

figurement of her face in terms impossible to transcribe. She paid no attention.

"I'm coming upstairs to see your wife."

"If you pass that door, s'welp me Gawd, I'll set the dog on yer."

She paused. He urged on the dog, who bristled and growled and showed his teeth. Lola picked the animal up, as she would have picked up a sofa cushion, and threw him across the street. She went to where he had fallen, ordered him to her feet, and the dog licked her hand. She came back with a laugh.

"I'll do the same to you if you don't let me in!"

She pushed the hulking brute aside. He resisted and laid hands on her. By some extraordinary tamer's art of which she has in vain tried to explain to me the secret, and with no apparent effort, she glided away from him and sent him cowering and subdued some feet beyond the lintel of the door. The street, which was watching, went into a roar of laughter and applause. Lola mounted the stairs and attended to the business in hand. When she came down the man was still standing at the threshold smoking an obfuscated pipe. He blinked at her as if she had been a human dynamo.

"Come round to Barbara's Building at six o'clock and tell me how she is."

He came on the stroke of six.

The fame of Lola spread through the borough, and now she can walk feared, honoured, unmolested by night or day through the streets of horror and crime, which neither I nor any other man—no matter how courageous—dare enter at certain hours without the magical protection of a policeman.

Sunshine has come at last, both into this little backwater of the world by the sea and into my own life, and it is time I should end this futile record.

Yesterday as we lay on the sands, watching the waves