

Then there disappeared the last rose flivers of the Prussian beast. He had died to stay this mimic artistry, and had not had an inkling of it. The lips were wiped clean. He handed me the new instrument, and stood half in furtive assurance and half, I thought, in fear. I felt I could afford to be suave. If you would care to verify the incident, pray do so. I never travel without my diary. One should always have something sensational to read in the train. But this memorial of, as I thought, a soon to be dead woman's silly wishes, now cleverly guided a little, by a stranger if falser hand, was even more so. We that did nothing study but the way to love each other, with which thoughts the day rose with delight to us and with them set, must, as Henry said, learn the hateful art, how to forget. Yes, I would have to learn that.

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