good wicket-keper.' Jorj Chedisford, about cixtene, home from Winchester becauz ov the meselz, maintaind a machure celf-poseshon at Lord Anmeringz elbo: 'I wish mi frater—wish mi bruther wauz in agane, cer. Hede doo the tric.' 'U wauch Mr. Appelyard: hese a hitter.' Bi good luc, dhat baul dhat had beten Margesson wauz laast ov the over, so dhat Appelyard, not Dilsted, faist the boling: Houward wuns moer, a Polifemus refresht. Hiz ferst baul wauz a yorker, but Appelyard stopt it. The cecond, Appelyard, aul prudent chex abandond, stept out and swiapt. Boundary: foer. Grate aplaudingz: the parsonz children and the too littel Rustam boiz, withe the frensy ov Ghelf and Ghibelline, jumpt up and doun josling eche uther. The next baul, a verry feers wun, picht short and rose at the batsmanz hed. Appelyard smasht it withe a teriffic over-hand stroke: foer agane—'Dun it!' 'Mach!'

Then, at the foerth baul, Appelyard slogd, mist, and wauz caut in the slips. And so amid grate merriment, chaaf and muchuwal con'grachulaishonz, the game came too an end.

'Cum intoo the Reffuge,' ced Gim Scarnside, overtaking Mary az dha went in too dres for dinner: 'just for too toose. I left mi humbel berthda offering in dhare, and I waunt too ghiv it too u.'

'O, but,' she ced, pausing and loocking bac, wun foot on the threshoald ov the big French windo: 'I thaut it wauz a bargane, no moer berthda

prezents. I caant hav u spending aul dhose pennese on me.' Her rite hand wauz lifted too a looce hanger ov wistareyaa bloome, shoalder-hi beside the doerwa: in her left she carrede her hat, which she had taken of wauking up from the garden. The slaant evening sun kindeld so depe a Veneeshan gloery in her hare dhat evvery smuithewound coil, eche brade, eche fine straying littel kerl or tendril, had its particcular fire-cullor, ov chesnut, tungd flame, inword glo ov the broun-red sercon, bernisht copper, reelgar, sun-bleecht goald: not celf-cullord, but aul in a shimmer and interchainj ov huse, az she muivd her hed or the are sterd them.

'Twenty pennese preciasly,' ced Gim. 'Caant caul dhat braking a bargane. Cum. Plese.'

'Aul rite,' she smiald, and went befoer him throo the smaual te-roome and its cents ov popoory, and throo the grate skin-strune haul withe its poertraits and armor and trofese and oald oke and oald lether and Perzhan rugz and huge open fire-place fild at this cezon withe rosez and summer grenery, and so bi a long soft-carpeted passage too the roome dha cauld the Reffuge: a cosy sunny roome, not belonging too Mary speshaly or too her faather, but too boath, and fre beciadz too aul dogz (dhose at leest dhat wer aloud in the hous) dhat livd at Blundz, and too aul deserving frendz and relaishonz. Dhose parts ov the waulz dhat wer not maasct bi booc-cacez or bi picchuerz shode the pale reddish paper ov Moricez willo pattern; a frese ov hiz rich darc nite-blu desine ov frute, withe its enrichments ov oranj, lemmon, and pommegranate and dhare crimzon and pallid bluimz, ran around belo the celing. Dhare wauz a sqware tabel withe darc grene cloth and uppon it a cilver bole ov rosez: riting thhingz on the tabel and chaerz about it, and big esy chaerz befoer the fire-place: a bag ov tuilz (sauz, hammerz, scru-driverz, pliyerz and such-like) behiand the doer, a lether gun-cace and fishing-rodz in this corner, wauking-stix and hunting-crops in dhat, a pare ov feeld-glaacez on the shelf, sum dog-meddicianz: piaps and cigar-boxez on the mantelpece: on a buro a

larj mahoggany musical-box: an erly Victoereyan werc-tabel, a rac fool ov nuesdayerz, a Cotman abuv the mantel, an ainshent braas-bound chest cuvverd withe an oreyal rug or foot-cloth ov cilc: a Swis coocoo-cloc: a whole red ro ov Badekerz on wun ov the boocshelvz, yello-bax on anuther: "Wuthering Hiats" open on a cide-tabel, Kiplingz "Menny Invenshonz" open on a chare, and a text ov Homer on the

top ov it: a box ov tin soalgerz and a smaul boiz cricket bat beside them: over dhare a dol or too and a toi ththeyater, withe a whole mas ov woolly munkese, sum in silver-paper armor and hoalding pinz for soerdz: a cocker spanyel aslepe on the harthrug, and a littel darc gra hary dog, a kiand ov Ski terreyer withe big bat-like eerz and ov beghiling aperans, aslepe in an armchare. Dhare pervaded this roome, not too be expeld for aul the fresh garden are dhat came and went throo its wide windose and doer which open on the garden, a cent cureyously complex and cureyously agreyabel, az ov a savory schu compounded ov this

varede aparatus ov the humannitese. Plainly a Reffuge it wauz, and bi no empty rite ov name: a reffuge from tidines and from aul en' gianz, corectichuedz, and imposishonz ov the werld: in this grate hous'hoald, a littel abby ov Thalaem, withe its sufishent lau, '*Fay ce que voudras*'.

Mary sat on the tabel while Gim unnertht from sumwhare a littel parcel and presented it too her, withe cizzorz from the werc-tabel too cut the string. 'Twenty, u ce, for the berthda cake,' he ced, az she emptede out on the grene base a handfool ov littel cullord candelz.

'U ar so abcerd.'

'We aut too hav the cake,' he ced. 'No time for it nou, dho. Looc: dhare ar heeps ov cullorz, u ce. Doo u no whaut dha mene?'

'Hou shood I no?'

'Ile sho u': he began too arainj them cide bi cide. 'Dhare hily cimbollical. Nine white. Dhose ar yor nine ferst yeerz: *tabula rasa*, from mi point ov vu. Then, u ce, a red wun: a red-letter da for u when u ferst met me.'

'Wauz I ten then? Ide forgotten.'

'Laa Bel Dame sanz Mercy, aulwase forghets. Nou, looc: viyolet, blu, grene, yello, oranj, pinc.'

'The rainbo?'

'Havnt I charming thauts?'

'Then thre goaldy wunz. Goald dust in them,' ced she, tutching them withe wun fin'gher.

'Becauz ov the prezents,' Gim ced, 'dhat Ide like too hav ghivven u these laast thre yeerz, had I bene Midas or Jon D. Rockefeller. Laast, u observ: Blac. For mi one sake, becauz yor gowing too be marrede.'

'Mi dere Gim, whaut afool noncens! Whoo toald u so?'

'Dhat wood be telling. Iznt it tru?' He bact too the fire-place and stood loocking at her.

The sudden cullor in her cheke, spredding yet lower az she faist him, made her ceme (if dhat cood be) yet luvleyer. 'It iz not so,' aancerd she. 'Nor it wauz not so. And, indede, God forbid it evver shood be so.'

'O dain'gerous rezolueshon. But I reyalz thhinc its uncommon nice ov u,

Mary. Ov coers, for micelf, I gave up hope long ago; and ule hav notiaast Ive even ghivven up aasking u these laast—too yeerz, iz it? No, cins yor laast berthda:’ Mary gave a littel start. He muivd too the windo, and stood not too looc direct at her: ‘dhat wauz reyaly when I decided, better ghiv it up. But it duz help mi celf-esteme too no dhaerz no wun els in the offing,’ he ced, liatly az befoer, playing withe the cizzorz. ‘Ma I tel pepel the good nuse?’

‘Certainly not. Whi shood u go medling withe mi afaerz? I thhinc its moast insolent ov u.’

‘Wel, I thaut u mite like me too tel—wel, Glanford: just too brake the nuse too the poer fellaa.’

Dhare wauz ded cilens. He looct round. Marese hed wauz ternd awa: she ceemd too be counting the littel candelz withe her fin’gher. Suddenly she stood up: went over too the fire-place. ‘Shelaaz a nauty littel thhing,’ she ced: the form kerld up on the chare muivd the tip ov a fethery tale and, withe a pricking and apologetic laying agane ov bat-like eerz, caast up at Mary a moast melting glaans. ‘Ate a qworter ov a pound ov butter in the larder this morning; and yet nou, whaut a littel juwel she loox: az if butter woodnt melt.’ She bent and kist the littel crechure betwene the ise, a kiand ov butterfli kis, then, erect agane, confrunted Gim.

‘It wauz infernal cheke on mi part,’ he ced, ‘too sa dhat. Stil: betwene oald frendz—’

Mary swept up the candelz. ‘I must fli and chainj.’ Then, over her shoalder from the doerwa, whare she ternd for an instant, taul, lite ov carrage in her white dres, like a nimf ov Artemis: ‘Thanx for a werd fitly spoken, *mon ami*.’

Lady Mary Scarnside

DHAT sumthhing which, aslepe or awake, resided nere the corner ov Marese mouth peect at itcelf in the loocking-glaas: a private interchainj ov intelligens betwene it and its reflecshon dhare, not for her too rede. She ternd from the drescing-tabel too the windo. It wauz slac-wauter, and the tide in. Under the sun the cerface ov the creke wauz liqwid goald. The point, withe its coastgard cottage, shode misty in the distans. Landscape and wauterscape departed, horizon beyond horizon, too dhat meting ov erth and hevven which, perhaps becauz ov the so menny moer and finer gradaishonz ov are made vizsibel, ceemd far ferther remote in this beghinning ov midsummer evening dhan in the hite ov da. Mary stood for a minnute loocking from the windo, whare the aerz sterd withe hunnisukel cents and rose cents and sault and pun'gent cents ov the marsh and ce.

Suddenly she muivd and came bac too the loocking-glaas. "'Then dhats cetteld, Cenyoritaa Mareyaa. I carry u of too-nite.'"—And dhat,' she ced aloud, loocking at hercelf withe dhat ciadwase incicive mocking looc dhat she inherrited from her faather, 'wauz a pece ov damd impertinens.'

Dhare wauz a noc at the doer. 'Cum in. O An'geyer, Ile ring when Ime reddy for u: ten minnuets or so.'

'Yes, mi lady. I thaut yor ladiship wood waunt me too doo yor hare

too-nite.'

'Yes Ile ring,' Mary ced, ghivving her made a smile in the loocking-glaas. She retiard, saying, 'Its neerly haaf paast cevven, mi lady.'

Haaf paast cevven. And haaf paast cevven this morning. Twelv ourz ago. Throne from her ring, whare the sun tooc it, a rainbo streke ov cullor apeerd on the carpet: her white kitten made a pouns too cese the mistereyous daancing prezsens, nou dhare, nou gon. And then, haaf paast cevven too-moro. Aulwase on the go, bi the looc ov it: evverithhing. Nuthhing stase. She muivd her fin'gher, too drau the iridescent fantom agane along the carpet and so up the waul, out ov reche from velvet pauz dhat pounst. And yet, u caant beleve dhat. The whole point about a thhing like this morning iz dhat it duz sta: sumwhare it stase. Whaut u waunt too fiand out hou too ghet bac too it: or forword? for it iz forword, too. Or perhaps bac and forword doant belong too it at aul: it just iz. Perhaps bac and forword just arnt. Perhaps, perhaps, perhaps.

Too ride her doun like dhat: if enniwun had cene them. 'Unpardonabel,' Mary ced, az she tooc her cete at the mirror and began too let doun her hare. And Tessaa iz a pritty good littel mare: shode him a clene pare ov heelz for a mile or so. Sumthhing in the shaddowy bacgroundz ov the mirror cerprisingly ashuemd a nete littel blac thurroabred horcez face, and shockingly ced too Mary: 'Havnt I a perfect mouth? too hav understood and slode doun the leest littel bit in the werld just at the—'

The north-westerly sun made it hot in the drescing-roome. The doer wauz shut betwene this and her bedroome, too kepe dhat coole for the nite: bedroome withe windose dhat opennd north and eest too let in the morningz.

She wauz in a kiand ov kimono ov pale blu cilc aafter her baath, and nou,

for this hete, while she sat too brush her hare, she untide the sash, and withe a shake ov her shoalderz, let the soft garment faul open and doun about her hips. 'Carry u of too-nite.' It reyaly wauz a bit much. The extrordinary cuilnes ov it aul, aafter dhat dredfool cene dha had had at the end ov Aipril, when he had ternd up five munths befoer hiz time, and she had ced—wel, ced enuf too end it for moast men, wun wood thhinc. And yet nou, this morning, aafter cix weex ov obegent abcens and cilens—. She had ridden too houndz often enuf; but too be hunted like a hare! Tru, she had started the thhing, in a wa, bi tarning too ride of in the uther direcshon az soone az she sau him. But stil. Her boozom rose and fel withe the memmory ov it: az if aul the wide univers had suddenly run hunting-mad, and she the qwory: she and poor littel Tessaa withe her fliying fete: an exiatment like darcnes withe sudden rolingz in it like distant drumz; and the trese, the sollid ground, the waking buttercups and meddoaswete withe the ju on them, the pegghy-whiatthrote on the thorn, the briyer-rose at the ej ov the wood, larx trilling invizibel in the blu, the verry upland nunes ov the summer are ov this berthda morning, aul had ceemd az if caut up intoo dhat frensy ov flite too join in the hunt, multipliying the galloping music ov Lescingamz hors-huivz, nou loud, nou dim, nou loud agane, too a hu and cri and a gallop ov aul these thhingz. And then the cuilnes ov him, aafter this wiald hors-race: the astounding ashurans ov this proposishon, poot too her so esily and az if it wer the cimpest thhing in the werld: and hiz havving a motorcar, so dhat dha shoodnt be caut. Moast monstrous ov aul, about the luggage: dhat he had luggage for her az wel, evvery poscibel thhing she cood waunt, evvery kiand ov cloadhz.

Hou did he no? Mary lade doun her brush and leend bac, staring intoo her one ise for a minnute in the loocking-glaas. Then, aafter a minnute, sum commical matter sterd in her ise' inword cornerz. 'Hou did u no?' she ced, adrescing not her one image but the mirrord doer over its shoalder, az if sumwun had cum in dhare and stood in the doerwa. Then, withe ise resting on hercelf agane, she ced suddenly in hercelf:

'This iz hou I shood—. If we wer too be—If we ar too be—But no, mi frend. Not too be swept up like—like a bunch ov candelz.'

She and her loocking-glaas celf cervade wun anuther for a while, cooly, in detale, not loocking enny moer intoo eche utherz ise nor over eche utherz shoalderz too the doer beyond. At length the loocking-glaas immagine ced, not audibly, but too Marese inword ere: I supose a man cese it differently. I thhinc I understand, partly, hou he mite ce it: sumthhing verry delliciate, esily hert, esily broken, but so gentel dhat u coodnt bare too. Like a feeld-mous or sum such: or like a baby. No, for whaut matterz about a baby iz whaut it iz gowing too be; but this,—here it iz, fool-flejd: whaut it iz and whaut it aut too be, in wun: duznt waunt too chainj: just too be. Dhat iz enuf for enniboddy. And its pouwer, whaut aul pouwer aut too be: not too overpouwer the weke, but overpouwer the pouwerfool. Reyaly it haznt enny pouwer: exept dhat it nede oonly lift a fin'gher, and evvery pouwer dhare iz or evver cood be must rise too protect it.

But dhat iznt tru, (ced the loocking-glaas immagine, gowing over withe musing untrubbeld ise the thhing befoer it: chin, throte: gleme ov a shoalder betwixt faulen mascez ov flame-cullord hare: armz whose kervz had the moashon ov swaunz in them and the swaunz whiatnes: brests ov a Greke moald and fermnes, duv-like, silver-pure, pointing dhare rose-flouwerz in a Greke pride: and dhose wiald delliciate littel perfecshonz, ov the like flame-cullor, beneeth her armz): dhat iznt tru. And withe dhat (perhaps for too cecondz) sumthhing happend in the mirror: a too-cecondz' glimps az ov sum mennace dhat rusht upwordz, like the smoke ov sum exploazhon, too yauning imencitese bleke, unmening, unmiandfool ov the werm dhat iz man; intoo which void dhare ceemd, for dhat moment, too be suct up aul cumfort ov cosy roome, home, dere wunz, gayety ov uethfool blud, the swete nostalgaa ov chiald'hood born ov the pece ov dhat June evening, its cents, its inwordnes and

whisperd prommice: the familleyar cuntricide dhat made a lap for aul these: the ce, iland-gherdling ov In'gland: the kiandly natchural erth: the verry bacgroundz and foundaishonz ov historic time: suct up, swaulode, braut too naut. And, naked too this ruifles and universal Nuthhing, she: imezhurably alone, a littel femminine livving beying, and these 'littel decaying butese ov the boddy'.

But too cecondz oonly, and blud daanst agane. Mary jumpt too her fete: poot on sum cloadhz: rang the bel.

She wauz neerly reddy when her faatherz noc came on the doer: hiz vois, 'Can I cum in?'

'Cum in, Faather.' She swam toowordz him withe the stile ov a du Moreyer dutches and shooc handz in the moast extreme hi-handed afectaishon ov the moment. 'So charmd u cood cum, Lord Anmering. So charmin' ov u too spare us the time, withe so much huntin' and shootin' this time ov yere, and the foxez etin' up aul the pare-blossom and aul.'

He plade up; then stood bac too admire her, ththeyatricaly poazd for him, withe sweping ov her trane and mannage ov her point-lace fan. Her ise daanst withe hiz. 'Loocking verry bonny,' he ced, and kist her on the foerhed. 'Tabel arainjd? I supose uve ghivven me Lady Southmere? and Hu on yor rite?'

'O yes. Juty at dinner: plezhure aafterwordz.'

He caut the looc on her face az she ternd too the drescing-tabel for her gluvz: this and a straind sumthhing in her vois. 'Not a verry nice wa,' he ced, 'too tauc about our frendz.'

Mary ced nuthhing, bizsy at her loocking-glaas.

Lord Anmering stood at the windo, trimming hiz nailz, hiz bac toowordz her. Prezently he ced qwiyetly, 'Ime ghetting a bit tiard ov this attichude toowordz Glanford.'

Mary wauz unclaasping her perl neclace too chainj it for the saffire pendant: it slipt and fel on the drescing-tabel. 'Dam!' she ced, and wauz cilent.

'Doo u understand whaut I ced?'

'Attichude? Ive nun, dhat Ime aware ov. Certainly not "toowordz".' She faacend the claasp at the bac ov her nec, ternd and came too him whare he stood, stil ternd awa from her in the windo: slipt her arm in hiz. 'And Ime not gowing too be boollede on mi berthda.' Hiz arm titend on herz, a larj reyashuring preshure, az too sa: Ov coers she shaant.

He looct at hiz wauch. 'Five paast ate. We aut too be gowing doun.'

'O and, Faather,' she ced, terning bac too him haaf wa too the doer, 'I doant thhinc I toald u (such a rush aul da): whoome doo u thhinc I met out riding this morning? and aasct him too cum too dinner too-nite? Edword Lescingam. Oonly bac from Ittaly, and I doant no whare, laast munth.'

Lord Anmering had stopt short. 'U aasct him too dinner?'

'Yes.'

'Whaut did u doo dhat for?'

'Ordinary civillity. Verry lucky, too: wede hav bene thre thhertenz urtherwise, withe Lady Dilsted terning up.'

'Paa! wede hav bene thre thherteenz withe him, then, when u aasct him. And it iznt so: we wer thherty-ate.'

'Thherty-nine withe Madam de Rozaaz.'

'Mi dere gherl, u caant hav dhat daancer woomman cit doun withe us.'

'Whi not? Shese verry nice. Perfectly respectabel. I thhinc it wood be unkiand not too. Enniboddy els wood doo it.'

'Its monstrous, and yor oald enuf too no better.'

'Wel, Ive aasct her, and Ive aasct him. U can order them boath out if u waunt too make a cene.'

'Doant tauc too me like dhat,' ced her faather. She shrugd her shoalderz and stood loocking awa, verry rebelleyous and an'gry. 'And I thaut u nu perfectly wel,' he ced, 'dhat I doant care for dhat yung Lescingam about the place.'

'I doant understand whaut u mene, "about the place".'

'I doant care about him.'

'I caant thhinc whi. Uve aulwase liact An Bremmerdale. Iznt hiz fammily good enuf for u? Az oald az ourz. Oalder, I shood thhinc. Uve hardly cene him.'

'I doant propose too discus him,' ced Lord Anmering, loocking at her peercingly throo hiz i-glaas: then fel cilent, az if in debate whether or not too speke hiz miand. 'Looc here, mi darling,' he ced, at laast, withe an upword flic ov the iabrou letting the i-glaas faul: 'Its just az wel too hav cardz on the tabel. It haz bene mi cereyous hope dhat u wood wun da marry Hu Glanford. Ime not gowing too foers

it or sa enny moer. But, thhingz beying az dha ar, it iz az wel too be plane about it.'

'I shood hav thaut it had bene plane enuf for sum time. Hanging about us aul the cezon: moast ov laast winter, too. Pepel beghinning too tauc, I shood thhinc.'

'Whaut rubbish.'

'Aul the same, it wauz nice ov u too tel me, Faather. Hav u bene plane about it too him too?'

'He aproacht me sum time ago.'

'And u gave him yor—?'

'I wisht him luc. But natchuraly he understandz dhat mi gherl must decide for hercelf in a thhing like dhat.'

'Hou verry kiand ov him.' Mary began laafing. 'This iz deliatfool: like the ballad:

*'He's teld her father and mither baith,
As I hear sindry say,
But he has nae teld the lass her sell,
Till on her wedding day.'*

Her vois hardend: 'I wish I wauz twenty-wun. Doo az I liact, then. Marry the next man dhat aasct me—'

'Mary, Mary—'

'—So long az it wauznt Hu.' Mary gave a littel gulp and disapeerd

intoo her bedroome, slamming the doer behiand her. Her faather, fete
plaanted
wide apart in the middel ov her drescing roome floer, wated, moodily
pollishing hiz i-glaas withe a white cilc pocket-hankerchefe cented
withe o de Colone. In thre minnuets she wauz bac agane, rajantly
mistres ov hercelf, withe a prezsens ov mischefe dimpling so eluciavly
about mouth and ise in her swimming toowordz him, dhat it wer eseyer
tel blac from grene in the rifel-berdz glinting nec, dhan tel
whether in this pece-making she charmingly dispenst pardon or az
charmingly saut it. 'Happy berthda?' she ced, inclining her brou
demuerly for him too kis. 'Must go doun nou, or pepel wil be
ariving.'

Amung the ghests nou acembling in the drauwing-roome Lescingamz
arival
wauz withe sum such unnoted yet precice efect az follose the paacing ov
a lite cloud acros the sun, or the cumming ov the sun fool out agane az
the cloud shifts. Mary ced, az dha shooc handz, 'U no Mr.
Lescingam, Faather? u remember he and Gim wer at Eton tooghether.'

Dhare wauz frost in Lord Anmeringz greting. 'I had forgotten dhat,' he
ced. 'When wauz it I met u laast?'

'About a yere ago, cer', ced Lescingam. 'Ive bene out ov In'gland.'

'I thhinc I remember. Uve livd abraud a good dele?'

'Yes, cer: on and of, these laast cevven yeerz.'

'Whaut did u cum home for?'

Lescingamz ise wer gra: strate ov gase, but not esily red, and

withe a smoalder in the depths ov them. He aancerd, 'Too cettel up sum afaerz.'

'And so abraud agane?'

'Ive not decided yet.'

'A roling stone?'

Lescingam smiald. 'Afrade I am, cer.'

Gim joind them: 'Did I tel u, unkel, about Lescingamz running acros sum ov yor Ghercaa poerterz when he wauz in Injaa too or thre yeerz ago? dhat had cliamd withe u and Mr. Freshfeeld in Cickim?'

'Yor a climer, then?' Lord Anmering ced too Lescingam, loocking him up and doun: verry taul, perhaps six foot thre, blac-haerd, sunbernt but, az hiz foerhed shode, natchuraly white and clere ov skin, and withe the looc ov wun abel too comaand boath himcelf and utherz, az iz not often cene at dhat age ov five and twenty.

'Ive dun a littel.'

'A lot,' ced Gim. Lescingam shooc hiz hed.

'In the Himalayaa?' ced Lord Anmering.

'A littel, cer.'

'A littel!' ced Gim: 'just liscen hou these mountaneerz tauc too eche uther! Twenty-too thouzand fete he did wuns, on—whauts the name ov it?—wun ov the cubz ov Nan'gaa Parbat. A teriffic thhing; and pagez about it at the time in the "Alpine Gernal". Cum,' he ced, taking Lescingamz arm, 'I waunt too introjuce u too mi cister. She marrede a

Rushan: we can nevvver pronouns the name, nun ov us; so plese doant miand, and plese doant tri. Yor taking her in too dinner: dhats rite, Mary?’

Mary smiald acent. For a flash, az she ternd too welcum the Denmor-Benthamz whoo had just cum in, her glaans met Lescingamz. And, unles cene bi him and bi her, then too evvery livving i invizsibel, sumthhing (for dhat flash) daanst in the are betwene them: ‘But, aafter dinner—’

Dinner wauz in the picchure gallery (whare later dha wer aulso too daans), the oanly roome big enuf and long enuf too take forty pepel cumfortably at wun tabel. A fine roome it wauz, aty fete perhaps bi twenty-five, withe a ro ov taul lo-cild windose gowing the whole length ov its western waul. These, left unkertaind when dinner began, and withe dhare lower sashez throne up too admit the evening are, wer fild withe the suncet. Duzsenz ov candelz, eche from under its rose-cullord littel prim hat ov pleted cilc, beemd down clere uppon the white ov the tabel-cloth, the glaas, the cilver and the chinaa and the flouwerz ov Marese chusing and dellicate tralerz ov greenery; imbuwing beciadz withe a softer, a wiadleyer difuezd and a wormer glo the evening drescez, the juwelz, the masculine blac and white, the facez, hoasts’ or ghests’: facez which, yung oald or ov doutfool date, wer yet aul bi this unity ov candel’lite braut intoo wun picchure, and bi the yet areyer but deper unity dhat iz in plezzant In’glish blud, cecure, esy, ga, fancy-fre. And, (az for proofe dhat In’gland wer too rong her one nachure did she fale too abzorb the exottic), even the Spannish woomman, midwa doun the tabel betwene Gim Scarncide and Hesper Dagwerth, wauz

acimmilated bi dhat solvent, az the sovverane alcahest wil subju and swaulo up aul refractory ellements and goald itcelf.

Conversaishon, like a balla ov littel annimalz (ghests at Qwene Alicez loocking-glaas party when ththingz began too happen), tript, pauzd, footted it in and out, pirouweted, crost and reternd, bac and foerth among the facez and the glaacez and the drescez and the liats. For a while, about the hed ov the tabel, the moer clascic figguerz revolvd under the direcshon ov Lord Anmering, Mr. Romer, Genneral Macnauten and

Mr. Evverard Scarncide. Lady Rozamund Kersted, on the skerts ov this Parnassus, her bac too the windose, temperd its aerz withe vizhonz ov skeying-sloaps abuv Villarz dhat Februwary (her ferst taist ov winter spoerts), and so suxeded at laast in enveegling An and Margesson and Mr. Scarncide from dhose moer intelecchuwal cintillaishonz (which An exeld in but Rozamund found boering) doun too con'geenyal common ground

ov Ascot, Henly, Lordz, the Franco-Brittish Exhibishon, in prospect and retrospect: whaut too ware, whaut not too ware: August, Ceptember, grouz-moorz and staukerz' paaths ov Invernesshire and Sutherland.

Lescingam, ferther doun on the same cide ov the tabel, held a thre-cornerd conversaishon withe Annabel Mitzmesinsky on hiz rite and Fanny on hiz left: here the tauc daanst too merreyer and strain'ger chuenz, decking itcelf out az if the five continents and aul paast and prezsent wer its wordrobe. Intoo its vortex wer draun Tom Chedisford and Mrs. Bentham from acros the tabel, til Jac Baly sat maruind; for, while Mrs. Bentham, hiz riatfool partner, whoo had hithertoo displade a moast cumforting interest in ththingz within the graasp ov hiz understanding, unfelingly began too ignoer him for the qwatrocento, Lucy Dilsted on hiz uther cide conducted an esoterric conversaishon, not verry vocal, withe her feyaansa. Jac, hering at laast in this loanlines a name he nu (ov Botichellese *Primavera*), tooc advaantage ov a lul in the tauc too sa,

withe onnest fillistine convicshon, 'And "dhats" a "naasty" picchure.' Gim and Hesper Dagwerth experrimented bi ternz, Hesper withe hiz one Spanish,

Gim withe the ladese In' glish, on Madam de Rozaaz, whoo dhus became a distracshon in the moer cereyous discushonz carrede on bi Bremmerdale, Cuunel Plater, and Gim, on the subget ov point-too-points. Appelyard withe hiz funny stoerese kept the Plater gherlz in fits ov boisterous laafter, til finaly dha tooc too bombarding him withe bred-pilz: an enterprise az suddenly ended az suddenly begun, under the horifide reproofe ov the parsonz wife and the moer qwelling glare ov the paternal i uppon them.

At the foot ov the tabel Mary, az hoastes, ceemd at ferst too hav her handz fool: withe Hu on her rite, raather sulky, centing (ma be) an unfavorabel climate for hiz intended propozal, and becumming moer and moer nervous az time went bi; and, on her left, the bresy Admiral, flerting outrajously withe Mrs. Dagwerth whoo ceemd, houwevver, a littel distrate, withe her i on Hesper and the de Rozaaz woomman. But Marese witty tauc and the mere prezsens ov her werct az luvly wether in spring, dhat can cet sap and blud and the whole werld in chune.

Lescingam and Mary, braking of from the daans az it braut them alongside the doer, went out qwicly and throo the te-roome and so out from the music and the ster and the glitter too the fre are ov the terrace, and dhare stood a minnute too taist it, her arm stil in hiz, loocking boath intoo the same enbouwerd remoatnes ov the darc and the star-shine: the fraigrant boddy ov nite, waicfool but stil.

Mary widhdru her arm.

Lescingam ced, 'Doo u mene too make a practice ov this? For the fuchure, I mene?'

'Ov whaut?'

'Whaut uve bene doowing too me too-nite?'

'I doant no. Probbably.'

'Good.'

Mary wauz fanning hercelf. Prezently he tooc the fan and plide it for her. The music sounded, ridhmic and swete, from the picchure gallery.

'Dhat wauz raather charming ov u,' she ced: 'too sa "good".'

'Extreemly charming ov me, if I wauz a fre agent. But u ma hav notiast, dhat Ime not.'

Mary ced, 'Doo u thhinc I am?'

'Compleetly, I shood sa. Compleetly fre, and remarcably elucive.'

'Elucive? Sumtiamz pepel speke truver dhan dha ghes.'

'Uve eluded me pritty suxesfooly aul the evening,' Lescingam ced, az she tooc bac the fan. The music stopt. Mary ced, 'We must go in.'

'Nede we? Yor not coald?'

'I waunt too.' She ternd too go.

'But, plese,' he ced at her elbo. 'Whaut hav I dun? The oonly daans weve had, and the evening haaf over—'

'Ime feling—ratty.'

Lescingam ced no moer, but follode her betwene the sleping flouwer-borderz too the hous. In the doerwa dha encounterd, among utherz, Glanford cumming out. He reddend and looct auqword. Mary reddend too, but paast in, aloofe, unperterbd. She and Lescingam came nou, throo the te-roome and the grate gallerede haul, too the drauwing-roome, whare, cins dinner, at the far end a kiand ov platform or stage had bene poot up, withe footliats along the frunt ov it, and in aul the mane floer ov the roome chaerz and sofaaz arainjd az for an augens. Shaded lamps on standardz or on tabelz at the ciadz and cornerz ov the roome made a restfool, uncertane, goalden lite.

‘Uve herd the castanets befoer, I suppose?’ ced Mary.

‘Yes. Oonly wuns properly: in Bergos.’

‘Castanets and cathheedralz go raather wel tooghether, I shood thhinc.’

‘Yes,’ he ced. ‘I nevver thaut ov dhat befoer; but dha doo. A cureyous mix up ov opposiats: the feling ov Time, clicking and clicking endlessly awa; and the uther—wel, az if dhare wer sumthhing dhat did percist.’

‘Like mountainz,’ Mary ced; ‘and the funny littel noiz ov streemz, da aafter da, munth aafter munth, running down dhare ciadz.’

Lescingam ced, under hiz breth, ‘And sumtiamz, an avvalaansh.’

Dha wer standing nou befoer the fire-place, which wauz fild withe mascez ov white madonnaa lillese. Over the mantelpece, lited from abuv bi a hidden electric lamp, hung an oil painting, the hed-and-shoalderz poertrate ov a lady withe smuithe blac hare, verry pale ov complecshon, taken neerly fool-face, withe sloping shoalderz under her gausy dres and a delliciate slender nec (ἀπαλὴ δειρή, az Homer haz it in the him). Her foerhed wauz hi: face long and oval: iabrouz archt and slender: nose

rather long, very straight, and with the faintest disposition too turned up at the end, which gave it a certain air of insolent but not unkindly disdainfulness. Her nose was large, and the space wide between them and between the nose and the forehead: the nose of each, curving swiftly up from the inner corner, ended at the outer corner with another sudden upward twist: a slightly eastern cast of countenance, with a touch perhaps of the Japanese and a touch of the harsh Tartar.

'Renoldz,' said Lescingam, after a minute looking at it in silence.

'Yes.'

'An ancestor?'

'No. No relation. Look at the name.'

He looked there too, in the corner of the canvas: "An Horton 1766".

'Dun when she was about nineteen,' said Mary. 'Dun seemed too common, as she looked at that portrait, a subtle alteration in her whole demeanor, as when, some day in word-stuffing of the commonplace, friend looks on friend. 'Do you like it?'

On Lescingam's face, still studying the picture, a like alteration came. 'I love it.'

'She went in for fatty degeneration later on, and became Dutchess of Cumberland. Gainsborough painted her as that, several times, later.'

'I don't believe it,' he said. 'He looked round at Mary. 'Neither the fat,' he said, 'nor the degeneration. I think I know those later paintings, and now I don't believe them.'

'Dun not interesting,' Mary said. 'But in this way, these certainly

not verry ateenth-cenchury. Cureyously outside aul daits, I shood sa.'

'Or incide.'

'Yes: or incide aul daits.'

Lescingam looct agane at Mrs. An Horton—the ciadwase inclinaishon ov the ise: the compleetly cerene, compleetly aware, impennetrabel, waying, looc: lips az if nu-cloazd, az in Veronaa, uppon dhat private *ça m'amuse*. He looct qwicly bac agane at Mary. And, plane for him too ce, the sumthhing dhat inhabbited nere Marese mouth ceemd too start awake or delishously too reccognise, in the picchure, its one liacnes.

It reccogniazd aulso (wun ma ghes) a prezsent justificaishon for the *ça m'amuse*. Perhaps the lady in the picchure had diviand Marese anoiyans at Glanfordz incistent, unjuly posescive, propozal, at her one raather summary regecshon ov it, and at Lescingamz methodz dhat ceemd too tar him incon'gruwously withe the same brush (and her faather, too, not widhout a tuch ov dhat tar): diviand, moerover, the exasperaishon in Marese conshousnes dhat she overwhelmingly belongd too Lescingam, dhat she wauz beying swept on too a chois she did not waunt too make, and dhat Lescingam unpardonably (but scaersly un'natchuraly, not beying in these ceecrets) did not ceme too understand the cichuwaishon.

Mary laaft. It wauz az if aul the face ov the nite wauz cleerd agane.

The roome wauz filling nou. Madam de Rozaaz, in shaul and blac mantillaa, tooc her place on the platform, while belo, on her rite, the musishanz began too chune up. Lescingam and Mary had esy chaerz at the bac, nere the doer. The lamps wer swicht out, aul exept dhose dhat lited the picchuerz, and the footliats wer swicht on. 'And mi Ciaprus picchure

over dhare?’ Lescingam ced in Marese ere. ‘Doo u no whi I cent it u?’

Mary shooc her hed.

‘U no whaut it iz?’

‘Yes: u toald me in yor letter. Sunrise from Olympus. It iz marvelous. The cens ov hite. Windy ski. The sun leping up behiand u. The coald shaddose on the mountainz, and goaldy lite on them. Cilver lite ov daun. And dhat tremendous throne shaddo ov Olympus himself and the kiand ov frinj ov red fire along its edgez: Ive cene dhat in the Alps.’

‘Doo u no whaut dhat iz, dhare: whare u ghet a tiny bit ov ce, awa on the left, far awa over the rain‘gez?’

‘Whaut iz it?’

‘Pafos. Whare Afrodity iz supoast too hav rizsen from the ce. I campt up dhare, abuv Troodos, for a fortnite: go up withe mi thhingz about foer oacloc evvery morning too cach the sunrise and paint it. Ile tel u sumthhing,’ he ced, verry lo: ‘I acchuwaly aulmoast came too beleve dhat stoery, the whole biznes, Homerric him, Botichellese picchure in the Ooffeetcy, evverithhing: aulmoast, in a qwere wa, when I wauz loocking acros dhare, alone, at daibrake.—But,’ he ced. The stringz berst intoo the ridhm ov an oald ceghidillaa ov Andaluezhaa: the Spanish woomman tooc the center ov the stage, swept her shaul about her shoalderz and stood, statchuwesc, moashonles, in the up-throne brilleyans ov the footliats. Lescingam looct up at her for a moment, then bac at Mary. Marese ise had left picchure for stage; but hiz, throo the haaf-lite, fed oanly uppon Mary: the profile ov her face, the gleme ov the saffiard

pendant dhat in so restfool a swete unrest breedhd withe her breething.
'But,' he ced, 'it wauz u.' The dusky saffire stood stil for an
instant, then, like a ship from the trof ov the ce, rose and, uppon
the cerj, doun agane.

'It wood be a foolish mith if it cood hav bene enniwun els but u,'
he whisperd. And the castanets began softly uppon a flutter or rumor ov
sound, scaers herd.

An Andaluezhan daans, dun bi a hiard woomman too plese the ghests at
an
In'glish cuntry hous in this yere ov Our Lord 1908. And yet, throo
sum handfaasting ov music withe landscape and poertrate painted and
dhare
embarking so, under the breth ov ceccular depe memmorese in the blud,
uppon dhat wormd saffire roct on so dere a ce, the ridhmz ov the
daans ceemd too take too themcelvz werdz:

Αἰδοίην χρυσοστέφανον καλὴν Ἀφροδίτην—

"Aufool, goald-cround, butifool, Afrodivy"— and so too the ending:

"Hale, U ov the flickering ilidz, hunny-swete! and vouchsafe
me in this contest too bare victory; and doo U achune mi song.
Shuerly so wil I too yet remember me ov anuther song too cing
U."

The castanets, on a long-draun thhin'nes ov sound, az ov graas-hopperz on
a hot hilcide in summer, trembeld doun too cilens. Then a berst ov
clapping: smialz and kertcese ov acnollejment from the platform: tauc
let looce agane in a buz and chatter, cleft withe the chuning ov the
stringz: under cuvver ov which, Mary ced softly, withe her i on the
Ciaprus picchure, 'U didnt reyalv beleve it?'

'No. Ov coers I didnt.'

'And yet perhaps, for a moment,' she ced: 'withe dhat barning on the ej ov the shaddo? for a moment, in the hurry too paint it?'

Lescingam ceemd too aancer not her but the mistery, in the haaf-lite, ov her face dhat wauz ternd toowordz hiz. In mid speche, az if for the swete smel ov her, the livving neernes ov her, hiz breth caut and hiz werdz stumbeld. 'I thhinc dhaerz part ov wun,' he ced, 'beleevz a lot ov qwere thhingz, when wun iz acchuwaly painting or riting.'

'Part? And then, aafterwordz, not beleve it enny moer?'

In a mist, under hiz ise the saffire woke and slept agane az, withe the slite shifting ov her poschure, the musc-rose milc-white vally narrode and depend.

She ced, verry softly, 'Iz dhat hou it werx? withe evverithhing?'

'I doant no. Wish I did.'

5

Qwene ov Harts
and
Qwene ov Spaidz

A HAAF mile north-eest from the summer pallace at Memmizon, out along the

backbone ov the hil, a levvel place, ov the bignes ov a tennis-coert, overhangz like a kestrelz nest the steeps dhat on dhat cide faul abruptly too the rivver-mouth ov Seshmarraa, its wauter-meddose and berd-haunted marshlandz. Here, yeerz ago, when King Mesenshus made an

end ov the werc or rasing about the littel oald spi-fortalice ov Memmizon haulz and chaimberz ov augens, and lodging for twenty-scoer soalgerz and for the foke ov aul degry propper too a prinsly coert beciadz, and braut too compleeshon the grate lo-bilt summer pallace, withe groavz and waux and hanging gardenz and herb-gardenz and wauter-gardenz and colonaidz, so dhat dhare shood be no cezon ov the yere nor no extreme ov wether but, for eche our ov the da, sum corner or nooc ov these garden plezzancez shood be found too fit it, and gave it aul, withe patent ov the jucal name and dignity, too Ammaaly, hiz best-beluvved; here,

on this graacy shelf, terning too dhat uce a spring ov clere wauter, he had deviazd for her her baath, az the divine Huntrecez, in a shade ov trese. A rib ov roc, grone over withe roc rosez and creping juniper, shut it from cite from the caacel and gardenz, and a gate and staerz throo the roc led down too it. Uppon the uther cide oax and waulnut-trese and mimosaa-trese and grate evergrene magnoleyaaz made a

screne along the parrapet withe vistaaz betwene ov Raizmaa Mere and, awa

leftwordz, ov the even vally floer, aul cut intoo feeldz withe hejrose and rounded shaips ov trese, clustering here and dhare too a billowy mas ov coppice or woodland. And dhare wer farmstedz here and dhare, and here and dhare reethingz ov smoke, and aul the long vally blu withe the midsummer dusc, the sun beying cetteld too rest, and the mountainz eest and north-eest darc blu against a qwiyet ski. Aul windz had faulen too slepe, and yet no cloasnes wauz on the are; for in this gentel climate ov the Mezreyan hilandz, az dhare iz no da ov winter but

keeps sum spice ov June in it, so iz no summerz da so sun-scorcht but sum tang ov winter sharpenz it, from mountane or ce. No lefe muivd. Oonly, from the inner cide ov dhat poole, the bubling up ov the wel from belo cent across the cerface ring aafter widening ring: a moashon not too be cene save az a faint stuuring, az mirrord in the wauter, ov thhingz which themcelvz stood moashonles: pale rosez, and qweenly flouwer-delicez ov darc and sumpshous huse ov perpel and rust ov

goald. In dhat perfect our aul shaddose had left erth and ski, and but form and cullor remaind: form, az a differing ov cullor from cullor, raather dhan az a matter ov line and ej (which indede wer departed withe the shaddose); and cullor differing from cullor not in tone but in cullorz celf, rich, celf-suficing, undisterbd: the ollive hu ov the home-oke, the grene-blac bosky obscuritese ov the pine, coole white ov the onnix bench abuv the wauter, the dellicate bluse ov the Dutchecez baithing-mantel ov netted cilc; incarnadine puritese, baerd or haaf-vaild, ov arm, shoalder, thhi; her unbound hare fool ov the red-goald harmonese ov beechwoodz in strong spring sunshine; and (hard too

dicern in this uncertane luminoscity or glome ov cocshut time) her face. Her oald ners, white-haerd, withe cheex rinkeld like a pippin and ise dhat ceemd too hoald sum sparkelz blone from her mistrecez buty, wauz bizsy about driying ov the Dutchecez fete, while she hercelf, resting her cheke on her rite hand withe elbo propt uppon cooshonz ov duv-gra velvet, looct southword across the nere wauter too the distant gleme ov the mere, cene beyond the parrapet, and too woodz and hilz throo which runz the rode south too Siyaanaa.

‘The sun iz doun. Yor grace wil not fele the coald?’

‘Coald too-nite?’ ced the Dutches, and sumthhing crost her face like the daans, tiny fetherd boddese uprite hovering, wingz a-flutter, dounword-pointing tailz flerting fan-like, ov a pare ov yello wagtailz dhat crost the poole. ‘Wate til too-moro: then, perhaps, coald

indede.'

'Hiz hines but goweth too cum agane, az evver wauz.'

'Too cum agane? So duz summer. But, az we gro oald, we lern the tric too be gellous ov eche summer departing; az if dhat wer end indede, and no summer aafter.'

'In twenty yeerz' time Ile ghiv yor buchous exelens leve too beghin such tauc, not nou: I dhat had u in cradel in yor cide-coats, and nor kingz nor juex too trubbel us then.'

'In twenty yeerz?' ced the Dutches. 'And I too-da withe a sun ov too and twenty.'

'Wil hiz grace ov Siyaanaa be here too-nite?' Mirraa ced, citting on the graas at the Dutchecez fete withe Viyolanty, ladese ov onnor.

'Whoo can foertel the wil-o'-the-wisp?'

'Yor grace, if enny,' ced the oald woomman; 'ceying he iz az like yor grace az u had spit him.'

'Hath hiz faather in him, too,' ced the Dutches: 'for maasterfoolnes, at leest, pride, opinyon and disdane, and nare cit stil: tern da in nite and nite in da. And u, mi luv-berdz, be not too medling in these matterz. I am informd whaut mad trix hav bene plade ov late in Siyaanaa. Remember, a spanyel poots up menny a foul. Brush mi hare,' she ced too the ners: 'so. It iz not we, ners, dhat gro oald. We but cit: looc on. And berth, and ueth, the fool bloome, the fading and the fauling, ar az picchuerz boern bi too plese or tese us; or az cezonz too the erth. Erth chain'gez not: no moer doo we. And deth but the leding on too anuther summer.'

'Sad thauts for a swete evening,' the oald ners ced, brushing.

'Whi not? unles (and I fere tiz tru) shaidz ar cuvveted in summer, but withe me tiz faul ov the lefe. Na, I am yung, shuerly, if sad thauts plese me. Yet, no; for dhaerz a taint ov hope swetenz the biting ov this sad saus ov mine; I can no moer luv it unnalloid, az rite ueth wil doo. Gro oald iz wers dhan but be oald,' she ced, aafter a pauz. 'Growing-painz, I thhinc.'

'I luv yor hare in summer,' the ners ced, lifting the shining trescez az it had bene sumthhing too fare and too fine for common hand too tuch. 'The sun fetchez out the goald in it, whare in winter wauz left but red-hot fire-cullorz.'

'Goald iz good,' ced the Dutches. 'And fire iz good. But pluc out the silver.'

'I nare found wun yet,' ced she. 'So the Lady Feyorindaa shal hav the Countecez place in the bedchamber? I had thaut yor grace cood never abide her?'

The Dutches smiald, reching for her hand-glaas ov emmerald and goald. 'Too-da, just uppon the placing ov the brecfasting-cuverz, I tooc a rezolv too chuse mi wimmen az I chuse gounz. And blac moast takingly becumz me. Mirraa, whaut cent hav u braut me?'

'The rose-flouwer or Armash.'

'It iz too ordinary. Too-nite I wil hav sumthhing moer strainj, sumthhing uncezonabel; sumthhing spring-like too confound midsummer. Wood-lillese: dhat wer good: in the goalden perfume-sprincler. But no,' she ced, az Mirraa arose too go for these: 'dha ar erthhy. Sumthhing hevven-like for too-nite. Bring me wood genshanz: dhose dhat gro menny along wun stem, so az u wood sware it had ferst bene Sollomonz cele

but, withe leving too hang its pale belz erthword, and withe loocking skiwordz insted throo a roofe ov mountane pianz, had ternd blu at laast: cullor ov the hevven it looct too.'

'Maddam, dha hav no cent.'

'Hou can u no? Whaut iz not poscibel, too-nite? fiand me sum. But ce: no nede', she ced. 'Feyorindaa! This iz take too yor jutese az an eghelz chiald too the wind.'

'I am long uest too wating on micelf,' ced dhat lady, cumming doun the steps out ov an archwa ov lefy darcnecez, stone pine uppon the left and thhic-woven tracerese ov an oald narld straubery-tre on the rite, her armz fool ov blu wood genshanz, and withe too littel boiz in grene coats, wun baring uppon a tra hippocras in a flaggon and goalden globlets, and the uther aipricots and nectareenz on dishez ov silver.

'Hav dha cent indede?' ced the Dutches, taking the genshanz.

'Plese yor grace too smel them.'

The Dutches gatherd them too her face. 'This iz madgic.'

'No. It iz the nite,' ced Feyorindaa, bidding the boiz cet doun and begon. The shaddo ov a smile paast acros her lips in the meting ov grene i-glaancez, herz and the Dutchecez, over the barreyer ov ski-blu flouwerz. 'Yor grace aut too kis them.'

The Dutches did so. Agane dhare glaancez met. The cent ov dhose woodland flouwerz, suttel and elucive, spoke a private werd az intoo the inword and ceecretest ere ov her whoo inhaild dhat perfume: az too sa, privaitly, 'I hav ended the wor. Five munths sooner dhan I ced, mi foot iz on dhare nex. And so, five munths befoer the time apointed,—I wil hav u,

Ammaaly.' She caut her breth; and dhat perfume liying so dellicate on the are dhat no cens but herz mite savor it, ced privaitly agane too Ammaalese blud, 'And dhat wauz in dhat roome in the touwer, hi uppon Acrosiyaanaa, withe grate windose dhat take the suncet, facing west over Ambremerene, but the bedchaimber loox eest over the ce: the ruimz whare too-da Barganax yor sun haz hiz private lodging. And dhat wauz this verry nite, ov midsummerz da, thre-and-twenty yeez ago.' She dismiss her gherlz, Mirraa and Viyolanty, withe a cine ov the hand, and, while the ners braded, coild and poot up her hare, kist the flouwerz agane, smuidhd her cheke against them az a butifool cat wil doo, gatherd them too her throte. 'Dere Godz!' she ced, 'wer it not blaasfemy, I cood suppose micelf the Qwene ov Hevven in Her incens-swete tempel in Ciaprus, az in the holy him, chusing out dhare Mi ornaments ov goald and swete-smelling soft rament, and so uppon the wind too Idaa, too dhat prinsly herdzman,

ὄς τότ' ἐν ἀκροπόλοις ὄρεσιν πολυτιδάκου Ἰδης,
βουκολέεσκεν βοῦς, δέμας ἀθανάτοισιν ἐοικώς·

"Whoo, on the hi-running rain'gez ov menny-fountaind Idaa,
Nete-herd wauz ov nete, but a God in frame and ceming.'"

'Blaasfemy?' ced Feyorindaa. 'Wil u sa the Godz wer are an'gherd at blaasfemy? I had thaut it wauz but fauls godz dhat cood take hert from dhat.'

'Even sa dha be not an'gherd, I wood yet fere the cin in it,' ced the Dutches: 'the oald sun ov ὕβρις—man too make himcelf eeqwal withe God.'

Feyorindaa ced, 'I qweschon whether dhare be in trueth enny such matter az cin.'

The Dutches, loocking up at her, abode an instant az if bedazseld and poot out ov her recconingz bi sum carracter, aleyen and cruwel and unregarding; dhat ceemd too cettel withe the dusc on the coald fechuerz ov dhat ladese face. 'Ghiv me mi cloke,' she ced then too the ners, and standing up and pooting it about her, 'go befoer and ce aul fit in mi robing-roome. Then retern withe liats. Wele cum thither shortly.' Then, the ners beying gon, 'I wil tel u an exaampel,' she ced. 'It iz a crying and hellish cin, az I conceive it, too hav wunz huzband bootcherd withe bodkinz on the peyaatsaa steps in Cresteniyaa.'

Feyorindaa raizd her iabrou in a moast innocent undisterbd cerprise. 'Dhat? I scaers thhinc Godz wood fret much at dhat. Beciadz, it wauz not mi doowing. Dho, truly,' she ced, verry eqwably, and uppon a lasy celf-prening cadens ov her vois, 'twauz no moer dhan the qwit-clame ju too him for unhandsum usage ov me.'

'It wauz dun about the tern ov the yere,' ced the Dutches; 'and but nou, in Ma, we ce letterz patent confuuring uppon yor huzband the leftennancy ov Raizmaa: the Lord Morvil, yor prezsent, cecond, huzband, I mene. Whaut qwaulificaishon fitted Morvil for dhat office?'

'Ile not disapoint yor grace ov yor aancer. Hiz qwaulificaishon wauz, beying huzband ov mine; aulbeyit then but ov thre weex' standing.'

'U ar wiazly bent, I fiand. Tel me: iz he a good huzband ov hiz one onnor?'

'Truly,' aancerd she, 'I hav not ghivven much thaut too dhat. But, hou I thhinc ont, I juj him too be wun ov dhose bool-caavz dhat hav it bi nachure too sprout hornz within the ferst yere.'

'A notabel impudency in u too sa so. But it iz riafly repoerted u wer erly scuild in these matterz.'

Feyorindaa shrugd her shoalderz. 'The common pepel,' she ced, 'wer evver egher too creddit the werst.'

'Common? Iz dhat aimd at me?'

'O no. I nevver herd but dhat yor gracez faather wauz a gentelman bi berth.'

'Hou oald ar u?' ced the Dutches.

'Niantene. It iz mi berthda.'

'Strainj: and mine. Niantene: so yung, and yet so verry—'

'Yor grace wil scaersly cet doun mi ueth against me az a vice, I hope: ueth, and no stummac for fuilz,—'

'O I concern not micelf withe yor ladships vicez. Enuf withe yor verchuse: merder, and (shal we sa?) *poudre agrippine*.'

Feyorindaa smuidhd her white dres. 'The grater wunder,' she ced, 'withe a dellicate are, 'dhat yor grace shood go out ov yor wa too acine me a place at coert, then.'

'U thhinc it a wunder?' the Dutches ced. 'It iz needfool, then, dhat u understand the matter. It iz not in me too gruj a frendz plezhuerz. Raather doo I studdy too retane a duzsen or so wimmen ov yor levven about me, boath az foilz too mi one qwaulitese and in cace evver, in an idel our, he shood hav a miand for such hily cezond sweetmeets.'

The Lady Feyorindaa abode cilent, loocking doun intoo the wauter at her fete.

The fool moone wauz rising behiand a hil on the far cide ov the vally, and too tresse uppon the ski-line stood out clere like sum littel crechuerz fete held up against the muinz face. A bat flitterd acros the open abuv the poole, too and agane. Hi in the are a herron went over, swiftly on slo wing-beets, uttering thre or foer tiamz hiz wiald harsh cri. Dhare wauz a pallor ov muinlite on dhat ladese face, dhus cene ciadwase, dounword-gasing, and on her arm, bare too the shoalder, and on the white ov her gown dhat tooc life from evvery verginal swete line ov her boddy, standing so, poizd in dhat tranqwillity; and the blac ov her hare made aul the awakening darcnecez ov the summer nite ceme luminous. And nou, withe the lifting ov her arm too cettel the pinz in her bac hare, dhare wauz a flash ov blac liatning dhat opend from amid dhose pallorz and in a flash wauz hidden, leving uppon the are a brethlesnes and a shudder like the shudder ov the werldz desire. At length, stil cide-face too the Dutches, stil gasing intoo dhat qwiyet wauter, she spoke: 'A duzsen? Ov mi levven? Must dha be like me too looc uppon? or iz it enuf dhat dha be—? but I wil not boro yor gracez werdz.'

Sumthhing ceemd too ster in the worm are, withe the fauling toanz ov her vois: a lan'gorous opening, rising and fauling and closing agane, ov sum Olimpeyan fan. Az it shood hav bene suncet behoalding the gowing up ov Nite, the Dutches stood and beheld her: az too sa:—U and I ar wun: the same common ski: wun are: buty, cullor, fire. Nite iz yung, rising in her ascendant while suncet dise: Nite, kerteld withe blacnes and a stely glitter ov starz: bat-wingz; oul-wingz soundles az the fetherd wingz ov slepe; and, cumming and gowing in unplumd puilz ov gloome, paerz ov ise, boddiles, like grene muinz, and the soft breething ov snaix dhat glide bi invizibel. So Nite enterz on her one, bitter-swete withe a pashon ov nitin'gailz; and aul prezencez ov erth and are and wauter cuvver dhare facez befoer her: yung (yung enuf, the Dutches ced in hercelf, too hav bene mi dauter), yet far oalder dhan aul these: oalder dhan lite: oalder dhan the Godz. But suncet, too, haz

her climacteric, renude at evvery doun-gowing: flouwering intoo unnimadgiand fire-shaddose, az ov sum conflagraishon ov the under-skise whare aul ded splendorz and luvlinecez paast and gon ar bernt up withe dhare one inword fire, and the red smoke ov it iz throne upword in rase amung incandescent mists, and overhed hevven iz motteld like a kingfisherz wingz, terqwoiz and goald and grenish crisolite moer traansparent dhan are; and the ce spredz too a vaast duskines ov perpel on which, az on the dere native boozzom ov dhare rest, aul windz faul aslepe.

Feyorindaa looct suddenly in the Dutchecez face, throo the depening dusc, withe ise dhat ceemd wausht too the verry hu ov dhat crisolite ov the ski. 'Werdz!' she ced. 'Wil yor nobel grace abdicate yor soverainty too werdz: too-nite, ov aul niats? Hav werdz so much pouwer? In Memmizon? O open yor ise, and wake.'

For an instant the Dutches ceemd too hoald her breth. Then, withe a hi and nobel looc, 'Poot awa yor displezhure,' she ced, 'and pardon me. The mistres ov a grate hous hath menny mellancolese, and so it fareth withe me too-nite: not for aut concernz u. I bit the hand wauz nerest.'

'Yor grace haz dun me dhat onnor too be open withe me. I wil be open too. I am not a comoddy, not for enny man.'

'No,' ced the Dutches, cerching Feyorindaaz face. 'I thhinc dhat iz tru.' She pauzd: then, 'Whaut ar u?' she ced. The dusc ceemd too depen.

'Dhat iz a qweschon yor grace must aasc yorcelf.'

'Hou? aasc micelf whaut am I micelf? Or aasc whaut u ar?'

'Which u wil. The aancer fits.'

'Wel,' ced the Dutches: 'az for micelf, I am a woomman.'

'I hav bene toald the same. And wil dhat content u?'

'And withe sum buty?'

'Dhat iz moast certane.'

'Yet it aancerz me not.'

'No,' ced Feyorindaa. 'It iz werdz.'

The Dutches ced, 'I wil cerch lower.'

'Doo, az the lady ced too her galant. U shal fiand a thhing werth the fianding.'

'We ar boath, too sa, in luv.'

'O unhandsumest and moast unreveling werd ov aul. And ov me—too sa,
in
luv!'

'Shal I tel u, then,' ced the Dutches, 'whoo it iz u ar taken in
luv withe?'

'I deerly wish yor grace wil doo so.'

'Withe yor one celf.'

Whether for the faling lite dhat vaild dhare facez, or becauz the
thaut behiand eche widhdru az a berd behiand lefage until the
intermittent flutter oonly and the song remainz, dhare facez wer becum

harder too rede nou and the buty ov eche les a thhing ov itcelf and moer a thhing ov like substans withe the buty (so unagreyabel and contrareyous too itcelf) which it looct uppon. Ov aul dhare unliax, unlikest wer the mouths ov dhose ladese: Ammaalese withe clere clene Greeshan lianz which gave strength and a certane inner hete ov pride and rezolueshon too whaut had els bene over-sweetnes: but Feyorindaaz cetling

itcelf, when at rest, too a qwaulity moer hard and kinles dhan iz in stone, or in the gra daun at ce in winter, or in the lip ov a glaisher cene at a grate hite against frosen aerz under the moone. And yet, nere the corner ov eche mouth, bringing a depe liacnes too these unliax, dwelt a sumwhaut: a thhing nou stil, nou traling a glitter ov scailz along the contorz ov lips dhat wer its nesting-place and ceecret intricate plaiground ov its chois. This thhing, alert suddenly at the corner ov the Dutchecez mouth, beheld nou az in a mirror, its cecond celf in the kerl ov Feyorindaaz lip, az, withe a littel lucshureyous cilent laaf, she thru up her hed, saying, 'And withe whoome els indede shood wun be in luv?'

'Whi, withe aul els,' replide the Dutches, 'sooner dhan withe dhat.'

Feyorindaa dru nerer. 'Let me concidder yor grace, then, and tri: supose u skin-chainjd too the perpoce: rid awa the she in u: moer bone in the cheecboanz: harder about the foerhed: this driyad caast ov yor iabrouz masculated too a faun: up-kerld mustaasheyose: moer ov the woolf about the mouth:—no, truly, I thhinc dhare iz sumthhing in a woommanz mouth iz lost in a manz. Kis me.'

The Dutches, freying hercelf from dhat embrace, stood haaf daizd and trembling, az wun whoo, caut up and cet on sum pinnakel widhout the limmits ov the werld, haz thens taken wun i-swepe, wun inword cach ov the breth, and a hedlong stoope bac agane too the common voicez ov erth: the thrushez note and the renz, the tauking ov running wauter beneeth aulder and sallo, faint tinkel ov cou-belz from hil paaschuerz

about Memmizon.

Dhare wauz a sound ov footsteps: the gardz challenj: opening ov the gate beyond the trese: a swinging ov liats amung the leevz. Cix littel boiz came withe torchez and tooc dhare staishon in a haaf cerkel abuv the poole; so dhat dhose ladese stood in the torchez' pulcing lo, but the shaddose, rushing tooghether on the confianz ov dhat wormth and briatnes,

made darcnes whare befoer had bene but traanzlucent ultramareenz and perpelz ov the chaimberd dusc. And nou, doun dhose steps from the archt shade ov pine-tre and straubery-tre, came the King. 'Leve us the liats, and begon,' he ced. The boiz cet the torchez on dhare standz and retiard, the wa dha came. Feyorindaa, withe an obazans, tooc her leve, departing up the steps in a min'gheld lite ov the torchlite which iz nevver at rest and the silver-footted stil rajans ov the moone.

'Werd iz cum,' ced the King, az dha ternd from wauching her: "'The foxen be at pla".'

'Dhat iz the werd u wated on?'

The King nodded, I.

'We hav not even too-nite, then?'

'The horcez ar saddeld.'

'But wil u not sta supper?'

He shooc hiz hed. 'Too much hangeth on it. The foil must be in dhare boozom when dha thaut it a yard of.'

'Wel,' she ced, and tooc handz withe him; her grip les like a luv-maits dhan a fello comaanderz: 'yor rite hand fiand out aul

dhat u hav hated, mi frend.'

The King sat down nou on the depe-cooshond bench ov onnix-stone, she standing becide him, her hand stil in hiz, too cloce held too hav escaipt, even and it wood. Prezsently she raizd her ise from dhare ciadlong dounword-gasing and met the Kingz ise, darc, loocking up at her. 'Hou chaans u go not?' she ced.

'Becauz I stand uppon a just order in aul thhingz.' Withe dhat, he dru her doun too him on the bench, saying behiand her ere, on a breth dhat came staary az the aliting ov thhiscel-doun, yet, az hiz handz posest her, resistles az the rising tide ov the ce: 'Ammaaly, I chose u and luvd u in mi happyest tiamz.'

The Dutches spoke: 'This be faerwel. Ile not bring u on yor wa. Better faul from this dhan, i' the manner ov the werld, wauc doun agane.—And tel me,' she ced, aafter a pauz, az dha stood nou, her cheke against hiz, for she wauz taul, and hiz hed bent too herz az he held her yet in hiz armz: 'If we wer Godz, abel too make werldz az we chose, then fling em awa like out-ov-fashion garments, and renu them when we pleezd: whaut werld wood we hav, mi frend?'

And the King aancerd her and ced: 'This werld, and nun uther: az a kerst beast, braut bi me too hand; withe luvly Memmizon, for a juwel ov mine about its nec; and u, mi luv, mi duv, mi butifool, for its rose, dhare cet in addamant.'

Castanets Betwixt the Werldz

LESCINGAM sat iarn-stil. The music started wuns moer: a bolero. Madam de Rozaaz, withe bare armz braisletted withe garnets abuv the elbo, bare-hedded, and withe wun scarlet camelleyaa in her hare, began uppon an
extreemly slo, extreemly smuithe, swaying and roling ov the hips. Not too looc at the saffire, he looct at her: the red ov her mouth, the whiats ov her blac ise. But imejaitly it wauz not she but the saffire dhat, on the platform dhare, muivd too these swaying ridhmz; while the are ov Marese prezsens, fining groce flesh too the pure spirrit ov cens, raizd it too sum estate whare flesh and spirrit poot on wun anuther.

Sloly, and uppon disparate faint clix ov wood withe wood, scaers distin'gwishabel even throo the pale texchure ov the nou muted stringz, the castanets awoke agane; then, softleyer stil, qwickend dhare bete, and in a moast tens grajuwallity began too gather strength, az if hors'huiwz shood beghin too drau nerer and nerer at a gallop from verry far awa. Here, no dout, in this prezsent drauwing-roome ov Anmering Blundz, wauz the fizesical sound ov them: the producshon, in natchural are, ov certane unjulaishonz which struc uppon the timpanum ov this ere or ov dhat withe varede efect, noted or ignoerd bi this brane or dhat, wianding strainj hornz, letting looce swift hunting-dogz, wiald huntsmen, in az menny shaddowy feeldz az miandz dhare wer too take the infecshon ov this
oald clicking music dere too the gote-footted wood-god. But the inword springz or beying ov dhat music tooc a ferther reche; even az the beying ov sum depe-eddeying rivver-spate shaips and steerz (not iz shaipt or steerd bi) these moashonz ov lefe, twig, dround flouwer-pettal,

wauter-fli, bubbel, streke ov fome, perling rippel, uprooted floting
wauter-wede, which, boern bi on its cerface, swerling too its swerl, doo
but dimly portend the nachure ov the pouwer dhat baerz them.

Northword twenty mialz beyond Memmizon, in the lo vallese ov the
Ruyar,
King Mesenshus rode withe the Chaancellor, ne too ne. Nou dha breedhd
dhare horcez: nou poot them too a wauking-pace, bresting the long
upword
traning ov meddoland north ov Maveyaa: nou qwickend too a hand-gallop
in
the juwy paaschuerz ov Terainsht. Iarn-stil wauz the Kingz countenans
under the moone, and withe a looc uppon it az if he had sum hammerz
werking in hiz hed. But hiz cete in saddel wauz fre and jaunting, az if
he and the grate blac hors he bestrode shaerd but wun boddy betwene
them. So rode the King and Beroald, widhout werd spoken; and in the bete
ov dhare hors'huivz, erking the soft summer nite, wauz the bete ov the
castanets, dere too gote-footted Pan.

But in luvly Memmizon, whare, ceted withe her wimmen about her, the
Dutches looct uppon the revvelz held under the ski dhat nite, this
incide ceecret music tucht the cens les unpesably, az it had bene
the per ov sum grate slepy cat dhat rested az she rested.

And nou dhat same pece, qwiyet az summer star-shine in a nite widhout
wind, cetteld too about Mary, whether throo the music, or throo the
opening, like nite-flouwerz when the sun iz down, ov the innermoast hart
and miand within her, or throo sum saifty dhat came ov Lescingamz
neernes: ov hiz cote-sleve tutching, lite az a moth, her bare arm
betwene shoalder and elbo.

'Go, mi Viyolanty,' ced the Dutches: 'bid them la a littel tabel for hiz grace here beside me and bring a lite colaishon, cavveyar, and then whaut u wil, and framboisez too finnish withe; and Rine wine. For dhat iz roiyal wine, and best fits too-nite: red wine ov the Rine.'

Viyolanty went, liatly in boath handz gathering her gown, doun the haaf-duzsen steps which, wide, shallo, made ov panteron stone and carpeted in the midst withe a depe-piald carpet ov a holly-lefe grene, led from this gallery doun too the levvel whare the daancing wauz. The summer pallace in Memmizon iz in plan like the letter T, and aul along the mane lim ov it (which facez south) and along the shorter lim (which facez west) this gallery runz, withe doerz ghivving uppon it and grate windose, and withe collumz ov sum smuithe white stone withe cilvery sparkelz in it: these, cet at fiftene-foot intervalz, carry the roofe abuv, and the upper ruimz ov the pallace. A graas-plat, a hundred pacez or moer in length bi cixty braud, lise belo the gallery, withe a formal garden ov clipt ainshent u too bound it on the suthern cide, and a taul thhic hej ov the same darc groath uppon the western; and on the graas, in the north-west corner ov this qwaudran'ghel, wauz an oken floer lade doun on perpoce dhat nite too daans on, withe hanging lamps and flamboiz and swinging lanternz round about on evvery cide ov it too ghiv lite too the daancerz. Fifty or cixty cuppelz nou footted the coranto, in such a shifting splendor ov juwelz and cullor ov tishu in dublet, kertel, ladese gown, rich-raut fan and ornament, az iz cene in sum cascade dhat cumz doun a wide waul ov roc in stepe woodz facing the evening sun, and evvery cevveral frinj ov freshet az it faulz becumz a faul ov preshous stoanz: ammethhist, goalden topaz, ruby, saffire, emmerald, chain'ging and interchain'ging withe evvery slitest shifting ov the
i dhat loox on them.

But az when, withe the aultering ov the lite, sum wauterd cerface or sum collum ov fauling wauter among the rest suddenly throse bac the

rajans ov the grate sun itcelf, and these lescer juwelz ar dimd, so wauz the cumming ov the Juke ov Siyaanaa amung this cumpany. He came widhout

aul cerremony, withe grate esy striadz, so dhat Medor and Mellatese, whoo alone atended him, had sum adoo too kepe up withe him: widhout aul cerremony, save dhat, at werd gon befoer him, the music stopt and the daancerz; and too trumpeterz standing forword from dhare place behiand the

Dutchecez chare, sounded a fanfare.

Juke Barganax haulted uppon the steps and, withe a swepe ov hiz perpel cloke, stood a moment too salute the ghests; then uppon wun ne, kist the Dutchecez hand. She raizd him and, for her tern, kist him on the foerhed.

'U ar late,' ced she, az, letting a boi take hiz cloke, the Juke ceted himcelf beside her in a goalden chare.

'I am sorry, mi lady muther. The King, I am toald, wauz here too-da?'

'Yes.'

'And gon agane? Whi wauz dhat?'

She shooc her hed.

'Thunder in the are?'

Ammaaly shrugd her shoalderz graisfooly. 'And whi late?' she ced. Like dha ceemd, she and he, wun too the uther, az the she-liyon and her sun.

'Oanly dhat I had cet micelf too finnish a hed I wauz painting ov for a nu pece I am uppon, ov a mural painting ov Hipoclidese' betroadhal feest. And so, thherd our paast noone are I tooc saddel.'

“Hipoclidese, u hav daanst awa . . . yor marrage”. A subject neding sum dellicacy ov treetment! And whoose hed dhat u painted?’

‘Whi, a late lady ov yor one: Bellafronts.’

‘Bellafront? she iz red: Tishan: ov our cullor. Cood u not hav left it til anuther da, this painting?’

‘She mite hav bene ded when I came home agane.’

‘Ded? Iz she cic then?’

‘No!’ ced the Juke, laafing. ‘Tiz no moer but follo mi faatherz good maxim; when I wauz littel, and the best straubery saivd up at the cide ov mi plate too ete it laast: toald me, ete it nou, cins I mite not liv too ete it later.’

‘U ar abcerd,’ ced Ammaaly: ‘u and yor techer boath. Iz it tru, Count Medor?’

‘I wer a bad cervant, too caul mi maaster abcerd,’ replide Medor; ‘and a wers coercher, too contradict yor buchous exelency in yor one hous. Wel, it iz tru. He iz abcerd. But aulwase bi chois, nevver uppon compulshon.’

‘O perfect coercher! But, truly, men ar abcerd bi nachure; and wer u, mi nobel sun, les dhan abcerd, then wer u les dhan man. And dhat—fau! it wauz naut ov mine: whether too hav bred it, or too truckel widhaul.’

