

To have slept and to wake right up surrounded by an atmosphere in which Bunny and Perry went at it hammer and tongs, seemed almost sacrilege. That was the day when I was going to do a thing I had never done before. I looked at Henry, and felt a little sick. I took two pills. I had too soon---perhaps I did not want to go even so quickly as my ordered slowness---exchanged a tennis venue for a rowing one. I was not in Dorset ; but I murmured to myself that Ellen Brine of Allenburn would never mmore return. The connection was obvious. What a day, I thought, for the despatch of Paris and Leonidas. Cambridge or Thermopylae? But Paris? I had never at school looked upon him as in any sort a healer. I had, infact, never heard of John Ayrton then. *Oeuvre ton ame et ton oreille au son de ma mandoline : pour toi j'ai fait, pour toi, cette chanson cruelle et caline.* But I wasn't thinking of John Ayrton.

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