

**KOTAVA Tela Tamefa Golerava**

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**Katherine Mansfield**

**MATELAKAPA**

Berpotam  
(1922)

Kalkotavaks : Élisabeth Rovall (2014)

*Katherine Mansfield  
The Garden Party*

*Short story  
(1922)*

*Translation : Élisabeth Rovall (2014)*

## The Garden Party

### I

And after all the weather was ideal. They could not have had a more perfect day for a garden-party if they had ordered it. Windless, warm, the sky without a cloud. Only the blue was veiled with a haze of light gold, as it is sometimes in early summer. The gardener had been up since dawn, mowing the lawns and sweeping them, until the grass and the dark flat rosettes where the daisy plants had been seemed to shine. As for the roses, you could not help feeling they understood that roses are the only flowers that impress people at garden-parties; the only flowers that everybody is certain of knowing. Hundreds, yes, literally hundreds, had come out in a single night; the green bushes bowed down as though they had been visited by archangels.

Breakfast was not yet over before the men came to put up the marquee.

"Where do you want the marquee put, mother?"

"My dear child, it's no use asking me. I'm determined to leave everything to you children this year. Forget I am your mother. Treat me as an honoured guest."

But Meg could not possibly go and supervise the men. She had washed her hair before breakfast, and she sat drinking her coffee in a green turban, with a dark wet curl stamped on each cheek. Jose, the butterfly, always came down in a silk petticoat and a kimono jacket.

"You'll have to go, Laura; you're the artistic one."

Away Laura flew, still holding her piece of bread-and-butter. It's so delicious to have an excuse for eating out of doors, and besides, she loved having to arrange things; she always felt she could do it so much better than anybody else.

Four men in their shirt-sleeves stood grouped together on the garden path. They carried staves covered with rolls of canvas, and they had big tool-bags slung on their backs. They looked impressive. Laura wished now that she had not got the bread-and-butter, but there was nowhere to put it, and she couldn't possibly throw it away. She blushed and tried to look severe and even a little bit short-sighted as she came up to them.

"Good morning," she said, copying her mother's voice. But that sounded so fearfully affected that she was ashamed, and stammered like a little girl, "Oh - er - have you come - is it about the marquee?"

## Matelakapa

### I

**Darekeon.** Ison kiewackar. Kore sin co jafayad, va likotunaf afizcek ta matelakapa me co rodadid. Me sukara, zijnara, rujodiskaf kelt. Ant falte tir italkkirafe gu moavukamafa bra, milinde batcoba bak wavef idulugal dile dilizer. Matelik maligazdon kobar ; va preima al dolister ise al olvezar lize werd is yona orikafa azekafa toa tcalasa va runda ke plastuba nuvafigad. Icede ralta, vol rovepestalet da sina jiligad da ant sotid imwa woesa va ganenik, i ant ropilkomodana gan kottan. Sotre konaka decema, en, manote, remi tanoy mielcek al nagewed ; kusaf luc blaganyed dumede pumkik al worad.

Rielestura wan dilizer voxe dodelik ta madara va broca ixam artlanid.

— Tokliz va broca djukurundal, gadikya ?

— Abegya, me gonerul. Retandon, icde kotcoba pu win nazbeik va int djukujovlé. Vulkuc da tí gadik !! Va jin wetce poran emudenik askipec !!

Voxe Meg ta stujera va dodelik me rolanir. Moi rielestura va usuk su tcater aze va fadxa ulir, diskis va kusaf delor, dem abdafa is orikafa kenda keve kot tcor. Jose, i bord, vagekirafe gu gratcot kum lesu is aspe gibenazegar.

— Rin, fu golaniil, Laura !! Til tel yambik.

Laura maltalar, ware gison va festkirafa gabiyexa. Yontara va diveon rielestura sotir pluktaca, ise ison ina sosonter da va vanvura va arienta vajuler ; sopester rotaskisa lokiewon dam bettel.

Balemoye ayikye ton klaimewazalt moe gaest belcon tigid. Va ayezok dem stamafa krafolma is xekeyeltap dade ge bured. Nutid granafe. Laura va bata gabiyexa re co djumegir voxe meliz roplekur ise mekane romimar. Tukerawer ise dace tubendaweson laguboksar edje vanlanir.

— Kiavá ! ~ kalir, milaskison va puda ke gadikya. Vexe bat kom nutir voltuwavapaf eke ina tir kinokafa nume tcipar dum velik :~ Ox, xum... kas pic... ta broca ?

