

I see that old dandy has purchased Cape Jasmine. Your gardenia is difficult at a distance to determine. It may be florida flore-pleno, double white. Why should I care? I am a very sick fellow. Gardenias! And there are also Gardener's Garters, *Phalaris arundinacea variegata*. I am not at all well. He is clutched unwillingly into greeting old Mrs. Cave, our local Dame Quickly. They mince at one another. Yes, by James! James? Lo, how these fair immaculate women walk behind their jocund maker ; and we see slighted De Mauves, and that far different she, Gressie, the trivial Sphinx. We commiserate pass into the night from the loud banquet. Sorry. She urges me to the American mess. I wolf three-quarters, thinking of Quebec. Then I try her out, saying, with an airy lift of the spoon, this savours not of death, this hath a relish of eternity. Excellent, my dear Watson. But the leopard's eyes do not bat a blink. Can she be guilty?

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