

What should such a man need with such a companion, I asked myself. And then I thought of Jim's uncle, Darius Brockley, and of the flimsy excuse the Vicar's niece had given when she returned. Yes, I began to understand. And I was not sorry to dissociate the last of the gold from the silver, and wait upon events. I stretched out my hand and touched a dime shape on the chair beside me ; a sleek cat that horribly exulted at the touch of my fingers. We were told that the human heart was deceitful and desperately wicked ; what then should be said of the human mind? Why, I meant, should I have remembered the tale of the Major-General in Trafalgar Square on Guy Fawkes night, and how the dead man had told it me, just an hour before...they came to take him away? And then how about myself? Admittedly I was a warrior, but even I, surely, could be a warrior without being a bounder.

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