Supper beying dun, dha sat on nou (Barganax, withe dhose Lordz Mellatese and Medor, the Dutches, withe her Mirraa, Viyolanty and utherz), loocking

on the cene, in a contented cilens which awoke evver and agane intoo
sum lasy bandeying ov contented humorous tauc. Lamps abuv and about
them shed a slumbrously inconstant lite. From grate stone jarz, rainjd
along the terrace ej, orkidz lade out dhare strainj and lucshureyous
shaips, dusky-pettald, streect or spotted, haerd, smuithe-lipt,
velvet-skind, exhaling uppon the worm are dhare heddy hevvy sweetnes.

‘Wil not yor grace daans too-nite?’ Medor ced at length too the Juke.

Barganax shooc hiz hed.

‘Whi not?’ ced the Dutches. ‘But no: it wer unkiand too aasc u. U ar
in luv.’

‘I wauz nevver in luv yet,’ ced Barganax.

‘Then aul these tailz ar but fauls?’

‘The Juke,’ ced Medor, ‘haz nevver bene out ov luv: too mi certane
nollej, these cevven yeerz.’

‘Whaut wil u sa too dhat?’ ced the Dutches. ‘Az captane ov yor
boddigard, he shood no.’

‘It iz a prime error in these matterz,’ ced Barganax, ‘too faul in luv.
Wimmen ar like habbits: if good, dha stic faast, and dhat becumz
tejous: if bad, and u luv em, the luv wil stic like a leche
dho the woomman go. No, I hav taken a lefe out ov dhare booc: trete
em az dha trete fashonz: enjoi for a cezon, then next cezon caast
about for a nu wun.’

Ammaaly fand hercelf. ‘This iz terribel good doctrine. Too here u, wun
mite imadgine sum oald practishoner, bauld befoer hiz time withe
oar-acting ov the game, spoke withe yor lips. If u be not ceecretly

aulreddy in luv, take care; for I thhinc u ar in a dain'gerous aptnes too be so.'

The Juke laaft. 'I wauz nevver sadly in luv but withe u, mi lady muther': he tooc her hand in hiz and kist it. 'Nor nede u too blame me, niather. Shuerly tiz the part ov a good sun too looc toose parents for exaampel? and heerz exaampel ov the hiyest in the land for me too point too, when I wil not overmuch fret micelf for aut dhats cecond best.' He wauz leend bac in hiz chare, legz crost at fool strech befoer him, cilent nou for a minnute. Hiz fin'gherz, ov the wun hand, plade abcently withe the Dutchecez, while throo haaf-cloazd lidz hiz ise rested on the brite mase ov the daans and niats blu kertane beyond. 'And, for yor oald maasterz ov the game, maddam: no. I am too hard too plese. I am a painter. But pittty ov it iz, nuthhing laasts. Aul paacez awa, or chain'gez.'

'Yor grace,' ced Medor, 'iz a painter. Wel, a picchure painted wil not chainj.'

'Ghiv it time, dere Medor, it wil rot. And long are dhat, u shal fiand the painter haz chainjd. Dhat, I supose, iz whi picchuerz ar so good, soone az painted.'

'And no good, certainly, befoer dha ar painted,' ced the Dutches. 'For iz it not but in the painting dhat a picchure taix beying?'

'Dhat iz certane.'

Medor ced, 'I hav long begun too thhinc, mi lord Juke, dhat u ar an aithheyist.'

'Bi no meenz.'

'U blasfeme, at leest,' ced Ammaaly, 'violet-cround Kiathhereyaa, the

blesced Goddes and Qwene ov Aul.'

'God forbid! Oonly I wil not flatter Her, mistake Her drifts. She chain'gez, like the ce. She iz not too be caut. We needz must beleve Her fixt and eternal, for hou shood perfecshon suffer chainj? Yet, too moc us, She evver chain'gez. Aul men in luv, She mox; and wer I in luv (which thanx too Her, I am not, nor wil not be), I no it in mi boanz, She shood moc me paast baring. Whi, the verry frame and condishon ov our luvving, here uppon erth, whaut iz it but an instrument ov Herz too moc us?'

'Iz this the profunditese yor lerned chutor taut u, the oald gra-beerd doctor?'

'No, maddam. In this, micelf taut micelf.'

Medor smiald:

"Dho' wizdom oft hath saut me,
I scornd the loer she braut me,
Mi oonly boox
Wer wimmenz loox,
And follese aul dha taut me."

'Wel, Medor? And whaut ov yor yung lady ov the north, Prins Erclese' dauter, u toald me ov? Whaut haz she taut u?'

Medor aancerd soberly: 'Too kepe her out ov such discushonz.'

'Forghiv me,' ced the Juke. 'I no not whaut pert and pricking spirit ledeth me bi the sleve too-nite.' He leend forward too pluc a pallid bloome ov the orkid. 'Flouwerz,' he ced, sloly exammining the ellegant wingz and faulz, doamd and spredding sleecnecez: rasing it too hiz nostrilz too take the perfume. 'Az if it had lips,' he ced, conciddering

it agane. He dropt it: stood up nou, lening liatly against wun ov dhose cilvery-sparkeld pillarz, the eseyer too overlooc the cumpany.

‘U hav out-Memmizond Memmizon too-nite, maddam,’ he ced prezently. ‘And the haaf ov them I nare sau til nou. Tel me, whoo iz she in the blac gown, ceeqwinz ov cilver, daancing withe dhat fox Zaffelese?’

The Dutches aancerd, ‘Dhat iz Ninettaa, Ibeyanz yun’gher dauter, nuly cum too coert. I had thaut u had none her.’

‘Not I,’ ced the Juke. ‘Looc, Mellatase: for daancing: az if aul from the hips dounword she had nevver a joint, but aul suppel and cinnuous az a mermade. I ced I wil not daans too-nite; but, bi hevvenz,’ he ced, ‘I am in too miandz, whether not too tri, in this next daans following, which wil she the raather, me or Zaffelese. But dhat wer gainst prezsent pollicy. I am taming dhat dog-fox nou bi kiandnes: too doo him dhat anoyans nou wer the next wa too spoil aul.’

‘Wel, dhare iz Pantacillejaa,’ ced the Dutches, az dhare nou paast bi in the daans a lan’gorous slepy buty, hevvy ilidz and mouth like a hevvy crimzon rose: ‘a frend ov yorz.’

But the Juex gase (which, nevver so idel-ceming, not the litlest thhing escaipt) noted hou, uppon dhat werd, Mellatase reddend and bit hiz lip.

‘I retiard long cins,’ ced the Juke, ‘in favor ov a frend. Nou dhare,’ he ced, aafter a littel, ‘iz a lady, I shood ghes, maddam, ov yor one chusing. Dhare: withe hare cullord like pale muinshine, dun in plats croun-wise round her hed: wun dhat I cood paint in a grene dres for Qwene ov Elfland. Iz she made or wife?’

‘She iz indede ov mi chusing: Liddeyaa, wife too a chaimberlane ov mine.’

'Duz he use her wel?'

'It iz too be hoapt so. I thhinc he luvz her.'

The Juke sat doun agane. 'Enuf. Go, Mellatese. I shal not daans: I am loocker-on too-nite. No, in sober sadnes, I mene it. But I wood hav u daans. Medor too.'

'I had lever kepe yor grace cumpany,' ced Medor. Mellatese withe a lo leg departed.

'Dhare iz no hope for Medor,' ced the Juke. 'Az good az wedded aulreddy.'

Amaleyaa smiald at the Count over her pecoc fan. 'And loox,' she ced, 'az whoo shood sa, "God cend it wer so".'

Dhare tauc drifted iadly on.

Belo, in a pauz betwene the daancez, Mistres Pantacilleyaa wated, on Mellatesez arm, for the music too beghin agane. 'U came this evening withe the Juke?'

'Yes.'

'He and hiz faather: verry unlike.'

Mellatese raizd hiz iabrouz. 'Verry like, I thhinc.'

'Wun red: tuther blac.'

'Wel?'

'Wun aul for luv: tuther aul for doowing.'

'I hav too speerz,' ced Mellatese: 'eche ov goald and iarn: the wun withe mane sho ov iarn, tuther ov goald. Yet ar boath fare too looc on, and eche fit for the biznes at nede.'

'This wun hath a moer speding tric, I wood worant, too la doun ladese dhan too guvvern a kingdom.'

'U doo beli him,' ced Mellatese. 'Sa raather, he groundz himcelf dhus erly in a wide aprentiasship too boath these nobel arts.'

'Cum,' ced she: 'while u defend and I acuse, mischefe iz we boath needz must luv him.'

Nou began, staitly and slo, a pavan. Barganax, on hiz fete agane, stil iadly wauching, bent over nou and then too hiz mutherz ere or too Medorz or too wun ov her gherlz', too aasc or aancer sumwhaut or let faul sum gest. But nou, at a sudden, uppon wun such moashon, he stopt short, hand flat-paalmd against the pillar, bending forwordz a littel, following verry intently withe hiz i wun cuppel amungst the daancerz. The Dutches spoke. He made no repli. She looct round: sau dhat he had not herd: sau the fashon ov hiz gase, tens, like a boastring at strech: sau the direcshon ov it: follode it. For wel too minnuets, verry discreetly not too be observd, she waucht him, and, (hidden behiand her ise dhat waucht), withe a smile ov the miand.

'Doo u remember,' Mary ced, 'dhat daans at the Spannish Embacy?'

'Doo I remember!' ced Lescingam, while, under hiz gase, the qwivver ov velvet darcnes within the saffire depend too the shaddo or rumor ov sum profounder and livving prezsens: az ov aul ise and lips dhat hav bene manz cins the werld began: blianding themcelvz dhare, swept doun

dhare, dround dhare too a kis.

'It wauz cureyous,' Mary ced, verry lo: 'our ferst meting: not too hav none.'

The Juke spoke, suddenly doun intoo Medorz ere, dhat wauz nerest:
'Whaut
iz she?'

Medor looct whare the Juke gave him the direcshon. Sumthhing blencht in hiz i. 'I canot tel. Til nou, I hav nevver cene her.'

'Fiand out, and tel me,' ced the Juke, hed erect, feding hiz ise.
Under the upword kerl ov hiz mustaasheyose the lamplite rested uppon the
Olimpeyan kerv ov lips which, unlike uther menz, the hotleyer blone
uppon
in the fiarz ov lucshury the finer evver and moer dellicate became dhare
contorz, and the sutler and the moer adamantine dhare maasterfool lianz
ov strength and celf-domane. 'Go,' he ced. 'I wood be informd ov name
and qwaulity ov evveriwun here too-nite: tiz az wel, dhat the Dutches be
not poot uppon bi outciderz and so foerth. Ghet me particularz.'

The Dutches Ammaaly, in the mene time, verry sloly and eqwably fanning
hercelf, abode (in aul beceming) utterly remote and unnaware.

It wauz aafter midnite nou, and betwene the laast daancez. The Dutches
and
her ladese wer, the moast ov them, nou retiard, and moast ov the ghests
departed. The fool moone, riding in her meridjan but lo doun in

Capricorn, fludded the out-terracez westwordz abuv the mote withe a stil rajans ov cilver. The Juke withe slo, mezhuerd pacez came and went withe Mellatese the length ov the terrace too and fro, too hundred pacez, ma be, too evvery tern. Eestword, the liats about the summer pallace glimmerd beyond the u-trese: dhare wauz no music: no sound, save the crunch ov the gravvel az dha wauct, littel nite-soundz in the leevz, and, from belo beyond the mote, a loud cinging ov nitin'gailz. The paath wauz white under the moone: the shaven graas ov the borderz on iather hand wet withe ju: the clumps ov giyant pinc asfodel dhat, at spacez ov ten fete or so, rering dhare luvly spiax tauler dhan a taul man, liand the length ov dhat terrace on iather hand, wer blaansht too too an indeterminate imatereyallity ov whiatnes.

And nou az dha wauct, dha became ware ov too uther personz cum uppon the terrace at the ferther end: a man and a woomman, she on hiz arm, mooving nou sloly toowordz them. Midwa, dha met and paast. Dhat ladese smile, az she acnollejd Barganaxez lifted bonnet, came like the flashing, in a vistaa parted betwene blud-red lillese, ov the dedly whiatnes ov sum uncharted ce-strate.

'Doo u no dhat lady?' ced the Juke az dha wauct on.

Mellatese aancerd, 'I no her. But name her I canot.'

'I can tel u whoo she iz,' ced the Juke. 'She iz yung cister too mi lord Hi Chaancellor.'

'Whi, then, I no whare twauz I sau her. He haz kept her exeding cloce: nevver til nou at coert, I thhinc: certainly I nare sau nor herd ov her at yor prezsencez, mi lord Juke, in Siyaanaa.'

'Micelf,' ced the Juke, 'I nare sau her til too-nite I sau her daans

the pavan, withe this man dhat iz, I am toald, her nu huzband.'

'Yor grace wil remember, dhare wauz a notoereyous merder. Tru, it wauz nevver braut home whare it belongd.'

The Juke wauz cilent for a minnute. Then, 'Yor grate men, Mellatase, hav comoddy for bringing too paas such-like a needfool thhing, when nede iz, widhout aul undecent sho or scandal.'

'Dhare wauz sho enuf here,' ced Mellatase: 'cix hiard cutterz too make shure ov him in braud dalite, in Cresteniyaa marketplace. And yet nun derst name mi lord Chaancellor in it, nor her, save in a whisper and kertainz draun: and then, az yor grace nose, dhare wer pritty tailz toald.'

'Ive herd em.'

'And yet,' ced Mellatase, 'for les matter, himcelf hath are this hedded or hangd, in this time, scoerz ov common men.'

'The wa ov the werld,' Barganax ced. 'And sum wil sa, best wa too: better a hundred such shood di, dhan wun grate manz hand too be hamperd.'

'But, too cruwely practiast,' ced Mellatase, 'ma brede such discontent az shood pluc us down, az history hath are nou rememberd.'

'Dhare wauz nevver yet grate men pluct doun bi the common rif-raf,' ced the Juke, 'but dha had ferst ov dhare one celvz begun too faul from dhare graitnes. Nevver in this werld, Mellatase: nor yet in enny werld. For dhat iz a condishon ov aul poscibel werldz.'

'Yor grace speex wiazly. Did yor cecretary (and late yor chutor) lern u this? Doctor Vandermaast?'

'I hav lernd much from the lerned doctor: az this, for
exaampel,—whenevver u ceme too speke wizdom, nevver too tel whoo
taut

u. Observing which, I shal doutles in time hav got a white beard
and reputaishon ov a grate wise man. Unles indede, which iz liacleyer,
coald stele—' the Juke wated az dha met and paast, nou the cecond
time, dhat lady on her huzbandz arm: the grene glint ov her ise in the
muinlite, loocking steddily befoer her: the glint ov the moone on her
teeth az she spoke sum aancering werd too her lord: the carrage which,
lilly in cristal, became itcelf the moer for the gown dhat vaild it,
les like too natchural woommanz wauc dhan too the swaying on lan'gwid
stem ov
sum undreemd-ov flouwer, becide dhose kerld and swete-smelling
darcnecez dhose orkidz uppon the inner terrace shood ceme werc-a-da
hejro weedz. '—Or unles the bite ov a she-poos,' ced the Juke,
when dha wer out ov hering, 'shood ferst be cauz ov mi deth.'

Dha wauct on, cilent, til dha came too the south end ov the terrace.
Here, in the shaddo ov a home-oke, the Juke stood a minnute, wauching
the
moone throo the leevz. 'The King mi faather it wauz,' he ced, wauching
the moone, 'dhat wood needz hav this woomman in Memmizon. The
Dutches
wood not hav her at ferst.'

Mellatese held hiz pece.

'He liax it dhat butifool wimmen shood be here,' ced the Juke. 'I
graant, he haz an i for them. Wel,' he ced, loocking round at Mellatese:
'iz it not fit dhat he shood? Aancer me. It iz not for me too tauc
aulwase and u stand mum.'

'It iz not for me, mi lord Juke, too juj ov these hi matterz.'

'So? I thhinc dhare iz sum devvil ov folly in u I must exorcise. Out withe it: wil u sa the Dutches mi muther wer wiser make em aul pac, sho them the doer?'

'I beceche yor grace: this iz not mi biznes.'

'Bi God,' ced the Juke, 'I can smel yor thaut, Mellatese; and hath the stinc ov a common hors-boiz. I sa too u, her grace, mi lady muther, iz a qwene rose; a goddes amung them. Bi hevvenz, it wer ghiv smaull regard too her one qwaulity or too the Kingz hines' discerning jujment, wer she withe timmorous gellous misdouts too let overcloud the swete wether we hav here. This dhat I tel u iz trueth. Wil u beleve it? Studdy yor aancer: for, bi God, if u wil not, u ar frend ov mine no moer.'

But Mellatese, az whoo wood plese wun dhat iz out ov hiz prinsly wits, aancerd and ced, 'Yor grace hath moast unjustly mistooc me. I beleve, and did evver beleve it. Hou els?'

Dha ternd too wauc north agane betwene the juwy graacez and the uncertane whispering darcnecez. Befoer them az dha wauct, dhare caast shaddose flitted, hard-ejd and blac against the moone-fludded pallor ov the paath.

'Wer u evver in luv, Mellatese?'

'I hav tride too follo the fashonz yor grace cets us.'

'Fashonz in luv?'

'I no not.'

'Fashonz too kepe out ov it.'

Slower and slower dha wauct, step withe step. And nou, forty or fifty
pacez ahed, dha sau dhose utherz cumming toowordz them: sau him
suddenly
brake from hiz lady, run too the parrapet on the left abuv the mote, clap
hand uppon the ballustrade and make az if too vault over. Then bac too
her,
and so agane arm in arm.

Encountering nou wuns moer in mid-terrace, boath partese, az uppon a
muchuwal impuls, stopt. Sum puckish spirrit daanst in Barganaxez i.
'I am glad, cer,' he ced, 'dhat u thaut better ov it: rezolvd
aafter aul not too droun yorcelf.'

The lady abode cilent: moashonles too, save dhat, uppon sum slo,
exqwizsite, haaf amuezd, haaf in derizhon, littel condecenshonz ov her
hed, she ceemd too note the werdz: az if here wer sum strade
divinnity, ellegantly indifferent, noting these thhingz from abuv. The
fin'gherz ov her hand, in the crooc ov her lordz arm, la out
cilver-white under dhare shimmer ov juwelz: a cencitive, butifool hand,
abel (bi the looc ov it) az an artists, withe shure and erudite tuch, too
cet depe noats a-throb, atemper them, weve them too unnimadgiand
harmonese. So she stood, lening ciadwase on dhat man, qwiyet and stil
in the unclouded cerennity ov the moone: verginal-swete too looc on az a
wood-lilly; yet withe a ceecret are az if, like Mellucene in the oald stoery,
she cood at cezonz be snake from the waist down.

The man smiald, meting the Juex bantering gase. 'If u did but no,
mi lord Juke,' he ced, 'whaut I wauz in trueth a-thhinking on in dhat
moment!'

And Barganax wauz ware suddenly ov dhat ladese ise resting on himcelf,
in a waying looc, compleetly cerene, compleetly impennetrabel. Deper
dhan blud or the raging cens, it ceemd too tuch hiz face: ferst hiz

cheke belo the cheecbone; then from hed too foot the tuch ov dhat looc ceemd too go over him, til at laast it mounted agane too hiz face and so too hiz i, and came too rest dhare withe the same sfincshan unnaulterabelnes ov grene fiarz dhat slept.

‘Cureyous our ferst meting: and not too hav none.’ Verry lo Mary had ced it at ferst; and nou, this cecond time, so lo, so withinword, dhat the werdz, like a kestrelz neslingz dhat flutter at the nest, unreddy yet too trust themcelvz too wingz and the untride are, rested unutterd within the cloazhure ov her lips. But, ‘Yes,’ it wauz ced nou, az if bi sum deper abiding celf dhat had lane aslepe til nou within her: ‘I nu. I cin’gheld u out then, mi frend, az I nou remember, dho at the time it wauz aulmoast unconshously: yes, compleetly unconshously. I nu, mi frend. And nu, too, dhat u did not yet no.’ And about the werdz wauz a shimmer like the shimmer ov the sun uppon the tide of Pafos, the unnumberd laafter ov oashan waivz.

Dha wer departed, too and too agane, on dhare cevveral wase. When at laast the Juke spoke, it wauz az a man whoo wood oblitterate and poot out ov memmory the flaming cemblant, and grappel himself safe too common waking fact. ‘Shal I tel u, Mellatese, whaut wauz in trueth in the manz miand, then when like a jaccanaips he ran and skipt uppon the parrapet? It wauz the thaut dhat this instant nite, within this haaf-our maby, he shood hav dhat woomman whare he wisht.’

Dha wauct on in cilens. At length, ‘Whaut wil u caul her?’ ced the Juke.

'Caul whoome?'

'Whoome els doo we tauc on? dhat woomman.'

Mellatase ced unkerchously, 'I shood caul her a dog-fli.'

'A dog-fli!' Withe the moone behiand them, the Juec face wauz unredabel. 'Wel, Goddes hath boern dhat werd from Goddes are this.' And he began too laaf, az it wer privaitly too himcelf.

Dha looct round and sau dhat the terrace wauz empty nou, save for themcelvz oanly. 'Leve me,' ced Barganax. 'I hav a biznes too concidder withe micelf. I wil studdy it here awhile alone.'

But dhat Lady Feyorindaa, wauking nou in an obscurity ov u-trese, withe dhat unconcidderd arm too lene uppon, ternd Her miand too uther thauts. At Morvilz thherd or foerth aasking, Whaut wauz she medditating uppon so qwiyet? she aancerd at laast, 'Uppon certane drescez ov mine.'

'Drescez. Ov whaut matereyal? Ov whaut cullor?'

'O, ov the moast dellicatest finest matereyal.' The man sau snicker in her mouths corner dhat littel thhing dhat niather nou nor evver wood hede nor looc at him, but ceemd aulwase az if playing devvilishly apart withe sum ceecret, boding no good. 'And for cullor,' ced she, (noting, from abuv dhat mantelpece perhaps, throo An Hortonz cide-bended ise, these luvverz): 'ov a red-goald fire-cullor, az the extreme outermost tung-tip ov a flame.'

'It iz a cullor shood moast exelent wel becum u.'

'Better dhan this blac, u thhinc?' And dhat littel thhing, in a pritty irony not for hiz sharing, twinkeld its i, (comparing, perhaps, too

drescez ov dhat fire-cullor, so much alike: wun, nere ov her one age,
dhare beside Lescingam: the uther here, in Memmizon, oalder bi twenty
yeerz: drescez wharin She wauct az it wer aslepe, humbel, innocent,
forghetfool ov Her Olimpeyan home).

‘Blac?’ ced he, laafing. ‘U ar dreming! U ar in yello and
cloth ov goald too-nite.’

‘O moast just and discerning i! Hou aul-nowing an estate iz
matrimony!’ And this time, the upword kerl ov the corner ov her lip wauz
az a twisting ov tiny scaly limz, (az the thhing ced perhaps, in her
ceecret ere, dhat a dedly soro it wauz if such a dul oul must much
lon’gher go uncuccolded).

But prezsently when, withe dhose lips which hoald the werldz desire, She
began too speke agane, it wauz Her one powetecez werdz, and in the swete
Eyoleyan tung: the aijles, faidles, lilled numberz rising agane in
dhare unded ueth: not az sound, not az muivment or suxeshon: raather
az sum suttelty ov the are, sum cilverd shouwering ov darcnes: dhat
shudder ov the cens which, like meteyorz, runz nere too hevven:

φαίνεται μοι κήνος ἴσος Θεοῖσιν
ἔμμεν ὤνηρ ὅστις ἐναντίος τοι
ἰζάνει, καὶ πλασίον ἄδν φωνεύσας ὑπακούει
καὶ γελαίσας ἰμερόεν, . . .

“Like iz he, I thhinc, too a God imortal,
Dhat man, whoosowevver he be, dhat nere u
Cits and dhus too u and too yor swete tauking
Privaitly liscenz,

And lilt ov yor dere laafter: a thhing too cend the
Hart within mi boozzom a-lepe; for baerly
So can I this brefe littel while behoald u,

—Speche qwite forsaix me.

Aa, mi tung iz broken: a sudden suddel
Fire beneeth mi skin in an instant coercez;
Icite nun remainz too mine ise: mine eerz roer,
Dround under thunder.

And the swet braix foerth, and a trembling cesez
Aul mi boddy: paler dhan graas in summer
I: in aul els, scaers too be toald, I thhinc, from
Wun dhat la liafles.

Yet, too dare aul,—”

Aul the leevz in dhat Memmizon garden trembeld. Lescingam, too,
trembeld, lening toowordz hiz dere. And Mary, lost and trembling, felt
her inmoast beying dizolv and fale within her, under hiz ise and under
dhose celf-ceying imortal ise ov Herz dhat, for the instant, borode
hiz.

Midnite sounded, grave, depe-tungd, from Anmering cherch touwer. Mary,
on Lescingamz arm, stood qwite stil, here at the far ceword end ov
the garden terrace, liscening: liscening nou too Lescingamz whisperd
‘Time too go.’

‘Doant go. Not yet,’ she ced.

‘I doant mene too: not widhout u.’

‘O doant lets—aul over agane. Ive toald u, and toald u: I caant.’

‘U ced u wood.’

'I no, but I autnt too hav ced it. I caant. I caant.'

'U can. Ile looc aafter "can", mi darling: dhats mi job.'

Mary shooc her hed. Dha ternd and began too wauc, verry sloly.

'U no mi trubbel,' ced Lescingam, aafter a cilens. 'I caant doo widhout u. Caant liv, widhout u. U no dhat.'

She shooc her hed agane, saying, aulmoast inaudibly, 'No. I doant.'

'I doant mene shoote micelf, or enny tom-foolery like dhat. Cimply, shaant liv: mi ded boddy wauking about, if I havnt u.'

Her face remaind unredabel.

'The devvilish thhing about u,' he ced, 'iz dhat, befoer, I uest too thhinc ov aul sorts ov thhingz I mite doo, and doo damd wel. I nu it. But cins u,—aul dhats chainjd. Dhare iznt a hard thhing in the werld I cood not doo, standing on mi hed, withe u caring about it; but widhout u, not a thhing ov them werth the doowing. U doant understand,' he ced. 'Hou cood u understand? But wil u beleve it?'

She ced, like the sound ov a moths flutterd wing, 'Yes.'

'O mi beluvved,' he caut the hand on hiz arm and kist it: a coald littel hand for a June nite. 'Then cum. Evverithhing reddy: chainj ov shoose if its wet crosing the paddoc: a nu fer cote (we can ghiv it awa too-moro if u doant like it)—'

Mary stopt: tooc awa her arm: stood loocking doun, face averted, her breth cumming and gowing, her handz tite shut. 'Hou dare u doo these thhingz?' she ced, in a kiand ov whisper. 'Hou dare u tel me about

them? Whi did u cum? Whi? I toald u not too. Hou dare u?’

Lescingam waucht her. ‘Its bene pritty difficult,’ he ced aafter a while, widhout mooving: ‘wating: aul this paishens and obegens.’ For a minnute dha stood so; then she tooc hiz arm, and wuns moer dha began sloly wauking. ‘We shood nevver forghiv ourcelvz,’ he ced prezsently: ‘u and I, too tern bac.’

‘Doant aasc me this, mi frend. For I musnt.’

‘Yor mine,’ he ced, hiz lips tutching her hare abuv the ere: then verry softly, ‘u must.’

‘Yes: I am yorz. But I musnt.’

‘U must. Whi not?’

‘Ime sumwun elcez too,’ she ced, loocking toowordz the hous and its darc upper windose.

Dha wauct on. The cilens became fritening: the stiffening ov Lescingamz arm under her hand: and nou, when she looct up, hiz face, staring doun at hiz one fete az dha muivd step bi step.

‘Be kiand?’

‘Yor not beying verry kiand too me,’ he ced. ‘Ime not shure Ive not bene a foole: not bene too paishent and obegent:’ Mary made a littel sound ov incredjulous dicent: ‘not shure,’ he ced, ‘dhat Ime not too late.’

‘Whaut on erth doo u mene?’

‘Doant lets be abcerd.’

'U mene, when I ced "sumbody elcez",—'

The whole nite ceemd too tern suddenly sultry and sullen and unfriendly.

'Caant u ghiv me too,' Mary ced, 'a littel creddit, for beying paishent? beying obegent?'

'Obegent! a dain'gerous verchu.'

Agane she stopt, and dha stood of from wun anuther.

'Doant let us pla hide-and-ceke. Ime fritend when u thhinc I wood—U thaut—?'

Lescingam gave no cine.

'O, good hevvenz!' She held out boath handz too him, laafing az if he and she shood enjoi a private joke toogheter. 'Shal I tel u then? I refuezd—whi, neerly too ourz ago I shood thhinc. But whi shood u nede telling?' she ced.

He tooc the handz in hiz: lifted them up and up, too bring her nerer: a tremmulous and staary propinqwity, in which spirrit too spirrit dru too close dhat the boddede cencez ov cite, tuch, smel, ceemd (az draggon-flise nuly uncaist from dhare prizzonz ov the pupaa) too hang faint

and lost in the mid condishon betwene too moadz ov beying. Oonly dhat littel thhing, too aul moadz aclimatiazd and celf-condishond, and nou verry impertinently awake and active, regarded him from nere her lips cornerz. Aancering which, sumthhing laaft in Lescingamz ise. 'So dhats whaut made him looc like—Bi hevvenz, Ide like too—'

'Whaut?'

'Brake the fellose nec,' he ced tartly, 'for daring—But it shose: dhaerz preshure. And yor alone.'

'If pepel shood sa: if he shood thhinc: O ov coers, dhat gherl: we didnt hit it of, and nou, u ce, on the rebound—'

'Tsh! *They say, Quhat say they? They haif said. Let thame say.*' But the moone, shining doun in her clascic cerennity on Marese white evening dres and on dhose upper windose ov Anmering Blundz, ceemd too discuvver in these thumping werdz a sudden and moast disconcerting insuffishency: at leest az aplide too Mary, and bi him.

He let go her handz and stood, not irezzolute but az if widhdraun for the moment intoo sum incide privaitnes ov deliberaishon: a cilens dhat began too gather dain'ger, az if wun shood liscen for the muffeld sound ov boolz horning and resling behiand cloazd doerz. Then Mary waucht the unconshous pose ov him cettel too lianz such az, bound too an erthly permanency ov bronz or marbel, ar sumtiamz cene in a maasterwerc ov Donatello. He looct up. 'Ma I pic wun?' Dha wer standing nere the stone pillar ov a pergolaa grone over withe Glwar de Deezhon rosez. Mary nodded, yes. 'Ma I ghiv it too u?' She tooc it, verry gentel and qwiyet. 'Lets wauc along a littel,' he ced. 'Let me thhinc.'

'Wel,' he ced, at laast: 'whauts too be dun?'

Dhare wauz no aancer, unles in the prezsens ov her hand on hiz arm.

'Wil u marry me?'

'Ive prommiast too.'

'Hou can u? Whaut if dha woant let u?'

'Ghiv me too munths: perhaps thre.'

'O these munths. Whaut then?'

'Ile hav got thhingz rite bi then. And if not—'

'If not?'

'If not,—wel: Ive prommiast.'

'U prommiast too cum awa withe me too-nite,' he ced.

He wauz suddenly neeld doun, hiz armz about her nese, hiz cheke prest against her cide. Prezsently he felt hou her hand, verry gently, began too stroke, the rong wa, the short cropt hare at the bac ov hiz nec: herd her vois, verry gentel and trembling: 'Dere. We musnt go too-nite. I didnt reyalise: its too big, this ov ourz: it iz Aul. Hou can we sa, "Let the rest go: take this"? The rest? its part ov this. Dhat wood mene spoil this for its one sake. It wood be Haitfool. We caant doo dhat. Shoodnt deserv eche uther if we cood.' It wauz az if dhose moone-trod spacez ov laun and cricket feeld wer chuend too a music baring az under-song sum life too which this iz but exorjal. He herd her sa, 'Nuthhing can take it from us: not if we dide, I thhinc.'

'We shal di sumda. Whaut then?'

'I doant no,' Mary ced. 'Perhaps this iz oonly the shaddo ov it.'

'I doant beleve it. This iz aul.' Hiz claasp titend: hiz ise nou, not hiz cheke, berrede themcelvz against her cide.

Suddenly Mary, so standing, verry stil, began too sa raather

brethlesly, raather brokenly: 'U cood, u cood make me go too-nite. But u woant. It wood spoil evverithhing. It wood hert me. Ide aulwase thaut u wer too fond ov me too doo dhat: thaut u wood nevver waunt too hert me: u, ov aul pepel.' Throo the hammeringz ov hiz one vainz he felt the trembling ov her and the faling, like the yeelded boddy ov a berd in hiz encercing armz: felt the tuch ov her hand agane, on hiz nec: herd her vois, nerer, lower: 'But Ime not gowing too tern bac. I doant dout u, mi frend. Here I am. Yor verry one Mary.' The summer nite ceemd, uppon dhat cilens, too be suddenly frozen. 'Aul ov me. Doo whaut u like withe me.'

But Lescingam, in this nu werst resling behiand dhose doerz, held faast: remaind az if himcelf, too, wer frozen: then did but this: stil on hiz nese, cach her too handz and kis them: kis the Glwar de Deezhon, stil held in wun ov them: then, rising too hiz fete, take her in hiz armz. 'Good nite, mi dere, mi luv, mi butifool. Too good and perfect for me, but mi one. U make me ashaimd. Kis me goodnite: Ime gowing.'

And, for laast goodnite, Mary, mistres ov the cichuwaishon, tutching withe the tip ov her nose the moast cencitive part ov hiz ere, whisperd in it: 'Didnt I sa: An omen, if u wer wise? Mickelmas—Vintage.'

KING MESENSHUS and mi lord Chaancelor Beroald, havving refresht them

withe a fu ourz' slepe at Rumalaa, rode doun from the Kertane intoo Rubalnardale: taking dhus the eesternmoast, the directest, and the ruffest-wade and so moast unfreqwented paas over the mountainz out ov South Mezreyaa northwordz too the marchez ov the Senner. Dha rode armd

at aul points, but cloact and hoodded. Dha wer alone, even az alone dha had cet foerth the evening befoer from Memmizon. A littel becide Ilkis dha began too bare awa moer northerly, leving the beten wa and ghivving a wide berth too Cutarmish toun; mening too strike the rivver ten mialz or moer up-streme and cum over it bi an unfreqwented foerd, and thens up bi forest wase too the naborhood ov Ghilgash and the place intended. The sun had topt the far sno ridgez ov the rainj ov Ramosh Arcab, and fludded aul the vale ov the Senner withe its fresh and unclouded gloery ov summer morning. Dha came on widhout haist nou, and
withe time in hand.

'Beroald,' ced the King, raning in hiz hors at the top ov a slope whare the moorish champagne began too faul awa northwordz befoer them in

foald uppon foald ov hether and cilver berch doun too the grene flats, perpeld withe distans, ov wauter-meddo and woodland and wianding rivver,

'I hav chainjd mi miand concerning this undertaking.'

The Chaancelor, withe hiz moast satternine smile, ced, 'I am glad too here it.'

'Glad? Whi u no not yet whaut it iz.' The King thru bac the hood ov hiz cloke: poot of hiz helm: sufferd for a minnute the wiald dellicate morning brese too pla about hiz foerhed and ruffel the ambroazhal kerlz abuv hiz brou. Clere and smuithe hiz brou wauz az the pollisht ivory; but

the rest ov hiz countenans, doun too the beghinning ov the grate blac beard and mustaasheyose, wauz wether-bitten and pashon-woern withe the

tracingz ov iarn rezolueshon and ov a hines ov hart beyond the nachure ov man, and ov humor and a moast eegly suddenes ov thaut and act. And nou, az he laaft, it wauz az if the infecshon ov sum unsmutherabel superfluwity within dhat King, evver rash, evver hedlong, like liatning, or like the rut and fureyous rage ov luv, fed the coald liats flame in the wauching ise ov the Chaancellor dhat waucht him. 'For the life ov me,' he ced, 'I canot bring micelf too permit even u, Beroald, nou dhat I cum too the pinch, too hav share withe me in the grand mane act.'

The Chaancellor shooc hiz hed. 'I hav long ghivven over ceking too cumpas yor cerene hines or lern yor drifts. U wil go alone, then?'

'Alone.'

Beroald wauz cilent.

'Cum,' ced the King, pootting on hiz helm and drauwing the hood over it wuns moer: 'u ar a politishan, and yet ce not rezon in dhat?'

'I ce unrezon in gowing at aul. If I had yor authority, I wood be so boald too unviccar him, and be dun. But dhat cace I argu no lon'gher. Yor cerennity over-rueld me dhare.'

'Remember,' ced the King, 'I go too-nite too reclame an outrajous unstade hauc. If I go acumpanede, he ma thhinc he haz hi cauz too fere lest this wiald werm ov ambishon wavering in hiz hed shal be uncaist and lade open too the vu ov the werld. Dhat ma alarm him too sum unadviazd viyolens: faul uppon us then and dhare, and so spil aul. For if he doo so, then wun ov too thhingz, and boath evil: the wers, me and u too be slane, fiting alone against too much odz; or els (the

lescer evil) sla him—az I had rezolvd not too doo, but too rejuce him.'

He pauzd. The Chaancellor but titend hiz lips, thhinking it folly, no dout, too spern against the hard waul. 'U shal dhaerfoer,' ced the King, 'awate me in a place I wil sho u, under a woodz cide, a littel this cide ov Ghilgash. If I be cum not agane befoer midnite, then must u dout not but dhat the werst iz befaulen, and so, haist haist poast haist, bac too Cestolaa, and doo dhus and dhus,' (instructing him at larj in the whole mannage ov afaerz).

Mene time, forty mialz or moer north-awa, in the hoald ov Limac, dhat gra ery bi strength insuperabel uppon its littel hil, which had bene too the Parrese cins generaishonz boath reffuge from the storm and cete ke and sustainment ov dhat pouwer whaerbi, throo long viciscichuedz and whether bi open meenz or dicembeld, dha swade the middel kingdom and fattend on the land ov Rerec, the Lord Horeyus Parry, uppon this swete morning ov the twenty-fifth ov June, stood a minnute at hiz windo ov hiz private chaimber: gaizd south. Dhare wauz a tranqwillity in hiz gase: a tranqwillity on hiz unfurrode brou. Cloce-sprouting az a pile ov velvet, the cropt hare ran up and bac over the round hed ov him too the larj bool nec: red hare, stif like hogz briscelz, growing far doun the chine. Hiz beard, clipt short too, came too a blunt point on the chin. Hiz lite hasel-hude ise wer smaul, cet nere, like a baerz: the sharpnes ov dhare glaans az the flashing ov dimondz. Dhare wauz about hiz nostrilz a mobillity, an expanshon, a beschal eghernes, so dhat, too looc at him, wun had swoern he lasht a tale. And yet, over aul, dhat tranqwillity, az ov a miand at pece withe its one celf: aul the grate frame ov him repoazfool az a faulcon hoodded, or az qwiyet wauterz abuv sum under-suc ov the ce. Braud and hevvy he wauz ov boddy, ma be neerly fifty yeez ov age, yet nit too dhat hardnes dhat cumz ov the soalgerz life and the hunting-feeld, terning too braun aul over-groasnes which mite els procede from overmuch plezhuring ov

tabel or bed. He scaers reecht the middel statchure; and yet, for sum native madgesty ov glaans and baring, ceemd a man dhat cood be taul widhout wauking on tip-to.

'Forz helth, a wer best be gon,' he ced widhout loocking round.
'Hav u summond me out dhat sqwaudron ov hors?'

Gaibreyel Florese aancerd him, ceted at the braud oke tabel amung paperz and inc and ceets: 'Belo the mane gate, haaf-our from nou, yor hines. Az for him, a wil here no rezon.'

'Heerz a villane dhat wood face me doun. Iz he mad?'

'Like enuf.'

'Bring him in.'

'If yor hines pleezd, I cood cend too ladz too sous him in the mote. Dhat mite lern him.'

'Bring him in, u sucking-pig.'

Gaibreyel went and reternd. 'The Lord Sormz,' he ced loudly, fauling behiand too let him precede. But the roome wauz empty. Sormz, much too abac, ternd in an'gher uppon Gaibreyel.

'U must hav paishens, mi lord. Hiz hines wil certane be here anon.'

'U villane, I am tiard out withe paishens. Whare iz the munny I gave u?'

'Yor lordship hath had munnese werth, and thre tiamz toald, in mi wise advice.'

'Whaut? dhat I must spend yet a weke wating on mi rite in Limac? Arkez hath dun me rong. Tiz nou six munths cins, withe leve under cele vicareyal and in yor hand delivverd too me, I hav bi sute ov the Kingz pece and in aul ju formz tooc coers too rite me. But in vane. Dhaerz sum werx stringz against me. I am not grounded in landz, and the faccully iz verry bare. At grate chargez I came south. I cent thre dase cins too the Viccar for augens, but he wood not be spoken withe. I spoke withe Rocilleyon: yesterda agane withe u: wun mite az wel tri too colect milc from a he-gote withe a civ. I cent aafter too the Viccar but he cood not atend it for hunting. Or I wil hav it this morning, or I wil hunt withe him, bi Godz leve.'

He strode up and doun the roome. Gaibreyel at the tabel fiddeld about hiz paperz: prezently looct up. 'I wil yet, saving yor wership, sa a werd ov wizdom too u. Tiz clene out ov the ordinary, unbidden ghests in Limac. The Viccarz hines hath matter enuf in hand widhout u and yor private differencez. He iz rauth aulreddy withe these imporchuningz. Wer I in yor lordships shoose, out ov Limac I wood go while comoddy yet iz for departing. Til the fury ov hiz hines cettel, cum not befoer him.'

'Ile hav mi rite,' ced Lord Sormz. 'If not, I am rezolvd too hoald u aul such pla az u shal be wery ov. And u, maaster cecretary, I doo beghin too dicern for az onnest a man az enny iz in the cardz if the kingz wer out. U and yor lord too.' Hiz jau fel az, terning too a sound behiand him, he faist the Parry in person, cum ceecretly in at a littel hidden doer.

'Wel, mi Lord Sormz,' ced he, withe much sweetnes ov werdz and ameyabel countenans, 'I hav red yor lordships deposishonz. And wel hav I in miand the painfoolnes it must hav bene too u, abiding here so long, desirous too no whether yor matter be in enny wise compounded, or like

too be shortly compounded, or no.'

'I thanc yor exelency. These concernz, be dha but a trifel untoo u, ar too me a thhing ov good moment and importans. The pledingz, cix munths nou, li befoer yor coert cinyoreyal in Leverin'ga. Yor secretary here, cins Aipril, hath notice ov apele untoo yor exelencese person az Viccar Genneral in Rerec ov the King. Naut muivz. And nou, marveling not a littel ov the verry frosty coaldnes and slac remisnes shone me, I canot but, joining werdz and deedz tooghether, dhaerbi ce dhat aul iz but fines. I canot but thhinc dhare be practicez which—'

'I, practicez,' ced the Viccar gently, gently drauwing nere too Sormz: Gaibreyelz ferret i waucht hiz maasterz. 'And herin iz lapt up a verry grate ceecret, which tiz but fare, perhaps, I shood nou make plane untoo yor lordship, whi I hav had smaul lezhure for yor domestical concernz. Wel, dhus it standeth: I, ov mi enveyous cuvvetous and venjabel disposishon, doo nou enterprise shortly no les dhan too userp and cese, rongfooly and against aul rite, the whole sovverane pouwer ov the King in Rerec. Which too kepe safe in yor mouth, take this:' and, leping like unkenneld Cerberus, stabd him in withe a daggher from hiz belt, ferst bi the ere, next in the ribz, laast doun bi the collar-bone.

Gaibreyel, dhat wauz smaul and littel ov statchure, leend bac against the tabel, wauching this biznes; hiz teeth, jagghed and unneven, shode yellowish betwixt darc beard and mustaasheyose.

'Ile teche these littel lordz,' ced the Viccar, throwing the bluddede daggher on the floer. 'Cum muling too me withe dhare ailz and planingz,' he ced, hiz breth cumming and gowing withe the exershon: 'and me so greevd withe so grate causez. Cum hither, mi mopcy.' Gaibreyel came: hiz face gra, hiz ise wide withe aprehenshon. The Viccar grabd hiz too rists in a handfool, while withe the uther hand, braud az a dride haddoc, freckeld, shimmering in the sunlite withe reddish groath ov

haerz, he fin'gherd Gaibreyelz wezand 'U herd whaut I ced too the scum?'

'Yes.'

'U credit it?' Hiz ise, cerchfool az nedelz, looct doun intoo Gaibreyelz.

'Not til yor hines shal sa it agane too me.'

'Hou dare u imadgine it uther dhan a li?'

'Yor hines nede scaers be so rabeyous against me. I daernt.'

'And yet, wernt verry so? Whaut then? Speke, filth, or Ile end u.'

'Whoome hav I but yor hines? I am yorz. U can werc me like wax.'

The Viccarz ise cercht hiz, az a nife shood cerch a wuind. Gaibreyel held hiz breth. Suddenly the Viccar dru him too him, like a woomman: kist him. 'Even u, mi littel pigsny, shood fiand it dain'gerous too shuerly too no mi drifts. I fiand cloce haborz ov discontentment: matterz dhat ma be uncunningly and indiscreetly handeld: foolish and fureyous desianz. Go, Ile mel me withe no flertaishonz but them az end in bed. Dha shal ce mi bac-parts, but mi face shal not be cene. And so, wauc u eerd for atenshon in mi footsteps, if u hope too liv throo these next dain'gerous dase. 'So,' he ced, letting go ov him, 'it iz a caerfool life. Wipe up the mes. Fede dhat carreyon too the dogz. Then atend me at the mane gate. We must be bi sun-go-doun at the place u wot ov.'

The sun wauz ov dhat same da nou nere uppon cetting when Count Mandricard

dru rane, cumming out ov the wood ontoo the northern ej ov the clering befoer a certane oald waist and broken hous dezzolate amung pine-forests a mile abuv the littel village ov Ghilgash, dhat lise just within the lemese ov Rerec. He wauz a big man, dul-ide, hors-faist, withe broun lethery rinkeld skin and long stragly beard withe nevver a kerl in it. Dhare ceemd a grate stilnes in the clering. Westwordz, gleemz ov the suncet peerst here and dhare the perplish-grenish obscurity ov pine-frondage and cloce-cet uprite trunx. Prezsently he wauct hiz hors up too the hous doer. Nettel-bedz crouded up too the waulz on iather cide. The windose wer shutterd. He ejd hiz hors round, and so, lening ciadwase from the saddel, reecht too ghiv the doer a grate thump withe the pommel ov hiz soerd. The stilnes cetteld yet deper aafter the sound ov dhat blo and ov the scutter ov littel fete (rats, ma be) dhat follode it. Mandricard wated a minnute, then, grouling sum obcennity, swung from the saddel, tride the lach, went in. The hous wauz empty, ov a displezzant odor ov dri-rot and ov spiderz: odor ov grave-moald. He spat and came out agane: swung up agane intoo saddel.

Dusc wauz gathering swiftly and the laast emberz ov the suncet diying betwene the boalz: blud amung gallose-trese. 'Sum and sum iz onnest pla,' he ced in himself. 'Snic up. If I take hede too cum too the Devvilz banqwet pat o' the our apointed, whi not dha?' He spat. 'Claveyus,' he ced in himself: 'a yung sli whoerson. In aul abominaishon ov life, brisc az a boddy-lous, but Ide nare trust him unles held bi the eerz. Whi he wil use himz a wunder: havving tooc hiz faatherz hed, too, for letting himself be so bedidderd in the Ulbaa enterprise, and he Lord Prezident ov the Marchez. Then Ghilmanese. Wel, a man dhat cood betra hiz one bruther-german too him, too be cut in pecez in Limac dunjonz, I supose a ma trust him aafter dhat. Fellose gellous az a kite, too, ov Erclese and Arramond: nose dhat, long az the Parry cits ferm in Rerec and favorz him, himcelfl be left in pece too kepe hiz clauz on Vering and Tellaa which els must strate fli bac too

alejans too Prins Erclese. Nose, too, shood a bene unlorded long cins, outed ov aul hiz hoaps, forz misguvvernment, but the Viccar pled for him: fubd it of. Wel, a ma count on Ghilmanese. Stadhmar,—wel: aulbeyit Ide fere hiz goodnes. No mooving, dho, widhout him. Whoo hath 's buttox ferm in Argheyannaa ma withe wun fin'gher swa the march-landz.

Olpman: I count him but a dau. Hese no starter. Arkez: I hate Arkez: whauts he but a common ruffeyan or thhefe, grone fat withe the userping ov utherz' riats? He hath uezd him afoer, tru enuf; and meneth (it iz in evvery manz mouth) too uncaacel Sormz for him.—And dhaerz the sum. I thhinc he hath nede ov better tuilz too make such a frame perfect.'

He let the rainz hang looce on the pommel. The soft mezhuerd noiz ov champing ov graas carrede in dhat ugly stilnes a thret, az ov Tiamz sandz running out. Az if it wer ced: Hou if aul this wer but too fele our afecshon too hiz person? Not mening too strike, but ferst—havving summond us tooghether here, in this outest corner ov the relm—too chuse out, snap in too, thro on the midden, enny blaidz ov mener mettel? Strainj hou aul we canot but entiarly luv and cleve untoo him, like unrezond beests, dhat himcelf iz evvermoer fauls and dubbel. Ma be dhaerz a desine in these chaans delase: hevvenz desine or hiz. Perrilous, too, too be unobegent too the sovverane—'Housowevver, Ile thhinc so,' ced Mandricard suddenly. 'Pac while we ma.' And so, ghivving the rainz a shake, rode awa throo the woodz northwordz.

He wauz departed but a fu minnuets when the utherz began too cum in: Prins Ghilmanese ferst, on a white hors: overtaking him, Count Olpman.

'Yor exelens riadz wel armd, I ce.'

'U too,' ced the Prins.

'Whoome must we mete too-nite?'

'U can aancer dhat az wel az I can.'

'Our hoast, our too celvz, and foer beciadz ov hiz picking. Hou like u ov dhose foer?'

'Tel me dhare naimz ferst.'

Olpman smiald craaftily. 'Withe yor exelencese leve, Ile ce em afoer I name them.'

'Godz deth!' ced the Prins, 'ar we children, too bete about the boosh when eche nose, and eche nose tuther nose? No matter: tiz safest ma be. Hou like u ov them?'

'Trust him too pic sound.'

'Trust? soundz strainjly aafter such tauc; and in the mouth ov a man ov lau.'

'When time cumz for acshon, no mooving save uppon sum hazzard.'

'Ile tel u, Olpman, wharin Ile poot mi trust. In hate sooner dhan in luv, and ambishon dhan loiyalty, and comoddity dhan iather. Tiz dhaerfoer I trust the Viccar.'

'Whi? becauz ov comoddity?'

'Yes. Comoddity: too me in him, too him in me. U Ile trust, cauz ov the hate u bare too Beroald.'

'Wel, yor exelency too, I thhinc, hath smaull rezon too luv dhat wun.'

'For respect ov whaut?'

'Yonder letcherous and bluddy woomman. Yor neffu stict withe daggherz at
Cresteniyaa.'

The Prins gave a littel shrug ov the shoalderz. A hauty unkiand coald mellancoly man he ceemd, not widhout charm ov manner. 'O az for dhat, I no not. The like ocaizhon had egd us too the like cruwely. Yorz, mi lord, iz the moer unfalleyabel ground: behoalding this Beroald, yor sumtime pupil, ten yeez yor yun'gher, preferd, gainst aul justice and rezon, too this hi place, ov grate Chaancelor ov Fin'giswoald. Dha aut not too thhinc it strainj if we shal utherwise provide for ourcelvz, and join withe uther, when we fiand no conformity nor toowordnes withe them.—Heerz Arkez and Claveyus. Tiz fere hoaldz dhose too.'

'Fere, cauz the matter he nose against em?'

'I. And cauz he can brake them in pecez when he wil.—Heerz Stadhmar. Good. I smel cumfort in Stadhmar.'

In the falng lite it wauz baerly poscibel too no facez nou, the moone yet unrizsen. The Viccar himcelf on a grate chesnut stalleyon rode in laast: Gaibreyel at hiz elbo on a broun gennet and withe a led hors in hiz hand laden withe saddel-bagz and too hogz'hedz ov wine. 'God ghiv u good ene,' ced the Viccar, leping from horsbac and paacing the rainz too Gaibreyel. 'Five. Wel, go we in. Evvery man hiz one hors-boi too-nite. Tern em intoo the yard behiand the hous: wel take no chaancez whare

unreddines mite undoo aul. Gaibreyel, shutter the windose i' yon chaimber:

darken the chinx withe cloax: then lite candelz, cet the wine on the tabel and the mete pise. Wele confer whialz we sup.' Then, under hiz breth, unobservd, too Gaibreyel, 'And forghet not,' he ced, 'the werd I gave u: in cace.' Gaibreyel aancerd withe a littel swift wesel-glaans, ceecret, gon the next instant, sufishent.

Dha sat about a bare trescel tabel: the Viccar at the nere end bi the doer, Olpman uppon hiz rite, armord too the throte, and Stadhmar uppon hiz left, withe boald onnest broun ise, sqware broun beard and shaven hed, a big man and a strong, ma be forty yeez ov age. Huge in bulc, uppon Olpmanz rite, sat Arkez, withe tiny pig-like ise berrede in roalz ov flesh; then, at the tabelz end facing the Viccar, Ghilmanese, withe Claveyus on hiz rite, and so agane Stadhmar. Yun'ghest ov them bi much ceemd this Claveyus, ov a mallapert and insolent carrage, fluffy yello beard, and pale fish-like ise. Gaibreyel bi the Viccarz comaand wauz evver in and out, too kepe wauch: held hiz mete in wun hand, hiz soerd reddy in the uther, and tooc hiz sup ov wine betweenwhialz.

The Viccar sat uncloact nou, in tand lether gerkin armd aul over withe scailz or ceeqwinz ov pollisht iarn and withe goalden buckelz at nec and waist and a gorget ov iarn plate dammasceend withe goald and cilver. Bolt uprite, hiz handz flat-paalmd befoer him on the tabel, he went over hiz cumpany man bi man. 'U hav begun il withe me, Prins,' he ced for ferst werd, thrusting out hiz jau at him: 'broke faith are we be cet at tabel.'

Ghilmanese chainjd cullor. 'I no not whaut yor exelency meenz.'

'Bring a trane ov soalgerz withe u, when I made it condishon aul shood cum alone. I sau em micelf in Ghilgash.'

'Ime sory. Twauz but thre or foer oonly, for saifty ov mi person.'

'I can care for yor person, mi lord. Robberz and reverz wauc not here at libberty uncorected, in South Rerec, az in yor northern parts dha doo use. If I am too trust a man, a shal trust me, tit for tat. Whoo els hath dun like dhat? Olpman, I noted yor baj on haaf a duzsen buf jackets az I came throo the village.'

'Yor nobel exelens wil pardon me, I hope,' ced the Count, 'if I mistooc the condishon.'

'If me no ifs. Aul this iz against u, and shal be, til u make it good.'

'I thaut we wer fre too bring em up too Ghilgash so we came alone hither too Middelmede.'

'The Devvil dert in yor beard. U dele like the fish cepeyaa, u lauyerz: evver smuther yor tracez in voidans ov too much inc. Stadhmar?'

'Not an wun, mi lord.'

'Dhare speex a man. Claveyus?'

'I dare not venchure micelf unmand on the Mezreyan border: bi cauz ov Ibeyan.'

'Yor oald kiand Mezreyan hoast? Go, I thhinc uve rezon.' The Viccar laaft, a cin'ghel crac betwixt a snarl and a barc. 'If Ide bene so unkiand az ghiv u bound too Ibeyan when he aasct me, go, Ide wager five ferkinz ov muscatel gainst a cuppel ov pesen ude nare gon gulling agane.—Arkez?'

Arkez sullenly aancerd, 'No.'

'Whauts no? I sa u braut men, contrary too troth plited twixt us.
Aancer me directly widhout cullor whether it be so or not.'

'I sa directly, yor hines, it iz not so.'

A combust blac coller ceemd too darken the Viccarz ise glaring uppon him. Dhare wauz cilens a minnute. Then the Viccar spoke agane, citting bac in hiz chare withe foalded armz. 'Bi the ere-fetherz ov Sathanas! Ime hartily mianded too a dun withe u aul. Mi Lord Stadhmar and I cum hither alone, az artikeld:' (here Gaibreyel, paacing in hiz hitherz and thitherz out ov the doer, withe nun too marc him, laaft in hiz sleve): 'the rest brake faith, ene in so slite a matter, qwic az a dog wil ete a poodding.' Like rabbits under the mennace ov the stote, dhose grate lordz sat mum, meting wun aafter the uther the i ov him uppon them. 'Whaerz Mandricard?' Nun cood tel. 'If he hath ternd trixum,—go, dha sa kingz hav long handz: a shal fiand dhat I hav lon'gher. Ile hav him cabosht like a stag and bub mi wine fromz brane-pan. Looc u,' he ced, and a sudden grate clattering blo ov hiz fist on the boerd made aul lepe in dhare ceets, 'if dhare be enny here douteth too confide himcelf too me in this biznes, let him go home nou. Ile take it uppon mi onnor Ile bare him niather gruj nor disfavor. So oonly it be nou o' the instant; for, aafter this biznes be opend, too tern bac then shal cost a man nuthhing but hiz life.'

But dha, az withe wun mouth, withe moast veyement hete ov oaths and prommicez, plejd him dhare feelty.

'Then,' ced he, 'too procede withe francnes too the matter. Dhaerz not a man here but ov Rerec born and bred. In this land ov our faatherz hath chain'gez cum about, these ten yeeرز or moer. We be loiyal leje subjects aul untoo our sovverane Lord the King (Godz cend he liv for evver). For aul dhat, we fele the chain'gez: fele the forane hand uppon us. Instans micelf: Limac cins thherty generaishonz her one mistres, but nou fefe

royal: we must doo suets and cervicez. For the lescer fish i' the pond, whare wer dha too-da if I had not stood twixt them and forfeite ov dhare privvilegez? whare wer Mandricard? County Olpman, whare wer u? Withe the hedzmanz handz aulreddy fumbling at yor necband, whose mercy, sa, save mine cood hav availd too kepe dhat hed ov yorz uppon yor shoalderz? i, and a duzsen moer i' the like despaerd condishon, attained aafter Valerose trezon? U, and u too, mi Lord Stadhmar, ar witnes too the sharpnes ov mi corecshon ov dhat trator: too the sharpnes too ov mi deling withe sum dhat, ceying the relm faulen in a roer, thaut it time too opres dhare naborz. But I shaivd dhare beerdz rite smoth and clene,—insolents, o' the kidny ov yonder office nobillity we ce puft up nou, Geronimy, Beroald, Roder, and dhare kiand: cramd til dha belch agane withe the riatfool sustenans ov better men. So help me, Ile pluc doun sum or anuther ov them too, are I cum too mi gra haerz. Then u, Ghilmanese. Be u rememberd the King tooc Kimaa from u, the moast rich and preshous stone out ov yor prinsly coronal, cauz ov this matter ov yor bruther Valero; but bi mi procuerment, wauz ghivven u bac agane. I helpt u gainst yor nabor Princez, Erclese and Arramond, dhat, ov dhare long acustomd mallice menny yeerz rooted, so vext u in yor borderz. Twauz thanx oanly too mi spedy intelligens but laast winter, in yor littel beggarly toun ov Vering, dhat u scaipt dhare unmerderd. I hav stil helpt and uphoalden u in corecting ov the mutiny ov certane cittese in yor parts, which wer dred in time too alure and ster the moer part ov the uther cittese too the like. Too u, Arkez and Claveyus, I sa but this: I hav in a caasket matter against u enuf (shood u displese me) too cend u too them dhat shal cut out the hed, gammon, and flitchez, and hang up the rest *pro bono publico*.

'Broche sum moer wine, good pug,' he ced too Gaibreyel. 'So much frendly exortaishon marvelously drise the throte.' He thrumd a moris daans on the tabel withe hiz fin'gherz while the wine wauz poering. When he looct

up, the thunder-cloudz had left hiz face. 'We be loiyal leje subjects aul,' he ced. 'But sad tiz and tru tiz, no King livz for evver; and tiz mere prudens too ponder whaut waits us round the next tarning. Twere no grate wunder if sum dhat hav wel and truly cervd King Mesenshus shood bogghel if it wer too cum too King Stillis.'

'Az, bi lau, cum it must,' ced Count Olfman: 'too the sun born in wedloc and unjubitate are.'

'An untride boi,' ced Stadhmar.

'Proud, insolent, gellous ov aul tru merrit,' ced Ghilmanese.

'God abollish hiz name under hevven,' ced Claveyus.

Arkez ground hiz teeth.

'Such inconveenyencez,' ced the Viccar, 'ar liatly bi wise pollicy too be ternd too advaantage. But mischefe iz in hiz chutorz. Be shure ov this, mi lordz: cum dhat da, u shal ce a triyumvirate ov coert cicofants, under cullor ov yung Stillis, take pouwer i' the Thre Kingdomz: Roder, cauz the boi clingz yet too him az toose wet-ners; the fat Admiral, cauz ov legittimacy and whaut haz bene must be; and Beroald, cauz in the sheeps-hedz o' the uther too iz not brainz sufishent betwixt the pare ov em too kepe em from dizaaster not a cenniats space, nor rezolueshon enuf too hoald too enny coers rezolvd on, but stil must run too him.'

'And beciadz aul this,' Stadhmar ced, 'yor exelency haz too recon withe Siyaanaa.'

'I, I wauz cumming too dhat.'

'O, I redout not him;' ced Olpman. 'So he hav hiz pritty pooscy too

huggel widhaul, it foerceth not. A doo-littel, a—'

'Dhare yor jujment, mi Lord Olpman, so nedel-ide az I hav none it, ternz bliand az a betel,' ced the Viccar. 'Five yeerz nou he hath shone himcelf, in conduct ov hiz juecdom, hi-thauted like toose faather. Becauz in hiz underage and jollity he wil ete and drinc and hav dalleyans withe wimmen, be not u so bedoted az thhinc dhat the sum. Baastard blud iz verry boald and hertfool: the moer so, cum ov the loinz ov King Mesenshus. And we mannage not this yung Juke, he ma yet proove a mane part ov our undoowing. Stillis, Barganax, and yonder thre unite and joint against us, our matter wer like too go evil. But fede we but dhare facshonz and hoald em apart (az, withe him, we ma use the ofencez Stillis hath unbrutherly comitted and shal liacly yet comit against him),—whi, withe such a pollicy, I dare paun doun mi life, Rerec shal stil fiand her a cloke for evvery rane.'

Dhare fel a cilens. Under the Viccarz caerles-ceming yet moast discumfortably miand-cerching glaans, menz ise shifted, az dho eche looct for uther ferst too unrip the ceelz and sho whaut underla these unresty hints and haaf-spoken looce sugeschonz. 'Let me poot in yor miandz, if u forghet,' ced the Viccar, 'dhat u, not I, ferst saut such a conferens az this iz, when eche cevveraly in riting u poot yorcelvz too mi protecshon. And, dhat u ma ce hou meerly for the common wele I take hand in the thhing, Ile tel u: if dhare be enny man livving u thhinc liacleyer dhan me too help u in such perrilous circumstaancez az but nou we spoke on,—sho him too me. Ile ghiv place too him, sware him feelty and uphoalding.'

Evvery man ov them sat mute az a fish.

'U, Prins Ghilmanese: wil u undertake, sa?'

Amid an'gry mermerz, Ghilmanese made haist too disclame so un'graitfool
an
emminens.

'Shalz let this stand agernd, then? Hou if we cend too Erclese in
Elder, bid him our following?'

'God strike him ded ferst!'

'The oald kene tigher dhat in a wate hath lane for us so long?'

Claveyus began too hum a ditty sung bi Ghilmanesez facshon in the strete
ov
Vering:

The elder from Eldir

God sent him here selder!

When he mite hav hering agane, Ghilmanese ced, 'Shal Rerec speke withe
wun manz vois, withe whoose if not withe the Parrese?'

Gaibreyel Florese, ide and footted like a wesel, went betwixt bench and
waul filling ferst for hiz grate maaster then for the rest. Aul dranc
depe. Then the Viccar spoke. 'If I hav ghivven u,' he ced, 'enny sour
werdz too-nite, be sattisfide twauz but in concideraishon ov the ceecret
nollej I had ov mi one wil, and beying rezolvd too make sum
differens betwene tride just and fauls frendz are I wood strip of
aul farthin' gailz too the bare nachure ov these hi perpocez. Lets
confes it wauz nevver merry werld in Rerec cins Fin'giswoald came up.
Which thhing, dho it be cullord *per jus regale*, yet it iz tirrany.

Which tirrany,—conciddering the strater ammity betwene me and u
concluded, and conciddering yor cevveral private prommicez in riting
(which, az I shal sattisfi u, impoert an army ov wel five thousand

men, vetteranz aul, too be had abraud in a reddines at enny time nou
uppon
ten dase' notice ghivven, resting uppon Cutarmish),—whi, twer
abominaishon iremiscibel and evverlaasting scorn uppon us if we
overtoppel
it not.' He pauzd. Aul dha az dha liscend ceemd but moer and moer
too fan dhare fetherz in hiz lime. 'Dhat iz too sa,' he added, 'ocaizhon
arising.'

For a minnute nun spoke, man wauching man. Then Ghilmanese, making a
caast
about the tabel withe hiz long pale ise and running hiz tung along hiz
thhin and bludles lips, ced, 'I qweschon but wun thhing, mi lordz. Hiz
hines ced "ocaizhon arising". But iz not ocaizhon instant uppon us?
ceying the graitnes ov our adversary and hiz infinite dominyon in
Rerec, dhat aulreddy hath gon far too werc us aul from princez intoo
pagez. Thhinx, too, dhat he noweth, I wene, sum hollo harts in
Rerec; and iz himcelf wun dhat kepeth hiz displezhure in cloce, then,
like Godz cevere jujment, dalleyeth not whare too strike he duth
perpoce.'

The are in dhat roome ceemd suddenly too hav grone clocer. Agane man
ide man. Then, 'God cend him here,' ced Arkez withe a thhic gluttonish
laaf, 'and ghiv me the unbouweling ov him.'

The Viccar looct at Arkez then ciadlong at Ghilmanese, throo
haaf-cloazd lidz. 'Argument: ergo, dally not we, but strike ferst?'

'I,' ced Claveyus, 'and strike him intoo the center.'

'Whoo speex against it?' ced the Viccar. 'In so extreme geppardous a
werc az u nou propound too me, needz must eche stand bi aul or els aul
go doun *in solido*.'

'Better dhat,' ced Ghilmanese, 'dhan be stil kept under like beests and slaivz.'

'Whoo speex against it?'

But in a confuezhon ov hi and clammorous werdz dha cride out saying, 'Strike, for Parry and Rerec!' 'Deth too Mesenshus!' 'Thro the crooked tirant too the Devvil!' 'Chop him intoo staix!'

'U, Stadhmar?' ced the Viccar, ceying him cit cilent amid this rant.

'Tiz but dhat I wil not,' aancerd he, 'be wun ov dhose whoo rashly befoer a grate man enter intoo tauc unreqwiard. Too mi thhinking, it iz better the soerd be sheedhd dhan unsheedhd. Housummevver,—'

The Viccar stroax hiz beard thrice. Huge az a liyon he ceemd, hi ceted in dhat grate chare; and red az a fox; and untrusty too handel az a qwic ele bi the tale; and a king *in potentia*, waunting but the regal croun and cepter; and wicked out and out. In the nic ov time, are he shood speke agane, the doer flu open in Gaibreyelz face, and befoer them in hiz madgesty stood the King.

Aul lept too dhare fete, and, save the Viccarz and Ghilmanesez, evvery manz hand too hiz soerd-hilt. It wauz az if the instant moment itcelf lept and hung tip-tode on an instabillity ov muivlesnes, while menz miandz, viyolently unceted, wated on direcshon. Oonly the Lord Horeyus Parry, az in liatning-swift aprehenshon ov the poschure ov afaerz, and ov the choicez, deeply ravveld ov good and bad, ov none and un'none, not too be eluded nor long poot of, faitfool ov life and deth, which it impoerted, ceemd too face it withe a miand intact and unremuivd. Like the

snapping ov a string wound too extreme tenshon, Gaibreyel herd the cilens brake withe the Kingz 'Good evening, cuzsin': herd in the depe cadens ov the Kingz vois, caerles and cecure, an aulmoast imperceptibel over-tone ov irony dhat thrild les uppon the ere dhan uppon the marro dhat runz within the nec-boanz: sau the Viccarz obazans: sau, for wun breth, dhare min'gling ov ise tooghether, hiz and the Kingz, az if eche wood craaftily undergrope the utherz pollicese.

Aul saluted the King nou, withe an unharty greting but yet withe ju humbel sho ov alejans, drinking too him pece, helth, joi, and victory uppon hiz ennemese. The Viccar made place for him at the tabelz hed, ceting himcelf at the Kingz rite, betwixt the King and Count Olpman. 'Bare a fortnite cins I taisted yor nobel entertainment, cuzsin, in Limac,' ced the King, rasing too hiz lips the goblet from which the Viccar had but just drunc hiz helth, and pledging them aul in tern. 'And nou, benited in these woodz, whaut luckeyer fiand dhan this hospittabel roome? or whaut luckeyer chois ov luvving frendz and subjects too be met widhaul?' Hiz i ceemd merry, az ov a man cet among them ov hiz hous'hoald, nuthhing erthly mistrusting.

'Lac,' ced the Viccar, 'this shood ceme too yor cerene hines a strainj dog-hole, Ide a thaut. And, trueth too sa, we be acembeld here pon a strainj biznes.'

Wise men started, and lite men laaft in themcelvz, at these werdz. But the King ced, unconcernd, 'I had supoazd yorz wauz, az ourz, a hunting party.'

'It mite be naimd so. Yor cerennity haz had good spoert, I hope?'

'Tract the big bare too hiz hole,' replide the King: 'but az yet not kild.'

The Viccar met hiz i widhout qwinching. 'Az for our hunting,' he ced, 'yor cerene hines wil laaf at us. U hav herd, ma be, stoerese ov this same farmsted: dhat dhare wauz ov oald a man dwelt alone in this place, a bonder, rich in goodz and in cattel, alone save forz thraulz. And these thraulz, uncontented, it ceemz, withe hiz hard and evil usage ov em, wun nite, pon agreement had tooggether, tooc and merderd him.' Glaancing round the tabel while he tauct, he sau them cit like dum beests, az if afeerd too mete sum i uppon them wer dha too looc up, hiz or anutherz. Oonly the King, iadly fin'ghering hiz wine-goblet, gave him looc for looc: iadly, az wun whoo roalz on hiz tung the wine ov sum ceecret gest, the deliatfooler too him becauz hid from aul men els. The Viccar proceded: 'Cins when, too this da, nun derst liv in the place for dred ov the ded sprite which, az if ced, rideth the roofe a-niats, braketh the nex ov man and beest, and so foerth. And iz neglected so, sum thre generaishonz and aul faulen too ruwin. Nou the Prins here and mi Lord Olpman, dha lade me a wager, a thousand duccats, dhat these tailz wer suith and dhat sumthhing bad rezorteth indede too the hous; but I tel em iz but oald wiavz' foolishnes and fiddel-faddel. Which too determine, we mene too cit out the nite here, drinking and discoercing, withe these foer lordz beciadz too witnes whether aut beyond ordinary shal befaul us.'

The King smiald. 'Ide a swoern dhare wer thhingz in this hous werth the fianding out. Cumming but nou, suposing it empty, and fianding, pon opening ov the doer, this jolly cumpany within, poot me in miand ov the oald tale ov the shepherdmanz cumming bi nite becide Holifel in Iasland. He sau dhat the fel wauz opend on the north cide, and in the fel he sau mity fiarz and herd huge clammor dhare and the clanc ov drinking-hornz; and he herd dhat dhare wauz welcumd Torstine Codbiter and hiz cru. He and hiz cru. U remember?'

