

Of course I was sorry to say good-bye to old Medehamstede ; but it was pleasant to sit down and to really find myself alone at last. Those emotional times were trying to us all. I felt that my lips were paler than I liked ; but a touch of Pasquier's claret soon put me right. Dear old Pasquier, I had come across him in Paris, at that little place in the Rue de la Harpe, a street in which, I have been told, there was a touch of orderly room even in the disorderly houses. I opened a magazine and looked hastily through the last paragraphs of the short stories. I was all for love ; but fading out on an embrace never appealed to me. The embrace in my short stories---and my life was all short stories, I had come to think---occurred in the first few words. And afterwards the plot. The complete novel length looked better. It was called *Savage Conqueror*, and I liked that.

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