

And I really think I would have preferred the Maestro Jimson's title, now that this piled abomination is actually before me. But the queen can do no wrong. The rain that came heavily is drying off lightly. There, jauntily tripping from the edge of one puddle to another is crisp Sir Roland Mowthalorn, shuddering old thing, intent to buy the day's buttonhole from gin-faced Annie behind the church. I remember clearly, perhaps because I ought to have my wits about me for another purpose, how Sir Roland's father, Sir Weedon, once saw Henry taking the part of Lesurques and mixed him up with Le Cirque d'Hiver. Instead of really explaining, she points me gaily to a little boy about, she says, to tumble into the sea. Perhaps he has already tumbled in. In the snowy cumulus above the orange there seems to be now a hole. She tells me to mash all with a spoon. If she had said a mashie. But she is so beautiful. Can I suspect her?

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