

I discussed certain passages with the man, and he was too guardedly ignorant in his contributions to our discussion. The chapter on the fall of the rupee you may omit. It is somewhat too sensational. Even these metallic problems have their melodramatic side. But would I have called him to me had it not been for money? Many a truth had been spoken, I reflected, as an epigram. Like something very far away in a great disused house, that may to the aching ear seem to be lifting a flag in some disused second cellar, my suspicion made an escaping movement, a movement of birth in a blank and distant subterrene of my mind. As I looked at him I realised that no single dish would satisfy the man. He would be, even to start with, for a course of soup, and then another of dishes, as my namesake said, and another of birds. I have never met any really wicked person before. I feel rather frightened. I am so afraid he will look just like every one else.

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## NOTES