

I rubbed my eyes and massaged my temples with pronated finger-tips. Then I fumbled two aspirin tablets into my mouth : Noel Coward's King Charles's Head. I had a very bad head. My vis-à-vis hadn't a bad head, now I came to consider it, bowed over the documents. It is a very ungentlemanly thing to read a private cigarette case. I became a trifle abstracted. What, I wondered, would he have said about an abstracted will? He might answer to the same name as the man who sang : "Ah, are you digging on my grave?" But a softer fellow I had rarely seen. On velvet, yes, on velvet I would have trusted him ; but not on cinders, by no means on cinders. Yet the keen eyes bent like small topaz searchlights over the writing. I would get, I felt, what I wanted from this man. But then I suddenly remembered the words of the poet :

*The golden one is gone from the banquets,
She, beloved of Atimetus,*

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