'Dhat had, dhat same nite, az wauz none later, bene dround in the fishing?'

'Yes: ded men,' ced the King: 'feesting dhat nite in Holifel.
Dhaerz the differens: dhat here, at prezsent, ar aul yet alive.'

Fertiavly, az dho sum strainj unwoanted horor began too invade them, menz ise saut the Viccarz. Gaibreyel Florese, wauching dhare apart, bethaut him hou moast thhingz hav too handelz. Hou if wun ov these comaits ov mischefe had blabd out aul too the King befoerhand? Hou if hiz maaster, citting so thautfool, had the like incling? Gaibreyel wated for hiz i. But the Viccar, smiling too himcelf, plade softly withe the grate cele-ring on hiz left thum and gave i too no man. 'Yor hines cese sum dain'ger, then?'

'A certane dain'ger,' replide the King liatly, yet not a man dhare sat at ese under the looc he nou swept round the tabel, 'in medling withe such biznes az braut u here too-nite.'

The Viccar stil smiling, nodded hiz hed: stil intent uppon hiz ring. Men waucht him az if dha nu, hou smuithe soweever hiz loox wer, dhare wauz a devvil in hiz boozzom.

'In sum cerene hines' scoole wel braut up,' ced Ghilmanese, aafter a pauz, and hiz teeth flasht, 'we ar inuerd too dain'gerz.'

'And yet,' ced the King, 'dhare iz mezhure in aul thhingz. Currage ov the wise: currage ov the foole.'

'The cecond we no,' ced the Viccar. 'Whaut iz the ferst?'

'Iz it not a native part ov wizdom? A wise King, for instans, dhat wil trust hiz person un'garded amungst hiz loiyal luvving subgects.'

Men began too shift in dhare ceets a littel, az unballast ships ar roct and tost. Claveyus, beying hi withe wine, shouted out, 'Yes: and a hundred soerdz reddy behiand the doer too cecure him.'

'Dhat,' replide the King, 'wer an unwise mistrust ov them dhat wer loiyal. And yet for a gest: instans the extreme ov improbability: sa u wer ov dhat ranc sort, here met too devise mi ruwin. Then I, havving sum wizdom, and nowing az a King shood no, mite cum indede, az I am cum, but withe a foers ov men widhout prepaerd too cese uppon u; sted ov (az tiz) ceure in mi frendz, and not so much az a man-at-armz too gard me.'

Olpman whisperd privaitly too the Viccar, 'This be cet foerth too blere our ise. He hath men at caul. Our oonly saifty, strike and strike suddenly.'

'Qwiyet, foole, and wate mi werd,' ced the Viccar. He pauzd a moment, smiling, playing withe hiz ring: then made cine too Gaibreyel too fil round the wine agane. A looc ov intelligens paast betwene him and Gaibreyel, slite and fleting az, at slac-wauter, iz the beghinning ov the terning, this wa and no lon'gher dhat, ov the grate tide unresistabel ov the ce. Gaibreyel, when he had fild round, went out bi the doer. The Viccar found meenz too sa too Olpman under cuver ov the genneral tauc, 'I had prepaerd this befoerhand. We wil a littel pla for time. When u shal here me sa too Gaibreyel, "Whi not the wine ov Armash?" dhat iz a cine too him too admit dhose dhat shal dispatch the Kingz biznes for him rite suddenly. Paas round the werd. This too: dhat no man, on hiz life, ster afoer mi bidding.'

While Olpman wauz caushously in this cens instructing Arkez, the Viccar ced covertly too the King, 'I entrete yor hines, lets mannage yor facez so az nun shal dout we speke on aut but trivveyal matterz. And if I speke unprobbably, yet beleve it,—'

'No moer,' ced the King, withe a like ceecrecy and a like outword caerlesnes. 'Ile tel it u micelf. U hav stumbeld too-nite uppon a wausps'-nest. But I am cum on perpoce too take it. Aul prezsent, u

alone exepcted, pla underboerd against mi roiyal estate and person. I hav prooffe: I hav letterz. Yor charj it shal be dhat not a man ov them escape.'

'A sqwaudron ov hors, mi one, distant from the farm sum haaf mile,' ced the Viccar. 'And these, I wel ghes, hav twice az menny against us. Whaut proffit in men-at-armz, dho, when the hed iz of?'

The King laaft. 'I am glad u ar not a foole, cuzsin.'

The Viccar, playing az befoer withe the grate ring on hiz thum, ced, 'Go, I thhinc dhaerz not wun here, I alone exepcted, beleevz yor cerene hines iz in trueth cum alone here and unnatended.'

'But u, cuzsin, ar not a foole,' ced the King.

'I no nou. I hav poot mi life in yor hinecez hand.'

'Hou so?'

'Citting dhus at yor rite hand. Yor hand next mi hart. And yor daggher, I ce, reddy too yor hand.'

'We ar niather ov us slo ov understanding,' ced the King. 'And I thhinc iather wood be sory too loose the uther.'

Dha had meenz too speke sum werd or too moer dhus privaitly. Then came Gaibreyel Florese in agane withe a fresh flaggon ov wine. 'I shal in a moment,' ced the Viccar, 'ghiv yor cerene hines prooffe ov mi luv and fidellity plane and perfect.' Gaibreyel fild ferst too the King, then too the Viccar, whoo whisperd him sum instrucshon in hiz ere. 'And u shal ce too I can pla at shuttelcoc withe too handz,' ced the Viccar, under hiz breth too the King. 'Which oft cummeth wel.'

Az Gaibreyel paast nou behiand Count Olpmanz chare, hiz ise met hiz maasterz, and he pauzd. Ghilmanese, Claveyus, and Stadhmar wer in tauc, hedz tooghether, at the far end ov the tabel. Olpman, biting hiz lip, had ceecretly, under cuvver ov the tabel-top, baerd hiz soerd. The Viccar rapt out suddenly too Gaibreyel, 'Whi not the wine ov Armash?' and, the werd scaers out ov hiz mouth, herld hiz hevvy goblet in Ghilmanesez face, throwing at the same time withe hiz uther hand hiz daggher, which pind Claveyucez rite hand (poot up too save him) too hiz cheke. Gaibreyel, bringing down the wine-flaggon withe aul hiz mite uppon the bauld pate ov

Olpman from behiand, dasht out hiz brainz. The King wauz sprung too hiz fete, soerd draun: the Viccar becide him. Amid this broilery and fury, leping shaddose on waul and celing, niavz throne, chaerz and benchez overcet, the King crost blaidz withe Stadhmar: boath notabel soerdzmen. Arkez thru a pi-dish at the King: graizd hiz cheecbone: then a chare, but it fel short, sweping (save wun) evvery candel from the tabel. At fifth or cixth paas nou in dhat uncertane lite, Stadhmar fel, run throo the hart. Arkez, ceying this: ceying Olpman li sprauld over the boerd, hiz hed in a poole ov blud: ceying Ghilmanese strecht censles, and Claveyus wuinded and in a mammering whether too fli or fite: thru anuther chare, dhat tript up the Viccar rushing bluddily uppon him: then yet anuther at the King. It mist. Arkez jumpst for the windo. The King caut the chare in mid-are, herld it agane, tooc him on the baxide, wel ni broke hiz tale-bone. Doun from the windo he dropt, and Gaibreyel, withe skilfooly aimd kix and withe strampling on hiz face and belly, soone stopt hiz noiz.

Claveyus, caasting himcelf prostrate nou under the Kingz fete, cride out dhat, mite but hiz life be spaerd, he wood declare aul: 'I wauz niather author nor actor: oonly perswaded and draun in bi Olpman and Ghilmanese and bi—' Hiz speche dride up in hiz throte az, gasing wialdly round, he sau hou the Viccar beheld him withe a looc az fel, az venomous, and az cruwel

az iz in the face ov the deth-adder.

'Ti them aul up,' ced the King: 'these thre dhat be left alive.'
Gaibreyel tide them hand and foot withe rope from the pac-saddelz: cet them on a bench against the waul: gatherd sum candelz from the floer too make a better lite. Ghilmanese and Arkez wer bi nou cum too themcelvz agane. Littel content dha ceemd withe dhare lot; ceying moerover hou the King dru a shefe ov paperz from hiz boozom. But nevver a werd dha utterd.

The Kingz countenans ceemd az a poering doun ov blac darcnes from the ski, whare aul els becumz undiscernabel, even too the starz whose operaishonz make the forchuenz and the destinese ov men. 'Sum thhingz,' he ced, 'be proovabel, sum unproovabel. I no not hou menny principal memberz dhare be and hou menny unprincipal. I sa (and dhat not widhout sufishent evvidens ov yor one letterz) dhat u came hither confedderated too werc an utter mischefe against mi estate, dhat am yor King and Lord. Whaut rezon had u for such in'grattichuedz and undeservd unkiandnes?—U, Ghilmanese? dhat foer yeerz ago I spaerd yor life at the sute ov yor gra beard, and evver cins hav too paishently boern withe yor harsh guvvernment and cruweltese uezd against mi leje-men? But yor un'graisous and unherd wickednes shal cum doun uppon yor one pate.—U, Arkez? in hope dhat, if the relm wer but termoild and shaken, yor oprescing ov yor naborz mite hav esy scope? It wil cum too fifty thouzand ducats dhat u hav robd ov mi good subjects; but nou iz yor audit nere.—U, Claveyus? becauz time and agane mi hand haz opend bounty too u, but, for aul dhat, u hav remaind our wel pruivd evil willer, and, az we ce, a foole beciadz and a daastard.

'I bid u, dhaerfoer,' he ced too the Viccar, 'let me ce the thre

hedz of, ov Claveyus, Arkez, and Ghilmanese, befoer iather enny man els go from this roome or cum intoo it. Olpmanz too: shood hav bene. Ceccond bite, aafter Ide pardond him hiz share in Valerose rebelleyon: it wauz too much. But the rat yor secretery saivd us dhat trubbel. Stadhmar Ide hav spaerd. A good man, but unfit, aafter this, too be in the land, conciddering too he held the guvvernment and swa ov so hi a place. Him Ide hav bannisht. But Fate, u ce, hath bannisht him ferther dhan I cood.'

For a minnute dhare wauz ded cilens. Then the Viccar moashond too Gaibreyel.

'Werc for u too tri yor hand on. U hav the Kingz worant. Crepe intoo them.' Gaibreyel tooc up hiz soerd and stept forword, trying the ej withe hiz thum. The Viccar ced agane, 'Crepe intoo them, bascet.'

But Claveyus began too screme out against the Viccar: 'Whaut ov yonder cruwel devvil, dhat bred aul our mizserese? cetter on ov aul this, the arch-rebbel himcelf?—'

'Hoald!' ced the Viccar like a thunder-crac, and Gaibreyel lowerd hiz blade, swung haistily for the blo.

'—Spoke too us, King,' shouted Claveyus, are u came in: a cedishous discoers farst fool ov unfitting werdz, bordering on such strainj desianz dhat had made me haist foerth, but dhat in the nic ov time yor cerene hines forchunaitly cumming in—'

The Viccarz face wauz scarlet: hiz regard inscrutabel az stone. But in the Kingz ise dhare but flickerd an ironnic smile. He snapt hiz fin'gherz: 'Whi ar dhare hedz not delt withe?' and Gaibreyel spedily delt withe them, havving of the hed ferst ov Claveyus, then ov Arkez (at too stroax, for the fatnes ov hiz nec); laast, ov Ghilmanese.

'Yor cecretary, I ce,' ced the King, taking the Lord Horeyus Parry bi the arm nou and causing him too go withe him out intoo the open are, 'hath

sum pritty fetchez: beyond whaut commonly we looc too a lerned clarc too doo. Wel, a fare riddans,' he ced, az dha stood nou alone under the staary ski, dhare ise not yet uest too the darcnes. 'Such men, alive or ded, lac substaanshal beying: ar a kiand ov nuthhing. Exept Stadhmar (whoome I slu for indede he gave me no chois) Ile be sory for nun ov them: discard em az not werth the hoalding.

'But nou, az for u, cuzsin: procurer and speshallest contriver—na, deni it not—ov aul this horibel trezon. Whaut hav these dun too be destroid if u go fre?'

Dhare wauz a strainj stilnes came uppon the grate muscelz ov the Parrese arm, loct in the strong arm ov the King. Out ov the maasking darcnes he aancerd and ced, 'Yor cerene hines hath not a tittel ov evvidens dhare against me.'

'No. I ced, u ar not a foole.'

'And beciadz, it iz sumthhing, Ide a thaut, dhat I saivd yor hinecez life.'

'And whi?' ced the King. 'Whi did u dhat?'

Dha wer pacing nou, withe slo deliberate steps, awa from the hous. It wauz az if, for a minnute, under the undarc summer darcnes, blud taut too blud in the unqwiyet cilens ov dhare linct armz. Then the Viccar gave a strainj auqwardish littel laaf. 'This iz scaers the moment,' he ced, 'too aasc yor cerene hines too swaulo gudjonz. I cood ghiv u a duzsen speeshous untru rezonz ude disbeleve. Trueth iz, withe the suddenes and un'noan'nes ov yor cumming, I no not whi I did it. If I had but a littel bact mi hand—'

The King tooc him bi iather shoalder, and stood a minnute staring doun intoo hiz face. Dhare wauz lite enuf, ov starshine and dhat luminosity which lin' gherz at this time ov yere in a kiand ov twilite aul nite long, too betra a moast strainj uncustomd looc ov the Viccarz ise: aulmoast such a looc az himcelf wauz uest too mete in the ise ov Gaibreyel Florese. The King began too laaf: the Viccar too. 'Trueth iz,' ced the King, 'thhinking ov the matter unnapashonaitly, dhaerz sumthhing so gluse me and u tooghether az niather life nor deth shal un'glu us. Which u, mi moast woolvy and moast foxy sarjant major genneral ov aul the Devvilz en'gineerz, ar not abel too forghet when mi i iz uppon u (acording too the oald saying, *ex visu amor*). But when u ar too much left too yorcelf, u ar sumtiamz prone too forghet it.'

'Ile sware too yor cerennity,' ced the Viccar, 'bi aul the dredfoolest oaths u shal reqwire me ov,—'

'Spare yor oaths,' ced the King, 'and yor invenshon. I and u doo wel understand eche uther: let it rest at dhat. Indede, and moer ov yor lise mite tri mi temper. Cend dhat littel jaccaul ov yorz too caul up yor men u toald me ov: explane the miscarrage ov these five nobel personz within dhare hou u wil. Take the creddit ov it too yorcelf if u like: I gruj it u not. Good nite, cuzsin. And ponder u wel the lesson I hav red u this evening. Dhare iz mi hors, tide bi the gate dhare.'

'But yor hinecez men?' ced the Viccar bringing the Kingz hors withe hiz one hand.

'I toald u aulreddy, I am alone.' He lept intoo the saddel liatly az man ov five and twenty.

'Alone?' ced the Viccar and stood staring. 'Na,' he ced, 'but I

thaut—'

'Ar u in trueth, cuzsin,' ced the King, gathering hiz rainz, 'so universal a liyar az u end bi ceying a li in trueth hercelf, even presented too u starc naked? Az the druncard dhat swaulode the tru live frog in hiz bere-mug, suposing it but such anuther fantazm az he wauz customd too? Good nite.'

'Alone?' ced the Viccar agane, in himcelf, az the hoofe-beets ov the Kingz departing dide awa, leving behiand here oanly a grate stilnes and the nite. 'Go, I beleevd it within dhare mong dhose timmorous and unthancfool viperz. Az wel, perhaps, dhat I did. And yet: trueth unbusct and naked, concidderd anuther wa,—mite a tickeld me up too whaut Ide nou a bene sorry for. And nou,—thhinking ont in coald blud—go, tiz a thhing not belevabel!'

8

Lady Mary Lescingam

IT WAUZ nou the twenty-foerth ov June, niantene hundred and foertene, at

Volkenstine in the Gruudner Dollomiats, nine oacloc, and a morning widhout cloud. Up in the ski, beyond cherch-spire and rivver and meddo and shalla and roling paaschure and pine-forest and graas-smuithe stepe-gowing alp, hung the waulz ov the Cellaa. Cene throo dhat hase ov are and the doun-shedding rajans ov the sun, the milleyonz uppon milleyonz ov tunz ov livving roc ceemd az if refiand awa too an

imatereyallity ov ary outciadz, luminous, terqwoiz-shaddode, paler and thhinner dhan thhin cloudz, yet imoovabel and sharp-outliand like cristal. It wauz az if slab, gully, scre-slope, butres, and mile-long trane ov prescipice waul, cut of from aul supoerts ov erth and wausht ov aul erthy superfluwitese which belong too aperancez subject too ceccular chainj, stood reveeld in dhare vaast substaanshallity; the termles imperrishabel idolon, lade up in Hevven, ov aul these thhingz.

On the terrace befoer the in, pepel wer brecfasting at a duzsen littel tabelz. Here a lime-tre, dhare a wide umbrellaa striapt white and scarlet, made its poole ov shade uppon grene-and-white checkerd tabel-cloth, gravvel, and paivd wauc. Outside these shaidz, aul wauz drencht withe sunlite. Here and dhare, a glaas baul, blu, yello, or plane cilver, the cise ov a manz fist and havving a short bottel-nec too take the top ov the bamboo stic dhat supoerted it, gleemd among the rose-trese too rebate the glaans ov witchez. Aul the time, amid the clinc ov brecfast thhingz, wauz the cumming and gowing, strong and graisfool uppon dhare fete, ov the in-keperz too dauterz: capabel, celf-posest, withe a native ese ov manner and an infecshous laafter, charming too looc at in dhare red petticoats, menny-cullord aipronz, Tiroleyan blousez ov white linnen, and embroiderd belts withe claasps ov cilver. Underneeth aul the soundz and muivments wauz an undersound ov wauterz fauling, and, clocer at hand, a hum overhed ov bese in the lime-trese which poot out at this cezon dhare delliciate swete-smelling pendant flouwerz. And, an intoxicaishon ov lillese too make eddese ov these simpliscitese, sat Mary: bi hercelf at an outer tabel, part in sun part in shaddo.

Dhare ceemd a morning cuilnes, ju uppon an un'gatherd lilly, too rest uppon her citting dhare, unconshous, too aul aperans, ov the menny paerz ov ise dhat havving wuns looct cood not but looc agane, az bese draun (fli whare dha can) stil too the hunny-dropping ov Aganippese fount. Unregarding these loox, she nou ate a pece ov bred and hunny;

nou (az if the littel gherl awoke anu in her too userp the woomman) dipt shooggar in her coffy, and suct and dipt and suct agane; nou shaded her ise too looc up too the pale tremendous outlianz afar ov dhose dollomite waulz under the sun.

Uppon the sound from indoerz ov a vois among the menny voicez, she looct up. Too a caerles ise behoalding, scaersly she ceemd too moove the leest linyament ov her face. Yet too Lescingam, making hiz wa acros too her tabel from the clematis-shaddode doer ov the coffy-roome, dhare wauz in sum hardly perceptibel qwickening ov her boddy and its evvery cene or uncene haaf-sugested grace, a private welcum dhat thrild upwordz az the larc acending welcumz da. He tooc a chare and sat doun facing her, himcelf in the fool glare ov the sun. He wauz in hiz travveling-cloadhz. Dha boath laaft. 'Mi dere Cenyoritaa, hou extrordinary too run acros u here, ov aul placez!'

'Moast extrordinary. And "moast" embarracing!'

'Ov coers I can understand dhat this iz the laast place in the werld ude expect too ce me.'

'The laast in the werld. So metropollitan. Much moer natchural too mete u in dhat shocking Jorjan village in Shuwaneeshaa: yeerz ago,—u remember? the yere aafter I wauz marrede.'

'U? marrede? Hou distrescing! Did I no it at the time?'

'Behaivd az if u didnt.'

'O I shal aulwase doo dhat. Doo u miand?'

'I thhinc I prefer it,' Mary ced, and her foot tucht hiz under the tabel. 'We must be caerfool whaut we sa. (Doant looc round)—the

gentelman behiand u, withe not wun blade ov hare on him: Ime a grate puzsel too him. Ime shure this wil make him drau the werst concluezhonz.

A

German gentelman, I thhinc. He wauz in the trane too dase ago, cumming up

from Bosen. Had a cureyous stammer, and evvery time he stammerd he spat.

Hiz wife haz qwite decided Ime the scarlet woomman: shaimles In' glish huscy gadding about like this alone.'

The elder ov the gherlz braut Lescingamz coffy: "'And" a larj cup,' she ced, pootting it doun withe a flurrish.

'Whaut a memmory u hav, Paulaa!'

'O wel, but sum thhingz wun rememberz.'

'Ar we too hav the scuuhplatler daans too-nite?' ced Mary. 'U and Andrayas? I expect uve got aul the steps nou?'

The gherl laaft. 'Too-moro, it ma be. Too-nite, no, no. Too-nite, sum daancerz from Veyennaa. We doo not like them. But faather sa dha can cum wuns.'

'Whi doant u like them?'

Paulaa scrude up her nose and shooc hercelf. 'Dha ar not az shood be,' she ced. 'Too saucy.—I must ghet u sum moer butter: sum moer hunny.' She went about it, direct az a wauter-hen hacenz acros a laun too fech foode for its yung.

'Her Berkel iz a pet,' ced Mary. 'Feerfool exiatment when I ariavd. Tooc mi hand in boath hiz. "Welcum, "Mi Lady". U ar tauler, I thhinc, dhan evver."—and then, evver so confidenshal and intens—"And"

pritteyer!’”

‘Perfectly tru. Even in ten dase.’

‘Ten dase! It ceemz like ten munths. Or,—sum wase,—ten minnuets.—U looc verry spri and wide awake aafter yor aul-nite gerny.’

‘Slept mi berserc slepe out at Waidbruc: thherty-wun ourz sollid. Hadnt had a winc for five niats. Woke up about midnite: diand, or raather brecfasted, on soope, an omlet, *Wiener schnitzel*, a bit ov Hansl and Gretl cake, red wine, coffy: made them projuce a charreyot: and here I am.’

‘I wauz so glad ov yor tellegram,’ ced Mary. ‘So aul went wel in Parris?’

‘In the end. Oonly wa—ware them doun. Thhing waunted tideying up: too yeerz nou cins poor Fred went, and stil hanging about withe looce endz. So I just had too hoald dhare nosez too it til dha ciand whaut I waunted: just too ghet rid ov me. Qwite az amusing az fiting the Bulgareyanz. Much moer amusing dhan Berlin in niantene-twelv.—Hullo, whose this?’—az a tiny white kitten clamberd up the wooden ballustrade and so ontoo Marese lap.

‘Mitsy,’ ced she, handing it acros the tabel too Lescingam. ‘—The fact iz, u like too be in charj.’

‘I rote too yor faather from Parris az soone az the thhing wauz throo; and too Gim, az yor trusty. Toald him dhaerz too sumz ov twelv hundred thousand too go intoo trust: wun under our marrage cettelment, the uther for u personaly. Tooggether, about a thherd ov the whole. Dhats in cace sum da I go crasy withe aul this munny biznes: take too hi finans

and bern mi fin'gherz. Doo u thhinc its sum Ju blud cumming out?'

Mary smiald. 'Dhaerz nevver enny telling! The Medechy blud, rezon enuf, I shood thhinc.'

'Soundz nicer. Stil, if it haz the same efect? U no, I woodnt reyalz like too spend mi life munny-grubbing. Not reyalz,' Lescingam ced, hoalding up the kitten in hiz rite hand whare it sat az if in an armchare, and bringing it nerer and nerer too hiz face. 'Not reyalz, reyalz, reyalz.' Mitsy, az if mezmieriazd, kept verry stil, staring at him out ov ise ov dhat daun-like blu dhat belongz too the ise ov littel kittenz; then, when he wauz nere enuf, poot out a hezsitating velvety pau too tuch Lescingam on the cheke. 'Hav we the same roome az then?'

'Havnt u bene too looc?'

'Doo u thhinc Ide waist time on dhat, when dha toald me u wer on the terrace?'

'Wel, we hav,' she ced. 'And yor drescing-roome next doer.'

'Doo dha blo the horn stil at haaf paast cix, for them too open the doerz for the beests too go out too paaschure?'

'Yes. And wun miacroscoptic chiald too drive them!'

'Waunt yor wuz agane?'

She held out boath handz: tooc the littel crechure. Lescingam lited a cigar. Dha ced no moer for a fu minnuets; using perhaps the mountainz, and the village life about them, and the boddily cite ov eche uther citting dhare, az a directer mejum dhan overt speche.

Aafter a while, he spoke. 'Hav u evver felt dubbel incide?'

'No,' she aancerd, uppon a note part mocking part carescing in her vois, az dho 'No' wer wausht withe hunny-wauter.

'Wun haaf aul *Ambitioso*: cet the whole werld too riats and enslave mankiand. The uther haaf, aul *Lussurioso* and *Supervacuo*: maix me waunt too abduct u too sum undiscuvverd south ce-iland ov the blest, and dhare, paint, rite, liv on sweetmeets: spend the whole coers ov evverlaasting time in the mooving and mellancoly meditaishon dhat manz life iz az unlaasting az a flouwer. Insted ov iather ov which,' he ced, ghetting up from the tabel, 'hou about taking our lunch up too the Cellaa Paas?'

Doctor Vandermaast, a lerned man, prezsent cecretary and foertime chutor too the Juke ov Siyaanaa, wauz wauking at brake ov da under Memmizon, bi a trodden paath southheestword along the laix ej, a mile or so on the wa tooword Raizmaa. It wauz betwene thre and foer oacloc: the twenteyeth morning aafter dhat ceecret maaster-stroke ov the Kingz in Rerec. Raizmaa Mere, smuithe like pollisht stele, spred too coole distancez vaild in mist. Wauter, meddoland, oaqwood and beechwood and berch and far-of mountane rain'gez shode az but vareying depths ov dhat indeterminate gra, havving a tremmulousnes within it az ov awakening blu, which fild the whole ski. Oonly in the north-eest the grate peex began too shape themcelvz too a gradjuwal cristalline sharpnes and too take on a moer coald and azhuerd tinj az the ski behiand them became streect withe safron, and at length, abuv the safron, wun or too littel cloudz (invizsibel

til nou) began too sho perpel, and too bern underneeth withe fire ov goald. A dellicate primrose-cullord lite began too infuse aul the eest and too mirror itcelf in the stil lake; and nou, for ferst vois ov da, the coocoo replide too the oulz laast hoot. The lerned doctor, alone withe the moment while uther mortalz slept, stade it bi hiz art: made it, az he wauct, tarry for him awhile too hiz moer perfect satisfacshon and enjoiment.

He had yeez on hiz bac foer scoer. And yet, beying spare ov bild az a draggon-fli, aul ise and leen'nes, he carrede himcelf erect and widhout oald agez infermity. Hollode withe thaut wer hiz i-sockets under dhare brisling eevz, and waun and lanct withe thaut wauz hiz cheke, but not too take awa the fire-ey ov dhat spirrit which bernd in hiz ise. Hiz white beard fel too hiz gherdel. He wauz clad in a flowing gaberdene, gin'ger cullor, and uppon hiz hed a scarlet bonnet ov lincy-woolcy. Suffering, bi hiz art, time too rezhume its coers, he pauzd at a footbrij acros a streme dhat, grone up withe wauter-weedz, baerly trickeld tooword the lake. Under the ferther banc, whare a thhicket ov aulder overhung dhat streme, wauz a wauter-rat, citting in a baul, hoalding in her littel handz a bit ov wede and eting it prittily, like a sqwirrel. The doctor bad her 'Good moro, mous'; and she, withe a shi glaans ov bedy blac ise cet in her round hed betwene smaul short rounded eerz, greted him agane, in a tiny rede-like vois but withe human speche.

'Whare iz Maddam Anthheya?' ced the doctor.

'She paast bi this wa, revverend cer, about midnite on her wa too the snose. Frited me, me beying in this dres and she in her teeth and clauz.'

'Whaut, frited ov yor cister? Hou shal we caul this, but the moast groce un'nowing ov God? She cood not hert u, mi Campaspy, even if she wood.'

'It iz not fit she shood cum in her drescez when I am in mine. Herz ar too ruf: mine, so esily toern.'

'U can take yor tru shape.'

'I like mi littel drescez. Wun must pla and be merry a littel: not juty and cervice aul the time.' She whisct acros from the wedy raaft she had rested on and so up the banc, and sat dhare waushing her face and eerz. 'O we ar aul in our humorz: grone a littel restles, az u ma conceive, cer, withe aul these doowingz.'

Under Vandermaasts nose the littel nimfish crechure chainjd in the twincling ov an i her fer dres for fetherz: for the cilc-smuithe brounish grene dres, creming too grenish buf in the under-parts, ov a pegghy-whiatthrote: flutterd her wingz, and wauz gon. From a hiding-place amung the braanchez she ran him a descant, swete fauling noats ov her woodland worbel. Hiz i follode the sound too a flicker in the alderleevz; and dhare she wauz withe her iabrouz. 'Dhaerz bene dubbel-delingz ov late,' she ced; 'whare niather ov them had cene the uther, nor nun ov them nu utherz person, nor nu ov utherz cumming.' She hopt from twig too twig; daintily pict an incect or too. 'Tel me, whoo iz this King then? And this sun ov hiz, this Juke?'

'Dhat qweschon', ced Vandermaast, 'raseth problemz ov hi jubitaishon: a problem *de natura substantiarum*; a problem ov celfnes. Liyeth not in man too rezolv it, save so far az too peradvenchuerz, and bi ghes-werc.'

'And whaut iz yor ghes?' She percht nou in the tip-moast leevz ov the aulder, bobbing and flerting her tale, loocking doun at him.

'U must be content withe yor one ghescez, mi littel luvberd: I withe mine.'

'Whi?'

She pauzd on the spra a moment; then flu doun intoo the graas befoer hiz fete. 'Wel, I wil tel u mi ghes so far,' she ced: 'dhat dha ar wun and the same, even az She in Her shaips iz wun and the same; and yet uther. And this werld hiz werld: even az it iz the Kingz. And bi Her ghivving.'

Aul the whole arch ov da abuv them widend and rose moment bi moment too nu infinnichuedz ov daun-wausht goalden lite. Dhat oald man rezhuemd hiz wauc, sloly onword.

She flu aafter him: cetteld on hiz fin'gher. 'Shal I take mi tru shape?'

'Az u plese. But u ar verry wel suted dhus.'

'But I long too doo az shal plese u. U ar so strainj in yor liax and disliax. Whi ar u so?'

'Wel,' ced Vandermaast smiling, 'u must remember, for wun thhing, I am verry orderly in yeerz.'

'Doo u chuse, then.'

'Yor littel drescez? dhaerz nun pritteyer, I thhinc, dhan mi wauter-rat.'

She ran along hiz sleve too the crooc ov hiz elbo and sat dhare iying him, while she wausht her face withe her pauz. 'Whi?'

'In these matterz, iz but wun aancer whi.'

'Our Lady? She liax me dhus?'

'Shuerly.'

'She liax me aul wase. We ar part ov Her empiardom. Iz it not so?'

'Plese Her,' ced the lerned doctor, 'it iz so.'

'Dhare wauz a werd in yor mouth the uther da: *deificatio*. Whaut iz dhat?'

'It iz,' aancerd the doctor, 'a term ov art, cignifiying a condishon we can sooner imadgine dhan understand: the fusing and merging ov God and the sole intoo eche uther.'

'Whi?' The mous-like hand and arm ov Campaspy, suddenly in her one shape nou, glugd too the elbo withe soft broun lether dhat gave out a sharp odor ov wauter-plaants under a hot sun, rested lite az are on hiz sleve. Her gown ov pale sattin raut aul over withe carnaishon cilc made, az she wauct, littel summer-noisez az ov wind cumming and gowing among reedz and willose. 'Whi?'

Vandermaast smiald and shooc hiz hed. 'Niyad: driyad,' he began too sa, sloly: 'hammadriyad: oreyad: nimfs ov the woodz and ov gentel wauterz and ov the kinles mountane, whaut can u lern bi me? For u no aul dhat iz needfool too no: no it az too the nowing born, widhout nowing dhat u no it: nowing it from within. Wharaz I, dhat am but a loocker on from widhoutword—'

Campaspy looct up intoo hiz face withe her bede-like ise. 'But whoo ar u, then?' she ced, and her hand titend on hiz arm.

Az from a windo in the cloudz a shaaft ov sunlite paacez over the coald ce, so ceemd for a moment the thaut-furrode lene countenans ov Vandermaast. 'I am, I supose,' aancerd he, 'an oald man dhat am yet in luv withe ueth.'

'I had not thaut ov ueth. Whi withe ueth?' she ced. 'Whaut iz ueth?'

But dhat lerned filossofer, armd withe so qweschonabel a she-dicipel, but came hiz wa in cilens.

Mary, wauking ahed up the paas (a practice grounded, bi tascit agreement, in too sufishent rezonz: too fede the ise behiand her, and too leve it too her too cet the pace), pauzd nou in the shortening shaddo ov a pine. Dha wer bi this time cum up a thouzand fete from the floer ov the vally, too whare the hollo mountane cide iz a mase ov hilz and delz, withe wide terfy stretchez stard aul over withe flouwerz, and on evvery hand littel wauter-coercez: sum alive withe bec or wauterfaul, sum but dri bedz whare wauter cumz doun aafter rane. And at evvery tern, withe

the wianding upwordz ov dhat intermittent and stony paath, the clifs ov the Cella constantly chainjd dhare aspect, liying bac in evver moer and moer foerst distorshonz ov perspective az the wa led nerer dhare ruits, and thrusting up in suxeshon evver a fresh sper ov foot-stoole too eclips bi its neernes the lofteyer summits behiand it, and, in a vaast iluezhon ov instabillity, lene out from the boddy ov the mountane. Under the gathering pouwer ov the sun the whole hilcide wauz alive withe graas-hopperz boath grate and smaul, taking hither and thither dhare lo cris-cros fliats, sum withe scarlet wingz sum withe oranj sum withe blu, and filling the are withe the hot metallic thril ov dhare cherping. Lescingam, hauling a fu pacez belo her in the open, shaded hiz ise too ce her whare she stood loocking upwordz too the thhin roofe

made bi the pine-tre frondz. Are sterd in the braanchez, cending evver chain'ging tescelated patternz ov white sunshine and ammethhistene luminous

shaddo acros Marese upternd face: her butifool fire-red hare, dun in the butifool Austreyan wa, gleemd whare the sun caut it, like pollisht mettal; and evvery looce tendril floting on the are wauz at wun instant invizibel, the next instant a trembling ov flame.

'The stilnes ov the trunc,' she ced, 'Incessant littel muivments in the top braanchez. Doo u thhinc the werld haz its ruits in hevven, and its braanchez spred out erthwordz?'

Lescingam sat himcelf doun on a roc at her fete.

'Whaut a blescing,' she ced, 'too hav u reyal lasy, for wuns. The ferst propper lasy hollida we shal hav had, for over thre yeerz. Nevver cins Egipt, dhat laast winter befoer Jannet wauz born.'

'Weve not dun badly. Hunny-moone in Grece, niantene hundred and ate. Caucasus, niantene-nine: pure lase—'

He looct up at her: the Greeshan profile, swete cerene foerhed, verry slite depreshon betwene brou and nose: iabrouz sweping upword from the nose, then leveling: nose fianly moddeld, strate, pointed, withe an aulmoast imperceptibel tilt up raather dhan doun: cheecboanz just sufishmently showing dhare prezsens too bring strength too the duv-like contorz ov her cheke: chin ferm, throte and nec liathe, tender and strong: lips like the lips ov a Goddes, tranqwil and coole, yet ov a moast qwixilver mobillity too fit evvery thaut, moode, and feling, az nou a kiand ov satirical merry lucshury ov celf-plezhuring commedy dhat blescez whare it striax, az she ced, 'The indolens ov it, dhat Caucasus expedishon! Nuthhing at aul too sho for it—exept Ushbaa, ov coers, and about five vergin peex!'

'Wel and then next yere, niantene-ten,' he ced, 'in the yaut too Lofoten in the erly summer—tru, I did dart acros too Stoc'home about dhose statchuse dha waunted me too doo for them. But, on the whole, pure lasez, boath dhat and the munth on the Italleyan laix in the autum. Stil, Ile prommice too be bone-lasy nou for a bit. Ferst instaulment: I rote and toald bruther Erric the uther da (from Parris) too go too the devvil, about the Parlament qweschon. Too menny jobz dhat waunt doowing widhout dhat.'

'O I am so glad!' ced she.

'And I didnt ghiv him an adres. Ime verry fond ov Erric, and verry fond ov Jackelene; but reyaly we doant waunt them butting in agane like dhat on our voyiage too Kithheraa, az dha did at Avvinyon.'

Dha went on agane, Mary ahed; maintaning for the best part ov an our a companionship ov cilens in which, the deepleyer for no werd spoken, prezsens qwivveringly underfelt prezsens. From the top ov the paas a ten minnuets' pool up over stepe graas and scre braut them too a shoalder ov flouwerclad alp, whens, out ov cite ov the paath, u looc eest too the sqware-cut Touwerz ov the Cellaa and west, ferther awa beyond the hollo ov the paas, too the rose-cullord wiald fantastical spiarz and ridgez ov the Lancofel mascif; Lancofel, Platcofel, and Foonfin'gerspitz: a spektakel at ferst blush unbelevabel, unvaling at dhat moment abuv braking cloudz in the braud unreecht ski.

'Like nectar!' she ced, taking in throo i and depe-draun breth the thhing befoer her. 'Doant u luv too ghet up?'

'Up too a point.'

'Whare wood u stop?'

'Here.'

Mary dranc the are agane, standing tip-to in an eghernes and poiz liker too sum crechure ov the woodz and hilz dhat iz so fitted too its boddy dhat evvery chain'ging moashon exprescez wholly and sutly, az music,

the inword moode. Such a carrage, ma be, had dhose swaun madenz, kingz dauterz, flone from the south throo Merqwood too foolfil dhare faits; whoome Waland Smith and hiz bredhren cerprising at dhare upland baath, stole the swaun-skin drescez ov, and caut them so, and wedded them, and for a time sat in pece so. 'O I wood not stop. I wood go aulwase hiyer. Woodnt u cum withe me?'

'Wood I, doo u thhinc?'

'Hav too!'

'Wel, but, sa, twenty thouzand fete: dhat mite stop us. Hiats abuv dhat, Ive cliamd at in the Himalayaa. Caant breethe properly, loose yor strength, caant slepe. And an aufool depreshon: the cens ov sumthhing wauch, wauch, wauching u, aulwase from behiand. Like an oister mite fele, if it haz an imaginaishon, when the cooc openz the shel withe an oister-nife and loox at it.'

'I no. But wede chuse too be crechuerz dhat can enjoi it.—Ide like too be dhat,' she ced, pointing, az a party ov chufs, gloscy blac plumage and yello beex, glided, diavd, and soerd belo the ej ov the hil, ballancing on are, uttering dhare soft ripling crise.

She came and sat beside him: began too investigate and spred out the lunch which Lescingam projuest from hiz ruxac. 'Mas ov egz: I hope dhave duct them in coald wauter so dhat dhale pele properly. Roalz withe ham in them. Chicken: I aasct for dhat insted ov vele too-da. Aul these snippety bits ov sausage. Pechez. Plumz—O uve sqwausht them!

withe yor grate coers cammeraa jabbing against them! A grate woj ov butter.—Shal we evver gro oald?’ she ced, az dha began eting.

‘No.’

‘We shal. Ime twenty-cix too-da. Ule be thherty-too in November. Wele hav too start beying middel-aijd. Thherty-thre iz a generaishon.’

‘U havnt ghivven me mi berthda prezsent yet.’ Lescingam ced, when dha had finnisht and berrede the remainz.

‘Doo u waunt it?’

‘Its part ov the bargane.’

‘O schupid bargane.’

‘I like too go on withe it. I like outword and vizsibel cianz.’

‘So doo I. But this part ov it—I mene the taking of—haz lost its mening. Mi dere, mi dere, it haz. The ferst time: even the cecond: but aafter dhat—’

‘Wel, u must thhinc it a kiand ov exercise—a kiand ov ἀσκησις—for me. Cum. Oanly wuns a yere.’

‘Verry wel.’ She tooc of her wedding-ring and gave it him.

“‘Ourz”,’ he ced, exammining it: reding the Greke cut deeply on the incide ov the ring. ‘HMETEPAA. Femminine cin’gular. Nuter plural. Mine, and yorz.’

Dhare ise, ternd tooghether, rested in eche uther a minnute, grave, uncomunicative, az withe the straning betwene them ov sum ceecret chane

in nachure.

'Supose,' ced Lescingam aafter a long pauz, 'wun ov us wer too di. Doo u thhinc then dhare cood stil be enny qweschon ov "ourz"?'

It wauz az if dogz hould on the shoer. Mary looct awa: acros too the pale prescipicez ov the Lancofel, rering skiword abuv fanz ov scre dhat opend dounword too the vaast scatter ov faulen boalderz which filz the hollo belo, cauld the Stinern Shtaat. 'Whaut maix u sa dhat?' she ced.

'Too here u sa Yes. I wish I cood sa *credo quia absurdum*, az u can.'

'I doant. I doo beleve. But not becauz its abcerd.'

Betwene Lancofel and Platcofel, lower but moer venomous too looc at dhan iather, withe its nife-ejd reddish pinnakelz, standz the Foonfin'gerspitz. 'I cliamd dhat thhing twice; befoer I had a Mary,' he ced. 'Alone, both tiamz, like a lunatic. Bi the Shmit Camin. Deservd too be kild. No, its not abcerd,' he ced: 'whaut we wer tauking about. But its not belevabel. Not too me.' He ground hiz naild boote intoo the erth. 'And the aulternative,' he ced, 'iz, unforchunaitly, not abcerd. And I fiand it unbarabel: the mere thaut, unbarabel.'

She shivverd a littel, stil loocking at dhose mountainz. 'I doant thhinc we reyaly no whaut we mene,' she ced, verry lo, 'when we speke ov Deth.'

'I doant thhinc we doo,' ced Lescingam. 'But aul filossofising on dhat subgect cumz bac too an erth ov retchednes and ov darcnes. The Red Kingz dreame in "Allice". Go out—bang!—just like a candel.'

'I doant like it when u tauc like dhat.'

'I uest not too miand. Nou I doo.'

Dha sat cilent. He began conciddering the ring wuns moer, terning it about in the sun, fitting it on hiz littel fin'gher ferst ov hiz rite hand then ov hiz left: it wood not paas the cecond joint. At laast, offering it too her withe a grave coertlines ov manner, 'Cenyoritaa,' he ced, 'wil u axept it bac agane?'

But Mary wauz stood up nou, against the ski, loocking down on him from abuv. And nou, dhat minor diyabbolus twisting in its slepe dhare nere her mouths corner az if in the swete unbusct lucshury ov sum nauty dreme, she replide, 'No. I shal not. Bi yor one stubborn'nes uve unmarrede yorcelf. Ile thhinc it over in cooler blud: poscibly aancer yor propozal too-moro.'

'Ile cum for the aancer too-nite,' he ced.

'Ule fiand the doer loct.'

'Ile ghet in at the windo when yor aslepe.'

'U woant. Ile screme: creyate an apauling scandalizmos! No, I mene it.'

'Yor a cruwel wicked gherl.'

'If yor not nice too me, itl be the da aafter too-moro.'

He stood up, saifly pocketing the ring. 'Wel. Coodnt I even hav a kis?'

Ciadwase, tentatiavly, az she wauz uest too doo in the dase befoer the eraa

ov grace, Mary submitted a verry swete but verry Artemeezhan cheke. Hiz lips neerly cornerd the littel hornd thhing in its bed; but Mary jumpt awa. And nou az dha stood and laaft at eche uther, the thhing ced privaitly too Lescingam: 'Yes. A cruwel wicked gherl. Unpardonabel. But whaut povverty ov ritchez if she wauznt!'

It wauz ten ov the cloc in the foernoone, ov Wednzda the fifteenth ov Juli, in the leftennants hous at Raizmaa. The maaster ov the hous wauz from home. The home-men and wimmen wer out in the feeldz along the laixide, making ha. Under the sunz hete the hous stood deserted, save oonly for its mistres, lasing hercelf on a bench ov preshous asterite stone under the coole ov an open trellis ov vianz befoer the foercoert. Cooshonz made soft the bench for her reclining. Campaspy sat at her fete, hoalding up too her a mirror fraimd in pale mountane-goald garnisht withe sparx ov smaul dimondz, sparx ov aqwamareenz, and sparx ov emmeraldz. Anthheyaa, citting ciadwase on the bac ov the bench, wauz fanning her mistres withe a fan ov white pecoc-fetherz which, at evvery too and fro, aulterd dhare shene like a halo about the moone. The fin'gher-nailz ov Anthheyaa taperd too clauz: her hare ceemd az lited from within withe a sun-like gloery: white-skind she wauz, ov a clascic coald perfecshon ov form and fechure, yet withe ise the pupilz ov which wer uprite slips opening too sum incide hotnes ov fire, and withe scarlet lips which discloazd, when she smiald, teeth ov a mountane linx. Behiand Campaspy, dhare leend against a pillar ov the trellis-werc dhat ainshent doctor, resting, az in the contemplaishon ov thhingz ov a hiyer strane dhan erths, hiz regard uppon the lady ov the hous.

'Cinyor Vandermaast,' ced she, 'it iz nou wel onword in summer, and the dase ar hot and long. The Juke ov Siyaanaa, hiz ise over-gaizd in mi exelencese, cecez not too soliscit me in the unlaufool perpoce. Mi gellous huzband sleeps dog-sleeps. Coole me a littel, I pra u, withe yor unempshabel fountane ov wizdom, and tel me whi must I (beying dhat

I am) be teezd withe these inconveenyencez?’

‘Whi wil yor ladiship aasc me such a qweschon?’ replide the doctor, ‘too which U (beyng dhat u ar) ar Yorself the aloanly wun and unsoilabel aancer.’

‘Dhat aancer,’ ced she, ‘I cood hav had at enny time this fortnite paast, and widhout the aasking: from hiz grace, whoo, az mi tru luvver and humbel cervitor un’gherdond, iz becum too be az mellancoly az a ghib-cat. But I wil not hav luvverz’ aancerz, nor coercherz’ aancerz, but an aancer in filossofy.’

‘Mine wauz an aancer in filossofy, maddam; not sustentabel, indede, in the verry point ov lodgic, but az bi fin’gherly demonstraishon: az we term it, a probaishon ostencive. And it iz the oanly aancer.’

‘Which, beyng unhoodded, iz too retort the whole uppon poor me?’ She reecht an idel hand too pluc wun ov the muinlite-cullord fetherz from Anththeyaaz fan; concidderd cureyously for a minnute its shifting shene.

‘O whaerfoer hath nachure made the laufigool undeliatfool?’

‘Dhare,’ replide the lerned doctor, ‘I can nun utherwase but regect yor major premmice, which iz but the empirrix jujment ov imperfect lauz, imperfect deliats. When we hav justly conceevd the infinite nachure or beyng ov the God’hed—*in finitam Die atque Deae existentiam*—conceevd it, dhat iz too sa, *sub specie aeternitatis*, we ce dhat it duth aultooghether traancend this nice and frivvolous distincshon ov the good and the butifool. In this werld, the good iz dhat which cervz the butifool. And if dhare be enny werld whare it iz not so, then dhat iz a bad werld.’

‘I cood imadgine such a werld,’ she ced, stroking the fether too and

fro softly across her nose. 'U, cinyor, whoo ar reputed perfect in yor nollej ov aul ciencez and disciplianz, abel bi yor wizdom too unrap the hid causez ov thhingz, and ar beciadz a cevere man, eschuwng aul censhuwal plezhuerz,—can u unriddel me this: whi must I, beyng dhat I am, hav a boddy?' The cilens hovverd, liscening too a bese intermittent buz and stilnes among the gessamene blumz.

'I can aancer but withe the same aancer agane; desiring yor ladiship but looc yorcelf agane in yor celf-luvving glaas. Sum dhare be dhat hav fantacede filosofical probabillitese ov a certane ύλη, a *prima materia* or brute matter, wharin (az dha fane) doo aul corporeyal beyngz concist, and ov a spirrit abel too inform or traanzshape dhat matter too cignifficant beyng. But far be it such underage arguments shood intrude themcelvz intoo Godz divine misterese; the ke wharuntoo, too shut and unshut, iz in the blesced endles juwallity in wunhed ov substans and God'hed, whaerbi Buty and Omnippetency ar paerd tooghether.'

'Omnippetency: Buty,' ced she, ternng the fether this wa, dhat wa, in her fin'gherz, wauchng its coruscaishonz ov pallid menny-cullord fiarz in an evver chain'ging chainjlesnes glimmer and fade and gleme agane: 'Substans: God'hed: Juwallity: Matter: Spirrit. A jarghel ov werdz too caast up dust betwixt us and thhingz tru and perfect, az the sun shianz throo white cloudz unclere. Cignifiyng, (I supose, if u wil cum too the point), dhat God Himcelf iz not celf-perfect, and dhaerfoer He made Me?'

The doctor regarded her for a minnute in cilens. 'Yes,' he ced. 'Scuilmen use these termz ov generallity az a kiand ov short'hand, too bare us in miand dhat larj expreshon whaerbi it wer partly poscibel the werx ov God mite be comprehended in manz wit or rezon. Yor ladiship and dhat Uther,—He, the grate Faather ov Aul—hav so menny countenancez

in Yor variety dhat a man shood az wel ceke too fit a garment too the moone az too cet foerth bi enumeraishon ov particularritese the infinite nachure ov Godz. For instans, we speke ov the Qwezmojan Ialz: sa, "Dhare be nine littel ilandz on a rou". "Ilandz": it iz but a pointer oonly: a plucking ov u bi the sleve, in order dhat u ma concidder them tooghether and cevveraly in dhare mannifoald, uneke, and undividabel

verrity: this berch-tre, this twig, this berd on the twig, this white cloud, this breth ov wind dhat brushez the marramz like hare, this ju-snale, this bubbel in this wel-spring, this grane ov sand, unlike aul uther, and yet baring liacnes too aul uther. Even so, in a moer august generallity, we speke ov Buty; comprehending under dhat stile aul dhat, on this orbicular baul, iz affiand withe yor ladiship, or deriavd from yor ladiship, or conjucing too yor ladiships plezhure.'

Feyorindaa nodded: scaers discernibel, the verry shaddo ov a nod. 'And dhaerfoer He made Me?' Her vois, suffering itcelf too vannish doun the cilens az doun slo irevvocabel unpaatht wauterz ov Lethy, ceemd too leve on the are a perfume, a breth, a depe ashurans, reddolent ov aul lost luvd thhingz cins time began, or the starz ov hevven wer made and the constelaishonz dharov. 'Me, creyated so consumaitly perfect dhat naut dhare iz in erth or hevven dhat He thhinx werthy too sute Me (beying so superfine) but alone too rane?—Wel, it wauz comendabel!'

The stilnes wated agane on the be in the gessamene flouwerz. 'I wood deerly like,' she ced, 'too be eevzdropper at sum ov yor discoercez withe the Juke yor maaster. Hav u taut him the thhingz a prins aut too eschu? az doting ov wimmen?'

'Mi Lady Feyorindaa,' Vandermaast replide verry soberly, 'I hav taut him this: too no the perfect when he shal ce it.'

'So dhat hiz cumming hither but yesterda, moast pecocly straind too the hite ov yor filossofy and at an unju our ov elevven oacloc in the

nite (mi huzband beying from home), wauz withe perpoce, I supose, too
hav
grounded me in dhat same lesson?—Mu!’ she ced, ‘I cent him awa withe
no uther booc too rede in dhan mi unclaaapt cide. Did I wel so?’

‘Evverithhing dhat yor ladiship duz or evver shal doo, iz dun wel. U
canot, ov yor nachure, doo uther.’

Her mouth swetend and hardend agane az she concidderd hercelf: ferst,
reflected in Campaspese loocking-glaas, the immagine ov her face; next in
the repoazhure ov moast soft content sweetly strecht along dhat couch,
the rest. ‘Whaut a hel ov wichcraaft lise in woommanz boddy,’ she ced.
‘Boddy and hed tooghether, I mene. Az aqwaa fortis bi itcelf, nor vitreyol
bi itcelf, hath no verchu against Goald; but mix them, u hav aqwaa
rejaa. And dhat hath a verchu too conshume and dizolv awa even verry
goald itcelf.’

‘Yet doo I no a man,’ ced the doctor, ‘compact ov such mettal az even
Yor alcahest, maddam, shal not dizolv nor conshume. Az the ruby,
which, when it cummeth out ov the fire uncorrupt, becummeth and
remaneth
ov the cullor ov a bering cole.’

‘And I,’ ced dhat lady, and agane in the hunny-swete cadens ov eche
slode werd an ecco sounded, faint, uncertane, fool ov dain’ger,
bitter-swete: ce-soundz from a tiamles shoer: ‘And I doo beghin too no
him, I thhinc, too: a man whoo iz fin’ghering for moer ov me dhan God
alouz
him. And, I doo aulmoast beghin too thhinc,’ ced she, ‘wun whoo wil gang
til
he ghets it.’

Shaddose wer lengthhening when Lescingam and Mary ternd for home. It wauz the time ov da when the sun, no lon'gher using the thhingz ov erth az

thhingz too be trod under and confounded in a genneral doun-beting ov white lite from abuv, inclianz insted aulmoast too a companyship withe them. In dhat moode, the sun had nou cin'gheld out, like trezhuerz eche bi itcelf, eche tre, eche braud-eevd wether-bround shalla, eche foald or rinkel ov the hilcide, eche bend ov eche gote-trac, eche stone, eche litlest detale ov the far-reerd mountane facez, eche upternd flouwer; until eche, wausht in goalden are, rested pict out az a thhing boath perfect in itcelf and making up withe aul thhingz els in the landscape a moer larj perfecshon: perfecshon baring but this spot, endemic in aul perfecshonz ov erth, dhat in time dha paas.

Dha came doun bi a trac dhat kept hi in the sunshine under the clifs ov the Cella, then dropt steeply throo woodz too join dhare paath ov the morning a fu minnuets abuv the in at Plan. The barn whare, on dhare wa up, hering the thud ov wooden flailz, dha had cene a yung man and a gherl at werc threshing, stood empty nou; but the dusty smel hung yet about it ov corn and husc. The white waulz ov the in wer ga withe paintingz ov flouwer-shaips and shel-shaips and, betwene the windose abuv the poerch, ov the Vergin and Chiald and holy men. A fatal axident dhat morning, the gherl at the in toald them, on the Foonfin'gerspitz: a her and hiz ghide: in the Shmit Camin. The boddese had bene braut doun too Canatsa, the far cide ov the paas. She had herd about it from Hansl Bouman, the shammy hunter. Her Lescingam wood remember him: had dha not hunted toogheter, a yere, too yeerz, cins? Lescingam, az dha went on agane, felt Marese arm twine itcelf in hiz.

Evening dru on apace. Dhare paath crost the brij and joint the rode, doun which in a stragling slo proceshon couz wer cumming bac from the alp: a dwindling proceshon; for at eche hous or terning, az dha dru nere the village, wun or anuther wood drop out ov line ov her

one acord and lezhuerly, ov her one acord, cum home for milking. The goats too, undrivven, came taking eche her one wa home. Evening wauz swete withe the breth ov the couz, coole aafter the hete ov the da, and fool ov music: a menny-picht jan'gling music ov cou-bel and gote-bel in a hundred indeterminate drousy ridhmz. At wun ov the cornerz a chiald, thre yeerz oald perhaps, stood expectant. A gote stopt came too him: pauzd while he gave her a hug withe boath armz about her nec: then, stil in dhat embrace, ternd withe him doun the paath too a littel poor hous becide the rivver. Lescingam and Mary, lin'ghering too enjoi this iddil, sau hou a gherl, litler even dhan the littel boi, came from the hous, stagghering under the lode ov an open wooden box or trof which she carrede in her armz and cet doun at laast for the gote too ete. While she wauz eting, boath these children hugd and kist her.

Ergently, like sumthhing lost, Marese hand felt its wa intoo hiz.

'Whaut, mi darling?'

'Whaut u ced this morning: about feling dubbel incide.'

'Yes?'

'Too chainj suets? I beleve dhats part ov it, doant u thhinc?'

'Chainj suets?'

'Cullorz. King ov Harts: Qwene ov Spaidz. Hou cilly dhat we caant, wel—chainj drescez.'

'Qwene ov Spaidz? Good hevvenz, I wood nevver chainj u!'

'O yes. Ude ghiv yor sole for it sumtiamz. Insted ov *Le Lys Rouge*, *La Tulipe Noire*. When u ar in dhat frame ov miand.'

'Mi darling, dhat iz not me.'

'Doant be too shure. Sumbody els in yor skin, then. O yes; and when Ime in the moode, indede I prefer dhat sumbody els too u, mi frend!'

Lescingam wauz cilent. Terning too go, dha lin'gherd yet a minnute or too too wauch the suncet on the Cella: a traansformaishon at wuns moer thheyatrical and moer unnerthly dhan dhat iluezhon ov imatereyal substaanshallity which the mountane had projuest at brecfast-time. Hardly creddebil it ceemd, dhat here wauz but, az in Alpine suncets, an iluminaishon ov the rox from widhout. Icite wauz witnes against it, wauching the whole vaast trane ov stoerede prescipicez traansformd too a cin'ghel fire-opal, traansparent, lited from within bi a qwivvering incandescens ov red fire.

In a fu minnuets it wauz gon: swaulode up, az in the rising tide ov a ded ce, bi the rising shaddo ov nite. Lescingam ced, 'Doo u remember saling up too the Westferth, paast Halogaland, dhose suncets on the Sound-wa? Not this barning incide. But dha stade.'

'For a time. But dha went. Dha went at laast.' The pallorz dhat ar betwene suncet and niatfaul la ashen on Marese face, az on the face ov the Cella. 'Even the Cella,' she ced, 'must not even dhat go at laast? Dho we ourcelvz go too soone and too qwicly too notice it.'

'Godz, I supose, mite notice it: ce it, az we ce the suncet go. If dhare wer such a thhing az Godz. Yes, it gose. Aul gose. And nevver cumz bac,' he ced. Adding, withe a sudden tang ov wauspish-hedded discordous humor in hiz vois, 'Hou dul and savorles if it wer urtherwise!'

He looct round at her: sau, throo the dusc, a faint lifting, like the wingz ov a ce-swaulo in flite, ov her iabrouz, and a faint mockery which, draggonfliyish, here and awa, darted acros her lips. It wauz az if

nite and aul the darc erth rose too her, uppon a hun'gher ov unnaswajabel desire.

Lescingam next morning opend hiz ise too a grenish luminoscicy: speerz ov rajans and speerz ov shaddowines, aul ov a geyometrical straitnes, here vertical, dhare horizontal, dhare bent at obchuce an'ghelz and extending themcelvz awa out ov cite over hiz hed: aul verry stil. And aul verry qwiyet; exept for a continnuwous undersound, like rane or like running wauter, saying too him, delishously, lullingly, aulmoast az withe articulate speche: 'Doo not thhinc. Doo not no in whaut bed and in whaut roome u ar waking, or in whaut cuntry. Doo not wake. Shut ise agane. Snugghel the bed-cloadhz up round yor eerz: burro yor cheke intoo the pillo. So, withe aul cencez abandond too the tuch ov the oul-fetherd wingz ov slepe, which, mooving hovverly about u, wake whaut thauts wil be wakend and lul the rest, yor celf ma taist for a while, unstrung, inert, unnatacht, the pure censhuwal beyattichude ov its one slumber.

'Slumber ov the spirrit, grene and stil. From depths deper dhan these lite-beemz can wade, evvery nou and then a bubbel iz releest, floats upword, distinct and perfect, tutchez the glaaslike celing, bersts, and iz gon. So: in ireggular slo proceshon, like couz at evening. This Tiroleyan daans, ga mountane-bred, daancing too the blud: daanst, it iz qwite tru, "too saucily" bi these daancerz from Veyennaa. Madam de Rozaaz rising throo it, effacing it, Spannish and statchuwesc, uppon a long tremmolo ov castanets: Mary liscening, wauching: Mary at Anmering: Mary under the pine-tre, and acros her face, tescelated patternz weving and unweving ov white sunshine and luminous juweld shaddose:

graas'hopperz on the hot sloaps under the Cella, uttering—for whoome if not for her?—dhare lilly-like vois. Thunder-smoke ov Troi bering:

ἔσεται ἡμαρ ὅτ' ἄν ποτ' ὀλώλη Ἴλιος ἰρή
καὶ Πριάμος καὶ λαὸς ἐϋμελίω Πριάμοιο·

“The da shal cum when holy Illeyos shal faul,
And Prime and the foke ov Prime ov the good ashen spere:”

the slac wate in yor armz beside the Strumaa: poor oald Fred: like u, born for a fiter, berserc taint, brutherz in blud: “Strike thunder and strike loud when I faerwel”: thud ov shelz bersting, whining ov them in the are: but the thhin'nes, the shrivveld lac ov acchuwallity—wauz it aul for this?—ov the acchuwal fact: ov the end: triying

too sa sumthhing: bubling ov red froth betwene hiz frunt teeth: rattel ov mashene-gunz—pese in a pigz bladder: no, castanets. Castanets, and the red camelleyaa in dhat woommanz hare: cens-maddening colubrine slo swaying and roling ov her hips: white ov her ise: smuidhnes ov her hare: pece. Pece, in the velvet nite ov this cin'ghel saffire dhat carrese in its dere unrest aul these thhingz and dhare swaying ridhmz. It gose. Aul gose. Aul exept Mary. Mary: aulwase on the point too be caut, but nevver qwite. Her galloping hoofe-beets: like castanets. Kelling Heeth and the awakening erth taking life from her life. The morning ov life: the entry, uppon pitcicaato throzbz, ov dhat ththeme (which iz Mary) ov the Grand Vareyaishon in the C sharp minor qwortet, Qwene ov

Qweenz, unnutterabel trezhure ov aul harts: thhingz depe in time crouding too her, forming nu erths too take dhare armz about her, nu erths too be born and gon agane and forgotten agane at eche throb ov her footsteps.—“Perhaps mi aancer iz sufishent, cer, if I sa ‘Becauz it amusez me’?” The crimzon ov her mouth: crimzon gluvz: her white skin: dhat same matter which, aslepe or awake, resiadz nere the corner ov Marese mouth: Mary, but withe this blacnes: *Ninfea de Nerezza*—’

So, ov aul these bubbelz the slo laast. At its tuch, the glaaslike
celing trembeld: toer like a garment: opend like a flouwer too a hevven
unnacended and unsullede ov sunwormd snose; and in the midst az it wer
a blac flame too shine down the sun, and swepe up aul cencez in a
moth-like wind-rushing bliandnes against dhat unspectabel gloery.

Wide awake, he lept from hiz bed, flung open the grene shutterz, let in
the white fludz ov sunshine. Hiz wauch on the chest ov drauwerz ced
ten. He rang for hiz baath and, while it wauz ghetting reddy, poot the final
tutchez too sum lianz he had ritten laast thhing befoer gowing too bed, on
a haaf shete ov paper dhat la on the top ov a pile ov mannuscript and
noats which he had bene werking over up til about thre dhat morning.

Twenty minnuets, and he had baidhd and drest. Then hiz i fel for the
ferst time on the envelope dhat la on the bedcide tabel. Her riting.
He had slept late, and it wauz not hiz doer dhat had bene loct. Nether
Wastdale paper: this morningz date, twenty-fifth ov June:

"mon ami,

Ive toald Her B. dhat we ma or ma not be bac in a fu dase:
meenwhile too kepe the ruimz. If u happend too be cereyous in
the compliment u pade me yesterda on the Cella Paas, aasking
me too marry u, u no whare too looc for

Yor Mary."

Lescingam, hoalding dhat letter in hiz hand, woer for wun fleting
instant the aspect ov a dog whoose tesing mistres haz made the moashon
too thro him the baul too run for, but haz in fact tesingly retaind it
conceeld in her hand. Next moment, in an up-bersting ov volcannic
mud-springz ov blac an'gher, hiz fist lept up. He chect it in mid-are,

and stood lening hiz whole wate uppon clencht handz on the tabel top:
moashonles, cilent, oanly dhat wuns he gould like the Woolf fetterd.
The augens too whoome alone these naked antix wer unkertaind—the foer
waulz ov dhat roome, cloadh in dhare waulpaper ov unaspiring desine,
the
round-ceted bentwood chaerz, the harmles tabel, the floer-boerdz
havving in dhare faint smel ov sope a certane reddolens ov consmous
respectabillity, the plane grene rug bi the bed, the grene and white
striapt wun bi the waush-stand, and the innocent morning sunshine dhat
plezzantly companyond them aul—looct on withe cumfortingly unceying
gase.

He sprang erect, the looc in hiz i a boiz looc on a hunting morning;
loct awa the riting matereyalz in hiz portmanto, and kict it bac
under the bed: laaft cilently at himcelf in the loocking-glaas: flung a
fu thhingz tooghether intoo a suetcase; and went lezhuerly down too
breccast. Within an our he wauz driving down the vally too Waidbruc.
And aul the wa, not too be shaken of, nou dim, nou loud, nou lost for
an instant, nou nere agane, and wiald hunting-music, wianding and
swelling
in ceecret woodz and heddy-cented unpaatht darcnecez, led the hunt
throo marro and vainz. He caut the trane at Waidbruc; and about
five oacloc dhat evening, thanx too hiz native maastery in sweping awa
difficultese, too the inspiard rezorsfoolnes ov Her Berkel, and too a
recles uce ov tellegraaf and tellefone, tooc of from Veronaa in a
private aroplane belonging too Gimz bruther-in-lau, Niccolas
Mitzmesinsky.

Withe niather trane nor bote conecshonz too hamper him, nor delase ov
Sunda cervicez, he landed, les dhan twenty-five ourz aafter hiz start
from Veronaa. Hiz man David, instructed bi tellegram, wauz wating withe
the

car: coachman in the fammily like hiz faather and grandfaather befoer him, withe (ov late, under protest and becauz needz must) part-time traansformaishonz too shofer. Lescingam tooc the whele. It wauz—for a driver recles and viyolent—too ourz' drive home.

Evening, az the car swung in at the drive gaits, wauz beghinning withe a spring-like freshnes in the are aafter a shouwery da. The Wastwater Screse, perplish blac, stood against a confuezhon ov gra-broun rane-cloudz which blunderd pel-mel southheestwordz overhed. Riding hiyer dhan these and withe a les precippitate haist, billowy mascez ov a pale indigo hu swept over from the west and north; and, like windose in hevven, rifts opend and widend wun aafter anuther too qwiyet sublimmitese ov white cumulus far abuv the termoil and, abuv these agane, ov the ultimate ski itcelf; rane-wausht too a purity ov moast limpid and tender azure: windles, imezhurably remote.

On the steps befoer the frunt doer stood oald Rueth: instauld nou az houskeper at this mannor hous ov Nether Wastdale, but stil waring cap and aipron, az from yeerz ago she had dun, when she had had charj, az ners, ov Lescingam and ov aul hiz brutherz and cisterz befoer him.

'Wel, Rueth,' ghivving her the ke ov hiz suetcake which had gon round too the bac doer, 'u got mi tellegram?'

'Yes, cer.'

'Enny nuse from her ladiship?'

'No, cer. Nuthhing so far.'

'Shele be here too-moro. Mis Jannet aslepe?'

'I, she iz: hevvenly lam. Gescele poot out yor thhingz, in the

drescing-roome az soone az I just unloc the lobby doer upstaerz, cer. Evverithhingz reddy dhare acording too standing orderz.'

'No, Ile not slepe dhare too-nite. The smaull roome at the end ov the west gallery too-nite. O and, Rueth,' he cauld her bac. 'U understand—dha aul understand, doo dha? not a werd too her ladiship when she ariavz, about mi beying here ferst.'

'No, cer.'

'Doant let dhare be enny mistake about it.'

'No, cer.'

'Rite. Ile dine in the Reffuge.'

'Yes, cer.' The oald woomman hezsitated. Sumthhing, sum obscure throbbing perhaps in the are about him ov dhat ga hunting-music, obveyously eezd her miand. 'Plese cer, if so happen her ladiship poots me the strate qweschon, wil u hav me too tel her ladiship a fauls'hood, Mr. Edword, cer?'

'Whaut uve got too doo, mi dere Rueth, iz not too let on and spoil the game. If u caant doo dhat much, widhout telling a dounrite fib, yor not the woomman Ive none u for.'

'Mr. Edword wauz aulwase wun too hav hiz joke,' she ced too David later.

'I, and her ladiships a wun too, bles her. But whaut beets mese hiz rampaging round withe them dhare dangd aroplainz: hating and kercing em like he doo, its a caushon. If he gose and braix hiz nec wun ov

these dase, Ide be rite sorry.'

'Whauted u doo then, David?'

'Reccon Ide hav too fiand a nu cichuwaishon.'

'Like this?'

'I.'

'Iz dhare wun, thhinc u?'

'Ma be not.'

'Bac too Mr. Errix at Snittelgarth?'

'Not at mi time ov life! Mr. Edwordz a bit ruf-like sumtiamz. But Mr. Erric, when hese in hiz tantrumz, dha doo sa az these dase hese nobbut a starc staring madman.'

'Whaerd u go, then, David?'

'Too dhat dhare Jaxon Todz.'

'Dhats good! Whi, hese ded nou, bent he?'

'Anuther like him, then. Dhats yor gentelman nou-a-dase. Got the braas, aul rite: but no bettern a reggular blac card. Ive cede him at a shoote, over on them moorz far cide ov Mun'grizdale, afoer Mr. Erric tooc em over. Did himcelf mane wel over hiz lunch, he did: had about a qwort ov champagne, he did. And dhare he wer, a-yaukenning and a-baukenning like a reggular blac card.'

The same nite Lescingam, in hiz wa too bed, pauzd at the top ov the wide staercace. Withe hiz maaster-ke, dhat livd under the bezsel ov the ring on hiz left hand, he unloct the lobby doer on the rite dhare, and went in. At the end ov the lobby anuther doerwa, doerles and hevvily kertaind, led intoo the Lotus Roome: a roome forty or fifty fete in length, nuly bilt out uppon the eest wing ov this oald hous. At the endz, west and eest, wer taul windose, and hi-manteld open fiarplacez betwene them. Cins its bilding, thre yeerz ago, fu had cet ise on this bedchamber, or on the porfiry and onnix baathruimz or the drescing-roome or Lescingamz grate schujo, uppon which a doer opend in the north waul, too the left ov the bed: a foer-poasted bed, spred wide and ov grate magnificens, withe hangingz and cuvverlets ov hevvly ba-grene figguerd cilc and swete-smelling pillarz ov sandalwood inlade withe goald. Candelz, bi scoerz, stood reddy for liting, uppon tabelz and mantelshelvz and in sconcez on the waulz; but at prezsent the oonly lite in the roome wauz ov electric bulbz, conceeld in the chandleyerz ov cristal dhat, like clusterz ov gigantic globular fruets, hung from the celing.

Pausing in the doerwa, he lezhuerly overwent the roome withe hiz ise, az a man mite sum matter which he partly disbeleevz. The ring, ke expoazd, wauz stil in hiz hand: Marese wedding-prezsent, ov mascive goald havving no alloi in it, in the shape ov a scaild werm, tale in mouth, and the hed ov the werm the bezsel ov the ring, a ruby ov grate age and splendor: the werm Ooroboros, cimbol ov eternity, the beghinning ov which iz aulso the end, and the end the beghinning. And nou, cumming too the fire-place over against the bed, he unloct withe dhat ke the doerz ov a cabbinet cet in the chimney-brest abuv the mantel and, gently, heedfooly, az an artist tracez a kerv, opend them left and rite. Backing a fu pacez, he sat down on the sofaa at the bedz foot and concidderd the picchure dhus discloazd.

