

Death's clumsy fingered, that was the really frightful thing : I had seen them, beneath a debonair smile, fumbling so long about their business. I realised that I would have to do something. This time, of course, the male incarcerated at the place of Hotspur's death could not hear. I looked across the table to the great brimming bowl of yellow jasmine ; young Alexander had sent him up the night before with an invitation to a private view of the Paulo Post Avorticists. Then I glanced at the rococo mirror on my left. Well, my parents had seen to it, soon after birth, that I should be one ; but I had never, save during that week in Malta when I met Ronald Firbank and was a trifle jaundiced, been the other. It was terrible to sit there with only the table in front of me, and to know that murder had been committed. He would---I had sensed that---be intrinsicated and concealed, chamber within chamber ; if I durst open the bores, who would believe me?

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## NOTES