

I plunged for the last time. The few remaining figures and letters swam as they came up to me. Then I took them in. There were no more. I glanced about me. I felt I was getting my money's worth. London is like that ; it accepts the wanderer home with a sort of warm indifference. The woman's beauty was, I surmised, profound ; her creamy dress, contrasting with her vivid colouring, showed to me, though more as white against a gay brick sepulchre than snow against roses. Yes it was a dreadful beauty, as far as I could see, and I recalled the stark phrases : Which swept an hundred thousand souls away ; yet I alive. But he was not ; the writer had strangely died to-day. And again they continued this wretched course three or four days : but they were every one of them carried into the great pit before it was quite filled up. Where was Henry? Ah, he was standing by her, close enough to touch the small buoyant face that topped her pillared neck most like a bell-flower on its bed. Would he appreciate?

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## NOTES