

I am conveniently situated, with the Moon on the one hand and the Dawn on the other. Conveniently situated for some things, that is. Here's young Sawnie, for instance, parking his Fordor with a perfectly grey face. I'm sorry. He is fumbling with the lock arrangement. I've never tried the stuff myself ; bad for the hand. He's visiting the Moon for the first time to-day and just the first. I almost wish I had tried the Lapsang. I remember I once received seven pounds of Lapsang from Grace. Or the Moning, very choice, delicate flavour. Why go to pubs? There would be no Moning at the bar. Yes, there's Kate Somerset, looking actually proud. And that must be he. Poor child. Ah, here she is. She slips like a blonde lily into the chair opposite. My heart turns over a little in my breast and then re-settles. She is very beautiful. Why should I think her beauty somewhat sinister? Because, perhaps, marriage is in the air?

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