

the broad lawns are close-mown. The house is pleasant of aspect on this garden side: white, long, and broken in plan, with green shutters to the upper windows and iron balconies almost lost in the embraces of wistaria and clematis. The lower rooms, with big French windows, are only raised by a step above the level of the ground, so that the garden seems to woo the house and the house to woo the garden.

The visitor was, as they had surmised, a newspaper man; but the visitor had not gone. In blind confidence that his visit could not be unwelcome, he had deposited in the porch his big and his little camera and had dismissed the fly before he rang the bell and learned, from the rather grim old parlourmaid, the quite unexpected fact that Mr Burgoyne could not and never did entertain gentlemen from London with cameras or note-books. The visitor was now resting in the porch, said Mary the parlourmaid, and he had expressed a wish to speak one word with "the lady."

Really the newspaper men drove one almost mad. Years brought them no wisdom. Nothing would make them understand that the Lighthouse was not open to the public. The light was for the world, but not the inner chambers of the lofty tower from which the light shone.

It was curious, in this connection, to observe that the smaller the newspaper, the more impudent was the attack of its man. Thus, while the Editor of *The World Review*, would humbly own that he knew he was asking for the Roc's egg, as it were, but must plead in extenuation of his offence that he was being drawn by a force that no editor could resist—the desire of the whole English-speaking race, etc., etc., the accredited representative of *The Camberwell Advertiser* would send a stamped envelope and say very complacently, "Being wishful to include you in my series of Men of the Hour, I shall be obliged if you will give me an interview at an early date. Thanking you in anticipation," etc.

Once or twice, in the course of years, the entry was forced: by ruse always—never by the treachery of those two staunch guardians, the grim parlourmaid Mary, and Sarah her lieutenant.