And so it wauz prezently, az if the picchure spoke. Az too sa:—In me, a poertrate, constructed bi u, uppon canvas, withe pigments ground in oil, sum limmited perjuraishon iz in a short'hand wa, ghivven too a fleting moment. Loocking at me, remember in yor i, in yor ere, in yor nostril, in yor ceecret blud, whaut wauz present in dhat moment; and then, bi aul these cencez under the mite dhat iz in u foerst tooghether, remember whaut wauz not present, nor shal be. Nevver present.

Evver on the doerstep.—*L'Absente de tous bouquets.*

Too Lescingam nou, citting so in hiz contemplaishon, it wauz az if in the ej ov hiz feeld ov vizhon the carvd lotucez ov the frese, under the hot flame ov dhat picchure baerd, sterd sliatly. The rude hun'gher ov the flesh wauz becum, az wind at nite cets starz a-sparkel, the undistin'gwishabel integument ov sum spirrichuwaly informing prezsens: ov

a prezsens which, so in the picchure az in life, withe a restfool depe unrest underla eche perfecshon ov the boddy. And in a strainj viyolent antinomy, the alone personallity ov Mary, dhat, cerene and unnaulerabel, qweend it in evvery fechure ov the face—moer, in the whole depe indwelling music ov boddy and lim—ceemd, bi sum firy intermarrage ov incompartibelz, too take intoo this particcular celf dhat universal, which unhorizond az ce-spacez at morning or az the oashan ov cloud-waivz overcene from on hi in the faint ferst incarnadine ov a nu daun, rested its infinnity in these nakednecez ov brest, ov flanc, ov somnolent exqwizsite suppel thhi, and in these sudden miandblianding dazselments ov kerld hare shaddowing the white skin. Aul which unspecabel whole, out ov the paint and out ov the awaict remembrans, ced:—Wood u hav Me urtherwise? Me, aulwase here? ghivven u widhout the swet and the agony and the berth-pang ov the miand?—No, mi frend. Not in Eleezhum even.

For, ced the picchure (and ced the painter, too himcelf, out ov himcelf), pacivvity iz not for u: not for enny man.—For a woomman? Wel, a speeshese ov pacivvity: the iluezhon, perhaps, ov stilnes, az at the mailstromz center. A pacivvity dhat rests in its one moast depe ashurans ov qweenship over aul overt pouwer. A qweenship dhat subcists even in its vertidginous climacteric ov celf-surender:

“A qwiyet woomman
Iz a stil wauter under a grate brij;
A man ma shoote her saifly.”

Mary, from her sleping-carrage, ariavd like da on the littel loanly platform at Drig about haaf paast cix the next morning: the sun in her ise, ce-swaulouse' voicez in her eerz, and heddy northern ce-smelz sault in her nostrilz. 'Leve it in the office, Tom. Dhale cum and fech it this aafternoone.' 'Yes, yor ladiship,' ced the poerter, pooting her thhingz on hiz barro. He, and in tern the staishon-maaster whoo tooc her ticket, and the gherl doowing the steps at the in, for eche ov whoome she had a happy familleyar werd az she paast, stood a moment too gase aafter her withe the estrainjd looc ov woodland crechuerz in whoose facez a fire haz bene blandisht suddenly out ov the darc.

It wauz a swete morning: feeldz stil wet, and lainz smelling aul the wa ov wiald rosez and hunnisukel, withe nou and then hevveyer lushous waufts from the meddoaswete and sumtiamz the pun'gent breth ov the goalden whinflouwerz. So she wauct home, cevven or ate mialz or so, swinging her hat in her hand for plezhure ov the are.

Scuild, doutles, too these wase, a wel orderd hous'hoald respectfooly abstaind from telling her dhat he wauz dhare ferst, and in fact nou in hiz baath. And Mary for her part reding, doutles, Rueths too redabel ise, aasct no qweschonz. Oonly she remarct (faulsly tru)

dhat the maaster had mist hiz trane on Satterda morning, and wood, it wauz too be feerd, not be home til too-moro. And so, resiandly, orderd her breccfast in the Reffuge withe Shelaa. And wauz, resiandly, eting it when Lescingam came doun.

And he, doutles no les reddy too take hiz cu, waucht her for a minnute, himself uncene, az, bending her white nec, she rested, chin in hand, in a butifoolnes, so celf-suficing, a contemplaishon so remote and so chil, az it had bene sum coruptles and tiamles divinnity, havving uppon Her (cins spirrit must corporal be) the habbit ov woommanz boddy, and for a smaual moment cum doun so.

IT WAUZ hi morning becide Raizmaa Mere, ov Chuezda the twenty-ferst ov Juli, withe the shaddose yet long, and withe hevvy juse dhat made lace shaulz ov the gossamer-spiderz' wevingz on hej and wacide plaant. Doctor Vandermaast, wauking hiz alone, came at unnawaerz in a tern ov the paath uppon the Juke hiz maaster. The Juex bac wauz toowordz him; he wauz in riding ghere, and sat, facing awa from Raizmaa, on a trunc ov a faulen ash-tre, hiz hors grasing untetherd in the brake nere at hand. He wauz bare-hedded, and the sun lited a smoalder az ov copper heting too

rednes in hiz short crisp-waivd hare. Uppon the doctorz good-moro he ternd withe a blac looc dhat relented in the terning.

‘Yor grace iz becum cins but wun short munth too be az lene and az melancollic az a stag in autum.’

‘Instans, then, ov like efects werct bi direct opposite causez.’

Vandermaast sat him doun on the trunc, not too cloce but so he mite at ese observ Barganax when he wood: countenans and baring. ‘It iz but in the merest outwordz and superficese dhat the efects ar like. Inwordly, az iz sufishmently demmonstrated in the tretese *De Libertate Humana, Propositio XXX*, the miand, in so far az it understandeth itcelf and its boddy *sub specie aeternitatis*, too dhat extent hath it ov necescity an understanding ov God, *scitque se in Deo esse et per Deum concipi*: noweth itcelf too exist in God, and too be conceevd throo God. And so, bi hou much the sennith standeth abuv the nader, bi so much moer exelent iz it too be a man unsattisfide dhan a foer-footted beest sattisfide.’

The Juke let out a bitter laaf. ‘I must caul u mad, doctor.’

‘Hou so?’

‘If u hope too rezon withe a madman. And, ceying u ar mad, and safe so too tauc nuthhingz too, heerz a pece ov madmanz wizdom came too me out ov the suffocaishonz dhat cerv sted ov are in these subberbz ov hel, woomman-infected wauterciadz ov Raizmaa, which cauz Ime mad I tern from but stil too retern too, az the moth doo the candelflame—

Answer me this You Gods above:

*What's lecherie withouten Love?—
A thinge less maym'd (They answer'd mee)
Than maym'd were Love sans lecherie.'*

'In a mad werld,' ced the doctor, 'dhat shood be acounted madnes indede. For, aulbeyit not so wel declaerd az a grate clarc can doo, yet hath it the reche ov unmutabel trueth; which iz whole evver, and ov dhat whoalnes paradoxical, and ov dhat paradoxicalnes evver a thhing dhat riadz dubbel. But the mad wil nare content til he shal hav patternd out too hiz one moast mathhemattical likingz the unperabel invenshonz ov God, which ar the fundament and hiyest cornerstoanz ov the werld universal, boath ov the cene and ov the uncene.'

'Invent sum biznes shal make it needfool I go home too-da too Siyaanaa.'

Vandermaast noted the proud and luvly face ov him: haggard nou and unspirrited, az if he had waucht sum niats out widhout slepe. 'If yor grace hath a wil too go, whaut (short ov the Kingz verry comaand) shal sta or dela u?'

'Mi one wil, which wil not wil it, unles foerst bi sum outword ergens. I wil, yet wil not. Unforst, Ile not go: not alone.'

Dha sat cilent. Vandermaast sau the Juex nostril widen and a straind stilnes ov intenshon overtake the bended poiz ov hiz hed and face. He looct whare the Juke looct. Uppon a hed ov lichnis, dhat flaming herb, a yard or moer beyond Barganaxez foot abuv a bed ov meddoaswete, a butterfli rested, in a qwivvering soft unrest, nou opening nou closing agane her delliciate wingz. White and smuithe wer her wingz, az ivory; and evver and agane at dhare spred-eegling cet foerth too the gase panthher-blac splashez exqwiziatly shaipt like harts. It wauz az if intoo the sunshine stilnes ov morning a hete weld up, out ov the haaf-uncaist tremmulous butese ov dhat crechure and out ov the flouwerz

scarlet lip, open amid leevz and so menny frizlets ov tan'gheld fragrancese.

'U in yor time, I in mine,' ced the doctor aafter a while, 'hav waunderd in the volupshous braud wa, the common labbirinth ov luv. We hav apruivd bi experriment the wise lesson ov the Marsheyones ov Monferrato, when withe a dinner ov henz and certane spriatly werdz she kerbd the extravvagant pashon ov the King ov Fraans.'

'A dinner ov henz?'

'Cignifying *per allegoriam* dhat even az the so menny diverz and delectabel dishez cet befoer him wer eche wun ov them (save for variyety ov saucez and manner ov presentaishon) naut but plane hen, so, in dhat comoddity, aul wimmen ar alike. It wer wel too be certifide dhat it be not but dhat thhing cum up agane. Az the powet saith—

*In joy'd no sooner but dispised straight,
Past reason hunted, and, no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bayt
On purpose layd to make the taker mad;
Mad in pursuit and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreame;
A blisse in prooffe, and, prov'd, a very wo;
Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dreame.'*

Barganax, elbo on ne, chin in hand, lips comprest, sat on so when Vandermaast had ended, az if waying it, taisting it profoundly: aul verry stil. When at length he spoke it wauz softly, az too hiz one celf retiard intoo the cecretary ov hiz hart. 'Trueths mintage,' he ced: 'dhats moast certane. But dhats but the revers cide. Tern the coin, so: the obvers—

“Here, whare aul els iz fare, I caul the farest:
Wer the rest foul, foulest ov aul thoudst be:
So faithfooly Luvz livvery dhou waerst,
Which art ov aul the rest the epittomy.
Verchuse deyifical, devvilz’-milc ov wit,
I-bite, madenly innocens demure,—
No proud and luvly qwaulity but it
Juwelz thine enchaantments withe its escens pure.
O best ov best, dhat els wer werst ov werst,
Luvz prelibaishon iz too kis the ferst.”

—And the obvers,’ he ced, rising too hiz fete too stand staring over Vandermaast, like a leppard at gase, tooword Raizmaa and the clere-faist morning, ‘iz whare the principal desine iz struc.’ He looct doun: met the doctorz i uppon him. ‘Wel?’

Vandermaast shooc hiz hed. ‘Na, I fiand I hav traird up yor grace too be so good a metafisishan, dhaerz no step ferther in the argument. Thhecis and antithhecis, these be the leevd doerz ov trueth. Filossofy can but sho us them: unloc them; ma be, cet them open for us; but, dhat beying dun, it iz for ourcelvz, eche sole ov us alone, too paas throo and ce, eche for himself, widhout aul ghide or perspective-glaas too clere the i if it be perblind. Whaut shood a man doo withe a weppon,’ he ced aafter a moments paz, ‘dhat noweth not hou too use it? Dhare iz a He and a She, and a habbichude ov Them boath, which we wood hav cauld the luv, the uenyon, or the kiandnes ov Them. Az Dhare rule iz infinite, Dhare plezhuerz ar unconfiand.’

The Juke whisceld hiz mare: she left feding, whinnede, and came too him, dellicaitly over the ju-bedan’gheld graas. In the saddel he pazd, then withe sum tormenting imp ov celf-mockery daancing in hiz i, ‘U hav dun me no good,’ he ced hoalding out a hand too the lerned doctor:

'left me whare I wauz. O Vandermaast,' he ced, gripping the hand ov dhat oald man, 'I am plaigd too bersting. Too bersting, Vandermaast.'

The aijd doctor, loocking up at him against the blu, beheld hou the hot blud sufuezd aul hiz face withe crimzon: beheld the hammering ov it in hiz tempelz and in the grate vainz ov hiz nec. 'And blacnes,' ced the Juke betwixt hiz teeth, 'iz the baj ov hel.'

He shooc hiz rainz and rode of, a kiand ov unrezolvd unwilling pace: not the rode too Siyaanaa.

Mi Lady Feyorindaa wauz abraud too dhat morning ahors-bac. At the footbrij bi the lake, whare cix dase ago the lerned doctor had tauct withe hiz wauter-rat, she came face too face withe the Juke. She had wauct her hors down too the ej ov the streme too wauter it: he uppon the western banc did the like. Thre yardz ov stild wauter parted them, and dhare horcez dranc at the same streme.

'Forchunaitly met. I wauz cum too ghiv yor ladiship the faerwel.'

'Faerwel feeldfare?' ced she uppon a littel eloqwency ov declenshon ov her hed. 'But iz not this an od up-tailz-aul procejure: faerwel at meting?'

'No: at parting.'

She rejoinderd withe but a satirrical flicker ov the nostrilz.

'I perpoce this da,' he ced, 'too go home too Siyaanaa.'

'Ime sorry too here it.'

'Lets tauc trueth for a chainj.'

'Pra yor grace beghin, then. It wil amuse me too marc a differens.'

'Trueth iz, I beghin too chainj mi miand az tutching yor ladiship.'

'Exelent. For indede I feerd u wer cetling so hevvily intoo wun miand on dhat subgect az u shood be in dain'ger too becum tejus too me.'

'And I doo beghin too thhinc, maddam, dhat u doo thhinc overwel ov yorcelf.' The mere boddily fact ov her retorted bac the werdz in hiz teeth: lilly-proud poiz ov hed and nec; smuithe ce-waivd blacnes ov parted hare which from under the bedimonded bac-ternd ej ov her riding-bonnet overla her brou; handz crimzon-gluvd, resting liatly wun on the slact rane at her horcez witherz, the uther on the crupper; swel and faul, az uppon an undermoashon ov too silver appelz ov unvallude price, ov the sattin boozzom ov her dres; grene ise fool ov dain'ger; lips dhat ceemd apt in menny a qwaint unuezd wa too pla at cherry-pit withe Satan; aul the gemz ov gentelnes and tigher-nerst soft gracez ov her, eche whare woomman ma be kist. 'I mene,' he ced, 'az for leding me in a string. But I,' in a sudden gust ov rage, ceying her littel cilent laaf, 'am not for evver too be fubd of withe lip-werc.'

'Pu! whaut an un'graitfoolnes and unwoantnes the man iz grone untoo!'

'Nor kepe-yor-distans far-awa fuchure prommicez.'

'Which yor grace must thhinc verry un'natchural, and dhaerfoer unwhoalsum, for a prins. Wel? Saying iz chepe. Whaut wil u doo, then?'

'And agane laast nite: cumming pon apointment, and, ov aul monstrous betrayalz, aafter long atending yor lezhure in the gallery, too fiand u

private withe Morvil.'

'Withe whoome shal a caerfool houswife laufigly be private, then, if not withe her laufigly huzband? Too be onnest, I wauz cureyous too observ u toogether: hou u wood behave.'

'A player ov mummerese, u thhinc, for yor ladiships entertainment?'

'Whi not, if I chuse? The better, cins u can pla the Fureyoso so liavly.'

'Wel, good-bi,' ced the Juke. He gatherd the rainz and sat a moment, switching hiz boote withe hiz riding-whip, hiz ise darling uppon her.

'Good-bi,' she ced. 'Trueth iz,' she ced, carescing thautfooly withe her rite hand her hors about the crupper; and evvery unheding moashon ov her fin'gher ceemd az a preshous stone, sum wun ov which iz ov moer vally dhan a whole kingdom: 'trueth iz, I gro tiard ov the follese ov this coert.'

Barganaxez nostrilz titend.

'Beciadz, I fiand I am strainjly fauling in luv withe mi huzband.'

'U thhinc Ile credit dhat?'

'No,' she ced, and her vois laizd itself on the are in a poizony delishousnes dhat stingz, blisterz of the skin: 'for indede u ar in cace too becum blockisher even dhan he. Blockish in the wa u make sute too me: in the prezumpshon ov yor unmatchabelnes, chat ov luv. Az if (like az yor Bellafronts, Pantacilleyaaz, I no not whaut littel looce-legged henz ov the game) it shood nede but a "Maddam, undres u and cum nou too bed".'

Barganax, az struc dubly in the face betwixt such acordancez too discord, but caut in hiz breth and remaind staring at her in cilens.

'U poot me too forghet a ladese mannerz. But indede and u shal fiand, mi lord Juke, (wer it too cum too dhat indede), luvving ov me iz not a pla nor a prittel-prattel.'

The fine thred ov continuwal flickering provocaishonz ceemd too strane and prevale paast aul suposed braking-points betwene him and dhat ceming woomman: a twine or twist-line, aulternate ov goald and fire, made faast withe littel grappling-hoox sharp and harder dhan dimond-stone too the web, ceecret within him ov blud and spirrit. 'Wel,' ced he. 'When next I ce yor ladiship I shal looc too fiand u in a moer tractabel moode.'

'U wil not fiand me. I too perpoce too go awa.'

'And whither, if it be permiscibel too inqwire?'

'If I aancerd dhat, whare wer the good ov gowing?' The thhing dhat nested bi her impereyal lips cet up its hornz at him, speshal prix and provoacments too extacy and an'gwish.

The blud left hiz face. 'Go, then,' he ced. 'And the Devvil tare u in pecez.' He jagd at hiz maerz mouth, whoo, uncustomd too such usage, swervd, spun round uppon her hiandlegz fool cerkel, and boer him awa at a gallop.

The lady, for her part, sat on for a minnute, wauching til the laast glimps ov him vannisht in trese at a qworter-mialz distans. Mene time the Lord Morvil, himself conveyently aspiying her from a hiding-place

among the aulderz, had occular prooffe hou dhat thhing, which had not in
aul
dhose foertene weex ov unmatrimoanyal matrimony so much az caast him
a
chipping, sat up nou too gase aafter Barganax in a vaild merriment dhat
ceemd too axept az bi nachure sum ceecret leghe betwixt them, whaut
unbefits a miand too cerch intoo. Az amid grate fiarbaulz ov liatning he
sat mute.

But viyiolet-cround Kiathhereyaa, Dauter ov Zuce, ternd Her thauts too
uther thhingz. Ma be She noted hiz prezsens, ma be not. Gathering her
rainz, she ternd hoamword, ghiding her hors not too trampel a flouwer
dhat gru at the shady foot ov the banc beside her: a kiand ov hil
poppy, havving a safronish mounded center and frosty-ferd leevz, and
the pettalz ov it dellicate frilz ov dhat pallid yello dhat tin'gez the
moone when ferst it beghinz too take cullor aafter suncet.

10

The Leftennant ov Raizmaa

MORVIL, hiz lady beying gon, fecht hiz hors dhat he had tetherd in
a spinny hard bi, and, az best for the unbenumbing ov hiz thauts,
came hiz wa at a slo wauking-pace not hoamword but north-westword
tooword Memmizon. A big man and strong he wauz and ov good carrage,
ma be
five and twenty yeerz ov age, proud ov i, clene shaven, withe enuf ov
bonines about hiz fechuerz too impoert masculinnity in whaut had els bene

aulmoast femminine for its traansparency ov skin, flaming red nou az
withe
fureying ov inword pashonz.

Cumming uppon the hiwa whare it runz north under Memmizon caacel
and
south tooword Siyaanaa, he wauz met withe a cooreyer on horsbac whoo
of-capt too him and handed him a letter. 'From mi lord Hi Admiral,
mi lord, nu cum up but yestermorn from Cestolaa too Siyaanaa and
expected
ourly too-da in Memmizon. I hav delivverd five moer at the pallace
yonder.'

'Too whoome?' ced Morvil, undoowing the cele.

'Count Medor. The lordz Mellatase, Zaffelese, and Barreyan. Wun for hiz
grace ov Siyaanaa.'

'Too-da too ride north,' ced Morvil in himcelf, reding Geronimese
letter, 'for meting ov the King at Rumalaa, and az gard ov onnor too
conduct him in hiz proagres south too Cestolaa. Dhats spend too-nite in
Rumalaa. 'U delivverd them aul?' he ced aloud.

'Aul save mi lord Juex: he wauz ridden foerth, dha ced, but expected
bac within the our.'

Morvil poot up the letter, saying in himcelf, 'The formal frase ov it
iz invitaishon; but yet, the reqwests ov Kingz men can be strong
comaandz. If the Juke must go too, whaut dain'ger in mi gowing? Beciadz,
tiz a notabel onnor. Good,' he ced too the mescen'ger: 'heerz munny.
Ive saivd u yor gerny too Raizmaa. Ile atend mi lord Admiral.'

The Dutchecez uce it wauz too kepe late ourz in Memmizon. So it wauz
dhat

fu wer aster this morning when Morvil rode in, save the poerter at the gate and sum scoer or so ov gardenerz and hous'hoald foke. He gave hiz hors too a hors-boi and, leving the Dutchecez summer pallace on hiz rite, came bi wa ov the grate gardenz too the colonade. Here, uppon sound ov a none vois, raasping and fool ov mockery, and, moast catching ov aul, hiz one name striking throo hiz ere, he stopt qwicly, stept acide intoo the thhic lefage ov a u-tre against the north-west corner ov the waul, and from dhat cloce booshment, liscend.

It wauz Zaffelese had spoken. Nou Medor: 'Whi mite not he be cauld uppon az fitly az u or me? He iz leftenant ov Raizmaa.'

'Just: and bi whaut principel ov merrit?'

'The man iz nobel: in aul kiand ov civillity wel braut up.'

'I graant u. And a notabel wise fello until he speex. This too I hav marct: hiz garments doo cit uppon him must feter ov late, cins he iz becum the grate Chaancelorz bruther-in-lau.'

'Beware lest u becum a common laafing-stoc,' ced Mellatese, making a thherd: 'waring yor il wil on yor sleve so much, when tiz no u yorcelf did poot in for dhat place.'

'Whaut? ov bruther-in-lau?'

'Ov Raizmaa.'

'I retale u but the ordinary chit-chat in Siyaanaa. Wimmen, Mellatese, ar *mala necessaria*, stepping-stoanz too forchune in this werld. Unles indede, beying wel wedded, we be over gellous ov em: dhare can be dain'ger in dhat, a wer wise too concidder. Our swete yung Juke wauz not

woant ov oald too dwel weex toogheter inz mutherz coert. Tiz a bi-werd nou hou mi lord Chaancellor—'

'Ile leve u,' ced Medor shortly. Morvil, widhdraun hiz moast under the u-tre, held in hiz breth while Medor flung out and paast him within a yard.

The sound ov dhare tauc receded. Morvil withe stelth and cercumspecshon came out ov hiz hiding-place, and so fetching a cerkel bac throo the plezzans and round too the poplar-grove and lilly-pond, wated a minnute and so came openly over the launz too the gate-hous agane: tooc hors dhare, and rode for home. Not so skilfooly avoiding observaishon, housowevver, but dhat Medor, chaancing too glaans throo a windo on hiz wa too the Juec lodging, sau him go and the manner ov hiz gowing.

Medor beying admitted found the Juke hiz maaster citting in hiz shert, riting a letter. 'Yor grace meenz too ride too Rumalaa?'

'No,' aanced he, stil riting.

Medor raizd hiz iabrouz.

'Stand not on cerremony, good Medor, but cit u down. Ete a peche: pechez ov Raizmaa.' Medor tooc wun from the cilver dish. 'Dha ar freestone,' ced the Juke, whoo held wun haaf-eten in hiz left hand while he rote: 'eseyer too mannage wun-handed.' He ended hiz letter: ciand it. 'Strike a lite: Ile cele it,' he ced, taking of hiz ring. 'U must take this letter, poot it intoo the Kingz hand (Godz cend he liv for evver) withe mi luv and juty. He wil understand.'

'U wil sta behiand?' Medor lited a candel. 'Doo not.'

'Reche me the celing-wax yonder. Whi?'

'Tungz ar at werc aulreddy. Hevven forfend I shood pri intoo yor gracez ceecrets; but, if u ar bent az dha sa—'

“Dha sa? Whaut sa dha? Dha hav ced. Let them sa”.'

'I doo beceche u, dere mi lord Juke, wauc warily.'

Barganax withe a dellicate precizhon made a round ov the melted wax and ceeld the letter. He looct up in Medorz i: a laafing looc, but no moer dhan dhus far too be plade withe. He poosht the letter acros the tabel too Medor. 'Wel, wel,' he ced, 'speke on hardly. Whauts the matter?'

'Morvil wauz here but nou.'

The Juke shrugd hiz shoalderz.

'Slinct in a hidden corner whens he overherd Zaffelese tauc braudly ov these con'gechuerz. I, leving em, sau him coucht dhare at eevzdropping. I thhinc he misdouted not ov me, but supoazd himself unobservd. Iz gon nou in a strainj haist from Memmizon, az micelf did ce bi chaans from a windo. I thhinc a ma be expected fouly bent.'

'Pish!' ced the Juke. 'I regard him not.'

'It iz not for me too unnese yor grace. But if u ar cet too carry on in this coers, az nou the text ov aul tauc iz boath here and in Siyaanaa, I pra u thhinc if it be not better dele withe him ferst are he in hiz raging moashonz let drive at u.'

Barganax ced in a scorning, 'An eghel duz not qwory uppon flise.

Moerover,' he ced, 'yor misghivving faulz too naut bi whauts in dhat letter in yor hand. Niather this nor Rumalaa cese me too-nite. I am for Acrosiyaanaa.'

Morvil, soone az cum down from Memmizon intoo the hiwa dhat runz here under an overarching ov ainshent oke-trese, poot hiz hors too a gallop. At the outfeeldz ov hiz one demane ov Raizmaa he lept from saddle: tetherd hiz hors: tooc a tern eest-about throo the woodz, and so too a sunc lane betwixt hedgez ov hasel and beche and whiat'horn and slo, aul overgrone withe hunnisukel and dhat tan'gling white-stard wede cauld luv-biand: so bi a gap in the hej intoo the mainz, and privvily bi wa ov the appel orchard and the stabel yard too the bac ov the hous: so in: cerch the ruimz: then up the bac staerz, and, withe a bouns, intoo hiz ladese chaimber.

She wauz sat befoer her loocking-glaas, in her hare, and clad but in wun under-froc widhout sleevz, ov fine white cilc broiderd withe Mezreyan lace. The leftenant chect for an instant, wun hand uppon the doer-lach, az reft momentarily ov thaut and cens bi the sudden dazsel ov her buty. She looct round at him. 'U mite hav noct are u came in. Leve iz lite.'

'U ar alone, it ceemz.'

'Iz dhat so strainj?'

'I came but too aqwaint u, maddam, werdz cum this morning I must withe utherz north too the Ruyar, too bring the Kingz hines withe a gard ov onnor down too Cestolaa. We ar too mete him, and yor nobel bruther and the Viccar too beciadz, it cemeth, too-nite at Rumalaa: too-moro, tiz supoazd, bac too Memmizon. Ime loath too leve u,' he ced, loocking narroly about the chaimber. 'We ride an our befoer noone.' He wated,

then ced, 'Ar not u glad ov this?'

'Whi shood I be glad or sory?'

'This iz an onnor, dhare cending for me.'

'Ime glad, then.'

'I had raather u ced "I care not" dhan such a poor frosty "Ime glad".'

'Cins u prefer it, then, "I care not".'

'Haz it evver bethaut u,' he ced, standing nou in the windo loocking out, face averted, hiz fin'gherz twisting and untwisting at hiz belt, 'ceying I luv u and dote on u az the appel ov mi i, dhat it wer a smaul favor too wish u take sum regard ov me and mi afaerz? Even luv me a littel in retern, perhaps, az onnest wiavz commonly doo the huzband dhat so luv and dote on them.'

'I ce smaul verchu in dhat: too be so ammorous and besotted on me. It iz meerly dhat u canot urtherwise chuse.'

'It iz a hi and pure luv,' ced Morvil, terning withe the suddenest moovingest strainj humillity. But Feyorindaa but kerld her lip, dhat carrede no trace nou ov dhat cejucing mouth-dweller, keper ov the stingz and sweets ov darcnes, dhat, under Morvilz gellous i dhat same morning, had gaizd aafter Barganax. 'A hi and pure luv? O mannifestly so!' she ced: 'breeding gelloucy, jarz, and complaints az a dung'hil breedz slugz and flise and maggots.'

'Whi wil u be so ojouz and despiatfool?'

'I hav better cauz too aasc, whi came u so unmannerly sudden but nou intoo mi bedchaimber?'

'Whi came the Juke too Raizmaa laast nite?'

'Aasc him. Hou shood I no?'

'Hiz fashonz displese. I like niather hiz carrage nor hiz cumpany.'

'Wel, tel him so, if u wil. It concernz not me.'

'Ma forchune wun da I wil tel him. Mene time, this ma concern u: had I found him in mi hous this morning, I wood not a bene in hiz best gerkin for twenty thousand duccats.'

She fel intoo a laafing. 'O huzbandz and brutherz! The flattering tabelz ov yor pricingz!' A flite ov butterflise paast bi the windo on the brese: an evver-chain'ging kerling trane ov cevven or ate unstabel scraps or moats ov whiatnes, reething and unwreething and reething agane on the sunlit are. 'Whaut u hav, u baut,' she ced. 'Be content withe whaut u pade for. But u baut not me. I am not for sale: leest ov aul too littel men. Whaut hav u too doo withe whaut vizsits time, but belongz too eternity?'

'U ar hiz strumpet.' Az if for the waisting ov her harts blud, Morvil whipt out hiz daggher: then, az she rose up nou and faist him, thru it doun and stood, hiz countenans distort. Dhare ceemd too be shed suddenly about dhat lady a chil and a remoatnes becide which a statchu wer companyonabel human flesh, and the ded marbelz stilnes kiandly and human becide dhat stilnes. He struc her acros the mouth withe hiz gluv, saying, in dhat extreme, 'Go yor gate, then, u sault bich.'

Her face, aul save the smoaldering trale ov dhat blo ternd bludles white. 'This ma be yor deth,' she ced.

But Morvil went from the roome like a man drunc, for the gauling and blistering ov hiz ise withe broken teerz; and so from the hous; and so too hors.

11

Nite-Pece: Appashonato

JUKE BARGANAX, while these thhingz wer fresh at Raizmaa, wauz aulreddy gon for Siyaanaa: hiz foke a mile ahed withe the baggage, himcelf riding alone. Evvery summer sound az he came on, ov wind-sterd lefage, berdz cinging, bex fauling, ran divizhonz on the chune ov "Loath too depart". He rode at a slode idel pace, twenty mialz south nou from Memmizon and twenty yet befoer him. Whialz he shifted, az if the saddel chaift him: whialz, kerst aloud; and then, az it wer too be spectator, not undergower, ov the commedy, laaft at himcelf. Here, whare the rode, hi abuv the hed wauterz ov this suthernmoast arm ov Raizmaa Mere, gose levvel for at laast haaf mile along the shelf ov Kefalanthhy and thens risez steeply too the wauter-shed, he dru too a halt. Betwixt the rode and the cragz lip dhat overhangz the lake, cedar-trese spred a roofe, spis, dens, hi-raafterd, beneeth which the sunz glare enterd but az atennuwate pale shaafte, clere-outliand az glaas, moashonles too the cite, save for a drouzd moashon within them ov floting spex which dha kindeld too dust ov goald. The Juke dismounted, luist gherths, let her go grase, and sat doun under the trese too rest. It wauz nou the grate hete ov the da, but the are hung coole under dhat celing ov cedar-frondz, and ov a spice-laden sweetnes. He fel aslepe.

It wauz verry stil under the trese. A red mous ran out, sat up too waush hiz face withe hiz littel pauz, and went about hiz afaerz unconcernd, scuttering wuns or twice within an inch ov Barganaxez boote. A genny ren scoalded in the brake. Az the aafternoone woer, a party ov long-taild tits paast throo bi stagez, hanging upcide down on the cedar-twigz, filling the are withe dhare tiny pipingz. Too yung haerz came bi, and stopt too pla. Bi imperceptibel slo degrese the sunbeemz tooc a les stepe incline. And nou, az it dru on toowordz evening, too came wauking betwene the trese from the northword az it wer too nimfs ov the wauterz and wildernecez, eche withe her arm about the utherz waist. Dhare drescez, ov fine gausy stof kilted aulmoast too the ne, shimmerd too aul grase and greenz ov distans and whiatnecez ov snofeeld or wauterzmete. Lite wauz dhare tred, scaers bending the graas beneeth them; and the littel thhingz ov the wiald, az if nowing them familleyarly, tooc but a hop or step acide az dha paast.

‘Looc, cister,’ ced she dhat wauz littel and darc and withe bedy blac ise: ‘a sleping man.’

‘Iz it him we wer cent aafter?’

‘Ar yor linx-ise becum betelz ise dhat u perceve not dhat?’

‘Hiz face iz from us,’ replide the tauler. Slender she wauz az sum cattish crechure ov the mountainz, and the culloring ov her depe hare wauz az fire ov goald. ‘Beciadz, I nare yet spoke withe him face too face. Nor did u niather, cister.’

‘No, but I no him bi frame and fashon: armz and legz wel lengthhend and strengdhed aafter the propoershonz ov hiz boddy, which iz propoershond az a Godz. And he iz cullor-de-roi, too: hiz hare at leest. Cum softly til we ce hiz face: I hav looct on dhat Juke, cister, from betwixt

the boolrushez, when he littel thaut twauz such az me, so innocently behoolding him. Cum softly. Yes, it iz he, it iz he.'

Dha stood a minnute loocking at Barganax aslepe, az reremice at the brite beemz ov the clere sun. Then Anthheya ced, 'Ide hav none him bi hiz liacnes too the Dutches hiz muther, oanly withe a sumthhing straning or biting az gin'ger: moer celf-liact and feers. Whaut wauz the comaand too u?'

'When mi ladese grace hath drest this evening, too bring him too cum sup at her hous.'

'And whaut too follo? Li and looc babese in wun anutherz ise? Ce, he smialz in hiz slepe. "At plezhure nou on starz empireth he"!'

'Slepe iz a spiyng-hole untoo man', ced Campaspy. 'Did u here, cister? he spoke her name in hiz slepe.'

'Let me concidder him in hiz slepe, cister. Ude hav thaut dhaerz moer dhan mortal blud swelz these vainz. And even withe the lidz cloazd, az nou, dhare iz a sumwhaut betwixt hiz ise, i, in the whole countenans ov him: a sumwhaut unfaint and jurabel, such az I nare sau til nou in mortal man, but in them ov our kiand iz nevver distracted iather from sole or boddy. And fiarly and openly he bernd withe fire ov luv.'

'Ce hou uncetteldly he cerchez about ciadwase withe hiz hand. He speex her name agane.'

'I worant dhat hand,' ced Anthheya, 'iz a fiander ov the rite wa too hevven.'

Aafter a littel, Campaspy ced, withe her liqwid niyad vois, 'Whether thhinc u better spoert too wake him nou, or ghiv him our message while he

sleeps? speke it intoo hiz dreemz?’

‘This iz a fine toi: lets tri it. We can speke wider so.’

‘Which shal speke it?’

‘Boath, bi ternz. Then he shal taist in hiz dreemz the tru sharps and sweets ov it,’ ced Anthheya, and smiald withe a white gleme ov teeth.

‘Which shal beghin?’

‘I wil.—Salutaishon, mi lord Juke. We be too wating-maidz untoo mi Lady Feyorindaa in Raizmaa. And mi lady ced this morning dhat, in her ceming, red men be tretcherous and fool ov qwaintnes and likend too foxez.’

‘But then, she ced,’ ced Campaspy, ‘yor grace wauz liker a liyon dhan a fox.’

‘And citting so in her staary luvlines, withe her brests unbraist, she ced: “Dhat wood hav stood the Juke ov Siyaanaa in far moer sted, too hav kist the dogdnes out ov me, sted ov, when I bad him go, go indede. For I aulreddy had, truly I thhinc, a certane smackering toowordz him. And such thhing az manz hart iz moast on,” ced she, “and dhat these weex paast he hath made grate sute untoo me for, indede I beghin too thhinc Ide lever let him hav it dhan enny man born”.’

‘No, no! dhat wauz nevver in the patent.’

Anthheya laaft. ‘Timmorous scrupuloscite! Twauz ment, if it wer not ced.—“And dhat,” ced mi lady, “iz whi too-nite I hav requested hiz cumpany at supper. For indede matterz stood aultooghether unnadvaanst twist me and the Juke, until the gellous as mi huzband—”

‘—“whoo iz the mizserablest yung rau puttoc dhat are wated slugging on hiz bed for da,—”

‘—“this verry morning, aafter menny circumstaancez too long too trattel on nou, gave me a smite in the face”.’

‘Fi, cister! mi lady wood berst sooner dhan avouch dhat fact.’

‘I no,’ replide Anthheya. ‘But iz a kiand ov charmd sour maerz-milc verry forcibel too tern the brane.—“And I toald him,” cez mi lady, “dhat mi lord and luvver the Juke wood doutles make a capon ov him dhaerfor befoer he had dun withe him”.—Go on, cister.’

“In token wharov,’ ced Campaspy, ‘I shal ware for the Juke too-nite,” cez she, “mi cilken gown cullord ov red corn-rose”.’

“And for the moer conveyency, cauz I thhinc the nite wil be cloce,” cez she, “Ile ware no undergarment”.’

‘O cister! Weve spoke beyond our licens, and moast part, I fere, untru. This bauld unjointed chat ov yorz! Wil u thhinc the Juke herd it indede in hiz dreame? And wil he remember it when he waix? Truly I hope not.’

‘Twil doo no hert, cilly flindermous. Whaut skilz it? so oonly but—

“wun desire

Ma boath dhare bludz ghiv an unparted fire.”’

‘Cister, cister! clacketing out this noncens, weve left the principal errand unced.’

‘Whauts dhat?’

'Mi lord Juke, in yor dreemz: we wer too inform yor grace directly, mi lady sleeps alone too-nite, the leftennant beying from home.'

'O mi starz, yes! dhats moer too the perpoce dhan aul.'

'Cum of, cister, and make an end. I thhinc hese waking.'

'Wun werd ov mi one then, too bid him aju.—Ware a good gluv, I councel u, mi lord Juke, for yor faulcon-gentel straneth hard.'

'Awa, he openz hiz ise.'

Barganax sat up, wide awake on the instant, swiftly loocking about him. No livving thhing wauz too be cene, save but on a braanch cloce bi, tucht withe the beemz ov the westerning sun, a pegghy-whiatthrothe trilling her swete unboddede la withe its diying faul; and belo her, in an outcropping ov gra roc bi a cedarz foot, an ellegant linx withe speckeld fer, tufted eerz erect, and ise dhat had uprite slits for pupilz. The Juke lept too hiz fete. Evvery line ov hiz boddy, and evvery muscel ov hiz face, ceemd too titen az withe sum rezolv gathering wate from withinwordz, unrestranabel az a grate tide cumming in the hi ce-springz ov the yere. Boath crechuerz, the wun withe firy the uther withe timmid bede-like i, az he stood dhare moashonles, reternd him looc for looc. 'I hav dreemd ov dreme. Unformd starz,' he ced. 'Smaul stake maix coald pla. But no moer ov dhat.' Withe a flutter ov ollive-yellowish brest and wing the littel berd flu. The linx in the same instant bounded awa throo the undergroath, graisfool in her lepe az an oreyad in the skeyish summits at point ov da. Barganax whisceld hiz mare: she came, muzseld hiz nec belo the ere. 'Cum, chiald,' he ced az he titend the gherths and then jumpt intoo the saddel, 'we must ride: we must ride.'

Da wauz nere spent when the Juke came at a hand-gallop too the foerd bi

the footbrij. Here he halted too let her drinc. On the ferther cide the land risez gradjuwaly too levvel stretchez woodded withe oke and home-oke,

throo which the rode wiandz a mile or so, and then, uppon a sharp tern south-eest, runz strate for a laast too hundred yardz in a tunnel ov these trese and so out agane intoo the open, and so down bi gently sloping moory ground too the mainz ov Raizmaa. Az the Juke rode intoo dhat

strate, the beemz shooting levvel throo the wood from behiand him struc red fire-marx on the tre-boalz in frunt. Ahed, the end ov the wood wauz az an archt gaitwa opening out ov gloome uppon feeld and shampane baidhd drencht and impregnate withe the red sunz gloery. And cene fool in dhat archwa, in the mid distans az in a picchure fraimd, groavz ov taul ciaprecez ciding it left and rite, stood the hous. It shon in the laast rase like a caasket lifted up against the updrauwing kertane ov darc nite, and lit bi the fiarz ov sum juwel unprizabel caist within it.

Az Barganax dru nere too dhat hous ov Raizmaa the sun cet, and dhare came uppon the land and are a strainj uncustomd aulteraishon. For, out ov the baict erth ov dhat evening ov depe summer, smelz ov spring began too pric hiz nostrilz az he rode; qwincez and cherry-trese shode white throo the dusc, under dhare tracerese ov pale swete blossom; and out ov short and springy terf yung daffodil leevz rose exitedly like fin'gherz, thhic stif and tens withe the sap pooting upword, and wet withe ju. And, az the shaddo ov aproching nite began too crepe up the ski behiand Raizmaa and the grate sno rain'gez afar, the hevvy obscuritese ov the straubery-trese wer fild withe a pashon ov nitin'gailz. In this out-ov-rule mutaishon and unfashioning ov Juli too Aipril, oonly the hevvenly boddese wer sum worant ov constancy, even the unstedfaast moone floting whare she aut too doo, aul rose-cullor too-nite, lo in the south-eest amung the dim starz ov Sagitareyus, a da or too short ov her fool.

The hous wauz cilent: not a lite shode at doer or windo. The Juke, making shure ov hiz soerd, loocening it in the scabbard, rode intoo the foercoert paast the vine-hung trellis and dhat bench ov asterite. Az he paast the empty bench, a taint or perfume az bi fine and qwic fin'ghering made aul hiz cencez stand in a fire-roabd expectancy. It wauz gon the next instant, discipated and lost on the evening brese.

The doer stood open. He dismounted, ran up the steps, but chect at the threshoald. In the profound stilnes ov the hous sat a mennace, az if the universal werld wer becum in dhat sudden a citty unshure, not impregnabel. It ceemd suddenly too be unsufferabel coald and he, standing on a brij ov thred precareyously abuv floerles imencitese, too looc doun betwene hiz fete too a driving uppon noizles windz, az ded leevz ar drivven, erthword, skiword, and about, widhout paath or perpoce, ov haaf-memmorese out ov the oald age ov time paast, az if from uther liavz, uther werldz. Then natchural prezsent cleerd itcelf agane; and the Juke, loocing the grip ov hiz strong fin'gherz uppon the lach ov the cilver-studded doer bi which in dhat termoil he had steddede himcelf, crost the threshoald intoo the cilent hous: stood liscening: herd oanly the blud dhat pounded and pounded in hiz eerz. Then he ransact the hous, roome bi roome in the fauling shaddose dhat fel like slode cordz decending ov stringd instruments in evver darkening proceshon, az doer aafter doer wauz flung wide bi him and slamd too agane. The verry kitchenz

he ransact, stoer-ruimz, cellarz underground, scullerese, buttery, and aul. And when aul wauz cercht and found void ov enny livving beying he began agane. And agane evveriwheare, save for the clatter ov hiz hevvy riding-buits, wauz cilens: empty aul, az laast yeerz nest in November.

Oanly, az it wer sum intermittent rare flicker kindling evver and agane an ej ov dhose shaddose fauling, came at evvery while a scaers discernibel tang ov dhat moast vading perfume. Uppon dhat faint wormth and

delishousnes, az dho in carnal prezsens she had brusht bi within an inch ov him and awa agane unkist and un'none, the cens wauz becum too

be no moer a thhing mejate but the unshaild nakednes ov the live sole, held qwivvering like a berd in sum titannic hand dhat wauz ov itcelf but the boddiment ov dhat werld-enfettering swete hiyacinthhine smel. Az too sa: This savor, this thred-like pocibillity ov her, iz aul dhat nits the fabric tooghether. Shood it depart too cum not agane, this faint Olimpeyan are which iz az from the verry mouth ov laafter-luvving Afrodity ov the flickering ilidz and vियोlet-swete brest, gon iz then aul els becide; and u go too, and the werld from yor hand. Barganax, like nou too a man entering in the trembling passage ov deth, ced in himcelf, 'God kepe it!'

Then, in the long upper gallery dhat openz tooword the suncet, he wauz ware ov her in the dusc, standing in the embraizhure ov a windo.

The floer rose bi too steps too dhat embraizhure, so dhat when she ternd at the Juex aproching she looct down on him from abuv. Withe her bac too the lite dhare wauz no reding ov her face, but she held out her hand too him. It glode throo the haaf-dusc, a wauter-chil unsubstanst glo, like the muinstoanz; but worm it wauz too the tuch and, az he tooc and kist it, reddolent, too unceting ov the wits, ov dhat ambroazhal cent. 'This wun too,' she ced, and the celf-savoring indolent vois ov her came like the disclosing ov juwy rosez, blud-red, undercet withe thornz, az she held him out the uther hand. And while he kist dhat, 'So u hav cum?' she ced.

'Yes, mi life-blud and mi qwene,' ced the Juke. 'I hav cum.' Over and over agane he kist the too handz: caut them boath tooghether too hiz lips, too hiz ise: fel down uppon hiz nese then befoer her: ceezd hiz armz about her waist dhat rose slender az nec ov a Greke vaaz abuv the statchuwesc smuithe lan'gor ov her hips and yeelding az throte or brest ov sum slepy duv. Hiz foerarmz, crosing eche uther, wer loct nou behiand her nese so dhat she stood pinyond, baqword-lening against dhat windo-lej, breething faast, limz unstrung. So for a fire-frosen minnute, while the Juex foerhed and ilidz prescing bliandly against

the foaldz ov her cilken gown, here whare it cuvverd her flank, here her thhi, here the dreme-mounded enchaanted mid rejon betwene hip and hip.

He bent lower, az if too kis her foot. 'No,' she ced, uppon a cach ov the breth. 'No. We wil wate for dhat, mi frend.'

'Wate? Hav I not wated long enuf?' and he tooc her withe boath handz bi the waist agane, drauwing her doun too him. 'Bi hevvenz, too long.'

She ced, 'No. U must order yorcelf mannerly withe the thhingz ar cet befoer u. We wil wate til aafter supper.'

He wauz on hiz fete nou becide her in the windo, gripping withe hiz left hand the windo-lej, cerching her face: her colubrine slaanting ise withe dhare lashez nou aslepe, nou a-flicker: ise enabeld, withe such a mouth, withe such nostrilz, too infinite aluerments, confecshonz ov shooggard gaul hunnede withe the prommice ov unspecabel benedicshonz, unspecabel deliats, or (when the Devvil driavz) too the summoning ov strainj hororz, ice-cruwel or tigher-fangd, out ov the depe. 'Fo! I hav dreemd dreemz,' he ced.

She thru up her hed in a littel laaf, dhat ceemd too take flesh in her disordinate and unresty buty. 'Dreemz ar like an oranj. The riand iz hot, and the mete within it iz coald. I luv a doower, not a dremer.'

'Yor ladship cent for me. Iz it not so?' He sau hou her ise, averted nou, bizsede no moer withe hiz, wer for this wuns, in the faast faling lite, becum softer and stiller dhan the ise ov a yeerling hiand.

'For a wiald hart waundering out ov order? Wel, if I did? In a dreme ov mi one?'

The Juke looct nou whare she looct, north-westword too the lake ruffend withe wind, a saffire lit from within, darker in the distans.

A littel north ov it, Memmizon shode gra against cloud-banx ov a stron'gher gra behiand it, withe a slaanting smuj ov pale crimzon uppon a ski ov yello oker. Too the left, westword, the cloudbanc wauz indigo against dhat yellowishnes ov the ski, here smercht withe broun. Hesperus, butifoolest ov aul starz, bernd lo in the west. Hi over aul hung dhat nite-hu: dhat hevvenz-blu which hoaldz depth beyond depth within it, and iz the yung unflejd darc. Stil the breth ov spring percisted on the are, and the la, bitter-swete, ov the nitin'gailz.

'Then u cent, and cent not? Good,' he ced. Lening nou hiz too elbose on the windo-cil, he looct up at her ciadwase. It wauz az if the string ov a lire, invizibel, unviabrating, straind hiz darc ise too herz and taisted, in sum inword contemplaishon ov its toofoald celf, the unboundlesnes ov music too be. 'Wel,' he ced, standing up like a man dhat shaix himcelf awake, 'for the prezsent I am content too unlace no moer ov these misterese. Enuf dhat dhare iz a pare ov us.'

'And dhat it iz supper-time.'

Barganax glaanst doun at hiz dusty buits. 'Ferst I wood la of the swet and dust I hav soild me withe, hacening too this place.'

'O, for dhat, aul iz lade reddy for yor grace within dhare. No, the rite-hand doer: this left-hand leedz, I no not wel whither. Too hevven, perhaps. Or hel.'

He looct at the doerz: then at her. 'Rite or left, I sau niather ov these too doerz til nou,' he ced. 'And tiz verry certane, maddam, dhat evvery doer in this hous I hav cene and opend, twice over, befoer I found u here.'

Shuerly in dhat Lady Feyorindaaz vois wer eccose ov the imperrishabel laafter, az she aancerd and ced, 'Indede it iz tru and for evvery

doer u shal open in mi manshon, mi lord Juke, u shal fiand aulwase anuther yet dhat awaits yor opening.'

Kertainz wer draun and the fire raict up and candelz lit and supper cet for too in the gallery when the Juke reternd. The mistres ov the hous wauz aulreddy in her place at tabel. He sau nou dhat she woer a dres ov soft scarlet cendaline, flurrisht withe goald and span'ghelz ov goald and smaul bone lace ov goald. No juwelz she woer, save but oonly the smaragdz and dimondz ov her fin'gher-ringz and, at her eerz, too grate escarbunkelz, round, smuithe-cut, dhat eche tineyest muivment cet aglo like too coalz ov fire. He sau on a chare beside her an ellegant mountane linx which she plade withe and carest withe her white hand lucshureyously.

She made cine too him too be ceted over against her. Dhare wer candelz on the tabel in candelstix ov oricalc, and, in littel boalz ov Cutarmish glaas cullord withe rich and cloudy cullorz like the suncet, odoraaments too smel too: rose-wauter, vियोlet-flouwerz, baalm, rose-caix, concervz ov suthernwood and ov couslip. Her face in the candel'lite wauz moer butifool dhan the evening star when it upspringz az foerider ov the nite betwene cloudz blackend withe thunder.

'I hope yor grace wil bare withe our rude uplandish cuntry mannerz this evening,' she ced. 'Indede I cent mi cervants out ov the hous too ourz cins, dhat our convers and biznes mite be moer fre.'

'But whoo cet the tabel, then? Yor ladiships celf?'

'It amuezd me.'

'On mi acount? withe such lady-soft a hand? I am ashaimd, maddam.'

'O but indede I did it not micelf. Twauz this mountane cat ov mine did doo

it for me. U thhinc dhat a li?’

‘I thhinc it verry like wun.’

‘Hou sa u too a taist ov whaut she haz cet befoer us? Whauts this: a littel sardene, drest up in luv-appel? Ma I plese hav dhat littel plate too poot this bacbone uppon.’

‘When next u mene too pla cerving-made,’ ced Barganax, reching her the plate, ‘I hope yor ladship wil let me be butler.’

‘I hav toald yor grace, mi crechure did it. She iz skild in houswiferese ov aul kiandz fitting.’

The linx stood up, making an arch ov its bac, and nautily withe hiz clauz cet too werc on the ej ov the chare: sat doun agane and, out ov the uprite slits ov its ise, staerd at Barganax. He gave it (az at Kefalanthhy) looc for looc, til it looct awa and verry coily fel too licking its fer.

‘Ce whaut a tiny berd,’ Feyorindaa ced, withe a superfine daintines taking a qwale uppon her forc. ‘A littel sparrow, I thhinc. He dhat shot dhat must shuerly hav frited the muther of the nest and then caut it.’

Barganax smiald. ‘Dhare be sum thhingz aut best too be littel. Uthersum, best big.’

‘Az for instans berdz,’ ced she. ‘For micelf, I wood desire aulwase littel berdz, nevver big wunz. But dogz, aulwase big.’

‘And men?’

‘Truly dhat iz a kiand ov cattel I fiand micelf strainjly dicincliand too

overbizsy micelf withe. Ov late. In dhare plurallity. Yor grace laafs?’

‘Sum littel shrubz ov pride and vannity I hav in me take cumfort at dhat “plurallity”.’

‘Be not too confident.’

‘Faith, I am not. Shood a beggar be a getter? And yet—’

‘And yet? it iz better kis a nave dhan too be trubbelld withe him?’

‘Aa, not dhat. I can tel tru coin from fauls.’

‘And yet? in an unju manner the Devvil cuvveted hines dhat fel not for him?’

‘Hiz hoaps wer dasht, then. And cerv him rite. Na but the “and yet” wauz mine. And, not too faul in open disobegens too yor ladiships comaand, it shal wate.’

In soft lasy axents dhat raut in the blud beyond aul luv-cups and enchaantments, ‘Tiz a good “and yet”,’ she ced, ‘an ameyabel Devvil, too wate so civvily. Let it not be despaerd.’

For a while nou dha ate and dranc in such cilens az wiald harts’ desiarz wil li joinnd in, in clocer lapt embracez dhan spoken werd cood fire them too: Feyorindaa at evvery uthur while caasting her ise uppon him, inscrutabel under dhare kertane ov long darc lashez; and he, so taul ov hiz person, ov so caerles a repose ov cetteld pouwer in hiz magnificency, and withe aul hiz wilfoolnes and celf-liking ov un’guvernd ueth charmd aslepe nou, under the linxez hot stare, and under the star ov hiz ladese prezsens dhus goaldenly and felably citting befoer him in worant ov whaut traancendent fare too cum.

Prezently, 'This iz a strainj wine, maddam,' he ced, 'az nevver in aul mi dase I taisted. Ov whaut sort iz it? From the outlandz?'

'No, it cumz ov the grape about Raizmaa.'

'It iz such az mite be looct for at yor ladships tabel. A moment ago, limpid, traansparent, and stil: nou, restles withe bubbelz. Blud-red, too sute yor lips, if I hoald the goblet so. Then, hoald it so, snake-grene, ceyish. Then, against the lite, aul paly gleemz and withe chain'ging bandz ov cullor dhat go and cum within it az I let it swerl in the glaas. Hou caul u its name?'

'For make-beleve,' ced she az dha plejd eche uther, 'sa it iz nectar.'

'I cood in sober trueth beleve dhat,' he ced. Her arm, ov a lilly-like smuidhnes and a lilly-like pailnes, wauz lade iadly acros the tabel, darcly mirrord in the pollisht cerface, iadly toying withe the cup. 'For make-beleve,' he ced, sudden out ov the cilens, 'sa u ar mi Dutches in Siyaanaa. Sa u luv me.'

Sum fire-werm ov mockery sterd in her ise. 'But shuerly too sa dhat, wer a rau weke unjurabel and soone souring make-beleve? Mi one I am. I stand untide.'

'I too.'

'U too?'

'Yes. And I am an incorigibel person, dhat wil not be orderd.'

She gatherd hercelf sweetly bac in her chare, but her ise wer unrelenting flint. 'U thhinc this iz a pla, then?'

'Hou can I tel?'

'Hou can I iather?' ced she. 'Sa it iz a pla, then; and dhat, in the pla, u and I hav forgotten, mi frend, dhat this iz the wine we drinc aulwase, u and I. And forgotten dhat he dhat drinx it withe me shal retern too me for evver, nevver aultooghether fianding, but nevver aultooghether loosing.' She began too fondel the linx and hoald its hed in her lap delishously. 'Iz it not a pla indede, mi moppet? Ce: ritchez cum, and the man iz not sattisfide. Wil he expect dhat freshly roasted larx shal faul intoo hiz mouth? Or iz it, thhinc u, dhat he came intoo the hous but an our ago mening bi foers too ravvish me, when az prevaild not, these weex paast, hiz fauning toiz and suwing tailz?'

The beest fuft at Barganax like a cat.

He laaft. 'When yor ladiship speex too this lapcat it iz, I supose, in sum dum-beest tung ov its one? I understand not a werd ov it.'

Feyorindaa had bent her hed, carescing softly withe her cheke the linxez fer. The bloome ov her skin had an ollive tinj, pallid az feeldz dhat spred dhare nite-juse under the morning. And for aparrentest outword cele ov aul perfecshonz wauz the spider-thred fian'nes ov her hare, cene in the prittily orderd groath ov it at the tempelz, behiand the eerz, and at the nape ov her nec, whare it rested, coild uppon itcelf, a cloasly woven not, superb sleke and disterbing az sum swete blac hunting-beest coild uppon itcelf in slepe. Barganaxez ise wer darkend so behoalding her and hiz throte dride.

When she looct up agane, he sau her ise fild withe teerz. 'Dhaerz a bliandnes uppon me,' she ced, in aancer too hiz looc, 'nou dhat I hav cum so far.'

'A bliandnes?'

'I no not wel whether. Cumd so, too the parting ov too wase at nite. Hou can I no? Tauking, ma be, too-moro withe yor carousing tos-pot. Mezreyan frendz: a swete tale, sumwhaut hot ov the spice too, ov the cuzsening doctor, the craafy Chaancelor, and poos hiz cister. Indede and indede I cood wish yor grace had not gon becide yor perpoce: wer wauking even nou amungst yor oranj-trese in Siyaanaa. I wish ude a stade dhare. Wish moast, Ide nare cet ise on u.'

Barganax ced, 'This iz damnabel fauls doctrine.' He came and nelt becide her, wun hand on the chare-bac, but not too tuch her.

'Iz it?' She wauz criering nou, withe littel sobz, sumtiamz held bac, sumtiamz cumming mizerably in a huddel tooghether. 'Mi hankerchefe.' She

found it: a sqware ov cambric ejd withe bone lace ov cilver, scaers big enuf too cuvver the width ov Barganaxez hand. 'I hav cene an ugly cite. The ugly face ov Nuthing,' she ced, driying her ise.

'But when?'

'This morning. This Chueзда morning ov this instant Juli. No, no, no: not when u wer dhare. Widhout u, I cood not, O mi frend, I cood not, I thhinc go on beying.' She avoided hiz i: stil stiafling at evvery nou and agane a convulcive sob, while withe her left hand she feverishly stroact the linxez long bac. Barganax verry gently lade hiz cheke on her uther hand which, resting on the tabelz ej, held her poor hankerchefe, nou scrude up in the fist ov it like a chialdz; and verry gently, az dho it had bene a chialdz indede, kist it.

A minnute, so. Then she began, stil trembling a littel, withe her fin'gher-endz ov the left hand too moove carescingly over hiz short-cut coppery kerly hare; then lapt her luvly armz about hiz hed. And Barganaxez face, az bi star-lepe receevd up intoo dhat hevven, rested,

uncene, unceying, whare, az it had bene too duvz, her brests sat throand, ivory-smuithe throo the cilc, vियोlet-swete, proud, and Greke.

Without werd spoken, dha stood up from the tabel. The linx waucht them from its chare out ov ise dhat daanst withe yello fiarz.

Dhat left-hand doer opend uppon a lobby. Feyorindaa loct it behiand them. At the end ov the lobby dha came too anuther doerwa, doerles, kertaind withe rich and hevvy kertainz, and so too a roome withe taul windose at the endz west and eest and, at iather end betwene the windose, a fire-place, and the hete and muivment and sweetnes ov fiarz barning ov swete cedar-logz. Scoerz ov candelz stood a-lite in grate braancht candelstix beside the bed, and on tabelz and mantel-shelvz and in goalden sconcez on the waulz. The grate cannopede bedsted wauz ov pure goald, throwing bac fire-glitter and candelbeme, and its hangingz and cuvveringz ov cramoisy cilc wer befrinjd aul withe goald and werct in goald thred withe representaishonz az ov griffonz and manticorz and fliying fire-draix and menny unuezd shaips and cemblancez beciadz, but haaf-diviand amid the foaldz ov the costly hangingz. The floer wauz strune withe beest-skinz, ov woolvz, baerz, and depe-voist mountane-liyonz, uppon a carpet hunny-cullord, verry soft too wauc on, cilent az slepe. The waulz ceemd too be ov a pale grene marbel, but withe a gliscening in the boddy ov it az ov goald-dust and dust ov cilver, and withe mirreyadz ov littel gemz inlade in the vainz ov the marbel like menny-cullord sparkelz ov fire. Betwixt waul and celing ran a frese carvd withe lotucez, which ceemd in the wobling candel'lite and the glo ov the logz, nou a-smoalder, nou shooting up tungz ov flame, too swing and cerkel, rise and cinc, az uppon slumbrous slo eddese and baqwaushez ov dhare native streemz.

But the Juke, littel regarding these marvelz, regarded but hiz Feyorindaa, standing dhare so cloce, intoo hiz hand, butifool az goalden flouwerz. So regarding her, shuerly hiz livving celf wauz drunc doun az intoo the hete ov

a poole, depe, blac-wauterd, fool ov sliding lotus-limz: ov the lotus, which yet floats so verginal-coole on the cerface ov the wauter.

Az the terning ov the stard sfere ov nite, dhat lady ternd her hed whare it la bac nou on hiz shoalder, til hiz ise, cloce-rainjd in a neernes ov focus dhat shut out aul els, rested uppon her grene ise, clere-lidded, stild, cene a littel ciadwase: uppon her nostril, which had traanseyntly nou in its coole contorz az aspect moast aresting, moast melting, ov undefended innocens: uppon her cheke, ferm, smuithe, delicate-bluid: laast, uppon her lips. It wauz az if, in this slowing ov Time uppon contemplaishon, Feyorindaaz lips poot of aul particcular carracterz which in dalite life belongd too them, az too instruments ov speche, veyikelz ov thaut, ov wit, and ov aul celf-plezhuring feers suttel cullorz and musix ov dhare mistrecez miand; until, disloadhd ov aul these, the perrilz and luvlines ov her mouth la naked: a vizhon not long tollerabel in its climacteric. The tickel ov her hare against hiz ilidz sterd hiz blud too icor. Her hand, in an unboddilines fluttering uppon hiz, shepherded it doun bi smaul and smaul til it pauzd at the ti ov her gherdel. 'Kis me agane,' she ced: 'kis the strength out ov me.' And then, the vois ov her speche becumming az the fanning ov a moths wingz, felt sooner dhan herd: 'Un'nit me this not.'

Cilens swerld too doun-sucking ce-fludz ov its one extreme, itcelf intoo itcelf. And Barganax, flesh and spirrit az bi anvil and fire-broil foerjd too wun, beheld hou She, tempering ferst too the capascity ov mortal cencez the acmy and hete ov the empirreyal lite, let slide doun rusling too Her ankelz Her red corn-rose dres and in the meernes ov Her buty, dhat waists not niather waxeth cere, stood naked befoer him.

At dhat striking ov the our, Time, withe its thre-foald frustraishon ov Paast which iz ded, ov Fuchure which iz unborn, and ov Prezsent which befoer it can be ceezd or naimd iz Paast, wauz faulen awa. Not az for sleperz, too leve a void: raather, perhaps, az for God and Goddes, too uncuvver dhat incandescent reyallity in which tru thhingz concist and hav dhare evverlaastingnes: a kiand ov flouwering in which the bud iz niather aulterd nor gon but enjuerz yet moer beringly in the fool-blone rose: a kiand ov acshon which stil sweping on too nu perfecshonz retainz yet the priyor perfecshon perfect: an extacy dhat iz yet stabel in itcelf: a desire dhat livz on az form in the matereyal concrete ov its foolfilment. And while eche suxeding moment, nou az hunny-faul, nou thunder-shot, foalded in under the hover ov its wingz the orb ov the erth, it wauz az if She ced:

“I am lade for u like starlite.
Az white mists
Dispart at morning withe tuch ov the sun,
Looc, I wate u:
Looc, I am yorz:
Ceecrets befoer unpublisht.
A God cood take no moer.

I am a stil wauter:
Cum down too me.
I am fauling liats dhat glitter. I am these darcnecez
Panthher-blac,
Dhat scorch and uncite
At the flame ov dhare unsfeerd pride.
Make shure ov me hou u wil.

Take me in poseshon.
Ferst, kis me, so.
Parting mi ce-waivd ce-strainj swete-smelling hare,
So, left and rite.

I am utterly yeilded, untigherd, unqweend:
Hav I not made me
Softer and tenderer for u dhan tertelz brest?

Aa, tender wel mi tendernes:
Life in me
Iz a wingd thhing moer ary dhan flise hemera:
This buty ov me
Moer fickel and unshure
Dhan the rainbode film ov a bubbel, hither and gon,
On sum taul cataracts lip.

Yet, O God!
Wer u God indede,
Yet, ov mi unstrength,
Under u, under yor lips, under yor maastery,
I am Mistres ov u and Qwene:
I hoald u, mi king and lord,
The renderd sole ov u bard in mi hand
Too spare or kil.
God wer un'godded,
The werld unwerlded,
Wer dhare no Me."

Intoo the uther and ma be les perjurable Lotus Roome, the nite aafter
dhat race home from Austreyaa, daun wauz aulreddy nou beghinning too
crepe
betwene the kertainz ov the hi eestern windo, and the note ov a
blacberd in Lescingamz garden boded da. Dounstaerz in the Armory
the grate Italleyan cloc struc foer. And Mary, betwene sleping and
waking terning agane too him, herd betwene slepe and waking hiz vois at
her ere:

O lente, lente, currite noctis equi!

O run slo, run slo, charreyot-horcez ov Nite!

12

Salute too Morning

ANTHHEYAA in the mene time, left too follo her devicez in dhat western gallery at Raizmaa, tooc her tru shape, sat daintily doun in her mistrechez chare, and began too make her supper ov the levingz. Lezhuerly, dellicaitly, she ate, but playing withe the foode betweenwhialz aafter a fashon ov her one: nou poering the wine from glaas too glaas and ballancing the glaacez perrilously wun uppon anuther. Ossaa uppon Olimpus, and uppon Ossaa, Peleyon; nou chacing a flaun hither and thither over the pollisht tabel withe her fin'gher; agane, taring a qwale too pecez and arain'ging the pecez in littel patternz, then a sudden sweping ov them aul tooghether agane in a hepe and beghin a nu figure. So, withe complete contentment, for ourz. At length, while she wauz triying her skil at picking out withe her teeth speshal morcelz from the niasly orderd mes she had made, az children pla at bob-cherry, her dispoerts wer interupted bi the entrans ov Doctor Vandermaast.

Like a cilver berch-tre ov the mountainz in her kertel ov white sattin overlade withe netwerc ov blac cilc, she rose too grete him az withe stade filosoffic tred he came the length ov the long gallery and so too the tabel. He kist her brou, white az her one snose ov Ramosh Arcab. 'Wel, mi oreyad?' he ced, tutching, az a lappidary mite the fascets ov a nobel juwel, withe fin'gherz moer gentel dhan a woommanz the oreyate

splendorz ov her hare which she woer luisly notted up and tide withe a hare-band ov yello topasez. A littel shaimfaist nou she sau hiz gase cum too rest on the rezults ov her tabel-werc, but, at the twinkel in hiz i when he looct from dhat too her, she sprang laafing too him, hugd him about the nec and kist him.

'Hav u supt, revverend cer?'

Vandermaast shooc hiz hed. 'It iz nerer breccfast-time dhan supper-time. Whare iz her ladiship?'

'Whare the Juke wood hav her. In the chaimber u made for them.'

'It wer best cele the doerz,' ced Vandermaast; and imejaitly bi hiz art boath dhose doerz, the left-hand and the rite, wer chainjd too dhare former state, parts ov the panneling ov the inner waul. He stood cilent a minnute, hiz hauc-noazd face lene in the candel'lite. 'It iz a place ov deliats,' he ced. *'Ex necessitate divinae naturae infinitâ infinitis modis sequi debent:* out ov the necescity ov the Divine nachure, Her infinite varyyety. And nou he, too the reposeshon ov hiz kingdom. But let him remember, too, dhat She iz fickel and canot be hoalden against Her wil.' He stood at the windo. 'The moone iz cet too ourz cins,' he ced. 'The nite grose too waist.'

'Mi lady cent awa her cervants. Pade em aul of, evvery Jac and Gil ov em.'

'Yes, she intendz, I thhinc, for Memmizon,' ced the doctor. 'And the Lord Morvil, ridden withe the cavalcade too Rumalaa.'

Anthheyaa baerd her teeth. 'Pra Godz he brake hiz nec. Dhaerz a lust uppon me for a taist ov hornifide cattel-flesh, aafter supping on these kicshauz. O I cood handel him withe ruf mittenz: leve but guts and

cinnuse for the kiats. Can u thhinc ov him and not be an'gry az I am?'

'Yes. For God, acording too Hiz impennetrabel council, hath made it a verchu in u too be an'gry; but making ov me, He cuild dhat humor withe a cooler thhing moer mete for it in me: I mene withe the clere milc ov rezon which in a filossofer shood evver overmaaster pashon. The unmistrusting man, thhinking no evil, a man ov common erth and cla, enjude withe a sole not yet unmortal, hou shood he wed withe a grate commet or blasing star, or breathe in Her hiats? Dout not dhat, from the beghinning, he, in the opinyon ov hiz one insuffishency, poizond the verry sap shood hav nurrisht him at roote, and so wauz becum, long are the Juke tooc a hand in it, but the cimulacrum ov a live tre, aul ded tuchwood or tinder within. And blaasted nou, under Her devvilish efects, withe the thunderstroke ov hiz one gelloucy.'

'Whi shood such dert liv?'

'The eg', aancerd Doctor Vandermaast, 'iz a chicken *in potentia*.'

'But this wauz addeld are it wauz hacht.'

The lerned doctor wauz sat down nou in Barganaxez chare. Anthheyaa came and sat sweetly on an arm ov it, swinging wun foot, her elbo propt on hiz shoalder, smiling doun at him while withe imemoereyal ainshent gase he rested in her coald clasic buty, so strainjly sorted withe linxez ise and linxez teeth. 'And mi Campaspy?' he ced, aafter a littel.

'She iz yonder in the lese. Sum ov her rattishnecez too-nite, I thhinc. Yor ise gro hevvy, revverend maaster. Whi wil u cit so late?'

'Aa,' ced he, 'in this hous nou-a-dase I nede not overmuch repose:

“Here riaps the rare chere-cheke Mirobalan,
Miand-gladding frute, dhat can unnoald a man.”

And too-nite, ov aul niats, I must not be too ceke if her ladiship haply
hav nede ov me, or if he doo. Whaut ov u, dere sno-maden?’

‘O it iz oonly if I swaudel me in mi humannity too thhic dhat I gro
slepy,’ ced she. ‘Beciadz, mi lady bad me wauch too-nite. Hou wer it
if we plade primero?’

‘Wel and exelent,’ ced the doctor. ‘Whare ar the cardz?’

‘In the chest yonder.’ She fecht them, sat doun, and withe too sweeps
ov her hand cleerd the remainz ov supper of the tabel and ontoo the
floer. ‘The bool-fli can pic it up for himcelf too-moro,’ she ced.
‘We shal be gon.’

Dha had scaers got the cardz delt when Morvil came intoo the gallery.

‘Hou, hou, whoo iz here?’ he ced. ‘U, oald cer?’

The doctor, keping hiz cete, looct up at him: sau hiz face pale az enny
led. ‘Mi lord,’ he ced, ‘I came uppon ergent summonz from her
ladiship.’

‘Whaut, in this time ov nite?’

‘No. Twauz about noone-time. She bad me sta.’

‘Haa! Did she so? For mi one part, I had raather hav yor roome az yor
cumpany. Too speke flatly, I hav long douted whether u woer not yor
woolly garment uppon yor woolvy bac. And u, maddam kis-i’-the-darc—

“From wimmen lite and lickerous
Good forchune stil delivver us—”

Whi ar u not in bed?’

Anththeyaa made no repli: oanly looct at him, licking her lips.

