

thrown aside as useless. When I am so foolish—if I am so foolish I should say, for I feel completely cured!—as to begin thinking backward again with anything but a benevolent calm, I shall instantly come out here and invite the most wretched of my friends to join me, and watch them and myself being made whole.

The house, I think, ought to be re-christened.

It ought to be called *Chalet du Fleuve Jordan*.

But perhaps my guests mightn't like that.

THE END