

I sometimes wish, and I wished then, that I had the gift of telling, or at least of following, a story vividly. Hodge, in the luxury of his first St. Bruno, kept on exacerbating the corner of my eye by fingering his sebaceous arrangement. And this made it difficult to adequately appreciate Henry's problem. Smells meant a lot to me ; I was back in a twinkling at the old fonda in Vera Cruz, and almost saw the young fruit merchant laying down his guitar and wiping the blood off the strings with a kenspeckle handkerchief. But I must, I felt, at all costs get back to Henry. The position was this : the second wife's brother had begun to suspect. He had found a half-burned marriage certificate in the incinerator ; that was charred lines on Henry. What would he do? We couldn't stop at this point, surely, I thought. But I was wrong.

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## NOTES