"That's right, miss," said the tallest of the men, a lanky, freckled fellow, and he shifted his tool-bag, knocked back his straw hat and smiled down at her. "That's about it."

His smile was so easy, so friendly that Laura recovered. What nice eyes he had, small, but such a dark blue! And now she looked at the others, they were smiling too. "Cheer up, we won't bite," their smile seemed to say. How very nice workmen were! And what a beautiful morning! She mustn't mention the morning; she must be business-like. The marquee.

"Well, what about the lily-lawn? Would that do?"

And she pointed to the lily-lawn with the hand that didn't hold the bread-and-butter. They turned, they stared in the direction. A little fat chap thrust out his under-lip, and the tall fellow frowned.

"I don't fancy it," said he. "Not conspicuous enough. You see, with a thing like a marquee," and he turned to Laura in his easy way, "you want to put it somewhere where it'll give you a bang slap in the eye, if you follow me."

Laura's upbringing made her wonder for a moment whether it was quite respectful of a workman to talk to her of bangs slap in the eye. But she did quite follow him.

"A corner of the tennis-court," she suggested. "But the band's going to be in one corner."

"H'm, going to have a band, are you?" said another of the workmen. He was pale. He had a haggard look as his dark eyes scanned the tennis-court. What was he thinking?

"Only a very small band," said Laura gently. Perhaps he wouldn't mind so much if the band was quite small. But the tall fellow interrupted.

"Look here, miss, that's the place. Against those trees. Over there. That'll do fine."

Against the karakas. Then the karaka-trees would be hidden. And they were so lovely, with their broad, gleaming leaves, and their clusters of yellow fruit. They were like trees you imagined growing on a desert island, proud, solitary, lifting their leaves and fruits to the sun in a kind of silent splendour. Must they be hidden by a marquee?

They must. Already the men had shouldered their staves and were making for the place. Only the tall fellow was left. He bent down, pinched a sprig of lavender, put his thumb and forefinger to his nose and snuffed up the smell. When Laura saw that gesture she forgot all about the karakas in her wonder at him caring for things like that - caring for the smell of

— Gue, weltamik, ~ tel ontinaf dodelik kalir, i vareskrik dem blakeracafa alma. Va intaf xekeyelt arplekur, aze va baplafla edji dimemimar ise titon kicegar. ~ Ta batcoba.

Inafa kicegara tir fakapafa is notapafa eke Laura ildunur. Va man iteemany pinaf vox faltapaf in dir ! Aze va kotar dodelik disuker, i va dere kicegas. « Benje, va rin me bugdatav ! » sinafa kicegara nukalir. Maneke dodelik tid agralaf ! Ise man rielcek ; ina va riel me gopulvir ; gozolkemecker. Broca.

— Kle, va tokcoba icde bata preima ? Co titir ?

Nume, kan nuba megisa va gabiyexa, va tcumakirafa preima bazer. Sin debaltewed, vanon kaldisuked. Pwertaf fanikam va levekutc abduinir, voxte tel godjikap woltsoar.

— Va batcoba me guzeká, ~ kalir. ~ Rowinsina. Wil, icde kona broca, ~ van Laura yaston rwoder, ~ gorundal konliz ina va ita rontion pedrar, ede va jin narul.

Inafa gaara askir da Laura tanvulon nuer kase kon dodelik ton « va ita rontion pedrar » puon ronopulvir. Neke va inafa sugdalara guzekackar.

— Mo ki ke blenutiuxo ? ~ tiaver. ~ Vexe kitcova moe alava rundanyatar.

— Xum ! kitcova tigitir ? ~ tanar dodelik kalir. Nutir wotraf edje inaf orikaf iteem va blenutiuxo rinder. Va tokcoba trakur ?

— Kitcovama, ~ Laura zijnon dulzer. Sazdon gu kitcovama in rotir leon co zo vanolar. Vexe godjikap waljoar :

— Disukel, weltamik !! Batse xocko. Keve batyon aal. Banlize. Titir rietavafa.

Keve *karaka* aal. Battode *karaka* aal co zo palseted. Tid listapaf dem intaf afigas toeem is zuleem dem blafotaf ilt. Va aal folinon atris koe letafa ewala vektad, i intotcaf is antiaf is madas van awalt va toeem is engeem ton amlitafa wafinda. Kas kake broca fiste co zo palsed ?

