

the bulldog, sleeps with his enormous head pillowed on the loose sheets; he snores, and as he sleeps he chokes and gurgles. He is disgusting, he is delightful. This is England.

I have not been to the City to-day, but shall drop in for an hour at four o'clock, when I shall have finished these memoirs. I must finish them, perhaps to begin them over again one day, for I have not had the strength or the wish to extend them over the last five years. Of those years I say nothing now; perhaps I have nothing to say, perhaps I feel obscurely that my alien life ended one morning, when Edith and I faced each other across the little body of Fiona as she squirmed in the rough grass. Yes, everything conspires to give me that message. On the stairs I hear voices raised in shrill protest; I hear Marmaduke clamouring for sweeties and tiny Edna uttering, for reasons unknown to me, scream after scream. Then Edith's voice, very low, very sweet. I wonder why I called those two "Marmaduke" and "Edna." Oh, yes, I remember: there are no corresponding French names.

## II

Before me lies a blue paper. Addressed to Lucien Cadorese, of 200 Kensington Gore, it states that "By virtue of a Precept of the High Sheriff of the County aforesaid," I am summoned to appear before His Majesty's Justice or Justices assigned to hold the Assizes, there to serve as a Special Juror. Can it be that the recreant English-born say "Damn" when they find such a blue paper in the post? It is amazing to me who am thrilled by this little thing I may do for my country. With eleven other Englishmen I am to decide the fate of Englishmen in the stern, but lofty presence of England's law.

Soft-footed, ghost-like, the parlourmaid comes in with