

But next day that religious fellow's head drapery, if I might thus unscientifically express myself, showed signs, it seemed to me, after that initial success, of failing. I would give it till midnight. Do not misunderstand me. Why should I not play the Spartan mother with emotion, be the Lucius Junius Brutus of my kind? I thought of May. Over them came old odour of red May. Lovely, indeed, but not appropriate. I felt that I was letting May down. As for the other, I had, of course, no intention of letting up. Henry, before our tea of anchovy toast and various hot dishes (I was never a stinter) riotously displayed himself all over me. He hit me once full in the eye, and I remembered, I could not help remembering, Elsie's difficulty when the young coastguard had tried to prove to her his direct descent from Herebald the Drake. "I will," she quoted, "express my duty in his eye."

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