

inogion, that used often to be read aloud in the evenings at these lodgings, and there was an Indian book called "Old Deccan Days," for whose stories of rajah and ranee he would ask again and again. Often he would come back some days after one of these readings with poems in which he had retold the tales and given them a fresh significance. For us he was always eerie; there was a motive in his poetry that could never be ours, an indefinable spirit of wandering, and of nights spent in the open or in the shadows of the moonlit woods. It was as if a goblin were our friend. Nothing that he did or said could have surprised us much.

When that June came, it was after a cold May. Winter had lingered later than usual, and June came with a sudden warmth and a sense of spring as well as of summer. One evening one of his friends called at the library to take him up to Soho to drink red wine, which he loved, and to talk and dine in one of the little restaurants. The library clerks told him that the poet had not been in the place either that day or the day before. He had left no message, and was not in his rooms. His landlady only knew that he had gone out very early in the morning two days ago, and had not returned to sleep. He had not come back the next day, and after that his friends took in turn to call every evening. They found it necessary to persuade