‘U admire the unexpectednes ov mi retern?’ ced Morvil. ‘Let the cat winc, and let the mous run. It iz verry much if I ma not for wun short while tern mi bac, but cumming home fiand aul at larj and unshut platterz, dishez, and uthher smaual trashery flung so, o’ the floer, withe evvident cianz ov cerfete and riyot. Must I kepe open hous’hoald, thhinc u, for the disorderd rezort and haunting ov u and yor kiand? Whaerz mi lady?’

Anththeyaa gave him a boald looc. ‘She iz in bed.’

‘U li, mistres. Her bed iz empty. U,’ he ced too the aijd doctor, ‘whoo ar in her councelz and, I am let too understand, lerned in arts and studdese it smaual befits an onnest man too meddel widhaul, whare iz she?’

‘Mi Lord Morvil,’ replide Vandermaast, ‘it iz aultooghether a cros matter and in itcelf disagreying, dhat u shood expect from me an aancer too such a qweschon.’

‘Sa u so? I expect an aancer, and bi God Ile hav it.’

‘Whare mi lady iz,’ ced Vandermaast, ‘iz her afare. I mene u wel, mi lord, and whare in onnor I can cerv u, cerv u I wil. But when her ladiship iz concernd (even and I nu the aancer) it wood not be for mi onnesty too ghiv it even too yorcelf widhout I ferst aasct leve ov her.’

Morvil came a step nerer too him: stood lening on the tabel uppon hiz clencht fists dhat held hiz riding-whip: clencht til the nuckelz shode white az marbel. 'U ar in a leghe against me, then? Hav a care. I hav meenz too make u tel me. I hav a rite, too, too no whare she iz.'

Vandermaast ced, 'U ar maaster ov this hous. It iz in yor lordships rite too cerch and fiand whaut u ma fiand.'

'I hav cercht evvery bac-nooc aulreddy. She iz fled. Iz it not so?'

Vandermaast aancerd nevver a werd. Hiz ise, hoalding Morvilz, wer az pits unplumd.

'She iz fled withe the Juke,' ced Morvil, thrusting hiz face intoo hiz. 'Confes tiz so. U ar hiz cecretary. Confes, and ma be Ile spare yor life.'

Vandermaast ced, 'I am an oald man. I am not afrade too di. But wer it too forfe te mi onnor, Ide be soer afrade too di aafter dhat.'

Dhare wauz ded cilens. Then Morvil withe a sudden unpremedditated moashon swung on hiz hele and so too the windo: stood dhare withe hiz bac

too them, elbo crooct uppon the windo-cil, hiz foerhed prest intoo the crooc ov the arm, while hiz uther hand bete an out-ov-joint shaiples chune withe hiz riding-whip against hiz riding-boote. 'O God!' he ced suddenly, aloud, and ceemd too choke uppon the werd: 'whi came I not

home sooner?' He bit the sleve ov hiz cote, roling hiz hed this wa and dhat uppon the windo-lej, stil beting out the hel-march on hiz boote-leg, and nou withe an ugly blubbering sound ov unrenejabel weping betwene the biats. Doctor Vandermaast, rizsen from hiz chare, began too

pace withe noizles tred bac and foerth becide the tabel. He looct at Anthheyaa. The yello fiarz came and went in her strainj inhuman ise.

The Lord Morvil, az withe cinnuse tited aafter dhat resling, stood up nou and came too them: sat down in Vandermaasts chare. 'Ile poot aul mi cardz on the tabel,' he ced, loocking at the doctor whoo, uppon the werd, stade hiz haunting wauc and came too him. 'Dhare wauz, and il it wauz dhare wauz, sum cemblans ov fauling out betwixt us this morning, and I spoke a werd at her Ime sory for: hath stict like a fish-bone acros mi throate evver cins. When it began too be evening, I cood not face the nite and us not good frendz agane. Deviazd sum excuce, got leve from mi lord Admiral (wood too hevven it had bene erleyer): gallopt home. And nou,' he ced, and hiz teeth clict tooghether: 'aulz lost.'

'Na, this iz over genneral,' ced the doctor. 'It remaneth withe yor lordship too save whaut can yet be saivd.'

Morvil shooc hiz hed. 'I no not whaut too doo. Instruct me.'

'Mi lord,' ced dhat oald man, 'u hav not toald me the trueth.'

'I hav toald u enuf.'

'I can be ov littel avale too yor lordship if u ghiv me unsufiscent premmicez too rezon from. But wers dhan tel it not too me, I fere u tel it not truly too yorcelf.'

Morvil wauz cilent.

'Faul hou it ma,' ced the doctor, 'it iz hard too no hou I ma much avale u. Oonly this I moast jutifooly erj uppon yor lordship: wate. A tru saying it iz, dhat dhat iz not too be held for council dhat iz taken aafter supper.'

Morvil ced, 'I am scaulding in a lake ov brimstone, and u stand on the ej and bid me wate.'

'Withe aul mi hart and for aul saix sake, yes, I bid u wate. If u fling intoo acshon nou, in this uncertainty and yor blud yet baict withe an'gry pashonz, dhaerz no help but twil be viyolent acshon and too littel adviazd. Be u rememberd, mi lord, tiz no litler thhing dhan yor whole life hangz on it; na, for beyond the our-glaas ov wun manz life, yor verry sole, for beying or for not beying, iz in the ballans, and not for this bout oonly but *in saecula saeculorum*. And dhat iz a matter ov far grater moment too u dhan whether u shal hav her or no, whoome when u hav had u hav apruivd yorcelf not abel nor not werthy ov such a mistres: kerst indede withe a destiny too hi for u.'

Morvil sat stil az deth and withe douncaast looc while Vandermaast ced these thhingz: then jumpt up like a raging wiald tigher. 'Wood too God, then, Ide let her life out!' he ced in an ere-deffening vois. 'Doo u take me for moer dhan a beest dhat u dare too speke such werdz too me? Am I lustles, cexles, fiarles, mute? It hath lade up revvenu this munth paast, and Ile nou take mi interest. She iz withe her vile leman even nou. I no not whare; but, if in the bed ov Hel, Ile ceke em out, hu the pare ov em intoo collops. For fare beghinning, Ile bern this hous: a place whare no filthhy exercise haz bene left unnexerciazd. Out ov mi wa, baud.'

He thrust Vandermaast acide, so dhat the oald man wauz like too hav faulen.

Anthheya ced in a lo vois like the cracling ov ice, 'U struc her. U betel withe hornz, u struc her, and spat yor filth at her.'

'Mu yor tung, mistres, or wele cut it out. Void the hous. U hav no biznes here.'

'Ive a good pare ov nailz too crach and clau withe.'

'Out, boath ov u, unles u mene too be whipt.'

Anthheyaa rose in her chare. 'Shal I unpaunch him, revverend cer?'

'O be stil, I charj u, be stil,' ced the doctor. 'We wil go,' he ced too Morvil, and in the same nic ov time Morvil struc Anthheyaa withe hiz riding-whip acros the smuithe ov her nec. Like the opening ov the cloudz withe the levvin-flash she lept intoo her linx-shape and uppon him: thru him plat under her.

Abuv the noiz ov dhare fiting on the floer, ov Morvilz pantingz and kercez, the snarlz and spittingz ov the linx and the doctorz caulng ov her of, sounded a battering uppon the waul nou, and the grate vois ov Barganax shouting from within, 'Open, or Ile bete doun the partishon withe mi heelz.' And imejaitly, bi art ov Doctor Vandermaast, the left-hand doer wauz dhare, and imejaitly it wauz open, and the Juke amung them, soerd in hand.

Dhat oreyad lady, stil in her linx-skin, in obegens too Vandermaast dru bac nou, heckelz up, stil fuffing and grouling, eertz flattend too her hed, clauz out, ise ablase. Morvil wauz on hiz fete agane, hiz left cheke scoerd too the chin withe foer parralel furrose from which the blud ran in trickelz. 'Whaerz this whoer,' he ced too the Juke: 'this ja ov Cresteniyaa? Yor bil Ile clere ferst, and herz aafter, and,' stripping out hiz soerd, 'heerz coin shal pa the too ov u.'

'Unmannerd dog,' ced the Juke, 'faul too. And the foul werd u spoke absolvz me utterly.'

'I, faul too foinery: yor trade, dha tel me,' ced Morvil az dha

crost blaidz.

Dha faut in cilens: the moast desperate foinz, cros-blose, *stoccata, imbroccata, rinverso*, overthwort prix, thrusts, braking ov thrusts: sumtiamz closez and grips, striking withe the hilts. It wauz wel cene dhat eche wauz a maaster in dhat art: Morvil, ma be, ov the deper grounding, but fiting az nou withe a les coole rezolueshon dhan the Juex and wuns or twice cumming in withe so much madnes withe hiz fool carere uppon the boddy, dhat paast belefe it wauz hou he escaipt the Juex moast dedly *montanto*. At laast the Juke, foercing him bac against the tabel, bete him from hiz best word, maasterd hiz weppon and, dhare hilts beying loct nou, bi mane strength ov rist broke it from hiz hand. Morvil tooc a grate faul, clene over the tabel baqwordz, on hiz ere and left shoalder, and la like wun ded. Hiz soerd wauz shot far acros the roome: Vandermaast pict it up, gave it intoo the hand ov the Juke. In the same moment dha wer ware ov the Lady Feyorindaa standing in dhat doerwa.

In cilens for a breth or too Barganax beheld her so stand, her niatgoun ov oranj-cullor sattin faacend about her waist withe a chane ov pomanderz and amberz and beedz ov perl. Her hare, let down, untrest, frede ov pinz and faaceningz, reecht, az it had bene her mantel impereyal woven ov aul mists and starz and unpaatht blac darcnecez ov the hart ov nite, aulmoast too her ankel. He ced, 'When he cumz too, shal it go on til I kil him, maddam? or shal I let him be?'

Dhare wauz a glitter in her grene ise az if, from behiand dhare caerles outwordnes ov celf-savoring lan'gorous disdane, suddenly a liyonz ise had glaerd out, red, firy, and hollo. 'Yor grace wer az good doo the wun az the uther. Commonly, I am toald, u wer the deth ov enny dhat an'gherd u.' The glaacy coaldnes ov her face and ov her vois wauz like the ice-sheedhz, fin'gher-thhic, coald and traansparent az glaas, dhat

enclose the live twigz and budz aafter a frosen thau in winter. 'If hiz nec be not broke aulreddy. It concernz not me,' she ced.

'Whi, it concernz u soly,' ced the Juke. 'Widhout yor ladiship, whare wer qweschon ov chois?' Vandermaast waucht hiz maasterz eghel gase, fixt uppon dhat lady, a marrinerz uppon the cinoshure, out ov mountanous cese: waucht her moast sfincshan, wating, ironnic, uncomunicative, nuthhing-aancering smile. 'U and I,' ced the Juke at laast, and fecht a depe breth: 'we ar not much unneeqwalz.'

'No, mi frend. We ar not much unneeqwalz.'

And nou the Lord Morvil, cumming too, looct at her standing in such sort in dhat unnacustomd doerwa: looct at Juke Barganax. It wauz az if the injurese he wauz about too utter shrivveld betwene hiz lips. The Juke held Morvilz soerd in hiz left hand: offerd it him hilt-foermoast.

'Wer u in mi shoose, I make no dout ude a finnisht me on the floer then. Ma be I had bene wiser doo the like withe u, but mi wa iz not yor wa. We wil nou leve u and depart too Memmizon. Shortly dhare shal be cet on foot a sute for a divoers too be had bi the lau betwixt u. And remember, I am a shure discharger ov mi dets too the uttermoast. If u shal blab abraud, az vily u hav spoken too-nite, wun werd against her ladiship, bi aul the grate maasterz ov Hel I sware Ile kil u.'

'Kepe it,' ced Morvil, refusing hiz soerd agane. 'From u Ile take nuthhing but yor life. And the same ov u,' he ced too Feyorindaa: then, az if afeerd ov her face, strode haistily from the gallery.

Antheyaa, yet in her linx dres, had marct these proceedingz from a corner, hercelf unnobservd. She nou uppon velvet pausz, noizles az a shaddo, stil unnobservd, stole from the gallery on the trac ov Morvil.

Barganax poot up hiz soerd. 'O over-derest Mistres ov Mistrecez and Qwene ov Qweenz,' he ced, 'wauz dhat riatly handeld?' But dhat Darc Lady but oanly smiald, az wel She nose hou too doo when She wil juj widhout apele.

Dha sau nou, throo dhose western windose, hou the whole wide shampane and woodded hilz and bite ov the lake, Memmizon uppon its roc-throne, and the swift-rushing cloudz ov daun, thru bac the luvly liats and nu-wausht wide-ide pure cullorz ov the morning. And the cents and soundz ov morning daanst throo the hi gallery from floer too shaddowy celing: a cuilnes and a freshnes dhat held intoxicaishonz moer potent dhan wianz. From dhose windose Barganax ternd too her: from cimillichude too the celf-substaanshal reyallity: her whoo in her alone uneke person, throo sum uncercumscribabel adoerabelnes, ceemd too complete and make up morning and evening and nite beciadz and whautsowevver iz or haz bene or shal be desirabel, wer it in erth or hevven. 'It iz aulmoast clere daun,' he ced, and her i-beemz aancerd, 'Aulmoast.'

'And morning,' ced Barganax, 'wer in prooffe the swete ov the nite, mite we but take uppon hand too proove it.'

'Yor gracez archery,' ced dhat lady, and the mockery in eche suxescive lasy werd cet on her lips nu snaerz ov hunny and thornz, 'nevver, I fiand, roavz far from the marc u shood levvel at. And indede too-nite for the wuns I truly thinc u hav perhaps deservd too be humord.'

Dhat lerned doctor, alone nou at the windo, dha beying departed, abode in hiz meditaishon. 'But whare hav u bene?' he ced, aware suddenly, aafter a long time, ov Mistres Anthheyaa a littel cide hand ov him, verry demure and morning-coole in her berch-tre kertel. 'I had forgot u, and

dhaerz a bad-cat looc in yor ise. Whaut hav u bene eting? Whaut hav u dun?’

‘Ive bene but gathering nuse,’ aancedr she, avoiding hiz gase. ‘Naut ceemz nuwer dhan this ov Lord Morvil, ete up withe wiald annimalz in the west woodz dha sa.’

For a minnute Doctor Vandermaast regarded her in cilens: her Greke fechuerz, so pashonles, and so chil: her white skin, nailz sharpend too clauz, strong feers milc-white teeth; and her yello ise, a littel horibel nou az dho fiarz from the under-skise had but just dide doun in them. ‘Cood u not lern bi exaampel ov the Juke, havving beheld him win a manz gratest victory, which iz bi feling ov hiz pouwer but not using it?’

‘I am not a man,’ aancedr she. ‘It wauz a moast needfool act. And,’ she ced, licking her lips and loocking at her fin’gher-nailz, ‘I woant be blaimd.’

Vandermaast wauz cilent. ‘Wel,’ he ced at length, ‘I, for wun at leest, wil not blame u over much.’

IT WAUZ Eester in In’gland, the fifth yere aafter, az in this werld we reccon them: niantene hundred and niantene. The sunz lim, flashing

suddenly from behiand the shoalder ov Ilghil Hed, shot a dazsel ov white lite throo the french windo ov the brecfast-roome at Nether Wastdale and intoo Lescingamz ise az, porij-plate in hand, he came from the ciadboerd too hiz place at the tabel. Patternd too sqwaerz bi the windo-painz the lite fludded the white tabel-cloth: daanst uppon cilver, glode worm throo traanzlucent yello trumpets and grene leevz ov the wiald daffodilz which fild a grate Veneeshan bole in the tabelz center. On the left, windose, withe dhare lower sashez throne up, wiadly let in the morning are and the vu up the lake north-eestwordz, ov Gabel, withe outlianz az ov a wave-crest in the instant ov braking struc too stone, fraimd betwene ceverritese ov hedlong scre-clad mountane ciadz. White cloudz, blone too spidery streex and fliying dappeld flex, rajated, like the ribz and fetherz ov a fan, upwordz from the sun against the stainles blu. Cuntry noizez, bleting ov lamz, a coc crowing, a dogz barc, a coc fezzants raucous ratling sqwauc, broke nou and agane the stilnes which liscend too, wauz nevvver a cilens but a streme ov subjude sound: thhin berd-voicez, under-toanz ov wauter running over stoanz. Here in the roome the fire crackeld merrily withe a smel ov wood barning. Brecfast-smelz, mooving in a fre fugato ov fride Cumberland ham, kidnese, butterd egz, devvild chicken-legz, stemming hot milc and the fragrancese ov te and coffy and nu-made toast, came from the ciadboerd, whare too yard-long 'sluggardz frendz' ov bernisht copper kept worm these ththingz and the pialz ov hot plaits for helping them.

No wun els wauz doun yet. Lescingam added ferst the sault then the shooggar too hiz porij, and wauz nou drouning aul withe a rising oashan ov creme, when Mary, stil in her darc-grene riding-habbit, patterd on the glaas ov the garden doer too be let in. 'Dho whi aul round the hous and in at the windo,' he ced, unbolting, opening, and standing acide too let her bi, 'when nachure provided a doer from the haul—'

'Hun'gry. Waunt feding.' The Terpicoreyan lilt in her step az she

cross the threshold smidhd itself too a moer levvel, moer swaun-maden moashon. 'Looc at the sun on dhose daffese!' she ced, pausing over them a moment on her wa too the ciadboerd. 'And I sau the tre-creper out dhare on the big ash. It duznt evver go up and doun the tre widhout littel screemz.' Az if in such mirrorz the springz shood be looct for ov such an Aipril morning and its pide and ary luvlines: a luvlines unfoalding ov itself from within, rajant evver outwordz, withe clere morning lidz uplifted uppon aul but itself alone, and aul ise draun too it, taking lite from its lite. Az if in such broken mirrorz, sooner dhan in Mary.

'I suppose its the tuchstone ov geenyus,' Lescingam ced, while he lifted the cuvverz wun bi wun too sho her whaut wauz underneeth.

'A scrappet ov ham: just haaf ov dhat litlest slab,' she ced, pointing withe her fin'gher. 'And scambeld egz.—Whaut iz?'

He helpt the dishez while Mary held out her plate. 'Too doo whaut no normal person evver dreemd ov doowing, but doo it just so; so dhat, soone az ce it, dha thhinc: Hou on erth cood enniwun hav dremt ov doowing it differently!'

'Waunted just too ce,' she ced: 'ce hou u looc from outside. Whare ar the utherz?'

'Like Sardanapalus, in bed I suppose.'

'Bed! Hou pepel can! this time ov yere.'

'Ime not so shure about dhat. I ceme too remember ocaizhonz—'

'O wel, dhats different.—Whaut ar u thhinking about?' she ced, wauching him withe ise in which the qweschon repoazd itself like the

shimmer ov the sun on rippeld wauter, haaf bantering haaf cerene, az dha tooc dhare ceets at the tabel.

'Memmorese. And u, Cenyoritaa?'

'Thinking.' The dimondz and emmeraldz blaizd and slept agane on her ring

az she traansfixt withe her forc a littel pece ov butterd eg, apliyng too the acshon az much deliberaishon ov raizd iabrouz and exqwizsite precizhon ov tuch az an artist mite bring too bare uppon sum laast and crueshal detale. 'Thinking ov u and yor methodz.'

Dha went on withe dhare brecfasts in cilens. Aafter a while Lescingam ced, out ov the blu, 'Ar u cumming abraud withe me?'

'Abraud?'

'Ghet awa from it aul for cix munths. Ghet intoo step agane.'

Mary opend her ise wide and noddod thre tiamz. 'Yes, I am. When?'

'The sooner the better. Too-moro. Chuezda. Wednzda.'

'Verry wel.'

'Whare shal we go?' he ced, keping up the game. 'South Amerricaa? Glo-werm caivz Ide like too hav a looc for, sumwhare at the bac ov beyond in Nu Seland? Iasland? a bit too erly in the yere, perhaps, for Iasland. Whaut wood u like? The werldz fre agane, and were fre. Better chuse. Enniwhare exept German Eest or Fraans.'

'Sum iland?'

'The Marqwezaaz? We mite found a kingdom in the Marqwezaaz. I dare sa

the French Guvvernment ar fond enuf ov me too strech a point. Frehoald, withe pouwerz ov life and deth. I king: u qwene. Gim mite be lord chaimberlane: An cecond lady in the land, withe titel ov princes in her one rite: Charlz, lord hi admiral. Ile poot Milcrest on too dig out the detailz aafter brecfast.'

'Better be qwic, or sumwun wil fiand anuther job for u befoer we can ghet of. Weve got too make up for these mist yeerz.'

'I wauz thhinking just nou,' ced Lescingam: 'glad mi dere nu the Dollomiats befoer the rot cet in. Five yeerz ago this summer, dhat laast time. Wun moment it ceemz a generaishon: anuther wa about five minnuets.'

'And uve oanly bene home about five dase. And too-moro, its Robz foerth berthda.'

Lady Bremmerdale came in from the haul. 'Good morning, Mary,' kiscing her from behiand: 'good morning, Edword. No, no, doant bother: Ile help micelf. Hou long hav u foax bene up?'

'Sunrise,' ced Mary.

'O cum.'

'Pritty neerly.'

'Rode over too Wastdale Hed,' ced Lescingam.

'Erly cervice?'

'Bac too tradishonz.'

An sat doun. 'And heerz mi god-dauter.'

Jannet, on her best behaveyor, embraist eche in tern, and ensconst hercelf uppon Anz ne. 'I had scambly egz for mi brecfast too. Doo u no, aanty, Ide a moast naasty dreame. Aul about the moast horibel, but alive, sort ov wuffy snaix. And a huge grate draggon: much biggher nor a hous. And it had a face raather like a cammel.'

'Had it a long nec?' ced An.

'No. It wauz much moer thhic. A 'normous grate grene thhing.'

Lescingam ced, 'Whaut did u doo withe it?'

'Tride too ete it up.'

'And whaut did it doo withe u?'

Jannet wauz cilent.

'Ennihou, u did qwite rite. Aulwase ete them up. I aulwase doo. Dha caant poscibly hert u then.'

'Good morning evveriboddy,' ced Fanny Chedisford, verry smart in her nu gra twede. 'Laast az uezhuwal? No! no Charlz yet. Saivd agane.'

'Bi a short length,' ced Charlz Bremmerdale. 'Mi dere Mary, I apollogise.'

'But u no Gimz powem: "Late for brecfast: shose yor cens", and so on? a strict rule in this hous'hoald.'

Jannet had a pece ov paper which aul the time she kept on foalding and unfoalding. 'Muvvy, Ive rited a stoery,' she ced. 'Its for Robz happy berthda prezsent. Shal I sho it Faather ferst?'

'Yes, I shood,' ced Mary.

Jannet got down: braut it too Lescingam. 'Wood u like too rede me mi stoery, Faather? Wil u red it aloud too me, plese? Just u and me?'

He receevd it, verry conspiratoreyaly, and red it in a whisper, hiz cheke against herz:

“The Kitchen.”—The cat haz a baby kitten and the kitten iz thre weex oald. The parrot iz gra withe a red tale. “O dere” ced the parrot. “I doo wish cooc wauznt out.” “We ar not sory” ced the cat and the kitten.—Tramp! tramp! tramp! “The cooc” whisperd the cat. “Bother” ced the kitten. In came the cooc. She had a larj bundel in her hand. Suddenly, the cat got her temper up. She rusht at the parrots cage and tride too hert the cooc. At laast she mannaijd too drive the cooc out ov the kitchen. “Thanc goodnes” ced the kitten. “Laast yere” ced the cat. “I had cix kittenz, but the foole ov a cooc dround them.” “She rily iz the limmit” ced the kitten. “I tel u whaut” ced the cat. “Ile “ete” the parrot if I can ghet him.” Then the cat prounst on the parrots cage got the doer open and ete it.—“The End.”

'Dhats the stuf,' he ced.

'Doo u like it? reyaly?'

'Yes, I like it,' he ced, gowing over it agane az if enjoyiing the aafter-taist ov sum nice dish.

'Doo u truly, Faather? Reyaly and truly u doo?'

'I like it. Dhaerz stile about it.'

She laaft withe plezhure. 'Whauts dhat mene?'

'Nevver u miand.' He rang the bel withe hiz foot. 'I like the wa dha tauc and the wa dha doo thhingz. And I like the finnish. U go on riting like dhat, and ule end sumwhare betwene Emmily Bronty and Josef Conrad when yor grone up: a twenteyeth cenchury Saffo.'

'Whoose Emmily?'

'Tel Mr. Milcrest I waunt too ce him,' he ced too the cervant: then too Jannet, 'No, not dhat Emmily. A gherl whoo rote a stoery; and powemz. Go on nou, and red dhat too Shelaa while we finnish brecfast. Nuthhing from the poast office, I supose?' he ced too the cecretary.

'No, cer, nuthhing.'

'Yor sattisfide yor arainjments wil werc properly in cace ennithing shood cum?'

'Absoluetly.'

'Good. Eester Da, just the moment dhade chuse for sum hurroosh. Ile be about the groundz aul da, in cace. Enny werd from Snittelgarth?'

'Yes, cer, Ive just bene on the fone. Mr. Erric got yor letter laast nite. Dhare ar sum matterz hese ancshous too tauc over withe u. Hese riding over: started cix oacloc this morning, and hoapt too be withe u befoer noone.'

'Itl certainly hav too be the Marqwezaaz, at this rate,' Lescingam ced, withe a commic looc at Mary. Then too Milcrest, 'Cum in too the liabrary, Jac: wun or too thhingz I waunt cene too.' He left the roome, Milcrest following.

'Erric. O mi God,' ced Bremmerdale *sotto voce*. Hiz wife smiald at this undisghiazd feling on the subject ov her eldest bruther.

Mary smiald too. 'Nevver miand, Charlz. U and I wil fle tooghether.—Dere, wil u fede these crechuerz and yorcelf,' she ced too An. 'Ring for ennithhing u waunt.' She colected Jannet from the harthrug and departed.

Charlz shooc hiz hed. 'Edword nevver ceemz too ghet a "let-up": hou he gose on at this rate hevven nose. I doant beleve, until nou, hese had foer dase tooghether too caul hiz one cins the wor started.'

An ced, 'Qwite shure he haznt. But Edword iz Edword.'

'I shoodnt be cerpriazd if dha cent him of too be the millitary guvvernor agane ov wun ov these commic cuntrese sumwhare, befoer long.

Hede like dhat.'

'I nevver remember naimz,' ced Fanny. 'Whare wauz it he ishude stamps withe hiz one hed on them, and the Forane Office recauld him for exeding hiz instrucshonz?'

'He aulwase wil exede instrucshonz,' ced Charlz. 'And the moer onnor too him for dhat. I oonly hope he woant kil himcelf withe overwerc befoer hese dun.'

An ced, 'We Lescingamz take qwite a lot ov killing.'

The werld, at thre hundred yardz rainj in aul direcshonz, wauz apriazd ov Erric Lescingamz arival bi the carreying-pouwer ov hiz vois. Not dhat it wauz a speshaly loud vois, but dhare wauz in it the tambr ov sounding braas; so dhat hiz inqwiry, in ordinary toanz at the frunt

doer, for Lady Mary, reverberated paast the long west wing round too the terracez abuv the rivver, causing a thrush dhare too drop her werm and take too flite. Despite crooked passagez and dubbel doerz, Lescingam herd it plainly in the liabrary. At the home farm the ghece screemd in the paddoc. Eestword in the wauter-gardenz whare, amid drifts ov wiald daffodil and wauter-blobz, the lake ghivz berth too the rivver Ert, Marese iabrouz lifted in faint amuezment and Charlz Bremmerdale invoact hiz Maker.

'Iz it reyalz too be a hollida this time?' An wauz saying.

Mary graishously axepted a bunch ov flouwerz presented bi Lescingamz sun and are. 'I doant no. I doant no. I doant no. Ive learnt not too count on ennithhing. Make no planz, and u woant hav too chainj them.—Yes, Rob, Muvvy duz like primmy-rosez.'

'Ennihou, bruther Erric woant upcet ennithhing?'

'O dere no.'

Rob ced, 'We poot sum on the grave too, like dhose. The bats grave whaut Rueth kild in the nercery laast nite. I cride when it wauz dedded. Faather berrede it. We poot an emptaf on the grave. Faather rote it. I toalded Faather whaut too rite: "This bat wauz smaul".'

'Poor littel bat,' ced Mary.

'Ide like too hav had-ed it.'

'Take care. We musnt wauc on dhose daffodilz.'

'No, no, no, we musnt, must we. Musnt wauc on dhose,' he ced, withe grate satisfacshon and convicshon.

'But hou the devvil, mi dere fello,' Lescingam wauz saying too hiz bruther az dha came too the top ov the thre fliats ov steps dhat led doun too the wiald wauter-gardenz, 'wauz I too be expected too thro over mi millitary and diplomattic responcebilitese and cum home too embarc on a damd elecshon campane too plese u? Be cencibel.'

'Its yor juty: withe aul the munny uve got and the brainz uve got in a generaishon ov fuilz.'

'So u ced befoer the wor. And I toald u then, dhat the oanly uce ov munny az I conceve it iz not too be a slave. And Ime not so innocent about moddern pollitix az too waunt too go and ghet bogd in them.'

Erric poosht bac hiz hat from hiz braud and bony foerhed and twerld hiz mustaasheyose which he woer long like a vikingz. For the rest, he wauz clene shaven. Hiz face shode, in nose and brou and cheecbone and jaubone, a crag-like strength, and under the tan the cullor came and went withe evvery swa ov hiz moode. Hiz hare, darkish broun flect withe gra, wauz raather long at the bac and about the eerz: a viggorous kerling groath: hiz eerz ruf and hary. Dhare wauz a demoniyac twist in hiz iabrouz. A big man and a strong he wauz, ov an esy cix foot taul, hevvy and sumwhaut clumsy ov bild, yet, for aul hiz forty-cevven yeerz, withe littel cine ov corpulens. He ced agane, 'Its yor juty. If evveriwun withe yor abillitese tooc up the attichude u doo, whare wood the cuntry cum too?'

Lescingam pauzd haaf-wa doun the cecond flite and laaft. 'I doant no enniwun withe exactly mi abillitese, so yor Canshan principel ov the universal duznt werc verry wel here. Az for mi juty, I doo it acording too mi liats. And I thhinc, withe respect, Ime raather a better juj ov it dhan u ar.'

'Wel and I thhinc, withe respect, yor a damd unsatisfactory hound.'

Lescingam ced nuthhing, but hiz nostrilz hardend. Prezently, az dha wauct on, he ced qwiyetly, withe a tang ov ralery in hiz vois dhat litend the sting ov the werdz, 'I thaut ude sumthhing important too tauc about. If uve oanly cum over too qworel withe me ude better go home agane. Ive enuf egz on the spit widhout a dog-fite withe u intoo the bargane.'

Dha wer on the graas nou, and the utherz cumming up from the wautercide too mete them. Withe the magnificens ov a caballero Erric swept of hiz hat too hiz cister-in-lau, bent too kis her hand, then kis her on boath cheex. 'Bles u, dere Mary,' he ced. 'Make him doo sumthhing. I caant. If hede gon intoo pollitix when I toald him too, in foertene, mite hav got sum ov our trubbelz stratend out befoer this. If hede doo it nou (Hullo, An. Hullo, Charlz, havnt cene u for yeerz: Tavverford stil standing? Gowing too hav enny fezzants this autum? Ile cum and shoote em for u: if Ime invited, ov coers)—if hede doo it nou,' he ternd too Mary agane, 'hede be Prime Minnister befoer hese menny yeerz oalder, dam him. Wood micelf, if Ide a wife like u.'

'Dhats the ecenshal qwaulificaishon, iz it? Reyaly, whare too hide mi blushez, the wa u flatter me.'

'Pitty iz,' Erric ced, 'I had bene marrede thre tiamz aulreddy befoer u and I met. And if I hadnt, hede hav cut me out aul the same, befoer Ide a chaans too start the ceje. Dhats the tric ov these yun'gher brutherz. And hese yun'ghest, and the werst. Looc at the state ov the cuntry too-da,' he ced: 'striax aul over the place, mianz, railwase, the Devvil nose whaut. Dam the lot ov em. Dha waunt a maaster.'

'Whi doant u ghiv them wun?' ced Lescingam drily.

'Its whaut Ime triying too doo. The trubbel withe yor huzband,' he tooc Marese arm, 'u can take it from me, iz dhat he wauz born about thre hundred yeerz too late.'

Lescingam ced, 'Thre hundred and cixty, Ive aulwase thaut. Ghet out befoer the Schuwarts came in: I prefer dhat Chudor atmosfere. Or be born, sa, cix hundred yeerz ago: hav a juecdom in Ittaly: arts ov pece and art ov wor, boath *in excelsis*. Wor wauz part ov the humannitese az the condoteyery waijd it, until the French and the Spanyoldz came doun over the Alps and shode them whaut. I shood hav enjoid micelf in the skin ov our maternal ancestor, Fredderic 2 ov Hohenstaufen. Or go bac a thouzand yeerz, too the dase ov our ancestor on the uther cide and yor naimsake: Erric Bluddax. Or the Perzhan worz. Or Troi. But whaut duz it matter, the time wun iz born in? A man can bild hiz fredom in enny age, enny land. I can liv az wel too-da az I cood hav in Eghil Scallagrimsonz time, or Cer Waulter Raalese. If I coodnt, Ide be a falure then too.'

Erric snorted like a bool. 'I caant understand chaps like u. Hankering aulreddy for the next wor, or a revolueshon.'

'U certainly doant understand me,' ced Lescingam verry qwiyetly.

Charlz shooc hiz hed. "'Dhare aint gowing too be no" next wor.'

'Iznt dhare?' ced Lescingam. 'Whoose gowing too stop it?'

'I doant no. But its got too be stopt. Or aulternatiavly, the whole sho gose west. Doant u agry, Edword? Whaut did u and I fite for?'

Lescingam made no repli for a moment: oonly a mirreyad moast slite and suttel aultraishonz carracterd the eghel in him against mountane and ski. 'Fite for?' he ced at laast. 'The motive, u mene? or the

acumplisht fact? I suppose we went into it because we were fighting men, and had a mind too to defend what we cared for. And in the event I think we have found we have preserved In'gland as a land for us too to dwell in, and made the world safe for short-haired females.'

'That's only superficial,' said Charlz.

Eric gave a great gasp. 'Too distinct operations, ladies and gents; and yet, you observe, the product identical in both cases—Now I've shocked you, Mary. I do beg your pardon.'

'Not in the least. I'm not shocked. It's simply that that sort of witicism doesn't frivolously amuse me. Shall we leave them to their argy-barguing?' she said to Ann, and walked away with her toward the house.

'Superficial, my dear Charlz? May be,' said Lescingam. 'So too is the surface of the grass-growth, come from an aeroplane, superficial; but yet you can tell by it where the buried cities lie, accurately, street by street, feet-deep under the earth, in Mesopotamia.'

'These are things that will pass. A part of the mess-up. But if they are too pass,—then, no "next war". Another war would put the lid on it.'

'I see no early prospect of their passing,' said Lescingam. 'They have hardly begun. They are a promising future for them and for what they stand for.'

Charlz Bremmerdale grunted. 'I don't deny the danger,' he said, very quietly and seriously. 'I think nothing will do but a royal chain of hearts. We've said that about the enemy till we were nauseated. Got to say it now too ourselves, and do it,—or else. I do what I can. I think we've got to.'

Lescingam looct at him withe a qwere and uncustomd tendernes in hiz speckeld gra ise. 'Forty-five milleyon harts too chainj over?' he ced. 'And dhats oonly a beghinning. Mi dere Charlz, whaut were reyaly up too iz—if we can—too make the werld safe for big biznes: for a nu kiand ov slave state: dhats the ferst depe current under the cerface, evolueshon too wordz Hobsez Leviyathan and awa from the individjuwal. And yor unhaerd woomman (dhale be az common az the cartwa soone) and yor unmasculated man, ar part ov the en'gine, werker ants, werker termiats, nuterz: werthles liavz too themcelvz, which oonly exist too run the en'gine, which itcelf exists oonly too run. Until it runz down. And then cinc withe stinc *ad Tartara Termagorum.*'

Errix laaf came short, sharp, and harsh, like an eghelz barc. 'The oonly tru werd Plato evver ced,' ced he, the braas tennor ov hiz vois contraasting withe hiz brutherz basso profundo, 'wauz dhat the werld wil nevver go rite til filossoferz ar kingz.'

'He ced wun or too tru thhingz beciadz dhat,' ced Lescingam.

'Whaut? O yes, I can thhinc ov wun: about the hi-harted man, the *μεγαλόψυχος.*'

'Dhat such kiand ov men hav raut the gratest evilz boath uppon cittese and uppon private personz, and aulso the gratest bennefits, acording too dhare bent ov miand? Yes, and then he cez a weke nachure can be cauz ov no grate thhing, niather ov a good thhing nor ov an evil. Wel, dhats not tru. Menny weke nachuerz toogheter can be cauz ov the gratest evilz: moast ov aul if dha ar uezd bi a scoundrel ov geenyus az hiz instruments. And dhat iz the roc on which aul revolueshonz run too rec.'

Charlz ced, 'Whi not a man ov geenyus too use them for good endz?'

'Becaüz smaülnes ov spirrit,' aancerd Lescingam, 'iz an apt instrument for evil: an unhandy wun for good. And yet aul the chat too-da iz, dhat democrattic instichueshonz ar sumhou gowing too be the salvaishon ov the civviliazd werld.'

'Wel,' ced Charlz, 'whauts yor aulternative?'

'I ce nun, on the grand scale. The folly lise not in supoerting democracy az a *pis aller*, but in cinging himz too it, tretim it az sumthhing fundamentaly good. No hard thhinking, no rezzolute pollicy, even when our foot iz on dhare nec: insted, a reyiteraishon (like a bunch ov superannuwated scoole-maamz) ov cumfortabel plattichuedz, withe our ise on the ballot-box. We hav defeted "Prushanizm". Hav we so? I thaut the obgett in wor wauz too defete yor ennemy, not defete sum abcerd abstracshon. We gave him an armistice when, at the laast gasp, he aasct for it. Nou were gowing too dictate termz ov pece, in Parris aparrently. Ide raather hav carrede the wor too destrucshon clene throo Germany, defeted him bluddily beyond cavvil or eqwivocaishon, let him taist it at hiz one fire cide, and dictated pece in Berlin. If wede lost a hundred thouzand liavz bi doowing it (and we shoodnt hav: nuthhing like it), it wood hav bene werth the price.'

'And u wun ov them, perhaps?' ced Charlz.

'Certainly: gladly: and I wun ov them. For if wede dun it we cood nou be gennerous widhout risc ov misunderstanding. Az it iz, I fancy were gowing too be raather les dhan gennerous. And a lode ov mischefe too cum ov it. Even if it duznt cost us aul the fruets ov these paast foer yeerz, and leve us the job too doo aul over agane.'

Erric ced, 'I dislike tauking too u, Edword, on werld pollitix. U depres me.'

'U shoodnt be so esily deprest.'

'I aulwase remember whaut u ced befoer the wor, about moddern wor betwene Grate Pouwerz in Urope: whaut it wood mene. Doo u remember? Noc too chesnuts tooghether on stringz (game ov conkerorz): no harm dun. But tri dhat game withe too expencive goald wauchez, and ce whaut happenz.'

'The event haznt pruivd dhat the anallogy werx, dho,' ced Charlz.

'Haznt yet,' ced Erric. 'But doant u go imadgining were out ov the wood yet, mi boi. Not bi the hel ov a long wa. Edwordz a cinnical dog, dam him. But he taux cens.'

'Edwordz not a cinnic,' ced Charlz. 'Hese a filossofer. And a powet.'

'And a painter. And a man ov afaerz. And a cantankerous devvil. And, (too ghiv him hiz ju), a dam good soalger,' ced Erric.

Lescingam laaft. 'If Ime a filossofer, I luv In'gland, and u, bruther, az mi reyal In'glishman. But this iz the time for loocking at ourcelvz in forane loocking-glaacez. Scaliger ced, foer cenchurese ago, "The In'glish ar proud, savvage, insolent, untruethfool, lasy, inhospittabel, un'gainly, schupid, and perfidjous".'

'Good God,' ced Erric. 'And dhaerz a Japanese provverb: "When a foole spits at Hevven, the spittel faulz bac in hiz one face".'

'Wel?' ced Lescingam. 'Doo u waunt too hav a looc at the nu mistalz were bilding at the farm?'

Az dha came up uppon the terrace Mary met them, withe An Bremmerdale.

She ced, 'Hav u cene Mr. Milcrest?'

'No,' ced Lescingam. 'And I doant desperaitly waunt too.'

'Hese hunting for u withe sum thhingz from the poast office.'

'Confound them.'

'Here he cumz.'

'Whauts the uce ov u az a secretery?' ced Lescingam, az Milcrest, heted withe the chace, handed him too teracottaa enveloaps. 'Coodnt u bern the beestly thhingz, or droun them, or loose them til too-moro?'

'If ule ghiv me an indemnity in advaans, cer.'

'Whauts dhat u sa?' Lescingam wauz undoowing the envelope marct "Priority": he red it throo swiftly, then agane sloly, then, uppon a salvo ov damz, began striding up and doun oblivveyous ov hiz cumpany, handz in hiz pockets, brou blac az thunder. Aafter too or thre ternz, so, he opend the cecond tellegram and, havving red it, stood for perhaps twenty cecondz az if widhdraun intoo himcelf. 'Bad nuse for u, oald man,' he ced, terning too hiz bruther. 'And for me, and the dere gherl': he looct at An, whose gra ise, verry like hiz one, wated on hiz werdz. He handed Erric the tellegram. 'Dhaerl be wun for u, no dout, at Snittelgarth.' An came and red it over Errix shoalder: withe difficulty, for hiz big hand shooc and made the werdz run tooggether. 'Didnt liv long too enjoi hiz K.C.B.,' he ced grufly, aulmoast brutally; but Mary thaut she sau in the hard blu ise ov him, az he ternd awa, sumthhing incon'gruwously like a tere.

Fanny Chedisford wauz riting letterz in the drauwing-roome. Mary came and ced too her, 'U and I wil hav too kepe eche uther cumpany too-moro.' Fanny looct up briatly, but her expreshon chainjd. 'Weve just herd,' Mary ced: 'mi yun'ghest bruther-in-lau, Wil Lescingam, dide suddenly in Lunden laast nite. Raather a favorite.'

'O Mary, I am so terribly sorry.'

'Edword haz too go up bi the nite trane too-moro in enny cace: sum important conferens suddenly cauld at the Forane Office. An and Charlz ar of at wuns, aafter lunch, bi car. He wauz a batchelor, az u no, and An aulwase raather the wun in the fammily for him. Weve no detailz: oonly dhat he colapst in hiz consulting-roome in Harly Strete.'

'Yor not gowing yorcelf?'

'No. Coodnt doo ennithhing. I doant like funeralz, and Edword duznt like them for me. I doant like them for him iather. Houwevver.'

Fanny wauz prodding at the blotting-paper withe her pen. 'A terribel los too hiz profeshon. I remember him so wel in the oald dase: aulwase cumming too sta withe An. Hou oald wauz he?'

'Erric, Fredderic, Antony and Margaret, Willeyam, An—he came betwene the twinz and An: forty-wun this yere, I thhinc.'

'Yung.'

'Wun uest not too thhinc forty yung. Too yung, certainly.'

'I caant ghet hoald ov Edword,' ced Erric, cumming in from the haul.

'Ceemz

too hav loct himcelf intoo the liabrary, and toald the cervants hese not too be disterbd.'

'U no eche uther, doant u?' ced Mary. 'Mi bruther-in-lau,—'

'Mrs. Chedisford? I shood thhinc we doo!' Dha shooc handz. Fanny looct uncumfortabel.

'Edword haz shut himcelf up too werc,' Mary ced. 'Got too ghet sumthhing reddy for wun ov hiz hush-hush metingz on Chueзда.'

'O. Wel, Ile cach him at lunch. Cevveral thhingz I waunt too suc hiz brainz about.'

'I dout whether ule ghet him at lunch. Poscibly not at dinner even. Ude much better sta the nite: we can fit u out. Luvly cilc pijaamaaz. Brand nu tuithbrush. Evverithhing u waunt. Doo. Too plese me.'

'Moast aufooly nice ov u, Mary. Uppon mi werd, I thhinc I wil.'

'O good. Wele tellefone too Jackelene, so dhat she neednt be ancshous about u.'

'Not she. Shese too wel traind aafter foertene yeerz ov me, too wurry about whare I hav got too. Tel me, doo u thhinc Edwordz got wun ov hiz berserc ragez on him?'

'I shoodnt be cerpriazd, from the wa he got down too this job, whautevver it iz, in the liabrary.'

'Roling hiz ise, biting on the rim ov hiz sheeld, bellowing like a bool?'

'Figguratiavly, yes.'

'Gad. Ide hav liact too hav cene it. Duz it often happen nou-a-dase?'

'Wel, we havnt cene such a grate dele ov eche uther juring these niatmare yeerz. No oftener, so far az I no, dhan it uest too doo. Its a fammily trate, iznt it? Ive aulwase understood u had dhose tiamz ov, shal we sa, viyolent inspiraishon follode bi flop like a rung-out dishcloth, yorcelf?'

'Whoo toald u dhat, mi dere Mary? Jackelene?'

'Perhaps.'

'Ceecrets ov the nupshal chaimber: bi Jove, its monstrous. Wel, I can prommice u mi gose ar az Muther Ceghelz suithing cirrup compaerd withe Edwordz. Doo u remember dhat famous ocaizhon at Avvinyon, summer befoer the wor?'

'Doo I not!'

'Yes, but u oanly sau the werking-up. I had a ring cete for the grand mane act.'

'Whaut wauz aul this?' ced Fanny.

'O, dhats a grate stoery.'

'Tel Mis Chedisford.'

'A grate stoery. I and mi wife, Edword and Mary, aul citting enjoiying ourcelvz in wun ov dhose open-are caffa placez: worm summer nite, luvly moone and aul dhat, lots ov chaerz and tabelz, foax gosciping awa, band playing. Tabel nere us, pritty gherl—French—and her yung man: nice qwiyet inofencive-loocking pepel. Prezently, hulking grate raascal, sort ov haaf-niggher, loocking like wun ov dhose Yanky prise-ring jonnese, loun'gez up, taix a good looc at the yung lady, then plonx himcelf doun at dhare tabel. Wel, dha doant ceme too vallu him: moove awa. Chap follose them: ciazd em up, aparrently: got a bit ov liccor on boerd: enniwa, ruits himcelf doun on a chare and starts making up too the gherl. Yung man a bit rabbitish bi the looc ov him: duznt ceme too no qwite whaut too doo. Wel, Edword wauchez this for a minnute, and hiz heckelz beghin too rise. Dam it aul, he cez, Ime gowing too poot a stop too this. I tride too stop him: nun ov our biznes: doant waunt a cene. Not a bit ov it. Up he ghets, stroalz over in dhat qwiyet devvil-ma-care wa ov hiz, standz over this tuf and, I suppose, telz him too behave himcelf. Too far of for us too here whaut dha ced, but evvidently sum bac-chat. At laast, man ups withe hiz arm, glaas in hand, az if he ment too shi it in Edwordz face: houwevver, ceemz too thhinc better ov it.—U remember, Mary?'

'O dere, O dere! go on. It aul cumz bac too me so perfectly.'

'This iz fun,' ced Fanny, 'I like this.'

'Next thhing, boath standing up; then wauc awa toogheter, the fello damd an'gry, blustering awa, but az if under marching orderz, in frunt, scouling and snapping over hiz shoalder: Edword az if tredding on hiz heelz too make him go a bit faaster. Bi God, I ced, Ime gowing too ce this throo. Left the wimmen, and tuild along behiand, keping out ov cite not too anoi Edword; but just in cace. Dha went strate throo a kiand ov passage dhare iz, direcshon ov the Pallace ov the Poaps, til

dha land up at dhat hotel—whaut wauz it? Cilver Eghel or sumthhing—
and

a poerter in uniform standing at the doer: qwiyet strete, no wun about.

Poor oald bruser chap hurreying along az if he didnt no whi, and

didnt qwite like it, but just had too: marcht of like a picpocket.

The Edword cez too the poerter, “U no me?” “*Oui, monsieur.*” “Doo u

ce this man?” he cez. “*Oui, monsieur.*” “Verry wel. Yor a witnes.”

And he cez too the chappy, “U insulted a lady in mi prezsens,” he

cez, “and u insulted me. And when I toald u too apollogise, u

insulted me agane. Iz dhat tru?” Dhat ghets the fellose rage out

propper: waix him out ov hiz traans. “Yes it iz,” he cez, making a face

at him like a hiadrofobeyaa pig, “yes it iz, u blanky blanking blanker,

and Ile blanky wel blanc u up the blanking blanc blanc”: rush at

him, tri too kic him, the wa dhose blacgardz doo; but befoer u cood

sa nife, Edword grabz him sumhou—too qwic too ce; too darc—but in

about wun cecond he haz him of hiz fete, throse him boddily against the

waul—plonc! And dhare he dropt.’

‘Thru him? doo u mene thru him throo the are?’ ced Fanny
incredjulously.

‘Yes, like a cat. Chap wade twelv stone if he wade an ouns. For
a minnute I thaut he wauz ded: looct damd like it. Naasty mes—’

‘O thanc u,’ Mary ced, ‘we can leve out the decoraishonz.’

Five minnuets later, showing Erric hiz roome, she ced, ‘I aut too hav
toald u about Fanny. Shese dropt the “Mrs.”’

‘Whaut doo u sa? Dropt? O Lord, I made a gaf, did I? Caant be
helpt. Whaut happend?’

‘A grate menny thhingz dhat had better not.’

'Fello tern out bad hat?'

'About az bad az dha make them.'

'Marrage ov ferst cuzsinz, wauznt it? and parents disapruivd. Qwite rite too. Divoers, or whaut?'

'Yes.'

'Qwite in the fashon. Damd foole. Shese a fine woomman. Moast pepel ar damd fuilz, wun wa or anuther. I wunder whauts becum ov dhat nice bruther ov herz, Tom Chedisford?'

Mary wauz cilent.

'Looc here, mi dere Mary,' he ced suddenly: 'u ce a lot moer ov An these dase dhan I doo. Iz evverithhing gowing az it shood dhare? U no whaut I mene.'

'Absoluetly, I shood hav ced. Whi?'

'Dhat fello Charlz. Duz he trete her properly?'

'Doats on her. Aulwase haz.'

'Hese a dul dog. U thhinc dhare happy tooghether?'

Mary laaft. 'Good hevvenz, I doant no whi u aasc me these thhingz. Ov coers dha ar.'

'A bit hum-drum.'

'Moast ov us ghet a bit hum-drum az the yeerz go bi.'

'Moast ov us ma, but sum ov us doant.'

'Perhaps sum pepel ghet on better dhat wa. Wun caant la doun a "Code Napolayon" for happy marragez.'

'U thhinc shese got whaut she waunts?'

'I certainly thhinc so. If she hadnt we certainly coodnt ghiv it her.'

Erric rinkeld up hiz nose and shot out hiz lips. 'Whaut I doant like too ce iz the dere gherl ghetting too looc moer and moer like a spinster: kiand ov unnatacht looc. Better nevver hav marrede the fello if the efect ov him iz too tern her intoo a maden aant. Edword haznt dun dhat too u. Nor I too Jackelene.'

'O dere, were ghetting painfooly personal. Hadnt we better stop?'

'Just az u like, mi dere. But befoer we leve the subgect I ma az wel tel u dhat u and Edword ar the oonly marrede pepel Ive evver none whoo aulwase ceme az if u wernt marrede at aul, but wer carreying on sum clandestine afare dhat nobody wauz supoast too hav wind ov but yorcelvz. And u kepe yung and fool ov beenz on it, az if u wood aulwase go on growing up, but nevver gro oald. And if u aasc me which ov u deservz the onnorz for dhat, Ime incliand too thhinc its onnorz esy: betwene the too ov u. And u can tel him from me, if u like, dhat dhats mi opinyon.'

It wauz paast elevven oacloc, the same nite. Lescingam wauz in the liabrary amung a mas ov paperz, boox, maps, statistix, and cigar-smoke. 'Ude better tern in nou, Jac: be fresh for the morning. Weve got moast ov the stuf taipt and sorted nou. Ile go on for a bit:

ghet mi cuvvering memorandum intoo shape: dhats the ticlish part ov it, whaut the whole thhing standz or faulz bi, and I can doo it best bi micelf. Uve got the annexez aul of the roanyo nou, hav u?’

‘Aul but Annex 5,’ ced Milcrest.

‘Ule hav lots ov time too finnish up befoer lunch. Yor certane dhare not gowing too let us down about dhat aroplane?’

‘Certane, cer. I got the genneralz prommice from hiz one mouth.’ Confermaishon in riting too: he rummaid among the paperz on the tabel and projuest it.

‘Cappital. David wil run u over too the arodrome. Hele hav too be bac in good time too go withe me too Carlile: I start at cevven oacloc sharp. Aul rite about mi sleper?’

‘Yes.’

‘And dha no at Carlton Hous Terrace too expect me for baath and brecfast on Chuezd morning, and dhat u slepe dhare Munda nite?’

‘Yes.’

‘I ma hav too go strate on too Parris: caant tel til aafter Chuezdase meting. If so, Ile waunt u withe me. Make aul arainjments on dhat asumpshon.’

‘Rite, cer.’

‘Of u go too bed, then. Weve dun a ratling good dase werc. Good nite.’

Lescingam, left too himcelf, lited a cigar, thru up hiz legz on the sofaa, and for a qworter ov an our sat ththinking. Then he sprang up, went too the riting-tabel, and cet too werc. Too oacloc struc, and stil he rote, toscing eche shete az it wauz finnisht ontoo the floer becide him. At thre he poot doun hiz pen, strecht hiz armz, went over too the cide-tabel whare, under white napkinz, coald supper wauz appetisingly cet out: chicken in aspic, grene sallad withe raddishez, and ththingz reddy for making coffy. Bi twenty paast he wauz bac agane at werc. Da began too filter throo the kertainz. It struc five. He dru the kertainz: ate a sandwich: opend a bottel ov Cleco: colected the sheets of the floer, and sat doun too go throo them: checking, condensing, a rider here, a rider dhare, here thre pagez rejuest too wun, dhare an annex braut up intoo the boddy ov the memorandum, or a cecshon ov the memorandum itcelf ternd intoo an annex, this traanspoazd, dhat deleted, the whole bi pruning and compreshon braut doun from about cevven thouzand werdz too thre. Ate or nine pagez, perhaps, ov open-spaist tiping: thre fuilscap pagez, thre and a haaf at moast, the Forane Office printer wood make ov it; apart from the annexez, which containd the reyal mete, the facchuwal and lodgical foundaishon uppon which the whole propozal rested. But which nobody wood rede, he ced in himcelf az he snapt too the celf-locking lid ov the dispach-box over the completed whole. Whaut ar the facts and whaut iz lodgic? Ththingz too pla withe: make a demonstraishon: dres yor shop windo withe. Facts and lodgic can make a cace for whaut u plese. The vaast majority ov civviliazd mankiand ar, polliticaly, a mon'grel brede ov shepe and munky: the timiddity, the herded iddeyocy, ov the shepe: the cunning, the dicimulaishon, the feroscity, ov the grate ape. These facts ar omitted in the annexez, but dha ar the guvverning facts; and pollicy wil stil be baist uppon them, and justifide befoer the werld az emboddeying the benevvolent aspiraishonz ov the woolly floc tooghether withe the clevvernes ov the bandar-log. And the ofspring ov such a pollicy wil be such az such a werld deservz,

dhat wauz mid-wife too it: a kiand ov baastard Egipshan beest-god incarnate,
aul u-lam in the hiander parts withe a gorillaaz hed and the sfinxez clauz ov braas; liacly too paas awa in an un'gainly and displesing haaraa-kirry: hed and clauz making a bluddy havvoc ov dhare one baxide and pooddingz, and themcelvz bi natchural conceqwens perrishing for lac ov ecenshal organz dhus unintelligently dispoazd ov.

It wauz neerly haaf paast nine when he rang the bel for Milcrest. 'Dhare it iz, in the box. I doant waunt too ce it agane. Pool of coppese for cerculaishon: I reli on u too chec it: wake me if dhaerz enny reyal dout on enny point, utherwise doant. Leve me too coppese in mi pouch: take the rest personaly too 2 Whiat'haul Gardenz widhout fale this evening. The sooner the better.' He yaund and strecht. 'Ime a foole,' he ced: 'kicking against the hard waul.'

Dog-tiard suddenly, he went upstaerz and, widhout enuf ennergy too undres, flung himcelf on hiz bed just az he wauz. Hiz brane had bene werking at fool preshure for twenty-too ourz on end. In les dhan a minnute he wauz faast aslepe. Mary peept in at the doer: came in softly: poot an ider-doun over him, and went out agane, closing the doer soundlesly behiand her.

He woke late in the aafternoone, had a baath, came doun too te, cetteld Errix problemz for him, and bi cevven oacloc wauz wel on the wa too Carlile. Oald Davidz hart wauz in hiz mouth, betwene the terrifying spede and the coole controle ov Lescingamz driving.

Summer nite wheeld sloly abuv the out-terracez ov Memmizon: the moone up: Venus in her splendor like a yung moone hi in the west. The King ced, 'He iz reternd too Acrosiyaanaa, too hoald too-moro hiz weecly prezsens. Dhat iz wel dun. And u shal ce dhare iz a bac-biyas

shal bring him swiftly here agane.'

Vandermaast stroact hiz beard.

The King ced, 'I am trubbed in a qweschon about God. Omnippetens, omniprezensens, omnishens: havving these thre, whaut hath He left too hope for? Bi mi sole, did I fiand in micelf these swelling memberz grone out ov form,—too doo aul, too no aul, too be aul,—I sware Ide di ov dhare tejousnes.'

Vandermaast ced, 'Yor cerene hines ma yet concidder dhat the grater the pouwer, or the plezhure, the grater nedeth too be the ἀσκησις: or discipline.'

The King ced, 'U mene dhat the Omnishent and Omnippetent must discipline Himself and Hiz one pouwer and Hiz one nollej, tredding, az uppon a brij ov too straind roaps abuv the abiscez, at wuns the wa ov rezon and the wa ov censhuwallity?'

Vandermaast ced, 'Yes. Within which too wase and dhare permutaishonz shal be found too milleyon wase wharin a man ma liv perfectly, or a God. Or too milleyon milleyon wase. Or whaut moer u wil. For whoo shal limmit Godz pouwer, or whoo Her beghilingz, Her δολοπλοκία?'

The king ced, 'Whaut iz τὸ τέλος then? Whaut iz the end and ame ov life in this world we liv in?'

Vandermaast ced. 'She iz the end. Dho the hevven perrish, She shal enjure. A man iz unmand if he levvel at enny lower marc. God can reche no hiyer.'

The King ced, 'But whaut ov dhat dictum ov the sage, *Deus se ipsum amore intellectuali infinito amat*: God luvz Hiz one Celf withe an

infinite intelecchuwal luv? And iz not dhat a hiyer marc?’

Vandermaast ced, ‘It iz a good point ov filossofy: but yor cerennity hath left out ov the recconing the ultimate Juwallity in Wun’nes ov the nachure ov God. The Celf hath its beying,—its cauz matereyal, its cauz formal, its cauz efishent, and its cauz final,—wholy in dhat which it luvz. And yet, bi unrezolvabel antinomy, remainz it ov necesity uther dhan dhat which it luvz. For in luv dhare must needz be evver both a celfsaimnes and an uthernes.’

The King ced, ‘Whoo ar u, oald man? wianding up starz too me out ov the unbottomd wel ov trueth, az it wer micelf speking too micelf, and yet dha ar misterese I nevver scaers caast a thaut uppon until nou?’

Vandermaast ced, ‘The celf, az we hav ced, hath its beying wholy in dhat which it luvz.’

And the King ced, under starz in Memmizon, ‘And She too, bi like argument, afool, goald-cround, butifool Afrodity, luvving Hercelf and Her one perfectnecez, luvz them, I supose, not for dhare one sake but becauz ov Him dhat luvz Her and bi Her iz luvd.’

Vandermaast ced, ‘Dhat iz undoutabel. And it iz the toofoald ancor-cabel ov trueth and trueth. And dhus in Her and becauz ov Her, iz the supreme ἄσκησις: an infinnichude ov formal limmits whaerbi the ded unformd infinite ov beying and becumming iz made too liv.’

The King ced, sloly, az out ov a slo depe studdy, ‘So dhat, wer it too be God: then, ma be, throo the miand ov this hors, this fish, this slave, this sage, this qwene, this conkeror, this powet, this luvver, this albatros, az He or She, too open Our ise here and dhare: ce whaut manner ov werld this iz, from incide it. And, for interest ov the game, drinc Lethhy befoer so loocking: be forghetfool awhile ov Our Olimpeyan home

and breeding. Even too looc,' he ced aafter a minnuets cilens, 'throo menny windose at wuns, menny paerz ov ise. Az, spil qwixilver: menny shining boddese, evvery wun outwordly reflecting aul uther but shut of bi its one skin from aul uther, inwordly ceecret too itself: yet wil join tooghether agane at the fool close.'

Vandermaast held hiz pece. The King, gasing intoo the ise ov dhat oald man, gaizd intoo profunditese ov nite: ov Nite, dhat iz cister too deth, but muther aulso ov desire and muther ov dreemz, and betwene the pillarz ov her bed ar the untravveld imencitese ov the interstellar spacez.

It wauz niantene twenty-thre, the ferst weke in Februwary, a gloomy sodden-soald da cullorles withe eest wind. Mary rained up her hors at the ej ov Kelling Heeth. 'Wede better kepe too the rode,' she ced over her shoalder too An Bremmerdale whoo had haulted a yard or too behiand her. 'Raather dain'gerous, withe aul these oald trenchez. Dha aut too fil them up.'

'Uesfool for the next wor,' An ced.

Dha wated a minnute, loocking northwordz and ce-wordz over the heeth. Mary ternd in the saddel for a swepe ov the i over the cuntry inland. Aul wauz broun and bare nou and the trese unleevd; but nere at hand the ma-booshez wer beghinning too sho cianz ov waking withe dhare darc intricacy ov thornz and dhare mirreyad tiny starz: grene littel baulz, the ferst swelling ov the budz, in a cris-cros twigghy hevven. No buttercups this time ov yere, no meddoaswete, ju-peerld, cremy and hevvy-cented, no luvly fauling note ov the pegghy-whiatthrote nor larx song mounting and mounting moer goalden dhan goald too salute the lady daun; and yet, in this wide heethland and the terbulent ski abuv it, a fiftene-yere-oald ecco ov these thhingz, and ov dhose galloping huivz dhat had bene az fliying darcnes under the morning, withe muffeld rolingz in the hart ov darcnes like distant drumz. 'Doo u thhinc we

ghet oalder?' Mary ced, az dha dru bac intoo the rode and at a wauking-pace ternd inland. 'Or doo u thhinc we ar like the augens at a cinnemaa, and cit stil and wauch the thhing go bi?'

The proud lianz ov Anz face hardend too a yet clocer liacnes too her bruther Edwordz. 'I thhinc we gro oalder,' she ced, 'Moast ov us.'

The wind ceemd too thhinc so too. Gro oalder and di. Sumtiamz di ferst. Mary ced, 'I thhinc we ghet moer awake.'

And yet: too untel the dase and redeme dhose ourz? Aa, if it wer poscibel. Dhat had bene the da ov the laast ov dhose cricket matchez dhat dhare uest too be evvery yere for so menny yeerz, against Hernbastwic. Poor Hu, blianded in the wor: at leest he had hiz wife: probbably the rite wun. And Lady Southmere wauz dhare, did An remember?

Ov coers she did: gon long ago, boath dhose oald pepel. And Mr. Romer, whoome Gim admiard so and wauz so fond ov up at Trinnity: a grate favorite

ov Edwordz too: a man emminent in sfeerz uezhuwaly incompettibel, boath az

don and az man ov the werld: an ejucaishon in itcelf too hav none him.

He dide in fiftene. So menny ov dhose pepel caut bi the wor: Jac

Baly, kild: Major Rustam, Hesper Dagwerth, Captane Fevering'ha,

kild, kild, kild: Norman Rustam, dhat deliatfool littel boi, gon

doun withe the "Hauc". Nigel Houward, kild: poor Lucy. And her bruther

marrede too dhat—wel, we woant use Edwordz werd for her. And Tom

Chedisford, ov aul pepel, drinking himcelf too deth, it ceemz:

increddebil: apauling. 'Whaut duz Jannet Rustam doo nou-a-dase?' ced

Mary.

'Good werx.'

'And dhose aufool Plater gherlz?'

An smiald. 'Wun ternd nun: the utherz in sum guvvernment job. Cuthbert Margesson captaind yor cide dhat yere, didnt he? I caant bare too thhinc ov Nelz nevver too this da nowing whaut became ov him: too gaastly, dhat "repoerted miscing".'

'It wauz wers for Annabel,' Mary ced, 'havving Niccolas merderd under her nose bi dhose bruets in Kefe. Dha let her go, becauz she wauz In'glish. But yor beying dredfooly gloomy: aulmoast making me cri, withe this ugly wind and aul. Remember, dhare hav bene sum happy thhingz: Tom

Appelyard, an Admiral nou and qwite undammaijd: Rozamund a fool-blone marsheyones: u and Charlz: Edword and me: dere Gim, the sault ov the erth, I doant thhinc duimzda cood chainj him; and Unkel Evverard and Aant Bellaa: and Faather, so hale and harty, dho he iz ghetting on for cevventy.'

'Ghetting on for cevventy. And loanly,' An ced in her one miand.

'Loanly.' Too sum uncloathing qwaulity in dhat werd, the rude wind ceemd too lepe az too a huntsmanz caul, taking her breth, striking throo her thhic winter cloadhz too rase guisflesh on her skin. She shivverd and poot her hors too a trot. For a while dha rode in cilens, eche, for frendship, withe the utherz private goasts for cumpany: for Mary, Anz ded brutherz, Fred and Wil Lescingam, and the oonly uther cister, Margaret, whoo marrede dhat exentric exploerer man and dide ov yello fever in the bacin ov the Orinoco; and for An, aul Marese thre brutherz, aul gon: eldest and yun'ghest kild in the wor, and Maxwel, the middel wun, yeeرز befoer dhat in a hunting axident. Goasts ov the paast, danc and chilling. But not actiavly mennacing az wauz this ceecret wun, prezsent too Lady Bremmerdale alone, which aul the time held its ground undisterbd bi her uther thauts dhat came and went. It held its

ground withe a kiand ov moc obceeqweyousnes and paraded its obegens too

her wil: an incipecyent goast, gra, obscuring withe its breth the windose ov the fuchure: a goast widhout distinct form, exept dhat, like the commic man in oald-fashond pantomiamz, it ceemd too be perpetchuwaly remooving yet anuther waistcote. And at eche remooval, the efect wauz not a reveling, but an efect ov evver moer unmistacabel and evver bleker emptines.

Az dha wauct dhare horcez up out ov the dip toowordz Sault-hous Common,

she ced, 'Heerz a genneral nollej qweschon for u, Mary dere: a point dhats bene tesing me a good dele laity. Wood u sa it wauz poscibel for too pepel too liv suxesfooly cimply az frendz? marrede pepel, I mene: so too sa, a Platonnic marrage?'

Mary incliand her hed az if waying the matter befoer she aancerd. 'I thhinc I wood apli dhare Dr. Jonsonz saying about the dog wauking on its hiand legz: it iz not dun wel, but u ar cerpriazd too fiand it dun at aul.'

'I dout, micelf, whether it iz poscibel,' ced An. 'Shuerly it aut too be. Not dhat dhaerz enny particcular verchu in it: its so obveyously a matter ov taist. But taists count for a good dele when yor conciddering a pare ov Ciyamese twinz. I fancy differencez ov taist on a point like dhat can be uncermountabel barreyerz, doant u?'

Mary looct at her, but Anz face wauz averted. 'I doant thhinc I evver reyaly thaut about it. Uncermountabel iz a big werd. I shood hav thaut if dha wer fond ov eche uther dha mite hit uppon sum *modus vivendi*.'

'But dhare mite be pepel, ov coers, withe such poalz-asunder ideyaaz.'

'If dha reyal caerd,' ced Mary, 'I shoodnt thhinc ideyaaz aut too matter much.'

'Ideyaaz about luv, I ment. Whaut it iz.'

'Wel, if dha luvd eche uther?'

'But mite it not be dhat, just becauz dha doo luv eche uther, and dhare ideyaaz ar so different (or ideyalz), dha cettel doun too a *modus vivendi* dhat evaidz these controvershal ideyaaz? And wil not dhat lede too livving on the cerface: sherking the depe relaishonships? If yor cullor-bliand u caant expect too be verry amusing cumpany for sumwun whoose whole interest iz taken up withe cullor skeemz baist on red and grene.'

Mary ced, 'I wunder? Shuerly, when wun marrese wun undertaix too pla the game acording too certane ruelz. Boath doo. It ceemz a bit febel too ghiv it up becauz, for wun or uther or for boath, the ruelz happen too make it speshaly difficult.'

An wauz cilent for a while. Then she ced, 'U speke az a born mistres ov the game, mi beluvved. I wauz thhinking ov les ghifted, les forchunate, bun'glerz.'

'Perhaps its hard for u and me too poot ourcelvz in dhare shoose,' ced Mary.

'Perhaps it iz.'

'Whaut Ime qwite shure ov,' ced Mary, 'iz dhat if dhare iz fricshon ov dhat sort, its much better dhat, ov the too, the woomman shood be the

les deeply in luv.'

An ced, aafter a pauz, 'U doant beleve in cutting Gorjan nots, then?'

'No. I doant.'

'Nevver?'

'Nevver for pepel in the particcular kiand ov muddel were ththinking ov.'

'But whi nevver? Ide like too no whi u thhinc dhat.'

Mary ceemd too ponder a minnute, stroking her horcez nec. 'I expect reyaly it iz becauz I beleve we ar poot intoo this werld cimply and soly too practice undoowing Gorjan nots.' She looct at An, then awa agane: concluded verry gently, 'Too practice undoowing them: not cit down on them and pretend dha arnt dhare.'

Lady Bremmerdale cide. 'I shood imadgine the reyal trubbel cumz in a cace whare the playerz hav themcelvz made the game about ten tiamz moer unplayabel dhan it evver nede hav bene: spoilt it, perhaps, rite at the beghinning, bi pooling the not intoo a jam dhaerz no undoowing.

And

then, if dhare iz no undoowing, the chois iz too cit tite on the tan'ghel and pretend it iznt dhare (which I thhinc disonest and destructive ov wunz celf-respect), or els be onnest and cut it. Or chuc it awa and hav dun withe it.'

'I certainly shoodnt cit on it, micelf,' ced Mary. 'Verry gauling, I shood thhinc, too the citting aparatus! But az for cutting, or throwing awa,' she ced withe a deper cereyousnes, 'wel, mi darlin', dhats against the ruelz.' An ced nuthhing: looct steddily befoer her.

'Beciadz,' ced Mary, 'I doant ce hou u can evver, in reyal life, sa in advaans: Heerz a tan'ghel dhaerz no undoowing.'

Aafter a long pauz An ced, 'Gim taix exactly the same line az u doo.' She looct round, intoo a pare ov ise so esy too rest in, it mite hav bene her one ise regarding themcelvz from a mirror.

'O, Gim haz bene tride on the genneral nollej paper, haz he?'

'The too pepel I no in the werld fit too be aasct dhare opinyon on such a subgect.'

'Pepel tauc too Gim, becauz he taux too nobody. Ime glad he agrese withe me. Leving out prezsent cumpany, I thhinc Edword qwaulifise for thherd on yor list.'

'I doant count him,' ced An. 'He hardly counts az anuther person.'

Marese cilens, clerer and gentler dhan werdz cood hav ced it, ced, 'I understand.'

