

I had always thought that Tate essentially meant sugar. This I liked almost next to anything, though mostly not at once, but under the gas fire and pulled out when there was nobody else. But he said to her, as in the game a lot of them played there once, another had begun to-day, and had wormed his way into the Book of Common Prayer. But I didn't think he would tast so good ; I preferred the sugar one. I thought they were together too much. I became convinced that I must be a sad dog ; I tried to remember all the times when one of the other sex had preoccupied me, and we had been oblivious of all else. I tried to forgive. He called her *Crataegus Oxyacantha* over the cocktails ; that was his big joke. I knew it by the way he laughed, and I too rolled about. But I liked the real way to call her best. I met Ecky that evening, he was very happy ; but just about all in. When I greeted him he nearly fell on my nose.

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