

dust swirled around in front of k.s eyes, robbing him of breath for some time. moorland landscape, said the painter passing the picture to it showed two sickly trees, well separated from each other in dark grass. in the background there was a multi coloured sunset. thats nice, said ill buy it. expressed himself in this curt way without any thought, so he was glad when the painter did not take this amiss and picked up a second painting from the floor. this is a counterpart to the first picture, said the painter. perhaps it had been intended as a counterpart, but there was not the slightest difference to be seen between it and the first picture, there were the trees, there the grass and there the sunset. but this was of little importance to they are beautiful landscapes, he said, ill buy them both and hang them in my office. you seem to like this subject, said the painter, picking up a third painting, good job ive still got another, similar picture here. the picture though, was not similar, rather it was exactly the same moorland landscape. the painter was fully exploiting this opportunity to sell off his old pictures. ill take this one too, said how much do the three paintings cost we can talk about that next time, said the painter. youre in a hurry now, and well still be in contact. and besides, im glad you like the paintings, ill give you all the paintings ive got down here. theyre all moorland landscapes, ive painted a lot of moorland landscapes. a lot of people dont like that sort of picture because theyre too gloomy, but there are others, and youre one of them, who love gloomy themes. but was not in the mood to hear about the professional experiences of this painter cum beggar. wrap them all up he called out, you have your own seat appointed and fixed, as sure as canon parkyn, and your own arms painted up clear on the back of it. dont you trouble for that. it is all laid down in the statutes, and i shall make the very same obeisance for your lordship when you take your seat as for my lord bishop. two inclinations of the body, the mace being held in the right hand, and supported on the left arm. i cannot say more fair than that, for only royalties have three inclinations, and none of them has ever been to church in my time no, nor yet a lord blandamer neither, since the day that your dear father and mother, what you never knew, was buried. mrs janaway drummed with her knuckles on the supper table, in amazement that her husband should dare to stand chattering at the door when she had told him that the meal was ready. but, as the conversation revealed by degrees the strangers identity, curiosity to see the man whose name was in all cullerne mouths got the better of her, and she came curtsying to the door. lord blandamer flung the flapping cape of his overcoat over the left shoulder in a way that made the clerk think of foreigners, and of woodcuts of italian opera in a bound volume of the illustrated london news which he studied on sunday evenings. i must be moving on, said the visitor, with a shiver. i must not keep you standing here; there is a very chill air this evening. then mrs janaway was seized with a sudden temerity. will your lordship not step in and warm yourself for a moment she interposed. we have a clear fire burning, if you will overlook the smell of cooking. the clerk trembled for a moment at his wifes boldness, but lord blandamer accepted the invitation with alacrity. thank you very much, said he; i should be very glad to rest a few minutes before my train poor as we, only you have so many grievances. ah, you are speaking of the organist lord blandamer asked. i fancy it was he who was talking with you in the minster this afternoon, was it not the clerk felt embarrassed once more, for he remembered mr sharnalls violent talk, and how his anathema of all blandamers had rang out in the church. yes, he said; poor organist was talking a little wild; he gets took that way sometimes, what with his grievances, and a little drop of the swanky what he takes to drown them. then he talks loud; but i hope your lordship didnt hear all his foolishness. oh dear no; i was engaged at the time with the architect, lord blandamer said; but his tone made janaway think that mr sharnalls voice had carried further than was convenient. i did not hear what he said, but he seemed to be much put out. i chatted with him in the church some days ago; he did not know who i was, but i gathered that he bore no very good will to my family. mrs janaway saw it was a moment for prudent words. dont pay no manner of attention to him, if i may make so bold as to advise your lordship, she said; he talks against my husband just as well. he is crazy about his organ, and thinks he ought to