

wide-railed, polished woodwork, and the large clock—"a pretty sight"; then the drawing-room, long and low, panelled ceiling, gay chintz, and old cabinets, with china glistening behind latticed panes that required a longish exposure; then the great man's room. "Your workshop, as one may say, sir. Ha, ha. Lift that blind couple inches more—thank you kindly, sir. Come, that's better. Now, if *you* want to be done with the room, I'll have you by the window. . . . It's for you to say. But I tell you fair, I mean to give it a fifty seconds' exposure and you'll have to sit still. Very good. In that case I needn't detain you."

Then the host, postponing the family meal, gave the visitor luncheon in the sunny dining-room and sat with him while he ate and drank. Leaning his head upon his hand in the characteristic attitude so well known to the small household, the host chatted very pleasantly; and the guest, happy and contented and completely at his ease with the great man, chatted also very pleasantly.

"When," said the guest, "are you scientific gentlemen going to give us coloured photography?"

"Ah!" and the host smiled. "You must ask Grindley—or Professor Jenner Cox. I have often thought of it—but you know really it is not in my line."

Yet he showed, as the guest went on munching, that he was not quite off the scent of the subject they were pursuing.

"You seem to know all about it, sir. I wonder you don't set yourself to take and do it for us."

Mr Burgoyne laughed good-humouredly; but at once drifted on towards his own line: speaking with wonderful simplicity.

"I want to bring the colours here," and he tapped his forehead. "Not there," and he pointed to the camera on a chair by the door. "When the true colour is in the thought, you won't have to bother about the plate, don't you see?"

The photographer did not see.

"Well. I express myself badly. But for instance: If you showed your excellent print of my room to my cat, she would not recognise it. Brain not developed sufficiently.