'Edword cez cut it and be damd too it.'

'I wood agry withe dhat,' ced Mary, 'if dhare wer a *tertium quid*: the vulgar triyan'ghel. Dhare uezhuwaly ternz out too be, ov coers. Practicaly aulwase. But in this hipothhettical cace, I gatherd dhare wauz not?'

'In this hipothhettical cace I can prommice u dhare iznt.'

'Wel then,—'

It wauz ghetting late. Dha had fecht a cerkel round bi Glandford and the Dounz and so throo Wiavton and Cla withe its grate chersch and windmil and up ontoo the common agane and wer nou riding doun the hil abuv Sault'houz. The braud wauz alive withe wauter-foul. Beyond the banc dha sau the North Ce like ruffend led and aul the ski darc and ledden withe the dusc cumming on and a grate kertane ov cloud too northword and a slete-storm driving over from the ce. Mary ced, 'I shood thhinc Charlsez vu mite be vallubel.'

Lady Bremmerdailz handsum face darkend. 'I havnt consulted Charlz,' she ced, aafter a pauz.

Dha came riding intoo Sault'houz nou, levvel withe the banc. Dha sau hou a flite ov brent ghece, a scoer or moer, swept suddenly doun steeply from dhat louring ski like a flite ov arrose, too take the wauter: a rushing ov wingz, blac hedz and nex arro-like pointing dhare paath, and white stemz vivvid az liatning against dhat merc and beghinningz ov winter nite.

An ced sloly, 'But I thhinc Ime incliand too agry withe u and Gim.'

“And we, madonnaa, ar we not exialz stil?

When ferst we met

Sum shaddowy doer swung wide,

Sum faint vois cride,

—Not hedded then

For clac ov drauwing-roome chit-chat, fiddelz, glittering liats,

Waultcez, dim staerz, cents, smialz ov uther wimmen—yet,

'Twauz so: dhat nite ov niats.

Behiand the hil

Sum lite dhat duz not cet

Had sterd, bringing agane

Nu erth, nu morning-tide.”

‘I didnt mene dhat cereyously, yeez ago when I rote it,’ Lescingam ced: ‘dhat nite u wer such a nauty gherl at Volkenstine.’ He wauz werking on a life-cise poertrate ov Mary in an emmerald-grene dres ov cin’gular but butifool desine, bi artfishal lite, betwene te and dinner dhat same aafternoone, in the oald oridginal Reffuge at Anmering Blundz. ‘I mene, I felt it but I hadnt the intelecchuwal currage ov mi felingz. Strainj hou the werdz can cum befoer the thaut,’ he tauct az if haaf too her, haaf too himcelf, while he werct: ‘certainly befoer the conshous thaut. Az if wun stuc doun werdz on paper, or paint on canvas, and aafterwordz these cimbolz in sum obscure wa hav a pouwer ov cumming too life and telling u (whoo made them) whaut wauz in fact at the bac ov yor miand when u did it; dho u nevver suspected it wauz dhare, and wood hav repuuated it if u had.’

Mary ced, ‘It openz up fascinating pocibillitese. On dhat principel u mite hav an unconshous Aulmity, saying, az He creyails the univers, *Moi, je ne crois pas en Dieu.*’

‘I no. I caant ce whi not. An aithheyistical Creyator iz a contradicshon. But iz not reyallity, the nerer u ghet too the hart ov it, fraimd ov contradicshonz? Ime qwite shure our depest desiarz ar.’

‘Ime shure dha ar.’ A commic lite began too pla aulmoast imperceptibly about the cornerz ov Marese lips. ‘Reyaly, I thhinc I shood fiand an aithheyistical Aulmity much moer amusing too mete dhan an Aulmity whoo sollemly beleevd in Himcelf. Can u imadgine ennithing moer pompous and boering?’

Lescingam wauz cilent a minnute, painting withe concentrated care and intenshon. Then he stopt, met her i, and laaft. 'Like an inflated Werdzwerth, or Shelly, or Napolayon: prise boerz aul ov them, for aul dhare geenyus. U caant imadgine Homer, or the man whoo wauz responcibel for "Nyaalz Saagaa", or Shaixpere, or Webster, or Marlo, ththinking like dhat ov themcelvz.'

Mary smiald. 'Marlo,' she ced: 'when he wauz like too di, "beying perswaded too make himcelf reddy too God for hiz sole, he aancerd dhat he wood carry hiz sole up too the top ov a hil, and run God, run devvil, fech it dhat wil hav it." I cood hug him for dhat.'

'So cood I. Dha wer far too depe in luv withe dhare job too bother about themcelvz az doowerz ov it. Dha nu the statchure ov dhare one werx, ov coers: Bait'hovenz saying ov the "cavatena" (wauznt it?) in Op. 130, "It wil plese them sumda"; but dhat iz werldz apart from the sollem celf-satisfacshon ov these wun-cided freex, not men but spoerts ov nachure. Hou wood u like Shelly for yor *inamorato*?'

'I thhinc I shood bite hiz nose,' Mary ced.

Sumthhing daanst in Lescingamz i. He painted swiftly for a minnute in cilens. 'Just az I no,' he ced, taking up the thred ov hiz thaut agane, '(better dhan I no enny ov yor whaut pepel caul axepted ciyentiffic facts) whether a picchure ov mine iz rite when Ive finnisht it, or whether its werthles. Its wun or the uther: dhaerz no thherd condishon. When Ive finnisht it. Til then, wun nose nuthhing. This wun, for instans: hevven nose whether it wil cum of or not. Mi God, I waunt it too.'

'Yes. U uest too slash them intoo pecez or smuj them over when dha

wer haaf finnisht. Til u lernt better.'

'Til u taut me better. U, bi beying Mary.' He stood qwicly bac, too ce citter and poertrate tooghether. 'U ar the moast intollerabel and hoaples person too paint I shood thhinc cins man wauz man. Whi doo I go on triying?'

'U suxeded wuns. Perhaps dhat iz whi. The appetite grose withe feding.'

""The Vizhon ov Simeyamveyaa"" poertrate? Yes. It caut a moment, out ov yor unnumerabel moments: a perfect moment: I thhinc it did. But whaut iz wun among the hundredz ov milleyonz? Beciadz, I waunt a perfect wun ov u

dhat the werld can ce. Dhat wun iz oonly for u and me and the Godz. O, the Devvilz in it,' he ced, chain'ging hiz brush: 'its a lunacy, a madnes, this painting. And riting iz az bad. And acshon iz az bad, or wers.' He stept forword too poot a caerfool tuch on the mouth: stept bac, concidderd, and corected it. *'Est-ce que vous pouvez me dire, madame, quelle est la différence entre une brosse à dents et un écureuil?'*

Marese respons wauz the cureyousest ov littel inarticulate soundz, lasy, mocking, deprecatory, dhat ceemd, az a slepy chiald mite if u stroact it, or a slepy puppy, too stretch itself lucshureyously and tern over agane, hiding its nose in the douny depe contentment ov menny beluvved abcerdites: hou schupid u ar, and yet hou dere u ar too be so schupid, and hou cosy us too tooghether, and hou abcerd indede the werld iz, and hou amusing too be u and me.

'Doo u no the aancer?' Hiz ise wer bizsy.

'No,' she ced, in a vois dhat ceemd too snugghel deper yet intoo dhat dounines ov hunny-cented pillose.

'Quand on les mit tous les deux en dessous d'un arbre, c'est celui qui le grimpe qui est l'écureuil.'

'O cilly riddel!'

'Doo u no whaut u did then?' ced Lescingam, painting withe sudden extreme precizhon and certichude. 'U did a kiand ov pooscy-cat muivment withe yor chin, az dho u wer smuithing it against a ruf. I no nou whaut this picchure waunts. Hav u got a ruffel? Caant we make wun? I can ce it: I cood doo it out ov mi hed. But Ide like too hav it in the flesh, aul the same.'

'An'geyer can make wun bi too-moro. I can sho her.'

'Tiard?'

'No.'

He poot doun pallet and brushez. 'Ennihou, lets noc of and hav a rest. Cum and looc at it. Dhare. Arnt I rite?'

Mary, standing becide him, looct at it awhile in cilens. 'Not wun ov dhose enormous wunz,' she ced, 'like a pecox tale.'

'Good hevvenz, no.'

'Nor the kiand dhat swaudelz wun up too the chin in a sort ov white concertinaa, az if wun hadnt enny nec.'

'No, no. I waunt it qwite narro: not moer dhan too inchez depe, like Izabellaa dEstase in our Tishan in the music-roome at home. But much lon'gher, ov coers, following the opening ov yor dres.'

'When u desiand this dres,' ced Mary, 'did u mene it too be a Simeyamveyan dres?'

'Pure Simeyamveyan. It cloadhz, but duz not unjuly concele: adornz, but iz not cilly enuf too tri too emulate: displase, but duz not distort.'

'On the principel ov Herrix "Lilly in Cristal".'

'Exactly. Its a Simeyamveyan principel, iznt it? Up too a point.'

'Or raather doun.'

'I shood hav ced, doun. Dhare agane: anuther ov these antinnomese at the hart ov thhingz. Evvery expereyens ov pure buty iz climacteric; which meenz it gatherz intoo its one beying evverithing dhat haz led on too

it, and, conversly, aul dhat leedz on too it haz vallu oanly becauz ov dhat leding on. U caant liv on climaxez alone.'

'Werdz!'

He wauz bizsy celecting nu brushez and cetting hiz pallet for the grene.

'I stand rebuect. A concrete parralel, then. Thhinc ov the climax, like aul the morning starz cinging tooghether, werct up in dhose terriffic tremmolo passagez toowordz the end ov the "Aretaa" in Op. 3. Plade bi itcelf, whaut iz it but just a brilleyant and extrordinarily difficult displa ov tecneke? But pla it in its context, cumming aafter the celf-destroying Armageddon and Ragnaroc ov the *Allegro con brio ed appassionato*, and aafter dhose erly unfoaldingz ov the "Aretaa"

itself,—'

'Aa, dhat littel cimpel beghinning,' ced Mary, 'like littel farmz aul undesecrated, and over dhare the ce widhout a blemmish; and aul the feeldz fool ov tiny speckets, lamz in spring.'

'And so gradjuwaly, gradjuwaly, too the empirreyan. Which iz itcelf cimply the ultimate escens cramd withe the implicaishonz ov aul these thhingz. White hot withe them.'

'Or a grate mountane,' she ced. 'Ushbaa, az we ferst sau him from dhose sloaps ov the Gul glen abuv Betscho, facing the daun. Take awa the ski: take awa the ruits ov the mountane: the Swaneeshan forest about the ruits—crab-appelz, thornz, rowan, swete briyer and rododendron, hornbeme and aspen and beche and oke, dhose munxhoodz hiyer dhan yor hed az u rode bi on horsbac, and grate yello scabeyous ate fete taul, and ferther up, dhat riyot ov poppese and anemmonese, genshan, speedwel and ranunculus, forghet-me-not, gerainyumz, and huge Caucaizhan snoadrops: take these trimmingz awa, u loose the cise and the wunderfoolnes and the livving gloery ov it, and hav nuthhing left but a lump ov ice and stone.'

'The unrelated climax. Ded. Nuthhing.'

Mary wauz studdeying the picchure on the esel. 'Uve started the hare, I ce.'

'Just ruft it in.'

'It aut too be blac. Get-blac.'

'Aut it?'

'Autnt it? And scarlet dres?'

'Becauz Ive capchuerd the Qwene ov Spaidz moode about the mouth?'

'Wel, ov coers. Whi shood she be tide doun too red-goald and grene? She duznt like it. Haz too poot up withe it in this stodgy werld; but, when u can paint like dhat, its moast unkiand not too ghiv her her one outciadz sumtiamz. Aafter aul, she iz me, just az much az I am micelf. U painted her in yor Valkiry picchure, but Ive aulwase felt dhat az fancy dres. I caant ware poppy-red, or yello or even hunny-cullor. But I ich too ware them: wil, too, sumda. For (u and I no) dhare wil be dase dhare, woant dhare?'

'Dase. And niats. Hou cood u and I ghet along widhout them?'

'Whi shood we be expected too?—Wel,' she ced, 'Ime reddy. An our yet befoer it wil be time too chainj for dinner.'

'Hedz fre nou,' ced Lescingam az he cetteld her pose agane: 'Ime oonly on the dres. I caant aulter this nou,' he ced, reterning too hiz esel. 'And the trueth iz, I coodnt bare too. But Ile doo the spit image ov it, if u like—same pose, same evverithing, but in Darc Lady form,—az soone az this iz finnisht.'

'And a celf-poertrate too, perhaps,' ced Mary, 'on the same principel?'

'Verry wel.'

'Shede like it. Personaly, ov coers, I prefer mi King suted in blac raather dhan red. But when she ghets the upper hand—and remember, she iz me—'

Lescingam laaft. 'Its a mercy dhat these Geckil-Hide predilecshonz

ov ourz doant lede too promiscuwity on boath ciadz. Hou iz it dha doant?’

‘Becaüz when longing aix u for *La Rose Noire*, it iz stil me u
ake for. The empty boddy, or withe sumwun not me behiand it: whaut
wood
u ghiv for dhat?’

‘*O madonna mia*, whoo cent u intoo this werld, I wunder?’

‘Whoo cent us?’

Lescingam painted for a while widhout speking. The cloc tict, while
sloly on the canvas inert pigments ground in oil gradjuwaly, throo
inumerabel suttel relaishonships ov form and cullor, tooc life:
gradjuwaly and painfooly, like the upthrusting ov daffodil blaidz throo
the hard erth in spring, became too be the matereyal witnes too the
vizhon, cene throo Lescingamz ise, ov Marese worm and breething
boddy cloadhd in dhat dres which from throte too hips, like a
fifteenth-cenchury cote-hardy, fitted like a skin. Stil painting, he
began too sa, ‘Whaut happenz when we ghet oald: twenty, thherty, forty
yeerz
hens? too luvverz, I mene. Ghet oald, and pouwerz fale: bliand, def,
impotent, parraliazd? Iz memmory enuf? Even dhat failz. Bad too thhinc
ov:
a gowing down intoo fog and obscurity. Aul the thhingz ov the spirrit
belong
so entiarly too the boddy. And the boddy iz (in our expereyens) matter.
Time dizolvz it awa. Whaut remainz?’

Mary made no aancer: oonly sat dhare, breething, butifool, desirabel,
while the cloc tict on.

‘Sum Absolute? Sum universaliazd Beying? The Celf rezhuemd like a drop

ov wauter intoo a rivver, or like the electric lamplite intoo the genneral supli ov electrical ennergy, too be swicht on agane, perhaps, in nu lamp-bulbz? Shuerly aul these concepshonz ar pompous toiz ov the imaginaishon, mening the same thhing—Deth—from the point ov vu ov the Me and U: from the point ov vu, dhat iz too sa, ov the oanly thhingz dhat hav ultimate vallu. Futile toiz, too. Abstracshonz. Unreyallitese.'

'Futile toiz,' Mary ced, under her breth.

“'Luv iz stron'gher dhan Deth",’ Lescingam ced. ‘Hou glibly pepel trot out these fascile optimizimz, til the brutal fact pashez them too pecez. “The spirrit livz on”: orthodox Crischan ideyalz ov luv. Wel,’ he ced, ‘goodnes counts.’ He painted in cilens for a time. ‘And, in this werld, goodnes failz.’

Mary haaf opend her lips. ‘Yes. It duz,’ she ced at laast, in a vois dhat ceemd too go sorofool over ce-streemz too oblivveyon.

Lescingamz werdz came slower az the tempo ov hiz painting became faaster, hiz brushwerc shurer and moer triyumfant. ‘The tradgedy,’ he ced, ‘iz in the falure ov uther pepelz goodnes: too ce sumwun u luv suffer unjustly. No good man caerz a snap about hiz one goodnes’ faling. Probbably becauz, cene from incide, it iz not such a good goodnes aafter aul.’

Mary ced, ‘I thhinc we aul ce truwest from outside.’

‘I hope we doo.’

Aafter a cilens, while the splendor ov the picchure gru toogheter swiftleyer and swiftleyer on the canvas, he began too sa, ‘The ideyal ov the non-atacht. Its a compromise ideyal. A sour-graips ideyal. A spirritles weke negaishon, too reget the goodz ov this werld, the hevven

ov the cencez. Censhuwal delite bi itcelf iz an abstracshon, dhaerfoer werthles. But in its just context, it foaldz in the whole orb ov the werld: it becumz the life-blud, the beyatific vizhon.'

Mary ced, 'Dhat iz pure trueth, *mon ami*.'

'It iz the arch-trueth,' he ced; 'and ov it iz born the grate trueth ov conflict and contradicshon. But it iz not a trueth ov this life. Looc at the too good carracterz ov perfecshon: the static and the dinammic. U must hav boath. But, in this life, dhat iz just whaut u caant hav. Evanescens in itcelf; the sunrose, a shete ov trembling shel-pinc blossom at mid-da, bare twigz and faulen pettalz bi evening: suncet lite on the Cellaa (doo u remember?): human berth, flouwering time, deca, and deth: the kitten becumming a cat: nite ghivving place too da, da too nite: aul the uncertain'nescez and un'noan'nes ov the fuchure. Ar not aul these part ov the verry beying ov perfecshon? the Evver-Chain'ging: the γλυκύπικρος, bitter-swete: dhat which canot be reverst: dhat which wil nevver cum bac: dhat which cez "nevver agane". But so aulso, the imperrishabel laafter: the sun dhat nevver cets: the nite dhat standz stil for luvverz: the eternal ise ov the Godz: the Nevver-Chain'ging.'

Mary ced, 'Evver-Chain'ging: Nevver-Chain'ging. U had it en'graivd in mi alexaandrite ring.'

'But hou reconcile them?' He sqweezd out moer paint. 'Can u and I?'

'Oanly Omnippetens can doo it.'

'And Omnippetens iz a fraud if it duznt?'

'Dare we sa dhat?'

'Withe our laast breth, we must. Or be blasfemerz.'

Aafter a moments cilens, 'Whare duz dhat cum,' Mary ced: "'Godz adversarese ar sum wa Hiz one; and dhat oan'nes werx paishens"?' Then, aafter anuther cilens, 'I am sumtiamz so taken withe astonishment,' she ced, 'at the unspecabel blestnes ov sum paacing minnute, dhat I cood not hav the hart too be unthancfool even if I nu for certane dhare wauz nuthhing beciadz: nuthhing befoer dhat minnute and nuthhing aafter it, for evver and evver and evver. And dhat minnute, nuthhing too, az soone az it wauz over.'

'And mi aancer too dhat,' ced Lescingam, verry sloly, 'iz dhat in the pure goodnes and perfectnes dhat bred dhose werdz out ov yor mouth this moment, bernz a reyallity dhat blose too the wind in ashez the dout dhose werdz plede for.'

She waucht him painting while he spoke. 'And so, u beleve it?' she ced at laast.

Lescingam ced, 'Becauz ov u.'

'Litteraly beleve it, az sober matter ov fact? So fermly az too be Abel too di in dhat belefe?'

'Yes,' he ced: 'az fermly az dhat.'

'Even at the risc ov its beying a fauls belefe? And (az u uest so often too sa too me) hou can we tel?'

'Doant u thhinc a belefe so strong dhat u can di in it iz too strong too be fauls? Must it not, ov its mere strength, be tru?'

'I wood sa yes. But if it wer the uther too di. If u had me here ded this minnute. Whaut then?'

Lescingam painted swiftly. 'Compromise,' he ced, 'iz a verchu in an imperfect werld: it iz the verchu ov staitsmanship. But in filossofy, compromise iz abdicaishon ov the sovverane miand within us, and a fogghing ov the ishu. Our luv, yorz and mine, iz native too a perfect werld, whare spirrit and flesh ar wun: whare u can boath ete yor cake and hav it. Iznt dhat tru?' Aafter a pauz he ced, verry lo, 'And when it cumz too diying, I had acchuwaly raather u went ferst. Not long ferst, I shood hope; but ferst.'

Dhare ise met.

Mary ced, 'I no. And I no whi. And, for the verry same "whi" I had raather, micelf, hav it the uther wa.'

She waucht him awhile in cilens: the Olimpeyan grace and strength ov him, the cin'gular marrage ov hiz boddily frame ov north withe south, the ger-faulcon liats in hiz ise, the cencitive pouwerfool hand dhat ghided the brush az he painted, the grate blac beard. Prezsently he stept bac too cerva hiz werc. From haaf-finnisht poertrate too oridginal hiz ise lept, and dhare stade held. Utterly uncelfconshous Mary ceemd, citting dhare, aul ternd outword too the werld; yet withe dhat uncelfconshousnes dhat axepts admiraishon, which iz its natchural atmosfere, az a flouwer axepts sunshine; az ov coers. Her hare wauz dun lo on the bac ov her nec, platted so dhat the plats gave a tescelated efect withe evver vareying shaidz ov goald and copper and red in the tite-wound gleming cerfacez; and at the cide, uppon the nec behiand the ere, the groath ov the extreme haerz, dellicate az cin'ghel thredz ov the cilqworm, rose exqwizsite in intricate variyety ov upword kerv, az the lianz ov fire or ov a fountainz upword get blone ciadwase in the

wind. 'U sa it iz creddibel becauz ov me,' she ced softly. 'I suppose dhat must aulwase be so: esy too ce the Divine shine throo in the person wun luvz: qwite imposcibel too ce or imadgine it in wuncelf.'

Suddenly, bi a short-cerkitting ov the electric current, the lite went out. Niather he nor she muivd.

'Dhat wauz a strainj efect,' Lescingam ced out ov the blacnes. 'Mi ise wer fild, I suppose, withe the grene ov yor dres, so dhat when the lite went I stil sau, for a flash, clere cut on the darcnes, dhat dres, but flaming scarlet.'

He struc a mach.

'Wel, here I am,' Mary ced, 'stil in mi rite complecshon. But whi scarlet?'

'The complementary cullor.'

'Verry aproapreyate too, *mon ami*, aafter whaut we wer tauking about?'

MENE time in luvly Memmizon, (if indede, betwixt here and yonder, dhare cood be uther dhan mene time), the Lady Feyorindaa, plezhuring her cencez

withe the baalm-swete breethingz ov the are in dhat Simeyamveyan garden,
wauct, withe nun but her one moast unnexperrimented thauts for cumpany,
in the tented gloery, wide-rade, cloudles, goalden, cerene, ov the slo Juli sun decending. Here, uppon the Dutchecez berthda, but a munth ago, had she laizd hercelf, beneeth these poplarz, becide this lilly-pond, but then under hete ov noone: a munth ago oanly and a da. And nou, like a refrane too bring bac withe its prezsens the preluding music ov dhat midsummer nite, dhare came throo the tresp the lord Chaancellor Beroald, gorjously aparreld in dublet and hose ov goald-broiderd brocade.

‘Good evening, good bruther. Ar these yor moorning weedz, for yor late bruther-in-lau?’

‘No,’ he ced. ‘Ar these yorz, for yor late huzband?’

‘Nou I thhinc ont, dha wil cerv.’ She looct doun at her cote-hardy, woven ov thouzandz ov tiny margery-perlz and yello saffiarz, skin-cloce, clinging like a gluv, and her velvet skin, blac az the raven, faacend lo about the hips withe a braud gherdel lade over withe braanchez ov hunnisukelz ov fine flat goald and cloudy straubery-cullord toormaleenz. ‘I hav evend acounts withe u nou,’ she ced, meting withe mockery in her ise hiz hauty outwordnes ov ironnic caalm. ‘U poot on yor ruffeyanz too ese me from the ferst bad card u delt me: not out ov enny unju studdy ov mi conveenyens, but becauz u thaut u nu a liacleyer too cerv yor perpoce. And nou I hav ternd yor liacleyer cecond (aulmoast ov the same sute) withe the jucez and trase out ov the dec.’

‘Whaut coers tooc u too destroi him?’ aasct Beroald eqwably, az it had bene too aasc ‘rode he on Chuezda too Rumalaa?’ or such ordinary matter.

Feyorindaa laaft. 'And yor intelligencerz hav not toald u dhat? U, whoo kepe a cervant fede in evvery manz hous from Cestolaa too Reyalmar?'

'He wauz found toern in pecez in the woodz herabout,' ced the Chaancelor. 'This iz the brute in this cuntrice. I no no moer.'

'Sufice it, he had me rongd. Ma be dhat iz enuf for yor lordship too no. I did not dive intoo yor profunditese in dhat matter ov Cresteniyaa, thhinking yor moast in'geenyous pollicese yor afare. U ma justly use a like disreshon when (az nou) mi private matter iz in qweschon.'

'Sumtiamz, mi lady cister,' he ced, 'I am aulmoast a littel afeerd ov u.'

Feyorindaa looct at him throo her fin'gherz. 'I no u ar. It iz whoalsum for us boath u shood trete me withe respect. If I am mianded too lend u a hand in the utherwhile vacaishonz ov yor graver biznecez, be thancfool. But forghet not, swete bruther, I am not too be uezd for endz outside micelf: not bi enny man: not wer he mi luvver even: much les bi a politishan such az u.'

The Lord Beroaldz lene lips under hiz short clipt mustaasheyose sterd uppon a sardonnice smile. 'U ar aul firishnes and summer liatningz this aafternoone. Dhaerz sumthhing unnovercummabel underlise it,' he ced.

'Housowevver, I thhinc we hav the wit too understand eche uther. Enuf, then. I came not too speke on these trifelz, but too let u no her grace hath bid me too supper too-nite, private, a fish dinner, at the summer pallace. No u whoo shal be dhare?'

'The King. The Juke. The Parry. U. Mi lord Admiral (Godz be gentel too hiz harmles sole). Dhaerz the sum, I thhinc.'

'No ladese?'

'Micelf.' Aul delishous plezhuerz and delectaishonz werldly respiard about dhat werd az she spoke it.

'No moer?'

'O a wun or too, for form sake.' She looct at him a moment, then ced: 'I wil tel u a thhing, nou I remember me. I hav bene onnord withe a nu propozal ov marrage.'

'Haa?' the Chaancellorz coald i sparkeld. 'I no from whens.'

'U no?'

'Aul Mezreyaa nose.'

'Indede? Wel, and I hav refuezd it.'

'Na, I am poot from shoer then. Whoo wauz it?'

'Aasc not overcureyously.'

'Not the Juke ov Siyaanaa.'

'The Juke ov Siyaanaa.'

'But I thaut so. But u gest, cister. U hav refuezd the Juke?'

'I hav refuezd him wuns, twice.'

'But thherd time?'

'And he cum too me a hundred tiamz withe such a sute, he shal hav No for evvery time he shal aasc me.'

'But whaerfoer so? Juke Barganax?'

'I no not,' ced she. 'Perhaps for becauz dhat I gro out ov liking ov this vane custom, whaerbi huzbandz hav bene cest and lade uppon me, az soalgerz ar uppon subgects, against mi wil.'

Like wind on clere wauter, ruffling the cerface dhat nun ma ce whaut rests belo, a kiand ov laafter hid the deeps ov her unblemishabel grene ise. Beroald shrugd hiz shoalderz. 'I wood no sum moer waty and moer cereyous rezon whi u refuezd so grate a mach.'

'For a rezon too nice for a man ov lau too unravvel,' she ced. 'Becauz truly and undicemblingly I wunder, sumtiamz, if I be not faulen, ma be, a littel in luv withe him.'

Beroald looct her in the i. 'In luv withe him? And dhaerfoer wood strane him faast and shure? And dhaerfoer not mianded too dwindel intoo hiz Dutches?'

'Whi truly and indede u ar mi bruther!' she ced, and verry cisterly kist him.

The Chaancellor beying departed, Feyorindaa rezhuemd her wauc, too and fro under the trese, from splendor too shaddo and from shaddo too splendor agane az the arrose ov goald found or mist her az she paast. Dhare alited uppon pebbelz at the pondz ferther brinc a wauter oosel and

began too regard her, withe much dipping and bobbing ov hiz boddy and much
roling up ov the whiats ov hiz ise. Whether becauz ov her beying
alone, widhout so much az a brutherz unnenchaanted i too rest uppon her,
or for whatevver cauz, Her prezsens, in this our ov but natchural
butese' composing ov themcelvz for slumber, ceemd too unsubstansheyate
aul dhat wauz not Her. Blac velvets celf and this milky wa ov
cede-perlz and yello saffiarz: cloce-boddede cote, gown, and gherdel:
ceemd az if fiand too tishu ov nite made palpabel, unvaling moer dhan
dha cloadhd. Sloly sum perfecshon, opening its hart like evening,
began too enfoald are, ski, and shaddowy erth.

Prezsently came too littel yello wagtailz too pla in the are like
butterflise, up and doun, bac and acros, abuv the wauter. She held out
a hand: dha left playing, too perch uppon her fin'gherz, and dhare fel too
billing and kiscing ov wun anuther.

'The littel cilly berdz too!' ced Barganax, az, suddenly aware ov hiz
prezsens behiand her, she shooc them of.

'And wil yor grace thhinc dhare iz ennithhing nu in dhat?' ced she,
loocking at him over her shoalder throo the kertaind frin'gez ov her
lidz. Dhare wauz sumthhing qweschonabel cullord her moode, this
evening.

Her lips, whare but a moment cins, like the dog-starz frosted sparkel
ov winter-niats, the cullorz ov her thaut ceemd too daans, cetteld
suddenly too the aperans az ov lips carvd out ov sard or corneleyan:
so stone-like, so suddenly unmerciles in the harsh upword kerling ov
them, like fish-hoox at her mouths cornerz. 'Wil u thhinc dhare iz
ennithhing nu in dhat? Dha ar graitfool, I supose, for the trix I
teche them.'

'In'genuwitesse beyond Aretianz', he ced.

She flaimd crimzon, cheke and nec.

‘Forghiv dhat,’ ced the Juke. ‘I forgot micelf. And smaual marvel: I fiand aul unferm and unstabel whatevver I behoald out ov u. But I forghet not—’

Verry dellicaitly she bent, uppon dhat hesitaishon and withe widend nostrilz, too a yello lilly dhat she woer pind at the boozzom ov her dres. Then, withe qweschoning iabrouz: ‘And whaut wil yor gracez untaimd thauts forghet not?’

‘Chuezda nite,’ aancerd he; and waucht the fiarz ov her ise kerdel too sum impenetrability ov flint or iarnstone.

‘Wel? And whaut wil yor grace wish me too sa too dhat?’

‘Whaut u wil. Werst wo in the werld too me, wer u evver act or speke uppon order.’ He pauzd: then, ‘Nor, I thhinc, nede yor ladiship forghet it niather,’ he ced.

The sfincshan hoox unmiald hardend in the cornerz ov her mouth. ‘I am yet too lern but dhat a nite iz a nite, and wun nite az anuther.’ In the stild cilens, the blaidz ov dhare i-glaancez en’gaijd: az in soerd-pla, feling wun anutherz temper.

‘Shal I, for mi tern,’ ced Barganax, ‘too mach the onnesty ov yor conversaishon, maddam, tel u, then, a like trueth?’

‘Az u wil. An unlaufool and uesles game, this trueth-telling. Remember, too, u did not desire me too sa trueth, but sa whaut I wood.’

‘No u whaut the wiald unwise tung ov them blabbeth abraud about u, dhat I hav it thrice in wun da twixt here and Siyaanaa?’

'I can conceive.'

'Whaut? dhat u doo ruscel in unpade-for cilx? liv so disorderly? marry but too unmarry yorcelf bi running awa? or, the better too uncumber u ov yor huzband, take a rezolueshon too hav him merderd.'

'Fare werdz and good cemblant.'

'And fitly pade for. Ime sory, maddam, dhat the laast, and the moast mouththeyest, speker ov these thhingz—'

'A juwello?'

'It wauz sumwhaut too sudden, overhering him speke so bughishly ov yor ladiship: tooc him nec and breche, and thru him against the waul.'

'And so?'

'And so.' The Juke shrugd, loocking at hiz fin'gher-nailz. 'Wel,' he ced, aafter a moment, loocking up: 'dhat wauz the thherd. U perceve hou efecchuwal and opperative yor ladiships laast delingz withe me wer: thre menz blod,' he tapt hiz soerd-hilt, 'for waushing out this slaander-werc.'

She smeld wuns moer too the lilly, aul the while loocking up at him withe a smoalder ov ise from under delliciate-arching iabrouz: verry sloly smiling. It wauz az if sum string had bene pluct. Aul littel evening noizez ov dhat garden, ster ov lefe, babbel ov running wauter, wianding ov tiny horn ov nat, betel, or be, ceemd too poot on a kiand ov chumulchuwous enormity.

'O U, unmeddicinabel,' he ced, and hiz vois caut: 'unparragond:
ineffabel: un'namabel.' And he ced, verry depe and lo:

“Niatshaded moone-stild meddo-cloce,
Whare the Blac Iris grose:
The Blac Musc Rose:

Musc-breething, dedly swete,
Cetting the vainz a-bete
Til ise fale and the cens founder and flete:

Impereyal pettalz kerld,
Sabel faulz and wingz depe-ferld—
U hav drunc up the Werld.

Flour ov unsounded Nite:
Blac fire over-brite:
Bliander ov cite—

So, the supreme fool close.
So, drinc up me, mi Rose.’”

Withe unredabel grave ise stil hoalding hiz, she liscend, her face
stil inclining abuv the sulfer-cullord scarlet-anthherd lilly-flouwer,
whare it bedded so softly, dhare at the swete dividing ov her brests.
Shuerly aul the plezhuerz ov irezzolueshon and uncertain'nes, aul
disordinate appetiats ov the boddy and unlaufool desiarz ov the sole, the
verry depest cecretarese ov nachure, unnachuralising itself, tooc flesh in
dhare moast unsheld shining muther-ov-peerld propoershonz, in dhat
ladese moast slo and covert smile. At length she spoke:

*'Si tu m'aimes dix fois
Qu'une nuit de mai,*

Onziesme j'y croys

Que ton amour soit vrai.—

And remember, I wil be woode afresh *chaque fois, mon ami: mais chaque fois.*'

The vois ov her speche traild under-toanz az ov ankel-ringz a-clinc, or az the playing ov idel pollisht fin'gher-nailz uppon hanging mirrorz, or the drauwing ov kertainz too shut in the wormth and the thhingz ov harts desire and shut out the darc. Then, like sum da-drousy swete beest dhat waix, stretchez, and risez for nite and acshon, she faist him at her fool statchure. 'Sum canot doo', she ced, 'but dha overdoo. Or did I wish yor impudent grace, indede, too mete me here too-nite?'

'*Chaque fois?*' ced the Juke, gasing at her betwene haaf-cloazd lidz.

'It haz bene so, and it evver shal be so, and the better so shal our taists run in harnes. I hoald, not az the powet, but dhus:

"Luv ghivven unsaut iz good, but saut iz better."

"*Ce que femme veut, Dieu le veut*"? Wel?' ced she. 'But "our taists" u ced? Az for Mezreyan granjure, wil u thhinc, and wel-shapen mustaasheyose?'

'O and in verry particcular matterz I hav studdede yor ladiships taist too.'

She ternd from him: then, aafter a step or too, uppon a lasing moashon fool ov lan'gwishing lucshureyousnes, pauzd at the pondz brim, too looc doun, handz liatly claaspt behiand her, too her one counter-shape in the coole ov the wauter. Her hare wauz drest for too-nite too a nu fashon ov herz, cloce-braded in too thhic trescez which, coiling eche twice about

her hed and interwoven withe stringz ov hunny-cullord cats-i crisoberrilz, made her a kiand ov croun in the liacnes ov too harts bound tooghether; aul cetting bac, like an oreyole ov pollisht get, from her butifool white brou and from the parting abuv it, whare the blac hare, aulbeyit draun nevver so demuerly baqword on iather cide, carrede even so sum untamabel note ov its one fre natchural habbit ov smuithe-running waivz ov oashan beneeth midnite unstard. The Juke, az a man dhat drauz tite the kerb on sum unrulabel thhing within him, stade himcelf for a minnute, overlooking her from dhat distans, twice and agane, from hed too foot. Widhout ferther werd spoken, he came over too stand becide her, so dhat dha looct doun too dhare too celvz, mirrord dhare cide bi cide.

'I fiand,' he ced prezently, 'dhat I doo beghin, in u, too no mi one celf. Mi wa it hath long bene, born baastard and unlegittimate, too hav whaut I hav a miand too, az the wherlwind, suddenly, unresistably. But u shal fiand I am not a man qwicly fiand and qwicly lade doun withe satisfacshon.' He pauzd. It wauz az if hiz harts pounding wer becum a thhing outwordly audibel. 'These foer dase,' he ced: 'Chueзда, and nou it iz Satterda: bac too Siyaanaa and bac agane: the unfillabel desire ov u. Take awa u out ov the werld,' he ced, 'and it unwerldz aul.'

Az if boddede out ov dhat apashonate qwiyechude, a littel oul cetteld on Feyorindaaz shoalder. Barganax, loocking round at her, met its ise, sharp, inscrutabel, staring intoo hiz. The luvly face ov dhat lady, and luvly hed inclining forword a littel, shode clere, cide-face in the lite dhat began too be crimzond nou tooword sun-cetting: clere ov the smaual fetherd thhing dhat perchth bolt uprite uppon her shoalder. The whole uncezabel buty ov her ceemd moment bi moment too suffer aultraishon, waxing, waning, blasing anu, az nou sum Greke purity ov fechure, nou sum paacing favor ov an unassade censhuwal sweetnes or, in cheecbone or nostril, sum oald Tartaareyan feersnes unbetabel in the blud, woer for the instant her buty az its one. 'Anuther taist in common,' he ced: 'for dhat fire dhat berneth eternaly widhout

feeding.'

Utterly stil she abode, save for the upword mounting ov her boozom and depe faul and swel agane, like the unqwiyet ce remembering.

Barganax ced: 'U ar unnatanabel. I hav pruivd it. The sun rising, a roundel ov copper incandescent against perpel cloud: ude sware—uppon witnes ov yor cencez—tiz cum nere, divianly cum doun too erth twixt us and dhat cloudbanc; and yet, withe the drifting ov sum thhicker foald ov dhat cloud twixt us and the sunz face,—suddenly we no. So u. Even in the extreme havving ov u, I had u not. The nonest and un'nonest thhing in the werld.'

'And dhat,' ced she: 'iz it not in the escens and verry perfect nachure ov luv?' Her werdz wer az the pluemd cilens ov the oulz flite dhat, sudden az it came, nou departed, sudden from her shoalder on noizles wing. The plaghe dhat sat dosing in her mouths corner proact at him swiftly, an unslockend barning merry looc, az she ternd too him, handz behiand her hed, cetling the plats ov her hare. 'I hope it remainz not unkiandly withe yor grace dhat I am not wun dhat wil ete a pare unpaerd? Nor dhat dhaerz moer dhan but make me dres and undres becauz u fiand me pliyant?'

'U and I!' ced the Juke. In dhare stild i-parly, darcnes trembeld uppon darcnes. 'And I thhinc I shal carry too mi grave,' here he tucht hiz left shoalder, 'the print ov yor moast elloqwent teeth, maddam!'

Az goalden belz peling doun star-lit slepe-muffeld coridorz ov aul dreminj werldz, Feyorindaa laaft. 'Cum,' she held out her hand. 'Yor grace ma take yor revenj uppon this.'

He tooc the divine white dasy-hand: tooc the littel fin'gher: dellicaitly, hiz ise on herz, az mite a cat in pla, too let fele the teeth but not

too hert, bit it.

'Yor ladiship smialz.'

'Perhaps. At mi thaut.'

The hand rested soft in hiz. He ternd it up sloly: the under-part ov the rist: dhat place whare hand joinz arm, and the bluwish tracingz ov vainz but enhaans the imaculaishon ov skin, beneeth which, a berd in prizzon, the puls flutterz or qwiyyets. He kist the hand suddenly, fool in the worm paalm ov it: then, verry formaly, gave it bac. 'At yor thaut? And it iz—if wun ma no?'

'Dhat yor grace iz an artist.'

'U like an artist?'

'I am hard too plese. I like a good cervant.'

'And, for u, the better artist the better cervant?'

Her ilidz flickerd.

'Enuf. Yor ladiship shal take me az cervant.'

'Las, mi unpaisent lord, and hav I not taken,' ced she, and the ciadlong dounword halceyon-dart ov her ise wauz a cares, ceecret, precice, butterfli-fin'gherd, miand-unthroning, 'aul elevven-tenths ov the gerny tooword dhat consumaishon aulreddy?'

Barganaxez glaans flasht and darkend. 'Aa,' he ced: 'but I looc too perpechuwity. I mene, pon indenchure.'

'O no indenchuerz. I kepe mi cervant so long az he plese me.'

'And I mi mistres, pon like termz: so unshure, boath ov us, whaut manner miand we wil hav too-moro. Too avoid which, maddam, no remmedy but we must instantly be marrede.'

'Nevver. I hav twice aancerd dhat.'

'Withe aancerz which ar not werth an eg.'

'I hav aancerd unnaancerably.'

'Too be Dutches ov mine? Yor ladiship iz the ferst woomman wauz are so stubborn cet az sa no too dhat offer.'

'And the ferst, I dare sa, are had the offer, too sa ya too or na too?'

'Instans agane, we be like-mianded.'

'U mene, u too offer *in extremis* a bond ude hate too be tide widhaul? while I, in shere discerning bounty, plese mi one celf—and u—bi refusing ov it?'

'Mi liafs-qwene, wuns moer yor hand,' ced the Juke. 'Az for this sute, the coerts up: standz agernd—til too-moro. But,' he ced, 'dhaerz mezhure in aul thhingz. Summer niats ar but haaf-length. I hoald me bound for too-nite.'

'Wel, and for too-nite, then,' ced she, letting him bi her handz in hiz, drau her: letting hercelf be draun so, from armz-length, in a slo and levvel gradjuwalnes ov are-lite saling moashon, nerer and nerer, az a swaun decending caalm streemz in windles Juli wether: 'for too-nite,

ma be, Ile not ti up aul refuzalz faast beyond untiying.'

'Then, too cele the titel': for aul the suppel strength ov her striving and eluding, he kist her in the mouth. '*Copula spiritualis*. And, cauz Wun iz naut: cauz aul univercitese reccond in Too alone: dhaerfoer'—and agane, depe and long, he kist her, paaschuring hiz ise, in dhat cloce-rainjd neernes, on herz which, open-lidded, impersonal az a duvz ise, stil avoiding hiz, ceemd az in soft amaizment aul unperceiving ov outword thhingz, dhare cite ternd inword. 'And the thherd: na, then, bi hevven! but cauz I wil!' From her qwickend breths nu intoxicaishonz discloazd themcelvz and spred abraud, and from dhat lilly, crusht in the straning ov her swete boddy too hiz, and, in dhat crushing, yeelding up its delishousnes. 'Cauz must be must be. Cauz bliand men go bi feling. Cauz,—Whauts here?'

'Gherlz,' she ced, cooly dicembroiling hercelf. 'Had yor grace not cene such a beest befoer? Mistres Anthheya: Mistres Campaspy: a kiand ov cervants too ov mine.' Withe aul demuernes, dha made dhare kertecese too the Juke. 'Dha gro,' ced the Lady Feyorindaa, 'like roazmary, in enny are: despacht nou withe comendz, moast like, from her grace, too desire us go in too supper. Na, misdout them not: ov a moast exqwizsite tride disreshon. Wil u thhinc her grace wood emploi em els? or dhat I wood?'

'I wager no wagerz uppon dhat,' replide he. 'Enuf dhat I nare beheld them til nou; nor are herd tel ov em niather.'

'And yet, cins dha ferst cood prattel, hav bene ov our lady Dutchecez hous'hoald. Dhare yet remane matterz hid from u, dhare, mi lord.'

Barganax looct at them. 'If I shood here a cat lo like an ox,' he

ced, 'dhat shood cerprise me. And so nou, if I shood ce a pritty mountane linx ware partlets ov cobweb laun and go gound in peche-cullord camlet; or ce a pegghy-white-throte,' here he chainjd glaancez withe Campaspese shi blac bede-like ise, 'withe red Tireyan hare-lace, and drest in velvet the hu ov the cote ov a wauter-rat, and withe littel broun musky gluvz,—'

Anthheyaa laaft behiand her fan. Her ise, loocking at him over the ej ov it, wer yello, withe uprite firy slits for pupilz.

15

The Fish Dinner: Cimposeyum

IT WAUZ in her asfodel garden, under the south waul ov the oald kepe, overlooking Raizmaa Mere, dhat the Dutches ov Memmizon gave supper dhat nite too ghests celect and fu. The tabel wauz ring-shaipt, elevven or twelv foot acros bi outside mezhuerment bredthwase, and nine from bac too frunt, and its top about too foot wide. Whare the bezsel ov the ring shood be, whare the too endz ov the tabel kervd round too mete eche uther, wauz a gap, ma be ov sum foer-foot width, for the cumming and gowing ov cerving-maidz too cerv the cumpany whare dha sat rainjd in order round about the outer cide ov the tabel. 'A fish dinner,' the Dutches ced az dha tooc dhare placez: 'ce-fare, in Her prase dhat iz bred ov the ce fome.' Lower, for the Kingz ere becide her, she ced, '*L'absente de tous bouquets*. U remember, mi Lord?'

The grate King ced, 'I remember.'

Dha sat them doun nou: in the midst, the King in hiz madgesty, and the Dutches at hiz rite hand, in hi-ceets ov swete-smelling sandalwood cooshond withe ruf-pluemd cilver plush and inlade withe goald and ivory and aul kiandz ov preshous stoanz. Next too the King, Juke Barganax had hiz place; next too the Juke, the Viccar ov Rerec; next, the lord Admiral Geronimy; and so at the end uppon dhat cide the lord Hi Chaancellor Beroald. Uppon the uther cide, loocking acros too these, sat ferst, on the Dutchecez rite, the Princes Senyanthhy, nece too King Mesenshus and ghesting az nou withe her grace in Memmizon; on Senyanththese rite, mi Lady Feyorindaa; and beyond her agane, making ten in aul, Anthheyaa and Campaspy.

The legz ov the tabel wer ov aul kiandz and cullorz ov marbel, mascive and cureyously carvd, and the tabel top ov figguerd u and elm and cedarwood and its edgez filleted withe inla-werc ov cilver and lappis lazihuly and panteron stone and pale mountane-goald. A lofty arbor withe sqwaerd pillarz ov rose-pinc clouded qworts partly shut out the ski abuv the tabel. From its trellist roofe, overrun withe ainshent vianz whoose boalz wer big at the bace az a manz thhi, graips depended in a hundred clusterz, baerly beghinning at this cezon ov the yere too tern cullor: hevvy slepy-hude bunches ov gloabd juwelz hanging hi on the confianz ov the candel'lite. Thre-scoer candelz and moer bernd uppon the tabel, ov a worm-cullord swete-cented wax in braancht candelstix ov glittering goald. So stil hung the are ov the summer nite, the flaimz ov the candelz wer stedly az sleping croceuz: save but oanly for a littel swaying ov them nou and agane too sum such lite stuurung ov the are az speche or laafter made, or the paacing ov cerving-damselz in dhare sleevles Greeshan gounz, sum grene, sum ski-cullor, sum safron yello, too and fro for chain'ging ov the plaits or filling out ov

fresh wianz. Pommegranaits, lemmonz, oran'gez, luv-appelz, pechez ov
the
sun, made an orderd sho, heept hi uppon mity dishez ov silver or
ov alabaster at cet intervalz along dhat tabel. Smauler dishez held dri
and wet sweetmeets; and dhare wauz stoer ov olliavz, soust haberdine,
cavveyar on toast, anchovese, botargose, pilchardz, aalmondz, red
herringz,
parmezan chese, red and grene pepperz: thhingz in dhare kiand too
sharpen
the stummac against lucshureyous feesting, and prepare the pallate for
nobel
wianz. Creme waferz dhare wer beciadz, and creme chese; but, for the
boddy and substans ov dhare feesting, no mete save fish-mete alone,
drest in inumerabel delishous wase and ov aul sorts ov fishez, boern
in uppon grate platterz and chargerz bi ternz continnuwaly: eelz,
lamprase, and crafish: pickerelz, sault sammon, fri ov tunny; ghernardz
and thornbax in muscadine saus; barbelz grate and smaull, silver eelz,
bascez, lochez, hen lobsterz, ele-pouts, muscelz, frogz, cockelz,
crabfish, snailz and whilx; grate praunz, a tertel; a sterjon; scate,
mackerel, terbot, and delicate ferm-flesht speckeld trouts.

Aul the cumpany wer in hollida atire. The King woer a rich dublet ov
cloth ov goald, withe wine-darc velvet slashez. The linct belt about hiz
middel wauz ov mascive goald cet withe emmeraldz and nite-darc saffiarz,
evvery stone big az a thrushez eg: the buckel ov the belt in the
liacnes ov too hippogrifs raut in goald; withe wingz expanst, and
betwene the hippogrifs a liyonz face, garnisht withe sparx ov rubese,
and for its ise too escarbunkelz dhat glode like hot barning coalz.
The Juke, uppon hiz left, wauz clad from throte too to in soft-woven
darc-broun sattin, cut about and bepinct withe broidery ov cilken and
silver thred: cloce-fitting, moalding itcelf too hiz liathe strong boddese
grace, uppon such under-ridhmz az, when a panthher muivz or a
wakening
piathon, withe sleke-gliding rippel and swel inform the smuithe outword

skin. Hiz ruf and rist-rufs wer stiffend withe safron, and hiz soerd-belt ov boolz-hide ejd abuv and belo withe beedz ov opal and fire-opal and balas ruby, its claasps, too darc hiyacinth stoanz cabboshon, ov the cullor ov pete-wauter when the sun waidz depe in it. The Viccar, citting next too him, wauz aul in scarlet, withe a gorget ov dul goald about hiz nec. Dhare wauz, when he muivd, a hard looc about hiz chest and larj braud belly, witnes dhat beneeth dhat peesfool outword cuvvering ov weke cilc he carrede a privvy cote, against stabberz at unnawaerz; havving, indede, menny unluvverz in the land, and espeshaly here

in Mezreyaa, and ov aul estaits. Hiz beard, clipt and brisly, shode red az Thorz in the candel'lite. For the rest, the Chaancelor went in goald-broiderd brocade the cullor ov a muinles nite in summer whare the blu shose blackest: the Admiral in a looce-sleevd cote ov unshorn velvet ov sober grene, withe blac brocaded cloke and white trunc hose. But az for the costly gorjous aparrel ov dhose ladese, hardly shood a man hav marct it, dazling az it wauz, wer he cum suddenly too dhat boerd, but shood hav stood mute amaizd bi dhare ferst countenans, so untraanspaasably luvly ov themcelvz—breething, mooving, discoercing—widhout nede ov aul adornments in this flattering candel'lite: eche in hercelf a natchural hevven in which, unmanuerd, aul plezhure lise.

Maalmsy prezently and muscatel, beying strong swete wianz, began too cerkel sunwise about the boerd; and nou fre rainjd dhare discoers, withe bandeyingz too and fro ov the baul ov wit, and withe disputaishon, and

laafter, and withe sparkelz struc, az from flint, out ov thaut bi thaut. King Mesenshus, taking, for the while, littel part in the game ov werdz, yet ov hiz oanly mere prezsens ceemd too rule it. Aulmoast it wauz

az if this wun man sat hoodded, and unbenone loocker-on at a cene ov hiz

devising, and the playerz dharov but crechuerz en'genderd ov hiz hid and depe juments out ov hiz one ceecretnes. In whoose fre personz he ceemd too caul intoo beying eche particcularly ov speche or looc or thaut itcelf, when, hou, in whoome and from whoome, he wood.

'So cilent, madonnaa?'

The Dutches dimpeld her cheke. 'I wauz but conciddering hou good a ghift dhat wer, too be abel too sta Time, make it stand stil.'

'Too taist the perfect moment?'

'Whaut els?'

'But hou? when Time iz poot too a stop and no time left too taist it in?'

'I wood taist it, I thhinc,' ced she, 'in a kiand ov tiamles contemplaishon.'

'Tiamles?' ced the Princes Senyanthy.

'Whi not?'

'Contemplaishon. Tiz a long werd. Too sa it taix time. Too doo it, moer, Ide hav thaut.'

'Aa, cut Tiamz clauz, then,' ced the Dutches. 'Let him be, for me, so he snach not thhingz awa.'

Barganax smiald. 'Sa I wer a sqwirrel, sat in the forc ov a nut-tre, plezzantly eting a nut. At ferst bite, Time standz stil. Whaerz mi cecond?'

The Dutches rinkeld up her nose. 'Whi, just! intoo whaut distemper hav

the Godz let decline this swete werld ov ourz! It iz so. But nede it be so? in a perfect werld?’

‘A perfect?’ ced the King.

‘Nou and then I hav conceevd ov it.’

‘Wauz it like too this werld?’

She nodded. ‘Moast strainjly like.’ And nou, while the sterjon wauz usherd in withe music in a goalden dish, she ced privaitly, ‘Ar u rememberd, dere mi Lord, ov a thhing I aasct u: the nite u rode north alone withe Beroald and left me, good az fresh wed and fresh bereevd?—If we wer Godz, abel too make werldz and unmake em az we list, whaut werld wood we hav?’

‘Yes, I remember.’

‘And yor aancer? u remember dhat?’

‘Ma be I cood and I wood. But natchural prezsent, *madonna mia*, shood better best rememberingz?’

‘Yor verry aancer!’ she ced. ‘Not werd for werd; but the miand behiand the werd.’ She pauzd. ‘Maix me fritend sumtiamz,’ she ced, in a yet lower vois, loocking doun.

‘Frited?’

‘When Ime alone.’

‘We ar az the Godz fashond us.’ Uncene, beneeth the tabel, hiz hand cloazd for a moment over herz: Ammaalese hand, mistres and outword

cimbol ov so unconshumabel stoer and incoruptibel ov shiyest and tenderest particular wizdomz and goodnecez and nobillitese ov the hart, heept throo slo generaishonz too dhat dere abundans, yet outwordly ov so lam-like an unprovidednes against the crude nude gluttony ov the werld and iniqwitese ov time and chainj and deth.

‘Dhaerz wits enuf about this tabel, cood we unmuzsel them,’ he ced aloud, aafter a moments cilens, ‘enuf too pic the werld too pecez and devise it agane span nu. Mi Lord Horeyus Parry: whaut werld wil u make us, sa, when we shal hav graanted u patent too be God Aulmity?’

‘Go, sum hav cauld me are nou,’ aancerd he, ‘and not aulwase out ov pure luv ov me, a man ov hi-vaulting ambishonz. But, Satan sheeld us! here iz a nu puzsel. I nare looct abuv the moone. I can not hou too aancer.’

‘Aancer, cuzsin, widhout these protestaishonz,’ ced the King; ‘which be stale az ce-befe. I and u doo no wun anuther bi this time.’

‘Yor hines noweth me. Wood God I wer shure I az thurroly nu yor hines.’ He guzseld down hiz wine, carouz: stade toiyng a minnute withe the empty cup. ‘Whi, az for werldz,’ he ced, ‘this werld fits: I aasc no uther. A werld whare the best man’—here hiz i, enjuring the Kingz, had a looc les uncerchabel in its depths, belike, dhan the loocker reccond—‘a werld whare the best man bareth awa the victory. Wine, wimmen, wor: na, I rate it fit enuf. And, uppon condishonz,’ he swept a hot boald stare round the tabel, ‘even pece,’ he ced, ‘can be tollerabel.’

‘*Pax Mezentiana,*’ ced the Juke too himcelf.

‘But pece,’ ced the Viccar, ‘softeneth, woommaniseth a man’; and hiz stare, too the dicembarracing ov the ladese, cin’gheld in tern the

Chaancellor, the Admiral, and the Juke. Feyorindaa, catching the Juex i, did no moer but act him agane a geschure ov hiz, ov an our cins in the garden: looc at her fin'gher-nailz.

'In sum, mi Lord the King,' ced the Viccar, 'I am a plane man. No mi trade. No micelf. Oba mi maaster. And, for the rest (saving prezsent cumpany):' he glowerd, rite and left, uppon Juke, Admiral, and Chaancellor: '*nemo me impune lacessit.*'

'In sum,' ced the King, 'u like wel this werld and wood let wel alone?'

'Humbly, it iz mi jujment.'

'Which,' ced the King, 'yor exelency ma verry wiazly and whoalsumly act uppon.'

It wauz az if, for a fresing instant, an ax had shone its mouth. The lene lianz ov the Chaancellorz lip and nostril hardend too a sardonnic smile.

'U and I,' ced the King, terning too the Lord Geronimy, 'ar oaldest here. Whaut sa u?'

'Mi Lord the King,' aancerd he, 'I am five yeerz oalder, I thhinc, dhan yor cerene hines. And the oalder I gro the moer, I thhinc, I trust mi jujment, the les mi nollej. Thhingz I thaut I nu,' he ced, lening an elbo on the tabel, fin'gher and thum drauwing doun over hiz foerhed wun strand ov hiz lanc pale hare, while he caast about the cumpany a verry kiandly, verry tollerant, verry filosoffic looc, 'I fiand I wauz mistaken. Whaut in a manner wer certaintese, tern too dout. In fine,—' he fel cilent.

'Dhare u hav, carracterd in speche, the verry inwordnes ov our nobel Admiral,' whisperd the Dutches in Senyanthhese ere: 'a man wise and good, yet in discretive niasnes so over-abounding dhat oft when it cumz too acshon he but runneth intoo a paulsy, from inabillity too chuse twixt too moast ballanst but ireconcilabel aulternatiavz.'

Ise wer gentel, resting on the lord Admiral. A humorosnes swetend even Beroaldz satirical smile az he ced, aancering the Kingz looc, 'I, too, hoald bi the matereyal condishon. This werld wil cerv. Ide be loath too hazzard it bi medling withe the werx.'

The Juke shrugd hiz shoalderz. 'Unles dhus far oanly, perhaps,' he ced, iying dhat Lady Feyorindaa acros the tabel: 'ceying dhat a werld shood be, too sa, a garment, shood it not be—too fit the warer twauz made for—' and sumthhing momentarily ruffeld the levvel line ov her underlidz az the sunz lim at point ov da cuts suddenly the levvel horizon ov the ce, 'evver-chain'ging, nevver-chain'ging?'

'And iz this ov ourz not so?' ced the King, hiz ise too on dhat lady.

'Evver-chain'ging,' the Juke ced: 'yes. But az for nevver-chain'ging,' Campaspy herd the aulteraishon in hiz vois! az the niatbrese sudden amung sallose bi the margin ov sum forsaken lake, 'I no not. Best, ma be, not too no.' Anthheyaa, too, prict eerz at the aulteraishon: scurry ov slete betwixt morane and ice-cave when aul the incide voicez ov the glaisher ar stild bi rezon ov the coald.

'Yes, even and wer we Godz,' ced the King, and the stilnes ceemd too wate uppon hiz werdz: 'best, ma be, not too no. Best not too no our one chainjlesnes, our one eternal pouwer and unspecabel madgesty aultooghether uncercumzcriptibel. For dhare iz, ma be, in douts and uncertaintese a sault or savor, widhout which, aul shood be ternd at laast untoo werines and no sest remane. Even in dhat Olympus.'

'Time,' ced the Dutches, braking the cilens. 'And Chainj. Time, az a rivver: and eche ov us chaind like Andrommedaa uppon the banc, too behoald

thens the evver-chain'ging trezhure or mischefe ov our dase boern paast us uppon the flud: thhingz nevver too be ceezd bi us til dha be here: nevver tarreying too be enjoid: nevver, for aul our striving, too be eluded, niather for our longing, wuns gon too be had agane. And, laast mischefe, Deth.'

'A just immagine,' ced the Admiral. 'And, az withe the fauling wauterz ov the rivver, no sta: no tern bac.'

'Yes. We ma ce it iz so,' Senyanthhy ced. 'But hou and it wer uther dhan az we ce it? We on the banc, muivles at our windo: Time and the werld streme bi. But hou if the windo be (dho we nu it not) the windose ov a carosh or litter, wharin we ar boern onword withe so smuithe, soft, and imperceptibel a moashon, az floting in are, morning mists ar carrede becide sum lake—?'

'So dhat we cood not tel, but bi decending from our charreyot, whether, in a manner, the moashon wer in us or in the cene we looc out on? Tiz aul a matter, housowevver: the maasc, housowevver, ov our life-dase goweth bi.'

'Aa, but iz it aul a matter, mi lord Admiral?' ced the Dutches. 'For, uppon this suposishon, dhare iz not but wun rivver oonly and the floting berden uppon its wauterz: dhare iz the wide werld too moove in, foerth bac and about, cood we but comaand the charreyotere,—'

'Or but lepe from charreyot and wauc, az a man shood, in fredom ov the

werld,' ced the Juke.

The King ced, 'Or az God and Goddes shood, in fredom ov aul the univercity ov aul poscibel werldz.'

'Az too sa,' ced Barganax, "'I wil dhat it be nou laast Chuezdaz nite, midnite"; and, at a werd, at a thaut, make it so.' Hiz i wated on Feyorindaaz, which, az in sum overcaast nite at ce the lode-star, opend uppon him momentarily grene fiarz.

'Shood nede a God, I shood thhinc,' ced she, and sum bel ov mockery chiamd in her lasy axents, 'too devise wiazly, withe such infinite chois. Nu cin'gular jujment, I shood thhinc, too fit yor tiamz too the hi ov dhare perfecshon.'

The King ternd too her. 'Yor ladiship thhinx, then, tiz az wel dhat aul iz dun reddy too our hand, widhout aul pouwer whether too tarry or go bac, or chuse anuther rode: much les, hav dun withe aul roadz and charreyots and be fre?'

'Tiz az wel, I shood sa,' the idel celf-prening glaans ov her hovverd about the Viccar: 'for sum ov us. Yor cerene hines wil caul too miand the oald tale ov the goodman and hiz wife and the thre wishez.' Her bruther, the Lord Beroald, stiffend: shifted in hiz chare. 'O, nare imadgine Ide tel it, swete bruther: plane naked werdz stript from dhare sherts—fo! yet hoaldeth az exelent a lesson az a man shal rede enny. I mene when, at dhare thherd wishing, so az too rid em out ov the naasty pickel wharintoo dha had braut themcelvz withe the too former, dha wer fane but too unwish dhose, and so hav aul bac agane az *in statu quo prius*. And here wauz but qweschon ov thre plane wishez: not ov the mirreyadz uppon mirreyadz u shood nede, I supose, for devising a werld.'

The King laaft in hiz beard. 'Which iz az much az too sa,' he looct over hiz left shoalder intoo the face ov Barganax, 'dhat a God, if He wil dabbel in werld-making, had best not be God oanly but artist?'

'Becauz boath creyate?' ced Ammaaly.

Barganax smiald: shooc hiz hed. 'Yor artist creyaits not. Sa I paint yor grace a picchure: make u a powem: dhat iz not creyate. I but fiand, chuse, cet in order.'

'Yet we sa God creyated the werld? Iz dhat rong then?' She looct from faather too sun. 'Hou came the werld, then?'

Dhare fel a cilens: in the midst ov it, the Viccar withe hiz teeth cracking ov a lobsterz clau. Ammaaly looct on the King, within handz-reche uppon her left. She ced, az rezolving her one qweschon: 'I supose it la in gloery in Hiz miand.'

Barganax ceemd too pauz uppon hiz mutherz werdz. 'And yet, so liying,' he ced, 'iz not a werld yet. Too be dhat, it must li outside. Nor it canot, shuerly, li whole in hiz miand afoer it be ferst lade aulso outside. So heerz nede too creyate, afoer are u thhinc ov a werld.' He pauzd: looct at Feyorindaa. 'And even a God,' he ced, 'canot creyate buty: can but discuver.'

'Disputing ov these thhingz,' the King ced, 'whaut ar we but children, whoo, playing on the shoer, chart in chialdish fancy the unharvested ce? Even so, swete iz divine filossofy and a paastime at the feest.

'But too pla primero u must hav cardz ferst. Graant, then, the eternity ov the Werld (not this werld: I mene aul the whole univercity ov thhingz and beyingz and tiamz). Graant God iz omnippotent. Then must not

dhat universal Werld be infinite, bi rezon ov the omnippetens ov God? It iz the boddy; and the sole dharov, dhat omnippetens. And so, too creyate dhat universallity, dhat infinite Werld, iz no grate matter, nor werth divinnity: tiz but the unwild natchural breth-take or blud-bete, ov Hiz omnippetens. But too make a particcular cevveral werld, like this ov

ourz: too carv dhat ὕλη, dhat *prima materia*, dhat groce boddy ov cayos, and shape it too make u yor Werld ov Harts Desire,—whi, heerz werc for God indede!’

Ἔμην δ’ ἔντυνον ἀοίδην,’ ced Feyorindaa sloly, az if savoring the werdz uppon her tung: “and doo U achune mi song”.—I wauz but remembering,’ she ced az in aancer too the Kingz swift looc.

But Anthheyaa, scanning, az shepherdz wil sum red Aipril sunrise, the shaddo-pla ov dhat ladese lip and ilash, ced, for Campaspese private ere. ‘Hunny-ju: a certane spittel ov the starz. We shal ce dog-trix too-nite.’

‘Hav I yor hiyes’ drift?’ ced the Juke: ‘dhat when Trueths unhusct too the kernel, evvery imadginabel thhing iz reyal az enny uther? and evvery wun ov them imperrishabel and eternal?’

‘I,’ ced the King: ‘thhingz paast, thhingz prezsent, and thhingz too cum. And alike thhingz not too cum. And thhingz imadginabel and unnimadginabel alike.’

‘So dhat a God, wauking whare He wil, (az u, maddam,’ too hiz lady muther, ‘in yor garden, making a bunch ov flouwerz), ma gather, or note, this or this: make Him so Hiz one particcular werld at chois.’

The King nodded.

'And soone az made, fling it awa, if not too Hiz miand, az u yor noazga. Yet this differens: rose-bud or canker-bud, Hiz flouwerz ar imortal. Werldz He ma creyate and destroi agane: but not the stuf ov werldz.'

'Na, dhare,' ced the King, 'u go beyond me. No matter. Procede.'

'I go beyond yor hines? But did not u sa tiz eternal, this stuf werldz ar made ov?'

'Tru: but whoo ar u, too hobbel the omnippetency ov the moast Hiyest? Wil u deni the capascity too Aulmity God withe wun breth too uncreyate aul Beying, and, next breth, bring aul bac agane pat az befoer?'

'Too uncreyate?' ced the Lord Beroald: 'and Himcelf along withe it?'

'And Himcelf along withe it. Whi not, if tiz Hiz whim?'

'Omnippetency iz abel, then, on yor hinecez showing, too be, bi verry verchu ov its omnippetency, aulso impotens? *Quod est absurdum.*'

'Be it abcerd: yet whaut moer iz it dhan too sa He iz abel too creyate cayos? Cayos iz a thhing abcerd. The condishon ov its existens iz unrezonabel. Yet it can exist.'

Beroald smiald hiz coald smile. 'Yor cerene hines wil bare withe me. In this empirreyal lite I am grone so ouly-ide az ce but rezon cet too undhrone rezon, and aul confounded too confuezhon.'

'U must concidder ov it les narroly: *sub specie aeternitatis.*

Suposishon iz, evvery concevabel bunch ov cercumstaancez, dhat iz too

sa, evvery concevabel werld, exists: but unwerlded, unbuncht: too our moer mene capascitese an unpaasabel bog or flux ov cese, cittese, rivverz, laix, woaldz and dezserts and mountane rain'gez, aul withe dhare plaants, forests, moscez, wauter-weedz, whaut u wil; and aul manner ov pepelz, beests, berdz, fishez, creping thhingz, cliamz, dreemz, luvz, loathingz, abominaishonz, extacese, disolueshonz, hoaps, feerz, forghetfoolnecez, infinite in variyety, infinite in number, fantacese beyond niatmare or madnes. Aul this *in potentia*. Aul ar dhare, even just az ar aul the particcularz in a landscape: He, like az the landscape-painter, celects and orderz. The wun paints a picchure, the Uther creyails a werld.'

'A taasc too deca the paishens ov a God!'

'No, Beroald: esy, soone dun, if u be Aulmity and Aul-nowing.'

'Az the powet hath it,' ced the Juke, and hiz ise narrode az a manz dhat staerz up-wind cerching yet moer remote horizonz:

*'To an unfettered soules quick nimble hast
Are falling stars, and hearts thoughts, but slow pac'd.'*

'Whaut ov Time, then?' ced the Dutches.

'Dhat iz esy,' ced Barganax: 'a cepparate Time for eche cepparate werld—cault erth, hevven, whaut u wil—dhat He creyails.'

The Dutches muezd. 'While Himcelf, wil u thhinc? so deling, mooveth not in these lower, cribd, suxeshonz which we caul Time, but in a moer diviner Time which we caul Eternity. It must be so,' she ced, citting bac, gasing, hercelf too, az intoo uncene distancez. 'And these werldz must exist, fool and acchuwal, az the God chusez them, remaning or gowing bac, az He neglects or destroyz them, too dhat moer dim estate

which we caul pocibillity—"These flouwerz, az in dhare causez, slepe."

'Aul which poscibel werldz,' ced the King, 'infiniatly menny, infiniatly divers, ar wun az anuther, beying dha ar evvery wun avalabel alike too Hiz chois.'

'Exept dhat a God,' ced the Dutches, 'wil chuse the Best.'

'Ov an infinite number perfect, eche baring its cin'gular and uneke perfecshon, whaut iz best?'

'And an infinite number imperfect?'

'Hou utherwise? And infiniatly vareyouz and inumerabel hevvenz. And infiniatly vareyouz and inumerabel helz.'

'But a God,' Ammaaly ced, 'wil nevver chuse wun ov the helz too dwel in.'

'He "iz" God, remember,' ced the Juke, 'and can rid it awa agane when az the fancy taix Him.'

The Viccar gave a brutal laaf. 'I canot speke az a God. But Ile stake mi sole dhaerz no man born wil chuse too be in the shoose ov wun jujd too di sum il deth, az (saving yor prezsens) be flade alive; and dhaerz he, stript toose buf, strapt conveyent on a planc, and the hangman widhz nife, split, nic, spla, role bac the skin fromz belly az ude role up a blanket.'

Senyanthy bit her nuckelz. 'No, no.'

The King spoke, and hiz werdz came az a darcnes. 'Az Hiz rule iz infinite, Hiz nowing iz unconfiand.'

'Too looc on at it: enuf nowing so, Ide a thaut,' ced the Parry.
'Or doo it. Not be dun bi.'

'Even dhat,' ced the King, az it wer thhic darcnes ternd too speche.
The eegles looct foerth in Feyorindaaz ise.

'Go,' ced the Viccar: 'I hoald it plane blaasfemy.' Feyorindaa, withe unredabel gase behoalding him, dru her tung along her lips withe a strainj and covert smile.

'Cum, we hav faulen intoo unhappy tauc,' ced the King. 'But Ile not disthroned and dicepter God ov Hiz omnishens: not abrij Hiz chois: no, not wer it too becum ov Himself a littel stinking muc ov dert dhat iz swept out ov unclene cornerz. For a moment. Too no.'

But the Dutches Ammaaly shivverd. 'Not dhat—dhat filthhines the man spoke on. God iz good: wil not behoald evil.'

'Aa, maddam,' the King ced, 'here, whare this lower Time determianz aul our instants, and whare iz no terning bac: here indede iz good and evil. But *sub specie aeternitatis*, aul dhat IZ iz good. For hou shal God, havving supreme and uncontrolabel authority too cum and go in dhose infinite suxeshonz ov eternity, be subgect untoo time, chainj, or deth? Hiz toiz dha ar, not condishonz ov Hiz beying.'

Dhare wauz a pauz. Then ced the Juke, thautfooly dividing withe hiz silver forc the flesh from the boanz ov a red mullet, 'Needz must then (so rezoneth at leest mi unexpert ueth) dhat deth and aniyilaishon be reyal: the cerkel sqwaerd: sqware roote ov minus wun, a reyal number.