Fiste. Ixam dodelik va ayezokeem mo epita al plekud aze va xo vanlanid. Ant godjikap batlize zavzagir. Blaganyar, va wavolk lupur, va arekta is bareagelt van pez madar aze va kofigaxa gelavar. Wison va bata zatca, Laura va kot aalany vulkur. Zo gevar da in va mana coba albar, i va kofigaxa ke wava. Tokote ayikye ke inaf seltom va imwa co uzad ? « Ox ! ~ trakur, ~ bat dodelik efe tid agralaf. » Tokdume wetce nik va dodelik me dikir, i

lavender. How many men that she knew would have done such a thing? Oh, how extraordinarily nice workmen were, she thought. Why couldn't she have workmen for her friends rather than the silly boys she danced with and who came to Sunday night supper? She would get on much better with men like these.

It's all the fault, she decided, as the tall fellow drew something on the back of an envelope, something that was to be looped up or left to hang, of these absurd class distinctions. Well, for her part, she didn't feel them. Not a bit, not an atom ... And now there came the chock-chock of wooden hammers. Some one whistled, some one sang out, "Are you right there, matey?" "Matey!" The friendliness of it, the - the - Just to prove how happy she was, just to show the tall fellow how at home she felt, and how she despised stupid conventions, Laura took a big bite of her bread-and-butter as she stared at the little drawing. She felt just like a work-girl.

"Laura, Laura, where are you? Telephone, Laura!" a voice cried from the house.

"Coming!" Away she skimmed, over the lawn, up the path, up the steps, across the veranda, and into the porch. In the hall her father and Laurie were brushing their hats ready to go to the office.

"I say, Laura," said Laurie very fast, "you might just give a squiz at my coat before this afternoon. See if it wants pressing."

"I will," said she. Suddenly she couldn't stop herself. She ran at Laurie and gave him a small, quick squeeze. "Oh, I do love parties, don't you?" gasped Laura.

"Ra-ther," said Laurie's warm, boyish voice, and he squeezed his sister too, and gave her a gentle push. "Dash off to the telephone, old girl."

The telephone. "Yes, yes; oh yes. Kitty? Good morning, dear. Come to lunch? Do, dear. Delighted of course. It will only be a very scratch meal - just the sandwich crusts and broken meringue-shells and what's left over. Yes, isn't it a perfect morning? Your white? Oh, I certainly should. One moment - hold the line. Mother's calling." And Laura sat back. "What, mother? Can't hear."

Mrs. Sheridan's voice floated down the stairs. "Tell her to wear that sweet hat she had on last Sunday."

"Mother says you're to wear that sweet hat you had on last Sunday. Good. One o'clock. Bye-bye."

Laura put back the receiver, flung her arms over her head, took a deep breath, stretched and let them

va lodam bate akoydafe yikye stutese do ina is kottaneavielon sielestuse ? Do yone ayikye dum bate lokiewon co gildur.

« Kota batcoba tir, ~ tere nuer, edje godjikap va koncoba mo trovgay ke anamplekuxa zovdar, i va seroyara va gomadatana ok rumkawetesa dualtinda, ~ kotcoba tir golde batyona solovafa waltrakura va seltpula. » Benje ! lexe, va batcoba vol pestaler. Vol, meka oda, meka edega... Aze re belafa gla ke intamyelga kamamar. Kontan azdar, kontan iegar : « Kiewafa, dositye ? » « *Dositye !* » Mana notafa ewa, mana... Anton enide pu godjikap wazder eke tir kalackafa is sensackafa ise va giugaf seltagvaveem vligur. Laura va gabiyexa talgapar, rindepeson va seroyam. Pester oltavafa gu kon dodelik.

— Laura, Laura, toklize tigil ? Laura sumepulvisiki ! ~ lana puda iegar.

— Artlaní ! ~ Va preima tictalar, vamoo gaest, kal rapsay, rem kria aze valev resta kolanir. Koe sarandaxo, gadikye is Laurie berikye va edji iwolad, djupromallanison ko bazaxo.

— Kle, Laura, ~ Laurie kaliapon kalir, ~ va jinafa buxitca abdi kiel rokodisuketel. Wil kase ina zo gogutcar !!

— Askití !! ~ ina kalir. Levgon tabir. Van Laurie vulter aze blion mar. ~ Ox ! va kapa sosonté, vox rin ? ~ sionason kalir.

— Efe ! ~ Laurie kan volfentalafa jotafa puda dulzer aze va berikya blion mar aze zijnon platir :~ Kal sumepulvisiki, yaya !!

