

He always talked to me about murder, when we were alone together. And that day he told me it was the birthday of a good one in prison. John and Cornelius, the Dort people ; I can't say I understood very much. But I liked his name, and showed him so, for he had always been very clement to me, even about that cat Jasmine. By the bye, Tusitala and Flora had both come over to our place. Of course you might say that was nothing to make a song about. But others had not agreed. And just as I was feeling how much I loved him, he put on funny clothes and went away. I lowered myself and made love to Flora. It was quite late when he came back with her. He had always told me that I was absurdly sensitive. It might be so. Explain it how you will, when I first set eyes on her I felt no vibration, no hint at all, of my latter end. I was banished and slept miserably with Flora.

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