

My ears were becoming attuned, and for the first time I heard clearly what the woman was saying : “Are you going to leave everything to me?” she asked, and I could have sworn her companion started. Then seeing, or thinking he saw, his mistake, he answered : “You must do just as you think fit, May.” After all it was none of my business. Some fragments of dejected flesh still lay among the rests of the spilled wine. At my sign, Henry stooped and made all clean again. And there was no immediate call for me to listen further, for there came a pause during which both seemed busy with their thoughts. And I too thought. The voice was like and yet not like that of Janetia Sheringham. How we had laughed that day in the hay field when John sat on the buttered rolls, and we devised games out of straws, and we thought the cricket a war-horse, barded and chaufroned too, real fairy, with wings all right.

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