

I cannot help, even with this supreme distraction, thinking of my Babbie's---dare I say my Babbie's---hair as I last saw it, tiger-coloured, and all like the little springs of a fairy's sofa. O toison, moutonnant jusque sur l'encolure! O boucles! O parfum charge de nonchaloir! Extase! If you take my meaning. She, at least, shows herself delightfully interested in Henry. I have always hated that these writers should be anonymous. What a tribe of them there has been, to be sure! But I have called them all by their names. Is it a foolish ecstasy to thrill when I see her long warm fingers taking off Henry's cap and putting it on again, and trying him out on the table? My dear guest accepts a Rainbow. I clamour for it, and it comes. She explains, and her throat dimples, that she will take it because Lent is over. She never, she adds, will have a second Sundae in Lent. I must be besotted, for I think this amusing.

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