

I was a little consoled for the weeping weather by the fact that Gainsborough had gone out to-day. And, now I came to think of it, Henry had also gone to-day ; poor Henry, who had stayed uncomfortably after his meeting with Clément yesterday. Henceforth I ask not good fortune, I myself am good fortune, I changed. Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing, done with indoor complaints, libraries, querulous criticisms. But that would be scanned. Or rather it wouldn't. It didn't seem to fit. I had woken that morning pleasantly near the sea, at yesterday's capricious place of appointment with the man who gave me my instructions and all I wanted beside. Did Wodehouse know it, I wondered. Of its Earl he had said that he stood gazing out over his domain, drooping like a wet sock, as was his habit when he had nothing to prop his spine against. All I wanted beside, I had thought. Hadn't Chesterton said something about it's being hemp at both ends? My job might prove him right.

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