

left after he had paid the six months' rent of the house in Bloomsbury Square. His tenant paid monthly in advance. He had the satisfaction of knowing that the house was off his hands. The incomings from it slightly exceeded the rent, rates and taxes, and he could at any time transfer his lease to the new tenant, and sell the furniture at a valuation. He was at ease on that score, but he must find work. He sighed, he was feeling run-down, nervously worn out, depressed, useless, suicidal.

At last he decided that he would enjoy one more fortnight of life ; he would go right away into the country and "think things over." He must find new energy, he was drifting hopelessly, he was losing his pluck and his pride, degenerating ; he was coming within sight of the condition of that grateful man to whom he had once given a shilling on the Embankment.

He had never been to Cornwall. It was an expensive journey, but it sounded so remote. He closed his account with the Bank one morning in April, and on the next day he took train from Waterloo with one handbag on the rack, and £33 in notes and gold in his pocket. He had left his heavy luggage in Torrington Square, and arranged with his landlady to keep his room for ten shillings a week until his return.

As the train steamed out of Waterloo Station *en route* for Padstow, he peered out at the roofs and smoke of London, and wondered whether he would ever see them again.

That was a point which he had decided to settle within sight of the sea.