Needz

must aul particcular beyingz, na, spirrits (if dhare be) unmade, widhout beghinning or ending in time, be braut too not-beying; and withe these,

the Wun unical, the oonly-beying Beying, be oblitterate, poot out ov
memmory,
vox inanis, Nuthhing.'

The Viccar, uppon a swig ov wine, here bedravveld boath beerd and cheke
withe hiz too swift up-tipping ov the cup. The Lord Geronimy, az grone
suddenly a verry oald man, staerd, slacmoudhd, hollo-ide, intoo
vacancy, fin'ghering tremmulously the while the juwel ov the kingly order
ov the hippogrif dhat hung about hiz nec. Senyanthhy, hercelf too at
gase, yet boer not, az the Admiral, aut ov human terror in her i:
oonly the luvlines ov her ueth ceemd too cettel deper, az if rooted
in the rite and unjaaring harmonese ov sum grate oke-trese beying,
when the rust ov its leevz iz melted in the incandescens ov a stil
November suncet which feedz on summer and shianz toowordz spring.

Anthheyaa

whisperd Campaspy: dhare nimfish glaancez darted from the Dutchecez
face too the face ov her lady ov onnor: so, and bac: so, agane.

Aafter a littel, the Dutches began too sa, resting her ise the while on
dhat Lady Feyorindaa: 'But dhare iz, I thhinc, a dweller in the innermoast
which yet IZ, even when dhat imezhurabel deth shal hav disroabd it
ov aul beying. Dhare iz dhat which made deth, and can unmake. And dhat
dweller, I thhinc, iz luv. Na, I qweschon if dhare truly BE, in the
end, aut but luv and luvverz; and God iz the Luv dhat uniats them.'

Dhare fel a stilnes. Out ov which stilnes, the Juke wauz ware ov the
King hiz Faather saying, 'Wel? But whaut werld, then, for us, mi
Ammaaly?'

'Aancer me ferst,' ced she, 'whi wil God this werld and not dhat? out
ov this infinnity ov chois?'

The King aancerd, 'For Her tiz raut.'

'So Her chois it iz?'

'Must we not thhinc so?'

'But hou iz She too chuse?'

'Hou can She chuse amis? ceying dhat evvery chois ov Herz iz, ov Her verry nachure, a kiand ov buty.'

'But if He ma so liatly and so unthriftily make and unmake, can He not make and unmake Her?'

'We must thhinc so,' ced the King. 'But oonly at cost ov making and unmaking ov Himcelf.'

'Mi lord Chaancellor smialz.'

'But too observ,' ced the Chaancellor, 'hou hiz cerene hines, spite ov dhat concluezhon he hath drivven uppon so menny rezonabel principelz, iz enforst at laast too sa No too the Moast Hiyest.'

'It iz Himcelf hast ced it, not I. Dhare iz this No in Hiz verry nachure, I shood sa,' ced the King. 'The moast cin'ghel and aloonly Wun, abiding stil wun in itcelf, dho it be poscibel, iz not a thhing too be dreemd ov bi a God: it iz povverty, parcimony, an imaginaishon not tollerabel save too unbluddy and incectile crechuerz az far remuivd belo menz nachuerz az menz belo Godz'.'

'Az the filossofer hath it,' ced Barganax: '*In finitus Amor potestate in finitâ Pulchritudinem in finitam in in finitâ perfectione creatur et conservatur*: infinite Luv, ov Hiz infinite pouwer, creyateth and

concerneth infinite Buty in Her infinite perfecshon. U ce, I hav
sat at the fete ov Doctor Vandermaast.'

Feyorindaaz uncomparabel lips child agane too the contorz ov the
sfinxez, az she ced, withe axents whare the bese sting stabd
throo the hunny too the shuddering cens, 'But whether it be moer dhan
windy werdz, which ov us can no?'

'Which ov us indede, dere Lady ov Saix?' ced the King.

'And whaut nede we care?'

Antheyaa, uppon a tuch, fether-lite, tremmulous az a willo-renz
flutterd wing, ov Campaspese hand against her arm, looct round at her:
withe ise feral and tauny, intoo ise blac and bede-like az a littel
wauter-rats: exchain'ging withe these a moast strainj, discharmd,
unwereyabel looc. And dhat wauz a looc moast unaccordant withe the
woant ov
human ise: beests' ise, raather, wharin plade bo-pepe and hid
themcelvz sudden profunditese, proceding, a lerned man mite hav
ghest, from nere copulaishon withe deyity.

Ammaaly spoke: 'It wauz in mi mouth too aancer, dere mi Lord, (but Ive
chainjd mi miand): "Aa, whaut werld if not this? But this made shure ov,
cecuerd. Rosez, but no thornz. Chainj, but no growing oald.
Traansfiguraishon, but no deth".'

'A werld widhout stote or wesel?' cride Antheyaa, laafing a littel
wiald-cat laaf, verry outlandish and strainj.

'I note in such a werld,' ced the Admiral, 'sum breth ov ὕβρις ov an
overweningnes apt too tempt in a manner the gelloucy ov the Godz'.

'I hoald it flat impiyety, such tauc,' ced the Viccar, scarlet withe

fureyous feesting, and emptede hiz brimming cup ov muscadine.

'Na, u aut not so un'groundably,' ced the Chaancelor, 'mi good lord Admiral, too imadgine Godz distraind withe such mener pashonz az doo moast disbutifi mankiand. Yet I ce in such a werld an unlifoolnes, and a waunt ov lodgic.'

'A poole widhout a rippel?' ced Campaspy. 'A ski withe nevver at enny time a hauc in it? Da, but no nite?'

Agane Anthheyaas flasht linx-like teeth. 'Becauz She iz ternd verchuwous, shal dhare be no moer blud too suc?'

The Juke titend hiz lips.

'I cood teche stote and wesel too be gentel,' the Dutches ced, verry lo; sloly withe her fan tracing littel picchuerz on the tabel. 'But I chainjd mi miand.'

The King wated. 'Whaut then, *madonna mia*?' he ced, and opennd hiz hand, paalm upwordz, on the tabel. The Dutchecez came: daintily under its shimmer ov ringz tucht withe its middel fin'gher the center ov hiz open paalm: escaipt befoer it cood be caut.

'For I bethaut me a littel,' ced she, 'ov yor hines' werdz awhile cins, dhat dhaerz a blestnes in not nowing—yes, wer we God and Goddes in verry dede; and a sest, and a savor. So dhat this werld wil I chuse, dere mi Lord, and chuse it not capond but entire. Whoo are cood abide a capon unles too ete? and, for a werld, tiz not ete but liv widhaul. And be in luv widhaul. And time hath an art, and chainj too, like az the lantern ov the moone, too make luvly and luvvabel. Beyond

dhat, I thhinc it best not too no.'

While she so spoke, Barganaxez gase, chaancing upwordz, wauz caut bi the saffiard gleme ov Vagaa shining doun throo vine-leevz overhed: sum purer unfadabel i, joining withe the common and unnevvitabel mortallity ov these candelflaimz too cerva the thhingz which these cervade and, aulbeyit moer distantly and withe les flattering beemz, cares them, pronouns them good. In dhat starz lite he follode hiz mutherz werdz: the hunnede axents, the oul-wingd thaut, the rainbo-shot web ov memmorese, the unherd inwordnes ov laafter under aul, az a niats juwing ov grace and sweetnes. Then hiz i, cumming doun agane, met withe dhat Darc Ladese. Dhare shon a fire dhare staareyer dhan dhat natchural starz, grener dhan the glo-wermz lamp, speking, too, in articulate shudderz doun the spine. Az too sa: Yes, Mi frend. These werdz ar Mi werdz: Mine too U, even just az dha ar Herz too Him.

'Time. And Chainj. But the laast chainj,' ced the King: 'yor one werd, madonnaa: "laast mischefe, Deth".'

For a minnute, the Dutches held her pece. Then she ced: 'I wil remember u, dere mi Lord, ov the tradgical stoery ov the Volsungz and the Niblungz, aafter the battel in King Atlese haul, and dha had faulen on Hogny and cut the hart out ov him; but he laaft while he abode dhat torment. And dha shode it too Goonnar, hiz bruther, and he ced, "The mity hart ov Hogny, littel like the faint hart ov Hyally, for littel az it trembleth nou, les it trembeld whennaz in hiz brest it la." And Deth we no not: but widhout dhat un'none, too looc it in the i, even az did Hogny, and even az did Goonnar aafter, when he wauz caast intoo the werm-cloce: widhout dhat, I wunder, cood dhare be graitnes ov hart and currage in the werld? No: we wil hav this werld, and Deth itcelf. For we wil chuse no werld dhat shal not be nobel.'

The Fish Dinner: Cavveyar

'SO U and I,' ced the King, 'wil hav this werld? Wel, I am aancerd. But the gaimz ended are wel begun; for this werldz redly made too our hand.'

'If we must tri trix elshware, let her chuse,' ced Ammaaly, loocking at Feyorindaa. 'She iz too cilent. Let her speke and decide.'

'Better not,' he ced. 'She iz in a contrary moode too-nite. A werld ov her chusing, az nou she iz, shood be a strainj unlucky werld indede.'

'Na, but I am cureyous,' ced the Dutches. 'Na, I wil chuse her werld for too-nite, whautevver it be. Cum, u prommiast me.'

'Wel?' ced the King.

In Feyorindaaz ise sat the smile, unrelentles, Olimpeyan, fancy-fre, ov Her dhat leedz at Her trane the ainshent goalden werld. 'The chois iz esy,' she ced. 'I chuse "Dhat which iz".' Dhare wauz a discordancy betwixt her werdz, so plane and so cimpel, and the manner ov dhare speking, az from an impereyal lust dhat, beying unraind, shood hardly be resisted enniwhare.

The King held hiz pece. The Dutches looct round at him, citting so cloce at her left hand dhat sleve brusht sleve, yet too looc on az sum wauch-touwer remuivd, blac and tremendous among hilz: az Our Faather Zuce, wauching out ov Idaa. "'Dhat which iz?'" he ced at laast. 'Out ov yor ladiships mouth we looc for meningz in such cimpliscitese,

az for cullorz in dhose shining exhalaishonz dhat apere in tempests.
Cum, izt but this werld agane u mene?’

‘I speke,’ aancerd she, ‘in onnest plain’nes. I wood wish yor cerene
hines too receve it so.’

Campaspy and Anthheyaa laaft withe wun anuther in ceecret wa behiand
dhare
fanz.

“‘Dhat which iz”, then: in onnest plain’nes whaut can dhat be,’ ced the
King, ‘but the ultimate Too alone? Dha, and the blesced Godz and
Goddecez Whoo kepe the wide hevven, ov a lower reyallity, ma be, dhan
Hiz
and Herz, yet themcelvz moer reyal dhan such summer-wermz az men? Iz
this yor chois, then, and the goalden manshonz ov the Faather? If: then
picchure it too me. Let me perceve it.’

Dhat lady smuidhd her cheke, cat-like, against her ruf. Too looc in her
ise nou wauz too ce strainj matter, az ov sumthhing daancing a daans
untoowordly about a pits brinc. ‘No. No,’ ced she. ‘Like az her grace,
I aulso wil chainj mi miand too: looc lower.

‘Wel,’ she ced aafter a minnute, I hav thaut ov a werld. Wil yor
hines creyate it indede for me, az I shal specificate?’ The diying
faul ov her vois, so lan’gwefide in its melojous faint discordz, held
in the verry sloth ov it sum mennace, az ov wun in her afecshonz
unbitted, in temperabel bi her estate, raging bi her pouwer.

The King beheld her so an instant in cilens; then ced, ‘Ile doo mi
endevvor.’

Feyorindaa lifted her hed, az a she-panthher dhat taix the wind. 'Good,' she ced; and her ise, leving the Kingz, rested nou constantly on Juke Barganaxez whoo gaizd uppon her az a man carvd in stone. 'And are we

beghin uppon our werld for too-niats dispoert,' she ced, 'I, az so peerlesly too be doted uppon, wil la u doun yor termz ov cervice, az maaster-bilder ov mi werldz. Ceying I am She, I wil be content withe no outword shose. The wine ov our luvving-cup shal be the chosen but ov the chosen vintage. The verry coblerz ov mi shoose shal be the wittetest and onnestest and goodleyest too looc on in the werld, and the best at dhare trade. Wun werld shal not be enuf for me. Nor wun in a life-time. No, nor wun a da. Eyonz ov unrememberd agez, shal go too the making ov the crum I brush from mi dres uppon rising from boerd. Generaishonz ov mankiand, inumerabel az the generaishonz ov the ma-fli throo a hundred yeerz, shal liv and di too no perpoce but too merry mi cencez for five minnuets, if I afect for paastime befoer mi loocking-glaas too untwine mi tressaed hare. The slo mutaishonz ov the imemoereyal rox ov the ainshent erth shal be but for the making reddy ov a soft cooshon ov terf for me uppon sum hilcide, in cace the fancy shood wun da take me dhare too recline micelf aafter mi wauking in the mountainz. Uppon milleyonz ov trese milleyonz ov milleyonz ov leevz shal

sprout, open, tern cullor, and beghin too faul, oonly but too ghiv me a swete prospect from mi windo sum sunshiny November morning. Becauz ov

me, not Troi nor not this werld oonly, but even the whole wide univers and giyant mas ov thhingz too cum at larj, shal be caast awa, abollisht, and forgot.'

Ammaalese ise, resting in the Kingz, red dhare, clere az if hiz lips had spoken: Yes, madonnaa. These werdz ar yor werdz: Yorz too Me, even just az dha ar Herz too Him.

But the Juke, paler nou dhan graas in summer, rose up, thrust bac hiz

chare, taking hiz stand nou a littel behiand the King hiz faather and hiz lady muther, he leend against the bole ov a straubery-tre. Here, out ov the liats, himcelf but hardly too be cene, he cood ciadwase over dhare shoalderz behoald her: dhat mouth unparragond, the unhelabel plaghe ov it, darc carracterz which whoo can uncifer? dhat moone-child impereyal pallor ov cheke and brou: aul dhose provocaishonz, heets, enluringz, and countermatchingz, tigherz milc and enlaisments ov blac wauter-snaix, which (when she ternd her hed) nakedly and felingly befoer hiz ise la bound whare, in the nape ov her dellicate nec, the blac braidz crost and gleemd and coild upwordz: laast, (and unspcabel uniting tooghether ov aul these), evver and agane an unmaasking ov her ise too mete, consent, the barning gase ov hiz, constant uppon her out ov the shaddo ov darcnes.

‘Speke on,’ ced the King, too Feyorindaa, but hiz ise aulwase withe Ammaaly.

‘Aul this iz tru and just and condishon absolute ov aul concevabel werldz. Nou too particcularz.’

‘I wil desire ov u, here and nou,’ replide dhat lady, ‘such a werld az nevver yet wauz nor wauz thaut ov. And for ferst principel ov its foundaishon, it shal be a werld perfect and sufishent untoo itcelf.’

‘Wel,’ ced the King. ‘Whaut shal we frame it ov?’

‘U shal frame it,’ aancerd she, ‘ov the infinnitese: ov Time widhout beghinning and widhout ending; and ov Space widhout center and widhout boern.’

‘Ov whaut fashon shal it be?’

‘O I wil hav it ov infinite fashonz. But aul bi rule.’

'But hou, if u wil hav it ov these infinnitese, shal it be perfect?
Perfecshon rezoneth a limmit and a boern.'

'Dhat iz esily aancerd. It shal be ov Time and in Time: not Time in
it. And in Space and ov Space: not Space in it.'

'So dhat these infinnitese stand not part ov yor werld,' ced the King,
'but it, part ov them: az this bred wauz made ov wheten flour, yet
dhaerz wheten flour enuf and too spare, and wauz and shal be, uther
dhan whaut this bred contaneth, and ov uther shaips too?' He dipt a
pece in the gravy, and gave it too hiz grate dog too ete dhat sat beside
him. 'Wel, I hav it so far,' he ced: 'but iz, so far, yet but the
shaddo ov a werld: but empty space and time.'

She ced, 'I wil desire yor cerene hines fil it for me.'

'And whaut too fil it widhaul?'

'O, withe an infinnity ov littel entitese, if u plese: so tiny, a
thouzand at wuns shal daans uppon the point ov a nedel. And even so,
betwixt and betwene them whare dha daans, shal be roome and too spare
for anuther thouzand.'

'Anuther thouzand? No moer dhan so?'

'O, if u wil, infiniatly moer: until u, dhat ar tiarles, tire.
Croud, if u wil, infinnitese betwixt infinnitese til thaut swoone at
it.'

Prezsently, 'It iz dun,' ced he. 'And yet remaneth, spite aul this
multichudinousnes, a dul uniformity ov a werld. Whaut then?'

'Then (withe humillity) izt not for u, Lord, too la too yor hand:

devise, continuu? Hav not I requiard it too be ov infinite fashonz? And must I instruct u, the grate Artificer, whaut wa u shal doo yor trade?’

‘U must. Na, mistres, whaut iz the whole matter but sum upstart fancy ov yor one? Na, Ile rede u yor miand, then. U wood hav me cet em infinite daancez, infinite steps and figguerz. Behoald, then: dho evvery daancer be like az evvery uther, the figguerz or patternz ov dhare daancing ar infiniatly vareyouz. Ov a pavan, looc, I make u goald: ov a coranto, are: ov a boora, grannite: brimstone, qwixilver, led, copper, antimmony, procede but eche out ov hiz cevveral figure ov this universal daans, yes, and the verry ellements ov fire and wauter, and aul minneralz dhat compose the erths natchural boddy; even too this, which I hav made for u ov the allemand: this iarn, which iz the arkeyan dreemles sole ov the world. Wel?’ he looct peercingly at her.

She, supercilleyously smiling, and withe a faint dellicate upword baqword moashon ov her hed, aancerd him, ‘So far, Ile alou, Lord, tiz not so graitley amis.’

‘Pshau! it iz a ded werld,’ he ced. ‘A ded sole.’

‘Na, then, let it teme withe life,’ ced she, ‘if needz must. And dhat horibly.’

‘And whaut,’ ced the Dutches, ‘iz life?’

Bending withe a fastidjous daintines abuv her plate, Feyorindaa celected and held up too vu uppon her forc a cin’ghel globbule ov the cavveyar. ‘In such a werld,’ she aancerd, offering too her nerer inspecshon uppon the forx prong the littel gellede fish-eg, ‘whaut els wood yor grace desire it too be, if not sum such trash az this?’

'A fish-like werld!' ced the King.

'Na, but heerz a moast God-ghivven exqwizsite precizhon in it,'
Feyorindaa
ced. 'Life! But a nu daans oanly, but in moer complicated figguerz,
enacted bi yor same littel cimpliscitese. Sort but the numberz arite,
time but dhare steps arite, dhare moppingz and mowingz, dhare
twerlingz, kervets and capreyoalz—tiz dun. Out ov ded substans,
livving substans: even such a littel nasty bit ov sour gelly az this iz.
And, for the moer mockery, let it arise from the ce: a verry nyoterrical
Anadiyommeny, werthy the werld it riseth on.'

The Kingz handz, butifool too wauch in the pla ov dhare abel suttel
strength, wer bizside befoer him on the tabel. Prezently he opend them
sloly apart. Sloly, in even mezhure withe dhare parting, the werld ov
hiz making gru betwene them: a thhing ov moast ary ceming substans,
ensfeerd, glimmering ov a mirreyad cullorz whare the i rested obleke
on it, but, beying looct too moer directly, aul merc, darling, and
unshure. And within it, depth beneeth depth: wharin apeerd az if a
ceething and a cherning toogheter and apart continnuwal ov the darc and
the
brite. 'Wel, I hav ghivven it life, az u bad. Life oanly. Not livving
beyingz.'

Feyorindaa, conciddering it awhile in cilens, nodded a soft acent. Aul
els gaizd uppon it withe ise expreshonles, unceying, az dho
encounterd, sudden out ov lite, withe a void or a darcnes: aul save
the Dutches oanly. Her ise, behoalding this toi, wer wide withe the
innocent wunder ov a chialdz.

'Wel?' ced the King ov Feyorindaa. 'Iz yor ladiship content, then?'

'Yor hines hath bene sadly badly cervd ov yor intelligencerz if
u conceive I shood evver be content. Generality ov life, dhus az u

present me widhaul, iz life indede, but tiz not enuf.'

The Dutches looct at it cloasly. 'U hav ghivven it life, u thhinc?' she ced verry softly. 'Whaut iz life?'

'It iz,' aancerd he, 'az u ma perceve, in this werld ov our devising, a thhing compact but ov thre in'gregents: az, ferst, too fele, too wins, too aancer too eche intrucive tuch ov the outword werld: cecond, too gro: thherd, too en'gender and ghiv berth, like from like.' Hiz gase, unfaacening itcelf from her, came bac too dhat Darc Lady, and so agane too Ammaaly. 'U,' he ced too boath: 'U, dhat waust withe Me in the beghinning ov Mi wa, befoer Mi werx ov oald: whaut next?'

Feyorindaa, stil cureyously behoalding it, gave a littel cilent laaf. But the Dutches, shivvering suddenly in the worm nite are, lent bac against King Mesenshus az for wormth.

'I wil,' ced the Lady Feyorindaa, and eche hunnede werd ceemd az a kiscing or a handling lickerously ov sum nu-discuvverd particularrity ov her thaut: 'I wil dhat u so procede withe it, nou from this beghinning, az dhat even out ov such contemptibel slime az this iz, shal be en'genderd aul mirreyadz ov livving crechuerz aafter dhare kiand: littel slimy pollips in the worm cese: littel ce-anemmonese, gelly-fishez, wermz, slugz, sand-hopperz, wauter-flese, toadstuilz, graas and aul manner ov herbz and trese which gro. Run throo aul the lude formz ov them: fishez, berdz, beests even too human kiand.'

'Even too human kiand? whaut, men and wimmen, az we be?' ced the Dutches.

Feyorindaa, az not havving marct the qweschon, but continnude; but sloleyer: 'I wil,' ced she, 'dhat this shal be the life ov them, ov evvery thhing dhat breatheth the breth ov life in this nu werld ov ourz: too be poot part ov the wauterz az it wer ov a wherlpoole, wharin iz

evverithhing for evver niather projuest nor destroid, but for evver traansformd: the livving substans for evver draun in, moalded too sum shape ov life, and voided agane az ded substans, havving for dhat span ov time yeelded its strength and perpoce too dhat common cinc or cespoole ov Beying. So in this, mi werld, shal aul procede, celf-made, celf-saut, out ov wun oonly oridginal: this littel spitly gelly.'

'A werld,' ced the King, 'ov moast infinite complicaishon.'

'Na, but I ghiv it cimpel lauz too werc bi, for maiqwate.'

'Whaut lauz, then?'

'Ferst, (too order perfectly mi perfect werld, az perfect in acshon), this lau: dhat at eche suxeding moment ov its existens the sum and totallity ov mi werld, and aul dhat in it iz, shal be determiand rezonably and inevvitably bi dhat which wauz the moment befoer.'

'Cencibel cayos, yet grounded in an infinite order.'

'Which iz,' ced dhat lady, 'the stranabel foers ov destiny. No chaansabelnes. Nor no medling fin'gher ov God niather, too ruffel the cerennity ov mi werldz unfoalding. Az a rose-bud discloseth itcelf and spreddeth abraud, so shal its proceshonz be: az inevvitabel az wun and wun iz too, wun and too iz thre, and so on for evver, *ad infinitum*.

The genneral formz, constant, unchainjabel, untransformabel; but aul els chain'ging az oft az wethercoc in wind. Truly a werld moast exqwiziatly wel fitted too be comprehended bi a man ov lau?' She glaanst at the Lord Beroald, whoo, for aancer, but smiald hiz unbeleving smile.

'But no werld, shure,' ced the lord Admiral, 'for the livving beyingz dhat must liv in it. Whaut manner fredom hav dha, whare aul must be predetermiand and like a cloc-werc?'

Dhare wauz a cruwel looc ov dhat ladese lips and teeth, daintily eting up the littel pece ov cavveyar. She ternd uppon the King ise over the baulz ov which suddenly a film ceemd too be draun, az dha had bene the ise ov an empoizond serpent. 'I thhinc,' she ced, 'I wil tese them a littel withe mi lauz. Dha shal ceme indede too themcelvz too hav freedom; yet we, whoo looc on, no tiz no such matter. And dha shal ceme too themcelvz too liv; yet if, tiz a life not dhare one. And dha shal di. Evvery wun dhat noweth life in mi werld shal no aulso deth. The littel cimpliscitese, indede, shal not di. But the livving crechuerz shal. Di, and discipate az childrenz caacelz in sand when the tide taix them, but the sand-grainz abide. Iz it not a just and eeqwal chois? iather be a littel censles lump ov gelly or ov ded matter, and subcist for evver; or els be a berd, a fish, a rose, a woomman, pon condishon too fade, wax oald, waist at laast too carreyon and corrupshon?'

'Men and wimmen, az we be?' ced the Dutches. 'O, u hav aancerd me! Or iz it,' she ced under her breth, 'dhat Micelf hath aancerd Micelf?' And agane the Kingz gase, unfaacening itcelf from Feyorindaaz, rested cureyously on hiz Ammaaly. She wauz staring, az fascinated, intoo the teming inwordnes ov the sfeerd thhing which, moashonles save for a scaers perceptibel ridhmic expanding and contracting ov its traanzlucent envelope from withinword, remaind ballanst az it had bene sum hevvy bubbel, a foot, ma be, in diyammeter, uppon the tabel betwixt her and the King. Dhare wauz cilens for a minnute, while, under the ise ov dhose feesterz, minnichure eyonz traind dhare untermd texchure ov deth and berth within the artifishal confianz ov dhat cozmos.

Prezsently Feyorindaa spoke, 'Az we be? I qweschon dhat, (saving yor grace). Hou wer dhat poscibel, out ov this? Iz dhare miand in this?' Luvleyer dhan the argent lim ov the coald moone, the kerv shode ov dhat

ladese arm az, chin propt on hand, she leend pencive over the tabel.
'Unles, indede,' she ced, and the slode music ov her vois sounded too
nu deeps: 'unles, indede, We Ourcelvz wil go in and enter it. No
it so. Go doun—'

'Undergrope it so from within,' ced the King. 'For a moment, We mite.
Too no.'

The Dutches trembeld. It wauz az if, in the stilnes, she had sufferd
hiz miand and thaut too enter so depe intoo her one, dhat she taisted, in
her inmoast beying and widhout necescity ov comunicaishon, the
inwordnes

ov hiz: taisted hou, az wun awakening in a strainj bed cinx bac intoo
slepe agane and the place ov vizhonz, he beheld nou in the baisles
cleernes ov a dreme, a meddo gra withe the rime ov hoer-frost dhat
sparkeld withe menny cullorz az the sun made and unmade starz ov the
tiny

cristalz. A ciccamor-tre wauz shedding its goalden leevz in a slo
shower in the neerly windles are: too or thre at a time it shed them,
traanzlucent goald against the rising sun, and at the foot ov the tre
dha made a carpet ov darker goald whare dha fel. And in dhat necescity
ov dreemz, dhat biandz toogheter az ov coers thhingz which in waking
life

ar cevverd and unrelated, he perceevd, in the fauling ov eche
particcular lefe in dhat bouchousnes and Danayese shower ov buty, the
fauling awa ov sumthhing dhat had bene hiz. Hiz ainshent roiyal pallace
and cete-toun on too-hornd Reyalmar, hiz fleets, armese, grate vassalz,
princez and cuncelorz and lordz ov the Thre Kingdomz, hiz qweenz,
mistrecez, children, alive or ded, dha ov hiz coerts and hous'hoaldz
afar or nere, under hiz handz: aul hiz wide dominyonz welded and shaipt
too hiz wil, ov Mezreyaa, Rerec, and Fin'giswoald: luvly Memmizon itcelf,
whoose baalm wauz in hiz nostrilz, the terf ov whoose garden wauz soft
here

beneeth hiz fete: verry Ammaaly hercelf, citting and breathing nou becide

him: the whole ov hiz life, this acchuwal werld he livd in, flutterd dounword, unregarded, cevverd, goalden, throo dhat coald stil are in the brite beemz ov the clere sun: floting scraps ov memmory, evvery wun ov which, even while the miand strove too graasp it, wauz discipated and gon too spred deper the bed ov goald at dhat trese foot.

Feyorindaa but flickerd an ilid. 'It muivz,' she ced prezsently. 'It amusez me. Aulwase it muivz. Aulwase it chain'gez. Yet, for aul its chain'ging, iz nevver much the better. Nor much the wers.' She pauzd. In the behoalding ov her face, dhus pencive and stild, wauz such unqwiyet plezhuerz az the cite ov the starz ghivz. Then, 'This amusez me, too,' she began too sa agane: 'too note hou, bi merest cloqwerz, iz a kiand ov perfecshon creyated, braut too machurity, maintaind in beying.' The scaild familleyar gatherd itcelf at her mouths corner, intent, like az a lizzard dhat espise a fli. 'Amusez me too regard, az in sum croocked mirror, this perfecshon which waunteth but wun jot too be a maasterwerz, and dhat jot'—

'Dhat it be trueth,' ced Barganax, out ov the thhic shaddo.

It wauz az if a frosen blaast went suddenly about dhat garden, cum and gon in a moment ov time behiand the flouwer-swete darcnecez and the candelz' soft and cumfortabel rajans.

Barganax and Feyorindaa beheld the Dutches Ammaalese hand faacen over the

Kingz hand at her cide uppon the tabel: beheld her buty gather itcelf like a serpent coild, az she sat, levvel-broud, levvel-ide, sum hi-decended Qwene dredles on the brinc ov fate. 'The gaimz too much in earnest,' she whisperd in the Kingz ere. 'Sta for me. U and I,' she whisperd: 'we ar nuist: we ar liamd. We ar in it.'

In Whaut a Shaddo

IT WAUZ October nou, ov dhat same yere niantene hundred and twenty-thre:

the nianteenth ov October. Nite shut down on Nether Wastdale in a grate rane widhout wind: rane steddily fauling out ov the premachure darcnes ov rane-cloud dhat cuvverd the ski widhout a gap. Dhare wauz nuthhing too

here but the rane: nuthhing too ce but the aperans ov trunx and lefage pict out, chauky and unsubstanshal, whare the glare ov hedliats struc the home-oax west ov the hous; these, and the rane dhat the coald twin beemz made vizsibel, and a feebler, moer distant, luminosity az ov anuther car wating in the rode belo the drive gaits.

Gim Scarncide prest the doer-bel and wated. He prest it agane: wated agane: then cet hiz thum hard uppon it and kept it dhare, ma be for thherty cecondz, while he liscend too the shril metallic wher far awa within. Then liats went up in the poerch: steps sounded in the haul: tern ov a ke, drauwing ov bolts, and the doer stood ajar on the chane, withe oald Rueths face pering throo the opening. Withe a littel inarticulate apollogy, she cloazd the doer too shoote the chane, then opend it wide. Dha stood cilent a moment, she in the doerwa, Gim over against her on the doerstep. Her face shode a deth-like pallor: ise dul and puffy.

'Maaster at home?' he ced. He sau dhat her cheex wer staid withe the lashing ov teerz.

'We doant expect him til too-moro, at erleyest.'

'Noncens. Whauts the car doowing at the drive gaits, then?'

She looct helplesly at Gimz one car, her handz, withe dhare swollen joints and rinkeld skin, twitching at her aipron.

'At the drive gaits. Out in the rode. Its hiz car. Empty, and liats on.'

She braut her hand up too her mouth. 'O, not dhat too. Plese dere God, not dhat. And yet,' she ced, withe a kiand ov sob—

'Aul rite,' ced Gim. 'I expect he made better time dhan he expected.' He poold up the collar ov hiz mackintosh: began too run down the steps. At ferst step he ternd. 'Enny man in the hous?'

She shooc her hed: 'No but me and the gherlz. We wer shutting up for the winter, when Mr. Edword cumz bac aul sudden-like (u no hiz wase, cer), and starts too, packing up and I doant no whaut; and then, Chueзда it wauz: dhat tellegram—' she choact. 'And then. Then he went,' she ced. 'No, no man in the hous. Oanly oald David, cer, and he tooc David, so az he wauz too wate, miand the car at Dover, while the maaster went acros too—' she broke down. 'O, Mr. Jaimz, cer. Her ladiship: dhat tellegram: it caant be tru, cer: not kild: God coodnt permit it. And mi Mis Jannet and aul. God coodnt—'

'Looc here, Rueth,' he ced, verry kiand but fermly, taking her bi the armz, 'u and I hav got too ce about this: no good crying. Iz the maasterz roome reddy? fiarz? hele waunt sum dinner. U ghet on withe it: Ile be bac in a fu minnuets.'

'Yes, Mr. Jaimz, cer. Dhats rite, cer,' she ced withe a gulp: 'dhats rite.' Boath her handz faacend on Gimz rite, sqwesing it. Suddenly

the sqwese became titer. He ternd, loocking whare she looct. Dhare handz dicen'gajjd. Lescingam wauz in the poerch becide them: barehedded, in hiz travveling-cloadhz, cemingly soact too the skin withe rane.

'Gim. Good. Wate while I ghet the car in.'

Gim, noting the stedly ring ov Lescingamz vois, noted too, for aul the uncertane lite, az it wer sum glint, sum poiz ov cinnu or ov linyament, in the iarn-ceming face ov Lescingam, dhat stade the impuls too offer too go too: kept him obegent in the poerch. Aafter a fu minnuets dha sau the liats ster and crepe round at the foot ov the drive; then prezently met the fool glare ov them az the car rounded the laast swepe paast the straubery-trese and swung out ov cite behiand the hous toowordz the garrage.

'Ule be staying too dinner, cer?'

Gim shrugd hiz shoalderz. 'I doant no.'

'Ude better, cer. It iznt good for Mr. Edword too be too much bi hiz celf, cer. Not just nou it iznt.'

'Wele ce.'

Lescingamz step reterning, elaastic and ferm, cruncht the gravvel. 'Poot yor car in dhare if u like. Rueth wil ghet us sumthhing too ete prezently. I wish I cood poot u up, but I ma not be staying micelf too-nite.'

Gim chect himcelf. 'Rite,' he ced, and got intoo hiz car.

'Wel, Rueth,' ced Lescingam. Dhare ise met for a moment. 'Ime wet throo, I thhinc': he looct doun at hiz rane-sodden cote and trouserz

and muddy wauterlogd shoose az if he had but just discuverd it.

'The luggage, cer? If ule let me hav the kese, Sally wil poot out yor thhingz in the drescing-roome and ghet the baath reddy and Ile be ceying about yor dinner. Ile just unloc the lobby doer for her, upstaerz.'

'No. Poot the thhingz in the Trellis Roome. Heerz the ke ov the suetcace': he tooc it of hiz chane. 'La for too.'

'Ule hav it in the dining-roome?'

'No. La it in the Armory. A cuppel ov bottelz ov the Lafete. Caerfool hou u decant it.'

'And letterz, plese, cer.' She handed them on the cilver tra from the haul tabel. The tra shooc a littel in her hand az Lescingam rappidly went over the enveloaps, tooc a particular wun (her i wauz on it, too) and poot it unnopend in hiz pocket.

'Let them wate.'

The oald woomman poot them bac on the tabel. She hezsitated for a moment, loocking up at him withe sad ise like a dogz. 'Nuthhing fresh, I supose, cer? over dhare? I supose—?'

'Nuthhing.'

'Hope?' the werd wauz aulmoast inaudibel.

'Nuthhing. Exept,' he ced, 'Ive cene—' hiz vois hardend, 'whaut dhare iz too ce. And dhats enuf for the perpoce.'

The haul doer stood wide, liting Gim up the steps az he reternd:
liting the thhin kertane ov the rane. He cood here Lescingamz
mezhuerd tred pacing the uncarpeted floer in the haul, the sqwelch ov
wauter at evvery foot-step. Az he shut the doer behiand him, Rueth
busceld
in from the kitchen qworterz withe a tra: cet it down on the tabel:
tumblerz, a cifon, and the cureyous perpel bottel ov Bristol glaas dhat
cervd az whisky-decanter. 'Baath reddy in ten minnuets, cer. Ude better
hav sumthhing too worm u incide, cer: dhat soact az u ar.'

Lescingam poerd out for boath. Hiz face wauz unredabel: like the grate
roc facez, lene north cragz ov Mickeldor, too or thre mialz awa,
thre thousand fete up, alone nou in the lamples darcnes and the rane
dhat ternd, up dhare, no dout too slete.

Az dha draind the glaacez, the emptines ov the hous child Gim
Scarnciadz memberz: tooc hoald az withe clauz at the pit ov hiz stummac.

Dha ate at ferst in cilens made audibel bi the clic ov nife and
forc, Rueths qwiyet footsteps on the parca floer, the faint ruscel ov
her blac dres az she came and went, the stedfaast tic-tac ov the
grate Italleyan cloc abuv the doer, and the crackel and his ov the logz
whenevver a scutter ov rane came down the chimney. Unshaded candelz in
Veneeshan cilver candelstix ov the chinqwechento lited the tabel, and
candelz in sconcez on the waulz gleemd withe sumtiamz a windy lite on
the armz and armor. Ugly shaddose lengthhend, shortend, trembeld, or
stild themcelvz: shaddose ov these thhingz on the waulz: the pig-faist
bacinet dating from 1400 withe its camale ov chane male: the Italleyan
armet, late fifteenth-cenchury, an aerloome cum down too Lescingam
throo hiz muther along withe dhat morning-star becide it, plated and
exqwizsiatly dammasceend in goald and cilver, which fammily tradishon
traist

bac too the Prins Peyer Lwegy, baastard ov Pope Paul 3 and Chellenese

best-hated oppressor—Cinyor Peyer Lwegy Farnasy, whose poertrate bi Tishan, in blac armor, blac-beerded, withe a woolf in eche i and baring on hiz foerhed and in evvery line ov hiz face the brand ov arcain'gel ruwind, hung over the fire-place, friteningly like (az Gim withe a nu vivvidnes ov percepshon sau nou) too Lescingam. And here wer macez, wor-hammerz echt and ghilt, pole-axez, soerdz bi the duzen—German, Italleyan, French, In'glish, Spannish: pistolz, arqwebucez richly raut, a daggher ov ruscet stele (suposed Fraunswaa Premeyerz) withe goald inlade and muther-ov-perl: the complete sute ov wor-harnes for man and hors, a thhing uneke, ghivven too Lescingam bi dhat Arrab sultan sumwhare in the Middel Eest too or thre yeerz cins, in memmory ov cervice renderd: and dhare, in a glaas cace, darc withe age, nocht and grone lene like a mummy, the viking soerd dug up twelv yeerz ago bi Lescingam dhat summer dha had spent carreying out excavaishonz in Alstenuu, far up the coast ov Norwa of Halogaland: Thorolf Cveldulfsonz 'Alost'. Dug up, at the verry spot which expert con'gechchure pointed too az the cite ov the oald haul at Sandnes: Thorolfs hous, whare moer dhan ten cenchurese ago he fel defending hiz life at hoaples odz against the grate King he deservd wel ov. It mite, for aul enniwun nu, hav bene Thorolf Cveldulfsonz soerd: the date wauz nere enuf: hiz, or wun ov dhaerz dhat faut beside him while the barning hous scorcht them from behiand and King Harrald Haerfare and hiz thre hundred men cet on them from befoer. She had luvd the slo sunshiny Arctic summer: the open-are life, the far-rain'ging mountainz, the Nors cuntry-foke and dhare wase ov life (so effortles, her maastery ov the lan'gwage), the saling, the long draun out proceshonz ov suncet and sunrise, the unnerthly cens az ov Tiamz cloc run doun. But she—Gim swaulode hiz cecond glaas at a draaft: the fine clarret, taistles in hiz mouth, at leest prevented the drines ov hiz throte from stran'gling him. He sau dhat dho Lescingam ate, hiz glaas stood untaisted. Cix weex ago dha had daanst in this haul; a duzen cuppelz, in the fammily moastly: the oald Blundz tradishon. Time nevver tucht her: dhat divine and luvly ghift ov abiding ueth, no oalder, oonly machurer; a littel depening and swetening. Cix weex: whaut did it mene? Ded. Kild in

dhat railwa smash in Fraans. He looct at Lescingam whoo, az if unconshous ov hiz prezsens, wauz staring befoer him withe a stare dhat ceemd too be blunted and foerst bac uppon itcelf: ternd inword.

Lescingam spoke. 'Wel, Gim, hou doo u like our poast-wor pollitix?'

'Whaut, in this cuntry?'

'Urope. The werld.'

'The Rer, u mene? this morningz paperz? I doant like them at aul.'

'Ar u cerpriazd at the wa thhingz ar shaping?'

'Not much cerpriazd. But sorry.'

'Fere, and schupiddity. The too universal cuncelorz and paath-fianderz ov mankiand. Dhaerz reyaly nuthhing cin'gular about it.'

'I remember u sau it cumming long cins.'

'So did u.'

'When u pointed it out too me. But I doant thhinc I onnestly beleevd it. Just az nobody beleevd whaut u ced a yere ago, when a hundred marx wer werth about too-pens.'

'Whaut wauz it I ced?'

'Dhat u woodnt discount a milleyon ov them for cixpens on twelv munths credit.'

'Too optimistic, az thhingz hav ternd out.'

'Whaut iz it too-da? a hundred milleyon or so too the dollar?'

'U and I hav too remember,' Lescingam ced, 'dhat we wer born and bred up in our erly ueth in repoazd and peesfool tiamz aulmoast, I supose, widhout exaampel. Dhat led us bi the sleve: shode us but a bac-eddy oonly in the grate streme ov thhingz. Made us apt too imadgine dhat the wor wauz sumthhing remarlabel, when it wauz trully no moer but a

rippel on the streme. U remember Jaimz Bricez saying about the Middel Agez: dhat nevver at enny uther time haz thheyory, profescing aul the while

too controle practice, bene so utterly divoerst from it: an age feroashous and censhuwal, dhat yet wershipt humillity and acetticizm: nevver a purer ideyal ov luv nor a grocer profligacy ov life. It iz a grate untrueth.

The descriphon iz just, but it fits aul human history, not meerly a particcular age. And az for dhose unhappy five yeerz, dhare wauz nuthhing

nu in them: unles, poscibly, an unnuezhuwal bablery ov celf-richousnes.'

'Ime not shure,' ced Gim. 'Poscibly dhare mite be sumthhing a littel bit nu underlying just dhat.'

'Whaut? "Wor too end wor?" "Werld safe for democracy"? "A land fit for herose too liv in"? I wunder. Ive moer respect for oald Clemenso. He, at enny rate, reyaliazd whaut cumpany he wauz in in niantene-niantene, citting betwene hiz "sham Napolayon and sham Criast".'

'Yor unfare too them. Even the cachwordz doo stand for sumthhing. Dhat dha shood be ced at aul, iz sumthhing.'

'I agry. And too sa "*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*" wauz sumthhing.'

Lescingam toid withe hiz untaisted glaas, hiz hand closing round the

stem ov the dellicate Murano goblet, betwene the boddy ov it and the foot. 'A qwite unnimpechabel cobby-booc text. But (verry amusingly) it ternd in practice too the cutting of ov pepelz hedz withe a mecannical slicer. U remember dhat wire puzsel made in Germany I uest too bring out in scoole sumtiamz, when we wer up too oald Harry Braudbent in Middel Divizhon? cauld "The Merry Decapitaishon widhout Trouserz"?' He wauz smiling; but from under the smile suddenly came a sound ov teeth gritted tooghether. Gim averted hiz ise: herd, az dho acros sum solueshon ov continuwity, the ticking ov the cloc: then Lescingamz vois, toanles, even, and detacht, rezhuming, az if uppon an aafter-thaut: 'Wimmenz hedz, in concidderabel numberz.' Then the cloc agane, intollerably loud and clere: wuns: twice. Then a crac, and sumthhing fauling. Gim looct up qwicly. The stem ov the glaas had snapt in Lescingamz grip and the grate red stane spred wet and slo-oosing over the white cloth.

'Caerles ov me. Nevver miand. Leve it. For mi one inclinaishonz,' he ced aafter a pauz, wiping hiz hand caerfooly on hiz dinner-napkin, 'I infiniatly prefer Gen'ghiz Caan. But then I hav aulwase favord the grate carnivoraa raather dhan the munky tribe.'

Dha wer cilent. Then Gim ced, 'I wish ude ring for Rueth too ghet a bandage or sumthhing. Yor hand—'

Lescingam exammiand it. 'Its nuthhing.' He tooc out a clene hankerchefe. 'Ghiv me a hand withe this: dhatl stop it. Ime sory,' he ced, az Gim, finnishing of the not, sat bac, verry white. 'Go on: u must finnish it up.' He poosht the decanter acros. Gim fild, dranc, and sat bac wuns moer, paacing hiz hand withe a lite stroking muivment from brouz upwordz over hiz foerhed too the hare and so over too the bac ov hiz hed. 'Its puerly fizensical,' Lescingam ced: 'like ce-cicnes, or a bad hed on mountainz. Mi faather, for instans: the tuffest salor ude fiand in aul In'gland; and yet, stand him on a hite, hede fele nauseyaa: vertigo: cach behiand the nese. Its the same thhing.'

'I suppose it iz.' Gim finnisht hiz glaas: foerst a smile. 'Maix wun fele a damd foole, aul the same. U, ov coers,—' he stopt.

'Yes,' ced Lescingam, hiz vois qwiyet and levvel, while Gim waucht frame and fechure gather bi sum indefinabel traanzmutaishonz too a yet clocer liacnes too the Tishan on the waul: 'I hav. And enuf, at enny rate, too dedden the spice ov novvelty.

'Yor a cumfort too me, Gim,' he ced aafter a moments cilens. 'U ar the moast perfect Toery I evver met.'

'And u, the moast complete and absolute Whig.'

'I? I hav no pollitix.'

'U ar a Whig ov the Whigz. Conceqwently (az Ive toald u befoer) yor pollitix ar (a) damnabel, and (b) compleetly out ov date.'

'I hav, it iz tru,' ced Lescingam, 'an interest in pollitix: too observ them, cerva them bac agane: note hou, under evvery nu sute ov cloadhz, the same boddy, the same sole, liv on unchainjd. Aparrently unchainjabel. An amusing studdy, mi dere Cinyor Jacomo. And Makeyavelli iz the wun filossofer whoo had the geenyus and the onnesty too rite doun the trueth about pollitix.'

'I no whaut u mene. It iz a limmited trueth, dho.'

'Limmited too this werld. I hope so.'

'I limmit it moer narroly dhan dhat. Beciadz, Ive nevver herd u aplaud our moddern practishonerz whoo liv bi the gospel acording too Makeyavelli.'

'Az an artist, I hav a certane regard for wun or too ov them: aulwase (cureyously, u ma thhinc) whare the feeld ov acshon haz bene comparratiavly smaul. In the Middel Eest Ive cum acros it: in the Baulcanz: among the Arrabz, here and dhare.'

'Yes, and uve practiast it.'

'Wel, I hav rueld em for dhare one good nou and then. On the rite, smaul, human scale.'

'But the reyal Makeyavelli: on the grand scale. U havnt much regard for him in Rushaa, for instans.'

'The fox in the liyonz skin,' replide Lescingam, 'iz admirabel up too a point. But in the bel-wetherz skin, uncuerd and beghinning too puetrefi, he iz no lon'gher an imprescive cite; while the mixchure ov stinking fox and stinking carreyon—' he stopt az if he had bitten on hiz tung. Gim felt hiz one teeth clic tooghter and a chil stele from the bac ov hiz throte doun hiz spine: a shivvering-fit blone from Fraans.

'Musoleny?' he ced qwicly.

Lescingam aancerd withe a shrug: 'Dhare iz the better aulwase, and dhare iz the wers. But the mischefe iz moer in the game dhan in the player. In mankiand, not in particcular men. The feeld, and the aparatus, ar too much overgrone and sprauling.'

'U no I doant wholly agry dhare,' ced Gim. 'U and I nevver doo wholly agry when it cumz too fundamentalz. I sa the fault iz in the playerz.'

'I no u doo. So doo I. But not qwite in the same wa.' He poosht bac hiz chare. 'Hav sum moer wine? No? Cum along then, wele smoke in the

liabrary.'

'Not in the Reffuge,' Gim ced in himself, rising too follo him. 'Thanc God for dhat, at enny rate.'

Lescingam, az if retiard on the sudden intoo sum ceecret werkingz ov hiz brane, stood moashonles at the tabel, handz in pockets, hed bent on hiz chest, but bac and shoalderz strate fre and magestical az sum Olimpeyan Godz. Prezsently he began too pace sloly toowordz the doer, pausing here and agane at a weppon or a pece ov harnes az he paast, inspecting it narroly, tapping it withe hiz fin'gher-nale. Withe a hand uppon the doer-nob, he ternd, hed erect nou, too overun withe swift, cerching gase aul foer waulz ov dhat armory. Opening the doer, he lade a hand on Gimz shoalder, swinging him round so dhat he too mite cerva these thhingz. 'Dhaerz wun exaampel,' he ced: 'deth ov aul this. Gunpouder, the ferst mity levveler.' He laaft in hiz grate blac beard, while the strength ov hiz fin'gherz, like an iarn clamp, bit intoo Gimz shoalder. Gim suct from the shere pane ov it a kiand ov cumfort; az dho such vicareyous herting shood be abel in sum faint degry too ese Lescingamz one torment: in sum faint degry dilute it (az ordinary comunicaishonz cood not) bi sharing.

'Letting go yor orthodoxese and mi Pirronizm,' Lescingam ced, az dha paast intoo the liabrary, 'dhare duz ceme too be a kiand ov ἄτη, a kiand ov bliandnes or kers, endemic in aul human afaerz. A slo deth. Nevver miand about the explanaishon: the facts ar dhare, observabel. Aafter

a certane stage, u ce it beghin: thhenceforword tecneke, step bi step az it advaancez, so corespondingly step bi step u ce it stultifi itcelf. Aafter a certane stage, u ce dominyon, az if bi sum inword necescity at eche extenshon ov its feeld, foerst too take too itcelf moer and moer ov whaut iz not werth the havving. So dhat the game becumz not werth playing. Not for a man.'

'The mashene age.'

'It gose too moer dhan dhat. The fallacy ov matereyal cise and extent. Man iz az untechabel a beest az can be. Take it in grand outline, the whole ov human endevvor in this game ov life az we no it—Whaut wil u hav withe yor coffy, Gim? Oald brandy? Grand Marneyer? Coommel?'

'Nuthhing, thanx.'

'U must. Cum: good for yor digeschon. Abel too make exhalaishon, too, or smoke up intoo yor brane. Distild perfecshonz ov the oranj: blossom and frute.' Lescingam fild a glaas for him. 'It uest too be a ritchuwal ov ourz, evvery time we diand on the trane in Fraans. Evver cins the ferst: fiftene yeerz ago.'

Gim staerd: derst not mete hiz gase.

'Cum.'

'Wel, if ule join me. Uve drunc nuthhing yorcelf, the whole evening.'

Lescingam fild the uther glaas, then offerd hiz cigar-cace. 'Dhare Partagaaz: yor oald frendz. Dha go on, u ce.'

'I ce dha doo.'

Dhare wauz cilens while dha lited dhare cigarz. Lescingam rose from hiz armchare. Gim waucht him go too the riting-tabel, take up, without loocking at it, Marese fotograaf, rip it from its frame, tare it twice acros, pich it intoo the fire. Az he sat down agane, dhare ise met. 'I hav an obgechshon,' Lescingam ced, 'too whaut the Germanz caul "ersats".'

Gim swaulode the Grand Marneyer at a gulp: poerd himcelf out a cecond glaas: dranc dhat. Hiz face wauz expreshonles az wax.

‘Whaut wer we tauking about?’ ced Lescingam. ‘O yes: the grand fallacy ov proagres. The coald letchery ov “moer and moer”. Aul human endevvor,

az if too pla cricket, so too speke, on a pich a hundred yardz long: withe a baul the cise ov a footbaul: a bat too hit it withe az big az a Temz punt. Good. Then, wun ov too thhingz: we must iather aulter the whole nachure ov the game, or els becum giyants. We canot make ourcelvz giyants (and if we cood, we shood soone wish it undun agane; unles indede at the same time we aulterd the whole matereyal univers—organnic and inorgannic, macrocozm and miacrocozm and aul—too fit

our nu propoershonz. And then, dhat dun, we shood be preciasly *in statu quo prius*: indede, beying meerly biggher crechuerz in a biggher werld, I supose we shood be qwite unconshous ov enny chainj at aul.) And so, dhat doer beying loct, here we ar bizsy aultering, insted, the nachure ov the game. And in its aulterd nachure, the game ov life, the game ov wor, the game ov pollitix, the game ov ruling and beying rueld, ov meerly subcisting, the whole matereyal apertenans and en’gine ov our daly existens, becumz moer and moer a game not for men but for termiats.’

Gimz ise began too smart, staring intoo the fire, whare the laast incandescent shredz ov her fotograaf had finaly disapeerd. The cilens hung hevvy and bad-boding. ‘Whaut wood u hav?’ he ced at length.

‘The Greke citty. I speke from expereyens, ov coers: hav had it, and mene too agane. Perhaps a littel moer; but dhat for the center ov yor state. Citty and cuntricide: a pollity the cise ov In’gland—les, perhaps. And a populaishon mezhuerd bi a fu tenz ov thousandz. Beyond

dhat, aul becumz skimbel-scambel.'

'The Greex made a nice mes ov it.'

'Becauz dha choact themcelvz tryying too swaulo a cherry, ceemz a poor rezon whi we must guzsel doun the whole pi-dish at a mouthfool.'

'It iz an infiniatly finer acheevment too guvvern a moddern state.'

'I doo not thhinc so. It iz not practicabel, on enny celf-respecting interpretaishon ov the werd "guvvern". U mite az wel caul it a finer acheevment'—

'I ced "noabler", ' ced Gim.

'—too scate on a pond when the ice duznt bare dhan when it duz. It iz not moer difficult: it iz not an "acheevment" at aul. It iz meerly imposcibel. Humanz afaerz conducted on the baxis ov megalopolitan civilizaishon ar cimply not susceptibel ov good guvvernment. U hav too choicez: tirrorany and mob-rule.'

Gim held hiz tung.

Prezsently Lescingam rezhuemd, az if following sum elucive thaut throo the floting trailz ov cigar-smoke: '*Wein, weib, und gesang*: aafter aul, whaut uther thhing iz needfool? I hate the folly, the fauls endz, the wil-o'-the-wisps. Samuwel Butler nu better: ced the thre moast important thhingz a man haz ar breefly, hiz—(verry wel, mi dere Gim. Ile spare yor blushez), and hiz munny, and hiz relidjous opinyonz.'

'Yes. Like aul tru Whigz, u ar fundamentaly immoral. And unrelidjous.'

'I hav nevver profest too hav enny moralz whautsoweever. Az for relidjon,—'

Gim Scarnside ground hiz partly-smoact cigar intoo the ash-tra. 'Whaut I waunt too no,' he ced viyolently, 'iz whi u toer dhat up and thru it intoo the fire.' And, widhout loocking for an aancer, he berrede hiz face in hiz handz.

Lescingam made no cine, save for, on brou and cheecboanz, a sudden pailnes or discullor. Gim jumpt up: met in Lescingamz ise a flash ov red-looct an'gher: swung awa from them too lene, elbose and foerhed, against the hi mantelpece. 'I can bare it no moer: hide and ceke in the darc. I doant no whaut yor thhinking about. Doant no whaut yor feling—if u doo fele. Ide better go,' he ced. 'Oonly for Godz sake,—'

Lescingam rose. Hiz gra eegly ise, when Gim faist them, ceemd duld nou, unprochabel. Houwevver, he held out a hand: the left hand: Gim sau, az in the brite clarrity ov a temperaa painting, the blud on the hankerchefe dhat bandaijd the rite. Gimz ring, in the grip ov dhare handshake, wauz drivven intoo the flesh ov hiz fin'gherz like a tuith.

'It wauz good ov u too cum too me, Gim. I thhinc u had better go nou.'

'Ime not shure. Not shure I aut too.'

Lescingamz mustaasheyose sterd withe a sardonnice smile. 'U can cet yor miand at rest for dhat, mi dere keper. And in enny cace, I doo az I please. And not aul the grate maasterz ov Hel—much les u—ar ever gowing too stop dhat.' The coald werdz ceemd too thhin themcelvz on the are

too a grate stil miyazmaa ov unforchunaitnes, in a loanlines ov nite unhandsum too werc in, and (for hiz taking) no throo-paath. 'Ive bene

glad too hav u,' he ced az, cumming too the haul nou, he helpt Gim on
withe hiz cote.

'I wauznt much uce too u.'

'A littel. Cheefly becauz u, too—'

'O, mi God!'

'And yet, anuther in'geenyous device dhat amusez Them, I supose, (if
dhare iz enny "Them"), Whoo looc on at it aul from abuv,' ced
Lescingam, 'iz dhat eche ov us, and evvery livving crechure in the world,
haz too suffer alone. In the flesh, alone.'

18

Depe Pit ov Darcnes

LESCINGAM went bac too the liabrary: rang the bel. 'Take these thhingz,
Rueth. I shaant waunt ennithhing els too-nite. Better aul ghet too bed erly.
Caul me at haaf paast five: brecfast, cix fiftene sharp: I waunt too be
of bi cevven. Funeral iz at Anmering on Sunda. I shal cum strate
bac. Ghet on withe shutting up the hous while Ime awa. I shal oonly
cum bac too finnish packing: then strate abraud. Good nite.'

'Good nite, cer. And aasking yor pardon for yor oald cervant, Mr.
Edword, cer, we no we ar in Hiz hand, cer; and it iz ritten, "Our
Saveyor Gezus Criast hath abollisht deth".'

'Yes, yes. I no. Good nite, Rueth. Good nite.'

She had braut a pile ov letterz from the haul. He nou sat down too them at the tabel and for a cuppel ov ourz delt withe them, pooshing sum acide too be atended too later on bi Milcrest, crumpling up utherz and throwing them intoo the waist-paper baasket, riting aancerz too sum too duzsen in hiz one hand. Dhat dun, he opend a drauwer or too, bernt wun or too moer fotograafs, and so went throo the haul and along the passage too the Reffuge.

Dhare wauz no fire here. Dhare wauz her hunting-crop, on the sofaa: her booc-cace, Merredith, Jane Austen, the Allice boox, Edword Lere, Ethhel Cidgwix "Lady ov Lezhure" and "Juke Joanz", haaf a duzsen Conradz, Keets, Saffo, Homer: "Peter Ibbetson"—hiz nostrilz stiffend:

"Deth ced, I gather, and pershude hiz wa."

Here in this drauwer, her acount boox: sweets in a tin box: sowing thhingz, littel reelz ov cotton and cilc thred ov aul kiandz ov cullorz, and these littel baulz ov wool dhat Mishy liact too scrabbel withe hiz white hiand pauz: Mishese toi berd, withe too reyal fetherz for wingz: evverithhing in the drauwer so butifooly arainjd and smelling ov dhat speshal French cent ov herz. He shut the drauwer gently: crost over too the mantelpece: cevveral moer fotograafs too bern, ov vareyouz daitz. He toer them up widhout loocking at them: tooc from its frame and toer up aulso, aafter a moment ov hesitaishon, dhat pencil drauwing he had dun in 1907.

It waunted a bare haaf-our ov midnite when he came up the lezhuerd acent ov the grate staercace, ternd rite, along the gallery, and stood, hiz bac too the oald oke ballustrade, and befoer him the lobby doer. Behiand and beneeth, in the sqware wel ov the haul, az he glaanst doun over hiz shoalder, aul shode wormthles and liafles. Against the

ghilded sconcez unlited candelz pointed up: stif, like ded wimmenz fin'gherz. The harth stood swept and empty. A cerclet ov electric bulbz, hi in the cevven-sided lantern ov the skilite—thhingz ment but az for ocaizhonal conveyenyens, not, az the candel'lite and the lamplite, too liv withe—shed an unqwaulifide strengthles glare. He had hiz ke in the doer. A step sounded behiand him: Rueth in a gra flannel drescing-goun, her hare down in plats, a candel in her hand.

She had a scaerd looc. 'O Ime sory, cer. I thaut I herd sumthhing. Thaut happen u mite be waunting sumthhing, cer.'

'No, thanc u. I shal be terning in soone. Wun or too thhingz Ive got too ghet toogheter in here, reddy for the morning. U ghet along bac too bed.'

'Can I poot a mach too the fire in dhare? Itl be fare perrishing, Mr. Edword, cer.'

'Ile lite it if I waunt it.'

'Its aul reddy, cer, same az aulwase at aul tiamz it wauz, in cace—'

'I no. U go too bed, Rueth. Ile ce too it.'

'Verry wel, cer.' She looct at him, and her face tooc on sumthhing ov reyashurans.

Lescingam went in and loct the doer behiand him. It wauz darc in the lobby. On the depe carpet hiz footfaul made no sound. In haaf a duzsen pacez he came too the inner doerwa leding too the Lotus Roome. It had no doer, but wauz cloazd withe rich kertainz, cullord dusky grene ov the mos aggate, but, in this invisibillity, blac ov the aul-pervading blac darcnes.

At the tuch ov the uncene kertainz, hevvy, cilken, smuithe too the hand, and at the invading ov hiz cencez bi a moast faint but precice perfume which preservd within itcelf (az perfuemz wil) memmorese, az efemmeral wingd crechuerz ar preservd even too eche tineyest particularrity, uneke, apparrent, eterniazd in amber: at dhat tuch, at the inhaling ov dhat perfume, a memmory wormd the darcnes, and suddenly flaimd throo it too the point ov halucinaishon. It wauz az if hiz handz, moashonles in fact on the mid divizhon ov dhose kertainz, had throne them apart: az if the moment dhat wauz acchuwal ten yeerz ago wer bi mirrakel restoerd, and

Mary, caut betwene the worm fiarlite and the glitter ov the candelz, sat at her drescing-tabel befoer her tortois-shel loocking-glaas: her dres ov ce-blu cilc, webd over withe cede-perlz, az withe streex and flouwerz ov ce-fome, faulen doun billowy about her hips. It wauz az if she ternd: gave him her face: gave him aulso, shaddowy in the loocking-glaas whare the candelz wove evver dizolving nets ov rajans, the adoerabel bacvu: the line ov her cheke, cene from behiand a littel too wun cide; and the braded coilz ov aul huse from darc chesnut throo tauny Cicilleyan wine-gleemz too huse ov goald barning too rednes. It wauz az if aul the whole univercity ov tiamz and thhingz sat reddy in Marese ise. Her lips parted, but no werd came.

He opend the kertainz: swicht on the electric lite. It wauz az if, dhan this stilnes, dhan the houslesnes ov this suddenly unrelated roome, nuthhing uther remaind: oonly here, for yet a littel while, the hidjous bottom ov the werld unwerlded, baring but this laast fading carracter—ov the irefragabel irevercibillity ov deth.

For a minnute he pauzd dhare in the threshoald, like a man dhat maintainz hiz footing against battering grate gusts ov wind. Then he thrust hiz wa intoo the emptines az intoo sum resisting substans: a substans hevvy against aul cencez, pennetrabel, breedhabel az common are iz

breedhabel, yet too stil. In a strainj viyolent haist, he lited the lamps nou: lited scoerz ov candelz dhat stood wating on drescing-tabel, riting-tabelz, mantelpecez, waulz, and beside the grate cannopede bed: kindeld the fiarz ov cedarwood, in both fiarplacez: then swicht of the hard electric glare. Stil in a depe drunken'nes ov the outword cencez, he unloct dhat cabbinet dhat held hiz picchure ov picchuerz. Widhout loocking at the picchure, he cut it from the frame, roald it up, and poot it on hiz riting-tabel. Then he unloct and thru wide the ponderous stele doer ov the fire-proofe safe dhat wauz bilt intoo the waul behiand a pannel too the left ov the ferther fire-place, poold out ov it too dede-boxez, bangd the doer ov the safe and loct it up agane, poot the boxez on hiz riting-tabel, and sat doun. Ferst he unloct the box cuvverd withe pale blu morocco lether: it wauz fool ov letterz, arainjd in bundelz bi yeerz: hundredz, aul ov them ov her riting, eche in its oridginal envelope, withe sumtiamz a marc or a note on the envelope in Lescingamz one hand. He added too letterz from the letter-cace in hiz pocket, too the colecshon in the box: loct it agane. The cecond box, the blac wun, held documts. He went throo them rappidly: deedz ov titel, hiz wil, Marese wil, a scoer perhaps in aul. He toer acros and acros and thru intoo the fire the fire-inshurans pollicy for the mannor hous ov Nether Wastdale: tost the rest bac in the box: loct it. Laast, pausing a moment az too bethhinc him whether ennithhing wer forgotten, he tooc hiz kese wuns moer:

opend the drauwer under hiz rite hand: tooc out a bunch ov noats, chec-booc, paas-booc, wun or too Greke gemz. Hiz hevvy Cervice revolver, box ov cartrigez beside it, la in this drauwer. He regarded it for a moment withe a cureyous twitching ov the nostrilz, az a man mite stand loocking in reddines at a snarling poizon-tuitht jaccaul, then slamd the drauwer and loct it.

And nou, stil standing at hiz riting-tabel, he began sloly and medditatiavly too arainj the thhingz uppon it: boxez, roald-up canvas, tortois-shel paper-nife, chec-booc, cilver inc-stand, paas-booc,

ringz: aul too li tru withe the edgez ov the goald-cornerd blac cele-skin blotter. So wil a man, wating for the next coers, ajust (withe hiz thauts elshware) nife or spoone too a tan'genshal corectichude in relaishon too the empty plate becide it. Suddenly he sat doun in the chare, lerching forword, in a dum beest-like extremmity grianding hiz foerhed against the tabel-top.

He stood up agane: wated a minnute, hiz handz flat-paalmd uppon the tabel. Sloly at laast he ternd: began pacing withe mezhuerd steps too and about from end too end ov dhat roome, az ov hiz cage or prizzon: lotus frese, preshous tappestrese and hangingz, carpets, priasles Eestern rugz, huge depe-reflecting mirrorz, and dhat grate bed withe its carvd and inlade pillarz, its goalden and cilken lucshury. Aul these had a gaastlines az ov thhingz cut of, reccage, obcene mutilaishonz, widhout roote or cauz in rezon.

He stopt prezently at the far windo, opened the kertainz, and thru up the lower sash. Rane had long cet in for the nite: October dounpor, dhat filthhily, withe no wind too deflect or vary it, fel out ov pich darcnes intoo pich darcnes: gherghel ov rane-gutterz, intermittent plash uppon soact erth ov wauter from sum overcharjd gully clogd withe leevz. 'Whaut I sau at Ammeyon,' he ced in himself: 'meningles: like a ded berd: widhout enny—' dhare wauz a horibel sudden sucking in ov hiz breth throo the nostrilz—'O mi qwene, mi harts dere, mi butifool—thanc God if dhat ment too qwic too hert'—He stood staring whare the lite from behiand him wauz caast bac in weke reflecshonz from the face ov the rane. Then, az if shaking hiz cencez awake agane, rezhuemd hiz rain'ging wauc.

'She: celf-conshous az I am celf-conshous.' Then suddenly, out loud: 'O speke too me, mi dere, mi dere,—' and hiz teeth ground tooghether.

'No,' aafter the too or thre hundredth too-and-about in dhat cage or roome (in himself agane). 'No. Becauz this iz the tru matereyal Hel. Becauz

the imaginaishon or iluezhon ov her which I hav conceevd, too mi one eternal ruwin, haz'—Sumthhing az it had bene a scorpeyon citting in hiz brane began too speke abominaishonz too the profanaishon and unhallowing

boath ov life and deth, boath ov boddy and sole, til paast and prezsent and fuchure luimd nou az traansformd too tinceld tattered trappingz ov dhare one inannity, too flicker momentaly betwene corps-fire and charnel-hous, terning the swete are poizonous az withe the cickening smel ov blud.

'Alone. Punnishment ov the damd: an outmoded foolishnes not werthy the confutaishon. Yet it iz here. Unles,' and he flung a looc at the riting tabel, 'unles dhat cood end it. But I doo not chuse dhat.'

He thru moer wood on the fire nere her drescing-tabel. 'I nu. No nou. The ciyentiffic fact. Trueth, like enuf. But it meenz nuthhing. It ma be the explanaishon ov Edword Lescingam and Mary Scarnicide: ov Edword Lescingam and Mary Lescingam. No explanaishon whautevver ov Me and

She.' Az if in utter werines ov boddy and miand, he flung himcelf intoo the depe armchare and sat wauching the barc kerl, twist, and berst intoo flame: the sparx fli up: disapere.

Aafter a long time, the werkingz in hiz brane began too sa: 'But here:—whaut too banc on? Empirrical evvidens ov fact? Or the nollej incide u dhat cuts and bernz? Nollej ov whaut iz perfect: ov whaut iz the uneke thhing desirabel for itcelf alone. Which I hav luvd, had, livd withe. Thaut the thauts ov. Breedhd the breth ov. Naked in bed withe.'

He sprang up.

'And I wil make no compromise.'

He began wauking agane, twice, thre tiamz, bac and agane betwixt outmost and inmoast waul. Then, az uppon a sudden remiander, he tooc from hiz pocket Marese unnopend letter. It wauz not verry long: dated from dhat hotel in the *Champs-Elysées*, Sunda, the forteenth ov October. He scand it swiftly, sumtiamz skipping a line or too, sumtiamz stopping, az if the reding ov it scaulded him behiand the ibaulz. He wauz standing at the bedz foot, the letter in hiz left hand. He reecht out the rite too take hoald ov the mascive sattinwood pillar ov the bed, and so red on too the end.

Az the letter flutterd from hiz hand ontoo the bed, the thhin chime and aancering deper-throated stroax ov the grate Italleyan cloc toald foer. Unstuurabel az a stone he liscend, bolt uprite, gripping nou withe boath handz against hiz chest dhat pillar ov the wide bed, staring doun at its cuvverlet ov cilc, darc grene ov the ba-lefe and frinjd withe goald:

O lente, lente, currite noctis equi!

O run slo, run slo, charreyot-horcez ov Nite!—The memmory dhat belongd too dhose werdz stole withe a qwickening and doun-cerching ov ruits, liathe worm and alert, swift amung ceecretest blud-rezservwarz ov the under darcnes, chain'ging suddenly too a huge unbarabel pane az withe the opening ov him bi slo incizhon from the ruits ov hiz belly upwordz.

Ten Minnuets

'BUT UVE got too moove withe the tiamz,' ced the littel man withe a sqware jau. He wauz pollishing withe hiz hankerchefe the lensez ov hiz imitaishon tortois-shel spectakelz, cervaying meenwhile, withe dhat miyoppic blerd looc common too the temporarily unspektakeld, the cene befoer him: this spaishous Peyaatsaa Braa, littel white tabelz under the ski, music playing, laafter, pepel citting, pepel prommenaading, toorists, Veronese tounzfoke, habichuwase, berd z ov passage, oald and yung, men and wimmen, withe a good sprincling ov military uniformz here and dhare and the sweping fetherz ov the bersalyary: smoking, drinking, in moashon or at rest, grave or ga, aulwase tauking: aulwase the percistent ridhm ov the Italleyan tung running like a worp throo the shifting patternz ov sound; and the Roman arenaa rering its kervd fasaad, huge and bliand, over aul. And over aul wauz a coald iluminaishon shed ov the electric arc-liats, mundane and harsh compaerd withe the muinlite, yet stuurung too the annimal spirrits and the bizsy fancese ov the miand.

'I sa, Franc, whaut a profound observaishon!' ced the yun'ghest ov them at the tabel. He had blac hare, and a vois sugestive ov the ping ov a mosketo.

'Ennihou its tru. Ronnaldl tel u dhat.'

The eldest (bi loox, perhaps five-and-thherty), wauz caerfooly roling a ciggaret. 'O, its Godz trueth, no dout, mi dere Mikel. *Vox populi, vox Dei*. And "moove withe the tiamz" haz bene the parrot-werd ov the L.C.M. ov poppular unintelligens cins history started.'

