

of different types of feature. My hair curly, chestnut; hers dark as pall of midnight; my eyes deep blue, hers unfathomable raven black—black as an ink bottle. In the ecstasies of my sublime passion I became humanized.

On Sunday, in the early summer morning, while their fathers and mothers were snugly tucked under the blankets, it was the general custom of a choice club of boys, having previously secured a lusty tomcat, to float him in a huge willow bowl on the still waters which covered a deserted quarry. The cat, hating water, stayed quiet, crouching in the centre, with a faint "meeyou." Then our terriers and lurchers were loosed, and swimming to the attack were soundly scratched. When this became monotonous, I unslipped my Russian terrier from his chain as a matador. Hitting the side of the bowl with his paw he capsize it, and soon finished the drowning mouser.

I resigned my Presidency of the cat club. Nay more—such was the transforming and purifying action of my new affection—I turned missionary and tried to stop Sunday cock-fighting. All our gardeners kept game birds in the hay lofts, of the celebrated "Sooty Dun" breed, and used to fight them under a huge chestnut tree in the paddock, in the violet light of dawn. I used to slip out of the back door in my stocking feet and bet marbles on the winner, but now—

Henrietta and I had been predestined evidently, millions of ages ago, to come together. With the coyness of her sex, she kept me tantalized. I suggested an elopement. She neither encouraged nor wholly discouraged. In vain, I tried to bring her to a decision. With a hooked wire, I worked out a forbidden novel out of the locked wire door of one of my father's libraries. From it, slightly changed, I picked out a beautiful form of proposal. "If Henrietta, the purest and most devoted affection—if the consecrated constancy of a lifetime—if the most assiduous sacrifices." Blushing, with downcast eyelashes, she snatched her forefinger away and leaving me kneeling on a bunch of nettles, chased a butterfly. In a more melting mood, she came back, hinting thus, "affection, however eloquently phrased, require proof." We were in the midst of one of my uncle's ten-acre fields, near the stone wall of the Observatory demesne, which was pierced with an iron wicket gate. "Put me to proof, Henrietta," ran my agonized pleading. "O, that a furious bull might rush up from the river, chasing thee as thou fleest to the iron wicket! O, that he might all but catch thee! Then would I rush in between, giving thee time to escape, and as his cruel horn pierced my kidneys, with my dying breath I would cry, 'Farewell, beloved one.' On the anniversary of my death, would it be asking too much to request you to shed three-sevenths of a drop of tear-juice on my untimely grave?" She said, "we had better go in and get some lunch."

I felt that without her the earth was a foul mess of thistles and misery. With her, a mud floor was paved with rubies. Night of Fear followed Day of Hope, with Doubt for twilight between. What if she should finally reject me? Seneca suicided by opening his veins in a warm bath, but Prussic acid might be just as easy.

After she returned from a Paris boarding school, I was in utter misery. The short skirts were lengthened. Full of formal etiquette, no more would she be chased along the parapet nor climb the hornbeam.