

He was picking round among all she had left behind and found a box with his name on it. Also it said, for he read it, I always pay my debts. Unwrapped, it seemed to be a hundred box of Gourdoulis. I had never seen him so moved. He started reading a letter from a woman, dead the same day. I had yours but yesterday, it sai, though dated the third of February, in which you suppose me to be dead and buried. I have already let you know I am still alive, he went on, but to say truth, I look upon my present circumstances to be exactly the same with those of departed spirits. I don't think he ever said any more. Happily I was behind the armchair. He just opened the box. I had never seen him so moved. There were little bits of stuff like black pineapple on the carpet. I knew he could never be his old collected self again, and that my gray hairs would go down in sorrow to the grave.

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