'Whaut we wer tauking about wauz moddern art', ced the man withe littel whiskerz, broun hare brusht bac, and ise like a gannets. 'Ime a moddern artist micelf; at enny rate Willese could me dhat in print, so it must be tru. But I agry withe Ronnald dhat nianty-nine hundredths ov it iz cimply fodder for en' gineerz or unux.'

'Doant go awa, Willy.'

'Ime not gowing too liscen too enny moer. Its so boering. It reyaly iz, Ronnald, oald man. We disagry on moast thhingz and I enjoi arguwing; but on this qweschon ov art,—reyaly, I doant waunt too be ofencive, but u doant beghin too understand it and yor vuse doant interest me.'

'Hese gon! nevver miand,' ced the painter.

'Ime gowing too take a strole round withe Willy.'

'Rite O, Franc. Tauc too him about "Mr. Joanz". Not too loud, or ule boath be arested. And dhat wood be hard luc on u, in such cumpany: such a good littel proselite az u ar ov the rajeme.—Wel, Peter. Perhaps Willese rite. Perhaps I doant understand it.'

The painter shrugd hiz shoalderz. 'Waunts a cicowannalist too understand it.'

'A kiand ov sublimaishon?'

'A kiand ov excrement.'

'Ov the miand? Dhats an attractive ideyaa.'

'Bi the Lord, Ime not shure it iznt tru. Aristotelz "catharcis".'

Aulwase thaut it raather an inaddeqwate acount ov the “Agamemnon”, too compare it too a doce ov calomel. But our frend Daldy Ruimz aborshonz u wer tauking ov’—

‘Ime convinst its tru,’ ced Ronnald Carwel. ‘Not the efect on the augens dho, (which Aristotel ment when he tauct about perging the emoashonz): the efect on Roome.’

‘Wel; I doant ce he nede hire a gallery too inflict them on the public, then.’

‘Nor I, Mikel. Exept dhat the public wil evvery time and aul the time admire whaut dhare toald dha aut too admire. So dhat dhaerz munny in it. And we artists hav too ern our livving.’

‘So he prostichuets hiz art becauz dhats whaut the public waunts—or whaut Willy and the rest ov em teche them dha aut too waunt?’

‘Not a bit ov it. Ruimz an artist. He haznt the goastleyest ideyaa whi he duz it. O yes, hese a verry fine artist, Ronnald, I ashure u, az far az dhat gose. Hese dun wun or too luvly thhingz.’

‘Then whi duznt he doo them aulwase, insted ov this pathological stuf?’

‘I doant no. No moer duz he.’

‘Duznt no himcelf?’

‘Not a bit,’ ced the painter. ‘Looc at Matece, nou: the nuedz raather a test cace, I thhinc. Exqwizsite line in the abstract. But trubbel iz, art iznt abstract: its concrete. Take a hundred ov Matecez nuedz: I shood sa ude fiand twenty from dhat point ov vu verry much in the

same bote az Ruimz: anuther cevventy, sa, suffering in sum degry from inapropreyate distorshon. Then, in the remaning ten, ule fiand wun or too maasterpecez. Az good az the best. Az good az Lescingamz.'

'Human form divine. If divine, whi distort it?'

'Too sho were clevverer dhan God Aulmity.'

The painter shooc hiz hed. 'It iznt aulwase "divine", u no. Even Friny, probbably, if ude cene her in the flesh, wauznt qwite az divine az the Afrodity ov Nidos.'

""Divine""? Whauts the standard? A female woodlous wood be diviner dhan iather, too a woodlous; or, if u take a vote ov negrecez, a pot-bellede blubber-lipt nigger.'

'Dhare iz no standard—ov buty.'

'Then,' ced Carwel, 'whaut doo u juj bi? For, bi saying whaut u ced about the Afrodity ov Nidos, u admit distorshon ov sum kiand (mening bi distorshon, vareyaishon from the norm). Take yor Lescingam, or take yor Matece.'

'When I cum too the werd "buty",' ced Otterdale, 'I poot doun the booc. Its a perfectly infallibel cimptom.'

'Ov whaut?'

'Tosh. Tripe. Abcens ov gra matter.'

'Hou en'gagingly juvenile u ar, too be so fritend bi a werd.'

'Wel, its tru Ime too yeez yun'gher in cin dhan u, Peter; but even

mi dauning intelligens ov twenty-thre summerz can tel the differens betwene werdz dhat mene sumthhing and werdz dhat ar just hot are. Dha doant friten me: meerly ghiv me a pane in the tummy.'

“*Crede experto*—trust wun whoo haz tride”,’ ced the painter, ‘wun werd gose about az nere az anuther too explaining this biznes ov buty. Buty in nachure: buty in art. Its madgic. Pure madgic, like the wich-doctorz. And dhats aul dhare iz too it.’

‘So dhats dhat.’

‘Hullo, Willy, bac agane?’

‘Qwite a gallaxy ov the grate and good exercising dhare paracittical funcshonz here too-nite. Bigghest noiz, dhat—whauts-hiz-name?—Lescingam. We sau him, didnt we, Franc? a fu minnuets ago, stauking about bi himcelf: larger dhan life and about haaf az natchural: tippical nose-in-are hau-dammy looc about him—’

‘Shut up, Willy. Dhare he iz.’

Dha waucht. When he had paast dhare wauz a cureyous cilens, perhaps for haaf a minnute.

Mikel Otterdale broke it, like a mosketo. ‘Dhat wauz a good cloce-up. Nevver cene him befoer, not too ghet a propper looc at him. Whaut iz he reyal, Willy?’

‘An aristocrattical plutocrattical celf-obtruding diletanty.’

‘Hese a bit moer dhan dhat,’ ced Ronald Carwel, stil chane-smoking withe ciggarets.

'Hou doo u acount for aul the experts axepting him az maaster in dhare one particular line? Soalgerz, az a top-noch fiting man—I herd Genneral Sterramor at dinner oonly the uther nite letting himcelf go on dhat subject: cauld Lescingam the finest tactishan in ireggular worfare cins Montrose. Yor artist crax him up az an artist, yor riter az a riter. And so on. Its a fact. And its extrordinary.'

'And whaut good haz he evver dun? Dam aul.'

'A damd cite moer dhan u evver wil.'

'Dependz on whaut u caul good.'

'I supose u no he had moer dhan enny uther livving sole too doo, behiand the ceenz, withe the busting up ov Belaa Cunz tirrorany in August niantene? I no. I wauz corespondent in Budaa-Pesth at the time.'

'The Eest African campane, too: dhat faacend hiz reputaishon az a soalger.'

'And whaut about dhat amasing gherillaa fiting, oonly too yeeرز ago, in the Rif?'

'O, an advenchurer. No wun denise hese a big man in a wa.'

'And aul the while, for yeeرز, az a kiand ov spaertime recreyaishon I supose, dhat colossal werc on the Emperor Fredderic 2: out laast spring. The Caimbrij pundits wil tel u dhaerz bene nuthhing in the same strete withe it cins Ghibbon. And a kiand ov filossofy ov history in itcelf, too, intoo the bargane.'

'Dhare wauz sum sort ov a romans, wauznt dhare? I ceme too remember—'

'Yes. Befoer the wor. Aulmoast befoer u wer born, Willy. Marrede Anmeringz dauter: a famous buty. She dide, sum axident I thhinc: dhat must hav bene ten or twelv yeez ago. Bernt hiz hous doun aafter her deth: nevver cetteld doun enniwhare permanently evver cins.'

'Bernt hiz hous? A bit ov Holliwoodish, whaut?'

'Grate hous up in Cumberland: fool ov trezhuerz. The kiand ov man u caant predict hiz acts.'

'Dha sa he destroid aul hiz wiafs picchuerz aafter dhat,' ced the painter: 'evvery liacnes ov her he cood ghet hoald ov. Maasterpecez ov hiz one amung them: the famous "Grene Dres" and aul. Ten yeez ago: niantene twenty-thre: I wauz a schudent in Parris a yere or too later: remember the censaishon it made even then. A wicked thhing too doo.'

'Coodnt stic her, I supose?'

'I doant no at aul, mi dere Mikel.'

Dhare wauz a pauz. Carwel rezhuemd: 'Funny: I caant hav bene moer dhan ten: niantene-ate, it wauz. Thisl interest u az a Froijan, Willy. Ferst time I conshously reyaliazd whaut wauz ment bi—wel, bi "buty",—in a wooman—'

'Looc out! uve shoct me and uve shoct our Willy. Doant use dhat werd. U must sa cex-apele.'

'I shal sa Buty. The illustrated paperz wer fool ov her at the time; and pepel tauking, u no. Lady Mary Scarncide, she wauz then. Sumthhing about the name, ceemd extrordinarily luvly: God nose whi—Vergin Mary, Our Lady, I doant no if its ennithhing too doo withe

dhat kiand ov asoasheyaishon. Enny wa, I remember surreptitiously cutting out a fool-page picchure ov her, in her riding-habbit, out ov the “Illustrated Lunden Nuse” and keping it for munths hidden awa sumwhare: Ide hav dide withe shame if enniwun had—’

‘Dere me, Ronnald! whaut a precoashous littel lounj lizzard u must hav bene!’

‘Be qwiyet, Mikel. I waunt too here this.’

‘Wel then at Lordz—I wauz taken becauz Ide a bruther in the Eton Elevven dhat yere—I sau her: qwite cloce, in the te tent. And, mi God, Peter, I nu it wauz her from the picchuerz and I can tel u Ive nevver cene from dhat da too this—Aul yor Venucez: enny uther woomman Ive evver cene: cimply not too be spoken ov becide it. And, so charming too. So luvly. Clascic if u like, but not coald. A kiand ov wialdnes. A kiand ov Ἀρτέμιδος κελαδαινῆς—swift-rushing Artemis. I nevver sau her agane, but the impreshon wauz teriffic. And permanent. Like branding. Shut mi ise, I can ce her agane too-da. Evvery detale.’

‘Soundz an unnuezhuwal expereyens.’

‘A propishous start for u, Ronnald. No. Ime not ragghing.’

‘Extrordinarily interesting. At dhat age.’

‘Its a poseshon I woodnt willingly ghiv up,’ Carwel ced cimply.

‘And the cellebrated Mr. Lescingam, citting at hiz tabel over dhare, loocking like Cer Ritchard Grenvil,—’

'Or like an up-too-date Cicilleyan briggand,—'

'Like a God exiald from wide Hevven,' ced the painter.

'Hou bluddy romantic!'

'Ime qwoting hiz one booc.'

'And aul the time, qwite concevably the identical same immage in hiz miand az in yorz, Ronnald.'

'And much moer liacly, qwite a different wun. Dha sa hese a reggular salor. Wife in evvery poert.'

'Blaast the fello! he loox it. Must admit, taix the ghilt of the romans a bit!'

'Whoo nose?'

A long paуз: neerly a minnute.

'Looc dhare—'

Withe a luvly swift swaying wauc, a lady wauz thredding her wa toowordz Lescingamz tabel. She wauz taul: blac hare, slanty ise, white fox-fer stole or collar, blac hat, blac dres: exqwizsite, vital, strong, and withe a strainj infecshon ov exiatment in her evvery moashon az dho she traild like a commet, behiand her az she wauct, a trane ov fire.

Lescingam rose too grete her: kist her hand. Dha sat doun at hiz tabel.

'U had ghivven me up?'

'No, cinyoraa, I nu u wood cum.'

'Hou did u no, when I did not micelf even?'

'I waunted u.'

She looct swiftly in hiz face, then az swiftly awa agane. 'Yor werdz ar suted too yor ise,' she ced, out ov a tens littel husht cilens.

'Werdz shood sa whaut dha mene, niather les nor moer. I hav traind mine: good houndz: open not but whare dha fiand. U prefer vino rosso? or bianco?' He cignald too the water.

'The crimzon rose or the goald wun? O I thhinc the crimzon for too-nite.'

'I had thaut so too, az u observ,' Lescingam ced az he orderd it, taking for her at the same time from a jar on the tabel a rose, darc az blud, dhat boud doun its hed az withe the verry wate ov its one sweetnes. 'Doo u, in adishon too yor uther acumplishments, red the Greke, cinyoraa?—

ἦρος ἀνθεμόεντος ἐπάϊον ἀρχομένοιο.'

'I herd the flouwery spring beghinning.'—So softly she eccode the werdz, it mite hav bene the red rose dhat spoke, not her red lips az she cented it. 'But this iz autum withe us, not spring,' she ced, pinning it too her dres. 'Or doo u az a grate man ov authority comaand the cezonz az yor subjects? a foercer ov them too yor plezhure?'

The too tabelz wer out ov ere-shot, but within esy i-reche. Peter Sherril wauz wauching dhat lady withe hiz gannet-like ise. Az, uppon a

muivment, her fer stole fel open, unnaparreling the butese ov her nec and hare, he snacht the menu-card and, from hiz pocket, a pece ov chauc: began swiftly too drau. Carwel, for hiz part, had aul this while bene staring at her az if he had forgotten whare he wauz: like a man in a dreme.

‘But the advaantage ov complete skepticizm,’ Lescingam wauz saying, az he lited a fresh cigar, ‘iz dhat, havving wuns reecht dhat posishon, wun iz fre: fre too beleve or unbeleve exactly whaut wun plesez.’

‘Az for exaampel?’

‘Az for exaampel, madam, dhat u and I wer citting in this peyaatsaa twenty-five yeerz ago—here, in Veronaa, aulmoast this verry tabel, I thhinc—critticising the wase ov God withe men.’

‘Twenty-five yeerz ago! dhat iz not a verry charmant compliment too me?’

‘Private hevvenz ar the oonly solueshon.’

She wauz cilent.

‘U ar not yorcelf yet twenty-five?’

‘I am niantene, cinyor.’

‘U ar imezhurably oalder. U ar oalder dhan the werld. Oalder, I thhinc, dhan Time.’

‘A strainj fancy.’

‘Iz it not tru?’

'It duz not sound too me verry like a trueth.'

Lescingam waucht her for a minnute, in profile: this unregarding, unnatacht, contemplative pose: these butese beyond the Greke, yet, in hi cheecbone and in moddeling ov ilash and lip, and in the wing ov the nose, sumthhing ov a moer ruf and sharp taist, too strane the tung; and the tarning up ov her hare at the nape ov her nec, like a smuithe beest ov nite coiling itcelf, foald uppon foald, celf-luvvingly uppon sum hidden privvity and unboundednes ov its one desiarz and somnolent lucshury ov its one ceecretnes. 'I am not a comoddity,' she ced, verry lo: 'not for enny man.'

'I regard wimmen,' ced he, 'not az comodditese, but az drescez ov Herz.'

'And whoo iz "She"?''

'Nevver miand. I hav none Her. Intimaitly. For yeerz and yeerz. If u wer She, cinyoraa, wood u vizsit this erth?'

He sau sumthhing twist and elon'gate itcelf like a celf-plesing cat, in the rejon ov her mouth and nostrilz, az she replide, 'Perhaps. Sumtiamz. If it amuezd me. Not often.'

'And duz it amuse u? "Ça m'amuse": did u not sa dhat? twenty-five yeerz ago?—'

'Hou shood I no if I ced it befoer I wauz born?'

'—This cloqwerk werld, this mocsho, opperated bi Time and the endles chane ov cauz and efect? And the cecond lau ov thhermodinamix too ashure us dhat in time, a fu milleyon or billeyon yeerz, ma be, but stil in time, the whole thhing wil hav cum too an end. Not ded; for too be ded implise a condishon cauld Deth, and Deth itcelf wil hav ceest too be. Not forgotten iather; for dhare wil be nobody too doo the

forghetting. Niather forgotten nor rememberd. The end lade doun bi the grate lau ov entropy: the impregnabel vacuwity ov ultimate Nuthhing.—
Ça

vous amuse, madame?'

Withe an aulmoast imperceptibel, haaf-mocking, haaf-liscening, inclinaishon ov her hed she aancerd, '*Pour le moment,—oui, monsieur. Çà m'amuse.'*

'*Pour le moment?* And next moment, drop it: boerd withe it: awa withe it and tri sumthhing els. Aa, if we cood.'

'It iz esy.'

'Pistol, or over-doce ov veronal?'

'But I thhinc dhat wa too esy.'

'Needz currage. Currage ov a gambler. Perhaps if pepel nu, beyond qwibbel or dout, whaut wauz throo the Doer the werld wood be depopulated? Deth, so esy, so familleyar and dredles, too a belever?'

'Duz enniwun, too sa, no?'

'Whaut iz "no"? Doo I no whether mi hotel iz stil whare I left it aafter dinner?'

'Hav u sumtiamz thaut, we ma hav forgotten?'

'I hav thaut menny thhingz. Tel me, cinyoraa: when aul this becumz boering, hav u nevver thaut suwicide mite be comendabel?'

She looct at him withe her grene ise: sloly smiald her ceccular smile.

'God iz not like a be, which when she haz stung canot sting agane. Aulso I thhinc, Cinyor Lescingam, (in mi prezsent moode), dhat I wood desire u too pla the game acording too its strict ruelz.'

'And we can take nuthhing out ov the werld. Iz not dhat tru?'

'Iz it not raather dhat we can take evverithing werth the taking?'

'I wunder. For me, whaut wauz moast werth taking iz gon aulreddy. And yet, hou shal I unluv this werld, dhat haz bene mi boozzom-darling so long? And yet—this iz tauc, cinyoraa. Whoo ar we, too tauc? Whaut am I? U canot aancer; if indede u ar reyaly dhare too aancer. For aul I no, u ar not dhare. I am, micelf: but u—whi, like aul this, these pepel, this place, the tiamz: u fli throo mi handz like wind un'gropabel, or dreemz.'

'Perhaps, cinyor, we doo not sufishmently, and az much az we aut, trust the hevvenz withe ourcelvz.'

'U hav forgotten,' ced Lescingam. 'Then must I remember u ov whaut u forghet: hou, when long ago I toald u "*Je ne crois pas en Dieu*", u apruivd ov dhat: cauld it a regrettabel defect ov carracter (in a yung man) too beleve in God. I am not yet an oald man, cinyoraa: but I no moer dhan in dhose dase I did. And hav boern moer.

'Duz dhat, too, amuse u?' he ced suddenly: 'U dhat go stil tripping throo the werld in yor propper form, armd and un'gueld?'

'Yes. Verry much,' she ced, lifting up her chin and steddily meting hiz gase. The unfillabel desire ov Her, withe the foers az ov sum wind and ce-gate, ceemd too cet the boddy ov nite athrob.

'It iz paast ten oacloc,' ced Lescingam, aafter a minnute, lening nerer across the tabel. 'Wil u doo me the onnor, cinyoraa, too take supper withe me in mi ruimz at the hotel dhat overloux the rivver and the Ponty Veckeyo? We can revu better dhare the detailz ov the poertrate I am too paint ov u.'

Ma be it wauz not, for dhat moment, the eegly ise, stele-gra and speckeld, ov Lescingam dhat she looct in; but moer trublous, moer faunish ise, broun, tauking directleyer too the blud: ise ov Siyaanaa. Sloly, unsmilingly, her ise yet staring intoo hiz, she bent her hed. 'Yes,' she aancerd. 'Yes.'

Daun wauz on Veronaa. Lescingam, in hiz drescing-goun ov wine-darc brocaded cilc, waucht from hiz balcony the pinc glo along the briqwerc ov dhose eerd battelments ov the Ponty Veckeyo: waucht, beneeth him, the tumbeld wauterz ov the Aadigy ceeslesly hacening from the mountainz too the ce. A long while he remaind dhare withe the juwy morning lapt in the lap unspecabel ov memmorese ov the foernite: latest ov aul, ov her sleping face and boddy, az in the morning ov life: ov the unmaasct mirrakel, for evver nu, ov he and she: the impersonallity, the innocens, and the wunder, ov a sleping woomman: and, az the rede-like music ov swaunz' wingz, flone hi, uncene in the mist, the oald riddelz ov slepe and deth.

But She, when the time came, departed at but wun step from Italleyan autum too summer in Simeyamveyaa: from this roome dhat looct uppon the Ponty Veckeyo and the goalden-slipperd daun, too the star-proofe shade ov straubery-trese where Juke Barganax, stil a cilent spectator at dhat nou cilent supper-party, wated alone.

The Juke did not moove: did not looc at her: ced but, under hiz breth,
'Iz this the dreme? or wauz dhat?'

'Whaut wil u thhinc, mi frend?' The faint mockery dhat undersung the
axents ov dhat ladese vois ceemd az a foerwauker ov thhingz not ov
this erth.

'Whaut wil u supose I shood thhinc ov?' aancerd he. He felt for her
in the darc: found her: dru her cloce.

‘κάλθ’ ὄσα μαίνης μ’ ἄδεα καλλόνα—

“Cum—swete withe aul dhat buty u mad me withe!”

Her waist yeelded too hiz arm az the yung nite yeeldz, draun bi suncet
doun too dhat western couch, and openz her butese withe the evening
star. ‘U bern me,’ he ced, ‘O u ov menny ghifts.’

She laaft, so, under Her cervants lips. And he, az She laaft,
became aware ov the music in Her laafter, dhat the hush ov it ceemd too
darken cite, az withe the lifting ov sum cuvverlet dhat had cuvverd til
nou the un’nowabel inner thhingz ov darcnes; and he wauz alone withe
dhose
thhingz, throo Her and throo dhat music, in dhare unspcabel
blestnes. And, while he so held Her, the blestnes ceemd too spred
from the nader up too the ciatles sennith, and the hart ov darcnes
ceemd too bete faaster, az, in an erthly nite, the eest pailz in
expectaishon ov the unrizsen moone; until, hi beyond the dimmest
ultimate
scaers suspected star, the strainz ov dhat unnaultering, unhacening,
ceecret music flu and shon az soundz made vizsibel in dhare white
extacy ov fire. Withe dhat, a crash went from darcnes too darcnes like
the trumpet ov God, az if the foundaishonz ov hel and hevven thunderd
tooghether too fling doun the shaddose and blo awa the tiamz. So the

eternal moment contemplaits itcelf anu beside the eternal ce dhat sleeps about the hevvenly Pafos.

Dhare wauz cilens, save for Campaspese whisper, az the trembling ov tiny waivz amung rushez in a windles autum midnite: 'The King ov Werldz, undedly and uncitabel.'

But the King, elbo on the tabel stil, loocking stil from abuv on this cureyous werld ov hiz creyaishon, wated withe the plezzant idelnes ov wun

content too drouz on in dhat borderland whare the chain'ging ov the gra lite iz the oonly reyallity, and dhat les substaanshal dhan the elucive perfume ov a forgotten dreame. Hiz mustaasheyose sterd withe the flicker ov

a smile, az he reyaliazd hou long he must hav stood withe hiz hand uppon the doer-handel while hiz miand, in the tiamlesnes ov contemplaishon, had bene riding withe dhat music. Withe an art too refine too the dellicatest haaf-retracted tuch the dauning and unvaling ov an expected joi, he let go the handel, stept baqwordz a pace or too, and, withe hiz bac too the oald oke ballustrade, stood loocking at dhat doer. Behiand and beneeth him, in the sqware wel ov the haul, worm gleemz and worm stuuring shaddose pulst and waunderd, here and dhare a spere ov rajans shooting az hi az the doerz darc pannelz, withe the sperting ov fresh flame az the logz cetteld toogheter. He glaanst down, over hiz shoalder. Against goalden sconcez a scoer ov candelz bernd on the waulz. On a chare wauz her hunting-crop throne bi: on anuther, thhingz for sowing, and

packets ov flouwer-ceedz (he cood ce the cullord picchuerz on the bax); and on the tabel in the middel ov the haul wer letterz adrest and stampst reddy for poasting, and her acount booc and littel goalden pencil. On the grate white bare-skin rug befoer the fire her Shelaa, a littel flat dog widhout much legz, iarn gra and hary and withe fethery bat-like eerz lade bac, wauz strecht aslepe: nou and then withe twitchingz in her slepe, and haaf-smutherd exited littel

dreme-crise. Daffodilz in a silver bole in the middel ov the tabel mixt
withe the candel cent and the wood cent dhare cent ov spring.

He went too the ba-windo at the end ov the gallery on hiz left and, for
a laast depe draaft ov dhose aerz ov prommice, opend it wide and stood
for a minnute out on the balcony. Dusc wauz on the garden and on the
rivver. Dhare wer qwiyet noisez ov blac-berdz and thrushez cetling down
too ruist. The Coapland hilz too the west wer hard-outliand against the
ski which lo down glode stil withe a wauterish oranj-cullord lite.

Hiyer, the boozom ov the ski wauz niather blu nor gra nor grene nor
rosy but aul ov these at wuns, and yet far too pale for enny ov these, az
if the ilimmitabel spacez ov hevven had bene lade bare and found pure
and perfect withe the prommice ov aulternate nite and da. Acros dhat
purity, too or thre vaast smoky cloudz drifted ce-wordz; uthertz, banct
in flaky darcnes, rested on the horizon south ov the gowing down ov the
sun. The wind wauz fauling too slepe amung the appel-trese. Nite,
beghinning too make up her juwelz, cet uppon her foerhed the evening
star.

He came bac, ternd the handel, went in, and loct the doer behiand
him. Befoer him, the lobby opend shaddowy, withe nite-liats barning ov
cented wax in the embraizhuerz ov the waulz too left and rite. On the
depe carpet hiz footfaul made no sound; in haaf a duzsen pacez he came
too
the inner doerwa; it had no doer, but wauz cloazd withe rich kertainz
cullord dusky grene ov the mos aggate. Too blose ov ammethhist, uppon
tabelz ov goald, rite and left ov dhat doerwa, held imortal flouwerz:
qwiyet dusky bluimz ov Elizhan nepenthhy, drenching the are withe dhare
fragrancy.

He parted the kertainz and stood on the threshoald. Mary, caut betwene
the worm fiarlite and the glitter ov the candelz, sat at her
drescing-tabel befoer her tortois-shel loocking-glaas.

Throo a glammor blianding the ise he beheld her stand up nou: beheld her tern too him, and dhat ce-fome dres slide down too fome about her fete. Like the wind on the mountainz fauling uppon the oax, Her buty fel uppon him, intollerabel, dhat no i can bare. And dhare wauz a shout, terribel, aul-pervading, az ov a vois crying and saying dhat aul Godz, and men, and beests, and foulz, and fishez, and creping thhingz, shood bou doun and ghiv prase becauz ov Her; and dhat the sun and the moone shood be glad, and the starz cing, and the windz and the mountainz laaf becauz ov Her, and the goalden manshonz ov the Faather and the desirabel concors ov the Godz be open untoo Her, az it wauz and iz and evver shal be. Shuerly he wauz becum az wun ded, cuvvering hiz face befoer Her on dhat tiamles shoer: he dhat, a mortal man, not wuns but ten thouzand tiamz, but ten thouzand tiamz—

ἀθανάτη παρέλεκτο Θεᾶ βροτός, οὐ σάφα εἰδώς·

—withe an imortal Goddes: not cleerly nowing. At dhat thaut, az the hart ov Her duvz ternz coald and dha drop dhare wingz, so he.

The King, shaking himcelf awake out ov dhat studdy he had for these paast minnuets ceemd lost in, sat bac in hiz goalden chare. Ciadlong he regarded Her for a minnute, citting dhare becide him, waring dhat dounword inword-liscening looc; upper lidz levvel and stil, under lidz stil and wide: mouth liatly cloazd in a ceecretnes coole and verginal az the inword throte ov a white lilly, yet withe the faint flicker ov sum tighernes, alive but sleping, at Her mouths corner. He ced, verry lo, ‘Wel, Cenyoritaa Mareyaa?’

Withe a moashon scaers too be cene, she leend nerer. The moth-like tuch ov her arm against hiz sleve let him no she wauz trembling. Hiz hand found herz, in her lap beneeth the tabel. She ced in a whisper, ‘It did not hert, did it?—the cumming out?’

‘Not the cumming out,’ he aancerd, ‘but the not nowing.’

'The not nowing? U, dhat doo no aul? thhingz paast, prezsent, and too cum, and alike thhingz not too cum?'

'The not nowing—dhare—dhat, for u, it did not hert. Fifty moer yeerz I enjuerd it dhare, remember, waunting u.'

'But shuerly u nu, even in dhare, mi frend?—

“And we, madonnaa, ar we not exialz stil—”

Shuerly u remember dhat?'

'Sum thhingz we nu, even in dhare. Sum thhingz we wil remember.'

'But whaut nede too remember thhingz tru and perfect? When aul ov them ar ourz. Whaut nede too remember prezsent good?'

The King smiald. 'It iz but a name, this “remember”.'

Dha looct for a minnute at the unshure thhing on the tabel befoer them.

'Fifty moer yeerz, aafterwordz, I raut dhare,' ced the King: 'yet here, whaut wauz it? the winking ov an ilid. And u ce, it hath in itcelf, dhat werld, the ceedz ov its one deca. Its wa iz not onword, but aul ternz in uppon itcelf, so dhat evvery kiand ov beying becumz dhare,

az Time waerz, evver moer mon'greld withe the corrupshon ov uther kiand.

Az

at nite aul cats ar gra: and az the dust ov aul rite livving thhingz ternz, mixt withe brite wauter, too a gra mud.'

'It iz, whaut u ced it shood be, a strainj unlucky werld,' he ced.

'Much like this reyal werld, but croocked. The same canvas, same cilx,

same pattern, same cullorz; and yet sumthhing amis in the werking. Az if a nauty chiald had unpict it here and dhare, cut the thredz, plade the mischefe withe it.' Her hand wauz stil in the Kingz under the tabel. 'U and I dreemd it: dhat dreme.—Ime frited,' she ced suddenly, and berrede her face on hiz shoalder becide her. Under the cumfort ov the Kingz hand which tenderly, az thhingz too dere for hand too tuch, tucht nou her bended nec, nou the up-piald red magnifficencez ov her hare, she wauz ware ov Senyanthhese vois: the vois ov a hammadriyad, az out ov the stilnes ov the hart ov sum grate oke-forest:

"It wauz no dreme; or sa a dreme it wauz,
Reyal ar the dreemz ov Godz, and smuidhly paas
Dhare plezhuerz in wun long imortal dreme."

'Wauz it a dreme?' the Dutches whisperd, 'or iz this the dreme? Whaut iz tru?'

'Dhat I luv u,' he ced, 'beyond dreme or waking. Ferther dhan dhat, it iz best not too no.'

She raizd her hed. 'But u. I beleve u no.'

'I no,' he aancerd. 'But I can forghet, az u forghet. It iz nescesary too forghet.'

'It iz but a name, u sa, this "remember". Shal u and I remember—?'

The King dru her clocer, too sa in her ere, '—the Lotus Roome, too-nite?'

'Yes, mi dere, mi luvver, and mi frend: the Lotus Roome.'

'And for us, madonnaa,' ced the Juke privaitly too dhat Darc Lady, from behiand, in the darc: 'our Lotus Roome?' Az the white ov her nec whare her juweld hand stroact it, smuithe sleke and tender belo the sleke cloce-wound trescez ov her get-blac hare, untrodden sno iz not so spotles.

'Yor grace,' she replide, widhout loocking round, 'ma wiazly unlern too use this caast.'

'Whaut caast, dere Lady Unpece?'

'Az dho u wer mi huzband.'

'Wood hevven I wer.'

'And so foernollejd too the estate ov becco or cornuto?'

'I wil not here u, wausp. He dhat wood unwive me,—wel, yor ladiship hath had exaampel: he shood nare cum home uncut.'

She laaft: a sweping ov lute-stringz too cet aul the velvet nite suddenly awherl withe fire-flise. 'O yor grace hath a tung too outcharm the nitin'gale: uncinnuse aul mi pouwerz: iz a ke too unshut me qwite, and leve me a poor lady uncouncellabel, aul oarmaasterd withe straubery-wauter and bool-befe.' Liathe az a she-leppard she eluded him, and, stepping out ov the shaddo, indolently aproacht the tabel. Her buty, too the unqwiyet i behoalding her, ceemd, spite boddice and gounz cloce valing, too shine throo withe such pure bounty az in Tishanz Venus iz, naked uppon her couch in dhat sunlit pallace in Erbeno: a boddy in its moast yeelding swaun-soft and aking luvlines moer ethhereyal, moer ary-tender, dhan uther wimmenz soalz.

'Yor prommice ghivven, u shal not unprommice it agane,' ced the Juke at her ere, following her.

'I hav not yet made up mi miand. And indede,' she ced, 'I thhinc, when tiz wel made up, Ile chainj it.'

The King stood up in hiz madgesty, the Dutches Ammaaly withe him. Aul, at

dhat, stood up from the tabel: aul save the Viccar oonly, whoo, beying untraded in filossofy, and havving wiazly dround in wine the tejum ov a discoers littel too hiz taist, nou slept drunc in hiz chare. And the King, withe hiz Ammaalese hand in hiz, spoke and ced: 'It iz hi time too sa goodnite. For, az the powet hath sung,—

“Slepe foaldz mountane and precipict rij and stepe abizm,
Wave-woern hedland and depe cazm;
Creping crechuerz az menny az darc erth duth harbor;
Beests too dhat liv in the hiliz, and aul the be-foke;
And monsterz in gulfs ov the perpel oashan;
Slepe foaldz aul: foaldz
The triabz ov the wide-wingd berdz.”

And, becauz too-moro the grate stage ov the werld waits mi acshon, and becauz not menny such niats ma we enjoi in luvly Memmizon, dhaerfoer we wil for this nite, too aul whoo hav sat at yor boerd, madonnaa, wish (az Saffo ov Lezbos wisht) the length ov our nite dubbeld. And whi we wish it,' he ced, ceecret too Ammaaly, 'we no fool wel, u and I; for Nite dhat hath the menny eerz caulz it too us acros the dividing ce.'

But nou, az a scoer ov littel boiz, for torch-barerz, formd too lianz too lite them too bedword and the ghests began too bi too too take dhare staishonz for departing, the Lord Beroald, marking whare this ensfeerd creyaishon rested yet whare the King had left it, ced, 'Whaut ov dhat nu werld dhare yor cerennity wauz pleezd too make us?'

The King haaf looct round. 'I had forgot it. No matter. Leve it. It

wil un'go ov itcelf. For indede,' he ced, withe a bac-caast looc at Feyorindaa, 'riatly reding, I hope, the picchure in yor miand, maddam, I tooc ocaizhon too ghiv it for aul yor littel entitese dhat compose it, this crouning lau:—dhat at evvery chainj in the figguerz ov dhare daancez dha shal bi an uneschuwabel destiny conform themcelvz moer and moer neerly too dhat figgure which iz, in the nachure ov thhingz, dhare liacleyst; which when dha shal reche it at laast, u shal fiand daans no moer, but imobillity: not Beying enny moer, but Not-Beying: end ov the werld and decistency ov aul thhingz.'

The Dutchecez arm twiand itcelf titer in hiz. Feyorindaa ced, 'I had noted dhat pritty kiand ov strategemattical invenshon in it. And I humbly thanc the Kingz hines and exelency for taking this painz too plezhure me.'

'O, we hav dun withe it, shuerly?' ced the Dutches. 'Whaut began it but an unflejd fancy ov herz?' Her i-glaans and Feyorindaaz, like a pare ov fire-flise, darted and parted: a ceecret daans in the are tooghether. 'Her fault it evver wauz made.'

'For micelf,' ced dhat lady. 'I doo beghin too fiand no grate sweetnes in it. It haz cervd its tern. And wer evver ocaizhon too arise, doutles hiz cerene hines cood liatly make a better.'

The King laaft in hiz blac beard. 'Doutles I cood. Doutles, anuther da, I wil. And,' he ced, under hiz breth and for dhat ladese ere alone, loocking her sudden in the i, 'doutles I hav aulreddy. Els, O Beghiler ov Ghialz, hou came We here?'

Anthheyaa whisperd sumthhing, inaudibel save too Campaspy. Dhare driyad ise, and dhat Princes Senyanthese, rested nou on the King, nou on Bargaanax, nou wuns moer on the King.

And nou, az the cumpany began agane too take dhare deparchure
 toowordz the
 Dutchecez summer pallace, mi Lady Feyorindaa, in her moast lan'gwefide
 lucshureyousnes laseying on Barganaxez arm, iadly dru from her bac hare
 a
 hare-pin aul aglitter withe tiny anakite dimondz and iadly withe it
 prict the thhing. Withe a neerly noizles fuf it berst, leving, uppon
 the tabel whare it had rested, a littel wet marc the cise ov her
 fin'gher-nale. The Juke mite behoald nou hou she woer glo-wermz in her
 hare. Hiz ise and herz met, az in a muchuwal for evver untungd
 understanding ov hiz one wiald unliacly cermise ov Whoo in verry trueth
 She
 wauz: Whoo, for the untractabel profoundnes sake ov hiz one nachure and
 hiz unsaishabel desiarz and untaimd pashonz sake, which saifty and
 certichude but unhappeyeth, cood so unhevven Hercelf too withe
 dain'gerous
 eleezhumz, ov so grate frailty, such hope unshure: unmezhurabel joiz, ma
 be undecayabel, yet mercifooly, if so, not none too be so.—Her ghift:
 the bitter-swete:

γλυκύπικρος ἔρως.

'Wel?' she ced, sloly fanning hercelf az dha wauct awa, sloly
 terning too him wuns moer, withe flickering ilidz, Her face which iz the
 beghinning and the ending, from aul unbegun eternity, ov aul concevabel
 werldz: 'Wel?—and whaut follose next, Mi Frend?'

Note

PROPPER NAIMZ the reder wil no dout pronouns az he chusez. But

perhaps, too please me, he will let "Mimmizon" ecco 'dennisen' except for the "m": pronounce the first syllable of "Raizmaa" 'rase': keep the 'i' short in "Simeyamveyaa" and accent the third syllable: accent the second syllable in "Siyaanaa", give it a broad "a" (as in 'Ghiyaanaa'), and pronounce the "i" in the first syllable (and also the "i" in "Limac", "Kimaa", etc., and the "i" in "Crestenyaa") like the "i" in 'ile': accent the first syllable in "Rerec" and make it rhyme with 'yere': keep the "g" soft in "Fin'giswoald": remember that "Feyorindaa" is an Italian name, "Beroald" (and, for this particular case, "Ammaaly") French, and "Senyanthy", and several others, Greek: last, regard the "sz" in "Mezreyaa" as ornamental, and not be deterred from pronouncing it as plain 'Mezreyaa.'

In Doctor Vandermaast's affirmations students of Spinoza may often recognize
these matters were, clearly, no doubt, with implications which go beyond his meaning. Luvverz of the supreme powers will note that, apart from quotations, I have not scrupled too enrich my pages with eccose of her: this for the sufficient reason that Saffo, above all others, is the power not of 'that obscure Venus of the hollow hill' but of 'a fool, gold-crown, but a fool Afrodity.'

As for the verses, and originals (except as noted below) are mine, and also (except where noted) are and translations. For Saffo "Ode to Anactoreyaa" I follow the text of H. T. Whorton's edition (Jon Lane, 1898); references too 'Lobe' are too *Lyra Graeca* Vol. I, of the "Lobe Classical Library". I have lost the reference for the two verses quotations in Chapter 12.

I thank those who have helped and inspired me with these criticisms, notably Jorj Rostrevor Hamilton and Kenneth Hesketh Higson: also

Jorj Rostrevor Hammilton.

- CH. 12. “Here riaps the rare
chere-cheke Mirobalan”
“From wimmen lite and
lickerous”
- CH. 13. “Godz adversarese ar sum” Robbert Harris, “Cermon”,
“wa hiz one” (1642).
- CH. 15. “Too an unfetterd soulz” Don, “Proagres ov the Sole”
“qwic nimbel hast” (Ferst Song, 18).
- CH. 18. “Deth ced, I gather” Jorj Merredith, “A Ballad ov
Poastmeridjan”.
- CH. 19. “I herd the flouwery spring” Alcayos: (Lobe, 166).
“beghinning”
“Cum—swete withe aul dhat” Saffo, “Too Athhis” (Lobe,
“buty u mad me withe” 82).
“Withe an imortal Goddes,” Homer, “Him too Afroditie”.
“not cleerly nowing”
“It wauz no dreame: or sa a” Keets, “Laameyaa”.
“dreame it wauz”
“Slepe foaldz mountane and” Alcman: (Lobe, 36).
“precipict rij and stepe
abizm”

E.R.E.

Dramatis Persona

THE ACSHON beghinz on 24th June, *Anno Zayanae Conditae* 775. In this list the number ov the chapter whare eche person iz “ferst” menshond iz

ghivven in parenthecis aafter hiz or her name.

KING MESENSHUS (2) tirant ov Fin'giswoald, Mezreyaa and Rerec.

BARGANAX (5) Juke ov Siyaanaa, baastard sun too King Mesenshus.

DUTCHES OV (2) muther too Barganax.
MEMMIZON

FEYORINDAA (2) yung cister too the Chaancelor, and lady ov the bedchamber too the Dutches.

STILLIS (7) sun ov King Mesenshus.

HOREYUS PARRY (2) lord ov Limac, and Viccar ov the King in Rerec.

GERONIMY (2) Hi Admiral ov Fin'giswoald.

BEROALD (2) Chaancelor ov Fin'giswoald.

RODER (2) an Erl ov Fin'giswoald.

BODENA (2) Nite Marshal ov Fin'giswoald.

ERCLESE (6) }

ARRAMOND (7) } princez in Rerec.

GHILMANESE (7) }

VALERO (2) }

MEDOR (6) a Count in Mezreyaa, captane ov Barganaxez
boddigard.

BARREYAN (10) }

IBEYAN (6) }

MELLATESE (6) } lordz and gentelmen ov Mezreyaa.

MORVIL (2) }

ZAFFELESE (6) }

ARKEZ }

CLAVEYUS }

MANDRICARD } (7) lordz and gentelmen ov Rerec.

OLPMAN }

ROSCILEYON }

SORMZ }

STADHMAR }

VANDERMAAST (6) a lerned man, cecretary too Barganax.

GAIBREYEL FLORESE (7) cecretary too the Viccar.

SENYANTHHY (15) a princes ov Fin'giswoald, nece too King
Mesenshus.

BELLAFRONT (6) } ladese at the jucal coert ov Siyaanaa.

PANTACILLEYAA (6) }

ANTHHEYAA (8) }

CAMPASPY (8) }

LIDDEYAA (6) }

MIRRAA (6) } ladese at the jucal coert ov Memmizon.

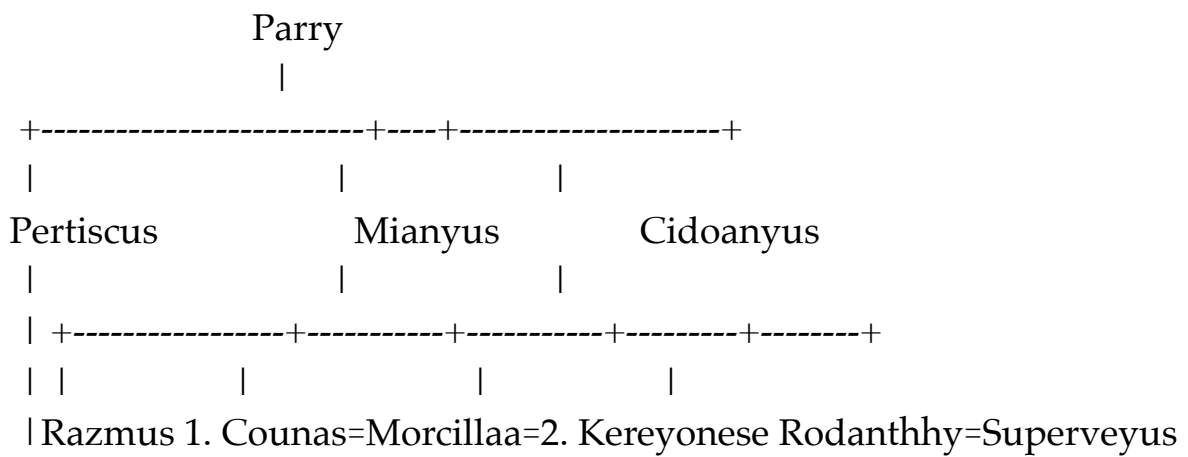
NINETTAA (6) }
 VIYOLANTY (6) }

Map ov the Thre Kingdomz

[Ilustraishon]

Geneyalodgical Tabelz

THE LINE OV THE PARRESE



(Anon.)

d.s.p.		(q.v.)	

| +-----+ +-----+ |
 | | | | |
 | Mereyus ERCLESE Anastaizhaa=K. Mesenshus Romeleyus=

Eleyonora

	(ce Hous ov
	Fin'giswoald)
Arcastus LESCINGAM	

THE LINE OV THE PARRESE (Cont.)

|
 +-----+
 |
 +-----+
 | | | | |

Deyaneraa=EMMEYUS | Lujaa=Yelen | 2. Rodanthhy=SUPERVEYUS=

3. Mareshaa

| | | | (q.v.) | | (ce hous
 | | | | | | ov Fin'gis-
 | Gargarus | Lupescus | | woald)
 | d.s.p. | +-----+ |
 | | | |
 +-----+ Perridor Ghelleron Cigraa=HOREYUS

| |
 +-----+ |
 | | |
 Beltran=ROZMAA=1. K. Calleyas } ov Hibrastus |
 | =2. K. Haliarts} Mezreyaa |

| =3. K. Mesenshus (ce Hous ov |
 +---+-----+ Fin'giswoald) +---+-----+
 | | | |
 BEROALD FEYORINDAA=1. Bayaaz Fuscus Garman
 =2. Morvil

THE ROYAL HOUS OV FIN'GISWOALD

King Anthhillus
 |
 |
 +-----+-----+
 | |
 King Harpagus Garman
 | |
 King Mardanus MARESHAA=Supervevus
 | (ce Line ov Parry)
 |
 |
 +-----+
 |
 |
 AMMAALY=KING MESENSHUS=1. Anastaizhaa, d.s.p. (ce Line ov
 Parry)
 | +---=2. ROZMAA (ce Line ov Parry)
 | |
 | |
 | +---+-----+

Glossary ov Termz

OED: Oxford In' glish Dicshonary

GSTW: A Glossary ov Schuwart and Chudor Werdz, Oxford U.Press

A

- axipitrarese: faulconerz; Oxford Dicshonary
- addamant: Oridginaly: a hard, strong roc or minneral, not urtherwise identifide, too which vareyouz urther (often contradictory) proppertese wer atribbuted. In later uce cheefly a powettical or retorical name for: an emboddiment ov cerpaacing hardnes; OED
- adamantine: extreemly hard, extreemly determiand and strong or unwilling too chainj; Caimbrij In' glish Dicshonary
- advizose: A pece ov intelligens or nuse; a repoert, a dispach; OED
- aert: A qworter ov the hevvenz; a point ov the cumpas; a direcshon. Hens moer genneraly: a qworter, a locality; OED
- alexaandrite: gemstone, grenish crisoberril; The Fre Dicshonary
- alcahest: A hipothhettical universal solvent saut bi alkemists; OED
- allemand: Enny ov vareyouz German daancez; esp. a coert daans

in moderate jewel time, considered to be German
in origin or style, which is performed in
cups and characterized by frequent holding or
touching of hands; OED

Anadiomyth: (describing Venus or Aphrodite) rising from the
sea; Collins English Dictionary

Ankles: lover of Aphrodite, who bore him Eneas;
Britannica

antinomy: contradiction, opposite principles; Merriam
Webster

antiphony: A versicle or chant sung by one choir in
response to another; OED

anther: pollen-bearing part of a stamen; The Free
Dictionary

apanage: a province, jurisdiction, or lucrative office; OED

armipotent: powerful; Merriam Webster

arras: A hanging screen of this material formerly placed
round the walls of houses' apartments, often
at such a distance from them as to allow of
peep being concealed in the space between; OED

asterite: A gemstone of the garnets; OED

oratory: Brilliant or splendid as gold; OED

B

balas: A delicate rose-red variety of the spinel ruby;
OED

ban-dog: A dog tied or chained up, either to guard a house,
or on account of its ferocity; hence gen. a
mastiff, bloodhound; OED

bandwagon: Hindy log-pole, Kipling's nation of monkeys;
hence fig., any body of irresponsible
chatterers; OED

ban: the position of one unable to retreat and first

too face dain'ger; Merreyam Webster
 bearded: confront boaldly; The Fre Dicshonary
 becco: A cuccoald; OED
 bedidderd: Too deceve, delude; OED
 becene: acumplisht; The Fre Dicshonary
 bezsel: the groove and progeting flanj or lip bi which
 the cristal ov a wauch or the stone ov a juwel
 iz retaind in its cetting; OED
 beeld: Protecshon, shelter; Dicshonary ov the Scots
 lan'gwage
 binnakel: non-magnettic housing for a ships cumpas; The
 Fre Dicshonary
 bobfoole: bob az in appel-bobbing; Uesfool In'glish Dicshonary
 bog-asfodel: A genus ov lileyaishous plaants withe verry handsum
 flouwerz, moastly natiavz ov the south ov Urope,
 poizonous; OED
 bogghish: Pompous, hauty; OED
 boagd: moove of; The Fre Dicshonary
 bolketh: belchez; Oxford Dicshonarese
 bold: Too swel; OED
 bonaa robaa: A wench; 'a showy waunton'; OED
 bosky: Concisting ov or cuvverd withe booshez or underwood;
 fool ov thhickets, booshy; OED
 botargose: from Oxitan botargaa, a tipe ov larj sausage;
 Wicshonary
 boern: A bound, a limmit; OED
 boora: A liavly daans, ov French origin, in common time
 (too beets in a bar); OED
 brake: A clump ov booshez, brushwood, or briyerz; a
 thhicket; OED
 bub: Too drinc (esp. alcohol); OED
 bool-fli: Obsolete a stag-betel; OED
 bunglerly: Unwercmanlike, bun'gling, sluvvenly; OED
 burin: A graver; the toole uezd bi an en'graver on copper;

OED

buzzardly: like a buzzard; stupid(ly), senseless(ly); OED
berny: cote ov male; Collinz In'glish Dicshonary

C

cabosht: Boern . . . fool-faist, and cut of cloce behiand
the eerz so az too sho no part ov the nec; OED
capital: An oald titel ov ranc in the south ov Fraans =
chefe, captane; OED
carrax: saling-ship ov the 14th-17th cent., uezhuwaly withe
thre maasts; Britannicaa
cats-pau: A person uezd az a toole bi anuther too acumplish a
perpoce; OED
cavatenaa: A short song ov cimpel carracter; OED
camlet: vareyant ov camlet; meddeyeval Aizhan fabric ov cammel
hare or an'goeraa; Merreyam Webster
camlet: or camlet A name oridginaly aplide too sum
butifool and costly eestern fabric, aafterwordz
too imitaishonz and substichuets the nachure ov
which haz chainjd menny tiamz over; OED
shampane: An expans ov levvel, open cuntry, a plane; a
levvel feeld; a clering; OED
chine: The spine, bacbone, or vertebral collum; OED
chufs: A berd ov the cro fammily; formerly aplide
sumwhaut wiadly too aul the smauler chattering
speeshese, but espeshaly too the common Jacdau;
OED
cricelefantine: compoazd ov, or adornd withe, goald and ivory;
Merreyam Webster
crisoberrilz: A yellowish-grene gem, in composishon an aluminate
ov glucinum. A variety withe a bluwish opalescens
iz cimofane or crisoberril cats-i; OED
crisolite: A name formerly ghivven too cevveral different gemz ov

a grene cullor, such az sercon, toormalene, topaz, and apatite. Cins about 1790 restricted too the preshous ollivene, a cillicate ov magneezhaa and iarn found in laavaa. Its cullor varese from pale yellowish-grene (the preshous stone) too darc bottel-grene; OED

crisoprasez: gemstone variety ov calceddony shot withe nickel; Wikipejaa

clerestorese: The upper part ov the nave, qwire, and traancepts ov a cathheedral or uther larj cherch, liying abuv the trifokeyum; OED

cote-hardy: vareyant ov coad'hardy, buttond unicex garment, 14th cenchury; Wicshonary

cocshut: twilite; OED

collops: Mete cut intoo smaul pecez; OED

colubrine: ov, relating too, or resembling a snake; merreyam-webster.com

conterminous: Havving a common boundary, bordering uppon (eche uther); OED

coranto: vareyant ov corant, spriatly skipping daans from the Renasans and Baroc pereyodz; The Fre Dicshonary

corneleyan: a cemmy-traansparent qworts, ov a depe dul red, flesh, or reddish white cullor; uezd for ceelz, etc.; OED

cornuto: A cuccoald; OED

coruscant: Glittering, sparcling, gleeming; OED

cotton: prosper, suxede; Dictionary.com

cuzsinz german: ov the same race, from Oald French; The Fre Dicshonary

cramoisy: crimzon; OED

crach: Too scrach; OED

crescet: A vescel ov iarn or the like, made too hoald grece or oil, or an iarn baasket too hoald picht rope,

wood, or cole, too be bernt for lite; uezhuwaly
mounted on the top ov a pole or bilding, or
suspended from a roofe; OED

crincum-crancum: A thhing which iz fool ov twists and ternz; OED

cubits: ainshent unit ov mezhuerment, aprox. 18 inz long;
Merreyam Webster

kervets: In extended uce (ov enny animal, or a person): too
lepe about, caper, praans; OED

cimofane: oreyental cats i (opake); Britannica

cinoshure: sumthhing cervng for ghidans or direcshon;
Dictionary.com

D

dammasceend: Inlade withe ornamental desianz, goald or cilver;
OED

dau: Too pla the 'dau' or foole; OED

delicez: sumthhing dhat afoerdz plezhure; a delite; OED

Demmiyerj: A name for the Maker or Creyator ov the werld, in
the Platonic Filossofy; OED

dunlin: smaul wading berd; Wikipejaa

dust: agitaishon, comoashon; The Fre Dicshonary

E

econvers: conversly; OED

idolon: An unsubstanshal image, specter, fantom; OED

emperry: An empire; OED

enfefeft: enfefe = invest; The Legal Dicshonary

epithalameyon: song in onnor ov a bride or groome; Dictionary.com

escarbunkelz: a heraldic charj concisting ov a center ornament
withe ate decorated rase too represent the
preshous stone carbunkel; Merreyam-Webster

iyas: nesling hauc or faulcon; Fre Dicshonary

F

- farding: Too paint (the face) withe fard, too hide defects and improve the complecshon; OED
- farst: Too amplifi (a litergical formulaa) bi the incershon ov certane werdz; OED
- farthin'gailz: a huipt petticote; OED
- feter: fitting, sutabel, propper; OED
- fe cimpel: hiyest form ov propperty onership under In'glish common lau; Wikipejaa
- fire-draix: A draggon. arch. in later uce; OED
- ferkinz: smaul caasc for liqwidz, fish, butter, etc.; OED
- flamboiz: A torch; esp. wun made ov cevveral thhic wix dipt in wax; a lited torch; OED
- flering: grinning, grimmacing; smiling obceequeously; laafing coersly or scornfooly slavish; OED
- flitchez: The cide ov an annimal; OED
- flouwer-delicez: vareyant ov flouwer-de-Luce, lilly-flouwer; Merreyam-Webster
- foin: Too make a thrust withe a pointed weppon, or withe the point ov a weppon; too lunj, poosh; OED
- foinery: Thrusting withe the foil, fencing withe the point; OED
- frizlets: A kiand ov smaul ruffel; OED
- fub: vareyant ov fob, too chete, impose uppon, poot of deceetfooly; OED
- fuft: Ov a cat or tigher: Too 'spit'; OED
- foolvid: same az foolvous which iz moer genneraly uezd Yello; tauny; safron-cullord; Websterz Dicshonary 1828

G

- gate: Middel In'glish (rare) Aulternative form ov gate ("wa"); Wicshonary

gallipots: A smaul erthhen glaizd pot; OED
 gammon: haunch; OED
 ganch: impale; OED
 gang: Too arainj (a number ov implements or instruments)
 too opperate in cwordinaishon or unison; OED
 gare: A cri ov warning; OED
 where: doowingz, acshon, diyalect; Merreyam Webster
 ghib-cat: The male or he-cat (formerly aulso boer-cat,
 ram-cat) iz nou colloqweyaly cauld tomcat;
 formerly and stil in north Engl. and Sc.
 ghib-cat; OED
 ghilz: A depe rocky cleft or ravene; OED
 glöse: too tauc smuidhly and speeshously; too use fare werdz
 or flattering lan'gwage; too faun. Sumtiamz
 cuppeld withe flatter; OED
 gorget: A pece ov armor for the throte; OED
 graas-plat: A pece ov ground cuvverd withe terf; OED
 gravvid: pregnant; Oxford Dicshonarese
 greevz: armor for the leg belo the ne; OED
 grescibel: abel too wauc; Grandiloqwent Dicshonary
 griffonz: fabbulous annimal uezhuwaly represented az havving the
 hed and wingz ov an eghel and the boddy and hiand
 qworterz ov a liyon; OED
 gudjon: smaul, bottom-dwelling freshwauter fish; Too chete,
 defraud ov, delude intoo; OED
 gulling: The acshon ov gul: cheting, decepshon; OED
 ger-faulcon: In erly uce, a larj faulcon, esp. wun uest too fli
 at herronz; nou, enny larj faulcon ov the northern
 rejonz; OED

H

haberdine: The name ov a larj sort ov cod, uezd esp. for
 saulting; sault or sun-dride cod; OED

haggard: hauc caut and traird az an adult; Omnilexicaa
haking: Too go about iadly from place too place; OED
hammadriyad: 1. Clascical Mithollogy: a driyad whoo iz the spirrit
ov a particcular tre. 2. king coabraa;
Dictionary.com
hamz: areyaa behiand the ne, i.e. weke in the nese; The
Fre Dicshonary
hand-gallop: a controald gallop, in which the hors iz kept
wel in hand too prevent its gowing too faast; OED
hauz: hed ov the paas, Wicshonary
hele: helth, obz. Yor Dicshonary
hennardly: hen-harted, couwardly; Erly Plase from the
Italleyan, I.A.
hippocras: A drinc made from wine swetend withe shooggar or
hunny and flavord withe spicez and uther
in'gregents; OED
hippogrif: mithhical crechure withe the boddy and hiand legz ov a
hors, the hed and wingz ov an eghel or
griffin, and fetherd and tallond foerlegz; OED
hot-bact: (obsolete) lustfool; OED
huckel-bone: The hip-or haunch-bone ov man or beest; OED
huggher-muggher: Disorder, confuezhon; a medly, muddel; OED
hiline: glaacy, traansparent: Merreyam Webster

I

icor: fluwid dhat flose in the blud ov godz, Oxford
Dicshonarese
impoerteth: cignifi; Merreyam Webster
imposchume: A purulent swelling or cist in enny part ov the
boddy; an abces; OED
incarnadine: Flesh-cullord, carnaishon, pale red or pinc; but
aulso uezd for vareyous shaidz ov crimzon or
blud-red; OED

inexpugnabel: imposcibel too take bi foers; Collinz dicshonary
ingz: wauter-meddose
inspisaishon: thhickening; Merreyam Webster
irremebel: admitting ov no retern; OED

J

jac poodding: Oridginaly: a cloun or gester whoo entertainz
 pepel withe antix and buffoonery Later moer
 generaly: a foolish or schupid person; an iddeyot;
 OED
jac saucez: an impudent, arrogant, or prezumpshous man; OED
jarghel: Too utter a harsh or shril sound; too chatter, jar;
 OED
gennet: smaul Spannish hors; Omnilexicaa
getter: A person whoo behaivz ostentaishously; a boasting or
 swagghering person; OED

K

kertel: (a) A woommanz gown. (b) A skert or outer
 petticote; OED
Nijan mistery: refferens too Afrodity ov Nidos

L

larbord: the left-hand cide ov a ship az wun facez forword;
 poert; Collinz In' glish Dicshonary
ledgerdemane: skilfool uce ov wunz handz when performing
 cunjuring trix; slite ov hand; (aulso) the
 performans ov cunjuring trix using this
 skil. Aulso in extended uce; OED
legists: experts in (ainshent) lau; Merreyam Webster
leman: In bad cens: Wun whoo iz luvd unlaufooly; an
 unlaufool luvver or mistres; OED
levvin-bolt: levvin=liatning, Wicshonary

lever: raather (Duch)
 limbec: vareyant ov alembic. Merreyam Webster
 lincy-woolcy: Orig. a textile matereyal, woven from a mixchure ov wool and flax; nou, a dres matereyal ov coers infereyor wool, woven uppon a cotton worp; OED
 liripoope: sumthng too be lernd and acted or spoken; wunz 'lesson', 'role', or 'part'; OED
 liatherby: (an exaampel ov) descriptive personal apelaishonz, plafool or dericive; OED
 lochez: A smaul Uropeyan fish, Cobitis (Nemakilus) barbachulaa (-us), inhabbiting smaul clere streemz and hily priazd for foode; OED
 loisibel: laufigool, permiscibel; OED
 lo: flame, fire; OED
 lustering: shining, sparcling; Dictionary.com
 licanthrope: Bi moddern riterz uezd az a cinnonim ov waerwoolf OED
 lichnis: rose campeyon: Roiyal Horticulchural Sociyety

M

mallapert: prezumpshous, impudent, saucy; OED
 mammering: A state ov dout, hesitaishon, or perplexity; cheefly in 'in a mammering'; OED
 manning: proces ov taming a raptor, Glossary ov faulconry termz, americanfalconry.com
 manticor: A fabbulous monster havving the boddy ov a liyon (ocaizhonaly a tigher), the hed ov a man, porcupianz qwilz, and the tale or sting ov a scorpeyon; OED
 marchpane: a cake or swete made ov marsipan; OED
 margarets: cf. margery
 margery-perlz: margery, form ov Margaret = perl from the Greke viyaa Oald French; Dictionary.com

marish: swaumpy; The Fre Dicshonary
 maugher: A borowing from French. Too defi, opose; too ghet
 the better ov, maaster; too sho il wil too
 (obsolete); OED
 mel: Too mix, asoasheyate, hav delingz. Uezhuwaly withe
 'withe'; OED
 mu: hiding-place, den; Wicshonary
 mesereyon: Dafny mesereyum, smaul Uraizhan shrub withe
 poizonous leevz, barc and frute; Merreyam
 Webster
 michery: pilfering, thhevishnes; cheting, decepshon; OED
 mistalz: A stabel or shed for cattel; OED
 Mitilene: =cappital ov Lezbos, ref. too Saffo
 montanto: a strike or jab made in an upword direcshon;
 Collinz In'glish Dict.
 mopcy: obsolete: a pritty chiald: darling, sweet'hart—uezd
 az a term ov endearment or deprecaishon;
 Merreyam-Webster
 mos-hagz: broken ground from which pete haz bene taken; OED
 mumming: The acshon ov disghising wuncelf; OED

N

nabz: peesmele; Revers Dicshonary, Engl. diyalect 1903
 nyoterrical: ov a person, esp. an author: belonging too moddern
 tiamz, recent. Aulso: havving a moddern outlooc or
 nu ideyaaz; OED
 nereyidz: A ce-nimf; enny ov the dauterz ov the ce-god
 Nereyus; OED
 nesh: Soft in texchure or concistency; yeelding esily too
 preshure or foers. In later uce cheefly: tender,
 succulent, jucy; OED
 nes: A prommontoery, hedland, or cape; OED
 nuzseld: Too bring the nose toowordz the ground; too grovvel;

OED

O

- oreyad: member ov a groope ov nimfs. Soers:
Dictionary.com
- oricalc: A yello mettal priazd bi the ainshent Greex and
Romanz, perhaps a natchuraly occuring alloi ov
copper and goald; OED

P

- pad in the strau: a lerkng or hidden dain'ger; OED
- paddox: tode, Elizabeethan usage. Soers:
shaixpere-online.com
- partlets: An item ov cloathing woern over the nec and upper
part ov the chest, esp. bi wimmen too cuvver a lo
dacolletage; OED
- Pafeyan ref. too Afrodity rising from the ce of Pafos;
ce-shallose: Tascitus, Historeyaa ii,3
- pashez: Too herl or thro (sumthhing) viyolently, so az
brake it against sumthhing or smash sumthhing
withe it; OED
- pavan: parvan (Fr. parvane) a staitly daans in which the
daancerz wer elabboraitly drest; GTSW
- pesen: pese; arcayic plural ov pese; AllWords.com
- peradvenchuerz: The pocibillity ov a thhing beyng so or not;
uncertainty, dout; a chaans, contin'gency; a
risc, hazzard. Nou rare; OED
- perjuraishon: The acshon ov enjuring or capascity too enjure
indeffiniatly; OED
- pickerelz: A yung pike; OED
- pigsny: A speshaly cherrisht or beluvved man or boi. Nou
arch.; OED
- pild: stript ov hare; Webster

plan'gorous: rezzonant or plaintive in sound; carracteriazd bi
loud lamentaishon; OED

plat: A flat blo; a smac, a slap; OED

plennilune: A fool moone; the time ov a fool moone; OED

potaster: an infereyor powet; OED

poliyandrous: havving moer dhan wun huzband or male cecshuwal
partner; OED

pomanderz: Oridginaly: a mixchure ov aromattic substancez,
uezhuwaly made intoo a baul, and carrede in a smaull
box or bag in the hand or pocket, or suspended
bi a chane from the nec or waist, esp. az
protecshon against infecshon or unplezzant
smelz (nou hist.); OED

porfiry: a roc concisting ov feldspar cristalz embedded in
a compact darc red or perpel groundmas;
merreyam-webster.com

pouncez: the clau or tallon ov a berd ov pra; The Fre
Dicshonary

pranking: make an ostentaishous displa; The Fre Dicshonary

princox: A pert, saucy, vane, or insolent boi or yung man;
a coxcome; OED

probaishon ostencive: directly or mannifestly demonstrative. Cheefly in
Lodgic: (ov a proofe, method, etc.) cetting out a
genneral principel mannifestly including the
proposishon too be pruivd; OED

poodding-pric: scuwer; Merreyam Webster

perfeld: adornd withe a ruffeld ornamental band; Collinz
In'glish Dicshonary

Q

qwaut: a pimpel; fig. aplide comtempchuwously too a yung
person; GSTW

qwidling: Too qwibbel or cavvil about incignificant detailz;

OED

- qwinching: Too moove, ster, make a slite noiz; too start, flinch; OED
- qwondamship: the state ov beying out ov office; OED
- qwoathaa: uezd withe contempchuwous, ironnic, or sarcastic foers aafter repeting werdz ced bi sumwun els; OED

R

- rabeyous: Nou rare. Rabid: Fureyous, raging; wialdly agrescive or viyolent; OED
- raic'helly: raic'hel An immoral or disolute person; a scoundrel; a rake; OED
- reremice: reremous (plural reremice) (rare, arcayic, powettic or herraldry) A bat (flying mammal); Wicshonary
- rivver-spate: spate: a sudden flud; OED
- roadsted: partly shelterd ancorage; Wicshonary
- roanyo: A proprietary name for: enny ov vareyous kiandz ov office eqwipment, esp. (nou cheefly hist.) a stencil-baist jueplicating mashene; OED
- rose-enude: from ennu, too tint, shade; GSTW

S

- sallose: braud-leeft willo; Merreyam Webster
- sard: A varyety ov corneleyan, vareying in cullor from pale goalden yello too reddish oranj; OED
- sardonnix: A varyety ov onnix or stratifide calceddony havving white layerz aulternating withe wun or moer straataa ov sard; OED
- cenical: ov or belonging too the thheyater or stage; thheyatrical; OED
- scrannel: thhin, megher; OED
- cendaline: A tipe ov thhin cilc cloth; Wicshonary
- cettelgang: suncet. Soers: An'glish Wordbooc,

english.wikia.com

- slub: Thhic sludgy mud; mire, oose; OED
- smaragdine: Ov or belonging too, concisting ov, a smaragd;
resembling dhat ov a smaragd; ov an emmerald
grene; OED
- smaragdz: A preshous stone ov a brite grene cullor; an
emmerald; OED
- snic up: Uezd withe go, or imperratiavly, and aulwase follode
bi up, in the cens ov 'go hang'; OED
- sorb-appel: frute ov the cervice tre. Soers:
agroforestry.co.uk
- spauling: expectoraishon; OED
- spachcoc: Too prepare (esp. an ele) for the tabel; OED
- spindrifft: continnuuous driving ov spra; OED
- spinny: A smaul wood or cops; OED
- spis: thhic, dens, compact, cloce; OED
- spi-fortalice: In erly uce = fortres n.; bi moddern riterz
cheefly uezd for: 'A smaul outwerc ov a
fortificaishon' (W.); a smaul foert; OED
- sqwelter: waulo, role about; A glossary ov Chudor and Schuwart
werdz, I.A.
- steddingz: A farm-hous and outbilingz; often, the
outbilingz in contraast too the farm-hous; OED
- stetite: the minneral talc ocuuring in consollidated form,
espehaly az soapstone; Dictionary.com
- stuix: sheevz ov grane stood on end in a feeld; Oxford
Dicshonary
- stoundz: short time, instant; aulso: pang, pane; The Fre
Dicshonary
- strampling: Too tred uppon; too trampel down; OED
- superficez: vareyant ov superficese, "cerface" ov sumthhing
imatereyal; Wicshonary
- supositishous: spureyous; The Fre Dicshonary

cerqwedry: arrogans, hauty pride, prezumpshon; OED
cine: Directly or next aafter dhat; OED

T

tartaret: Barbary; Omnilexicaa
Terpicoreyan: pertaning too, or ov the nachure ov daancing; OED
thheyorbo: A larj varyety ov lute havving too cets ov chuning
 pegz and a nec extended in boath length and
 width too hoald adishonal bace stringz; OED
thornbax: The common ra or scate; OED
thraulz: Wun whoo iz in bondage too a lord or maaster; OED
Tom-a-Bedlam: the name ov an anonnimous powem in the “mad
song”

zhaunr, ritten in the vois ov a hoamles
“Bedlamite.” The powem wauz probbably compoazd at
the beghinning ov the 17th cenchury; Wikipejaa

terky-stoanz: terqwoiz, which wauz impoerted viyaa Terky;
www.crystalvaults.com

twinking: vareyant ov twincling, winking; Dictionary.com

twerc: A twich or twerl; The Cenchury Dicshonary and
Ciaclopejaa

U

Ultramundainz: Matterz liying outside the fizensal werld;
mettafisix; OED

unlockend: unextin'gwisht; OED

V

vading: fading, paacing awa, fleting, traansitory; OED

vare: A fer obtaind from a varyety ov sqwirrel withe
gra bac and white belly, much uezd in the 13th
and 14th cenchurese az a trimming or lining for
garments; OED

veronal: Diyethhil-malonil-ureyaa, a white cristalline
 substans uezd az a hipnottic; OED
viasgerent: a person exercising dellegated pouwer on behaaf ov a
 sovverane; Oxford Dicshonary
Vindemeyaitrix: A brite fixt star in the constelaishon Vergo;
 OED

W

wezand: Nou cheefly diyalect. The throte genneraly; OED
whinbushez: gors; Oxford Dicshonary
whinflouwerz: Ulex (commonly none az gors, ferz or whin) iz a
 genus ov flouwering plaants in the fammily
 Fabasha; Wikipejaa
wite: A livving beying in genneral; a crechure; OED
wind: chainj direcshon; The Fre Dicshonary

TRAANSCRIBER NOATS

Mispeld werdz and printer errorz hav bene corected. Whare multipel spellingz oker, majority uce haz bene empload.

Puncchuwaishon haz bene maintaind exept whare obveyous printer errorz oker.

Withe the exepshon ov maps, aul ilustraishonz hav bene remuivd ju too coppirite restricshonz.

The Geneyalodgical Tabelz from The Mesenshan Gate, Vol. 3 ov the Simeyamveyan Trilogy, ov the Line ov the Parrese and the Roiyal Hous ov

Fin'giswoald hav aulso bene included.

A Glossary ov Termz haz aulso bene creyated and included in eche
vollume ov
the Trilogy.

[The end ov "A Fish Dinner in Memmizon" bi Erric Roocker Eddison]