

Considering it was my name month, I wasn't having too much luck. Henry, though a bit on the spectacular side---to fly the viscera of his third, of the old family lawyer, at his small flagstaff, a little argued the exhibitionist---was sane enough. And this stranger, to judge by the over-vague conversation he began to force on me---different in this from the agriculturist, who had been utterly silent save for the burning question, and the brats who had only uttered mutually---was distinctly nuts. Nuts in May, how Freudian. Be not a Freud ; thy help is near. But was it? Henry was in desperate case, and this other was short-sighted enough not to realise that I should care. The former was stooping over the cooling remains of his fourth---the rash intruding charlady---when there came a horribly official knock at the little blue door. (Was it Inspector Barraclough, or only some stolid-witted local?) But little the latter cared. He went on talking about Browning.

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