

It had always been my habit to rise with the lark, if there was one going up at about nine. A confirmed botulist, I first arranged with Flora that there should be seven of the long stout shapes rosily bursting from the exquisite, taut but not too elastic brown at breakfast. I trusted they would not taste of Flora and the country-green. Then with whetted appetite, and after an unsatisfactory visit to the spareroom, I went for a quick stroll among my flowers. If the West African ordeal beans had proved a disappointment, at least the broad ones were giving satisfaction. On that day---and indeed I was well inspired---I discarded my useless physostigma. I led the old mineralogist up the garden, if I may be permitted the expression, and introduced him to my lobelia and to my pretty lords and ladies. I wanted to see how the combination would suit him. I felt I ought to be drawing towards a close ; but one never knew.

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## NOTES