Mal sumepulvisiki : « En, en ; ox gue ! Kitty ? Kiavá, abegya. Ta estura pitil ? Anye, abegya. Kiewaxe, efe. Titir opelafa esturama... anton stern is *meringue* zomxa is konak zavzaks. Gue, rielcekany, mex ? Va rinaf batakaf gem ? Ox, jin co diskickí ! Va vula... Va sarva sul !! Gadya rozar. » Aze Laura madagir :

— Va tokcoba, Gadikya ? Mekon gildé.

Puda ke Sheridan W<sup>ya</sup> va fogelom titstir. « Kalil da ini va bati edjinyi ke diretaneaviel vode diskidir.

— Gadya kalir da va bati edjinyi ke diretaneaviel godiskitil. Ae. Ba tane. Boreon.

Laura va de dimaykar, vamo taka mamadar, kagaelapar, masotcer aze momar. « Ufux ! » repaler aze ve madagir. Me zekar, terektason. Kot tuvel nutir fenkuyun. Varafa mona gu kalifa lanirama is celera

fall. "Huh," she sighed, and the moment after the sigh she sat up quickly. She was still, listening. All the doors in the house seemed to be open. The house was alive with soft, quick steps and running voices. The green baize door that led to the kitchen regions swung open and shut with a muffled thud. And now there came a long, chuckling absurd sound. It was the heavy piano being moved on its stiff castors. But the air! If you stopped to notice, was the air always like this? Little faint winds were playing chase, in at the tops of the windows, out at the doors. And there were two tiny spots of sun, one on the inkpot, one on a silver photograph frame, playing too. Darling little spots. Especially the one on the inkpot lid. It was quite warm. A warm little silver star. She could have kissed it.

The front door bell pealed, and there sounded the rustle of Sadie's print skirt on the stairs. A man's voice murmured; Sadie answered, careless, "I'm sure I don't know. Wait. I'll ask Mrs Sheridan."

"What is it, Sadie?" Laura came into the hall.

"It's the florist, Miss Laura."

It was, indeed. There, just inside the door, stood a wide, shallow tray full of pots of pink lilies. No other kind. Nothing but lilies - canna lilies, big pink flowers, wide open, radiant, almost frighteningly alive on bright crimson stems.

"O-oh, Sadie!" said Laura, and the sound was like a little moan. She crouched down as if to warm herself at that blaze of lilies; she felt they were in her fingers, on her lips, growing in her breast.

"It's some mistake," she said faintly. "Nobody ever ordered so many. Sadie, go and find mother."

But at that moment Mrs. Sheridan joined them.

"It's quite right," she said calmly. "Yes, I ordered them. Aren't they lovely?" She pressed Laura's arm. "I was passing the shop yesterday, and I saw them in the window. And I suddenly thought for once in my life I shall have enough canna lilies. The garden-party will be a good excuse."

"But I thought you said you didn't mean to interfere," said Laura. Sadie had gone. The florist's man was still outside at his van. She put her arm round her mother's neck and gently, very gently, she bit her mother's ear.

"My darling child, you wouldn't like a logical mother, would you? Don't do that. Here's the man."

He carried more lilies still, another whole tray.

ke puda zo nutubliar. Tuvel paedanaf gu kusafa bayna stasa van burmotaxo ve fenkuwer aze ton sepuna gla budewer. Nume re abrotcif kiptes is nickaf mam ticstir. Gamiafa klawa mo dwedas krafolameem zo platir. Vexe gael ! Viunsunon va katcalara, kas gael gitir mil ? Uparama vefad ise vatico dilk va sint onkad ise va tuvel anjed. Ison toloya awaltasa kretsama dere vefad, bata mo sidak vox bana mo dilgavafa xuta dem afigasuteks. Ekoltafa kretsama. Lodamon bata mo sidakuk. Tir idulackafa. Idulaf dilgavaf bitejam. Laura va ina co kutcar.

Mamlesiki ke kotuvel biotawer aze kiltafa gratca ke Sadie moo fogelom gildenon lorar. Ayikyefa puda prejar ; Sadie volguyon dulzer :

— Mekon grupé, efe ! Kel !! Pu Sheridan W<sup>ya</sup> erutú.

— Tokcoba dilizer, Sadie ? ~ Laura va zeria su kolanir.

— Imwadolesik tigr, Laura Weltamik.

In tire. Batlize, dambaf azekotap dem furutsa dem raltukafa tcuma, kabdue tuvel tigr. Dem mekara imwinda. Dem anton tcuma... i dem *canna* tcuma dem raltukafa imwapa nagewepesa is ayewasa is blipisa num riwe vudesisa, bene sizuntas keraf colk.

— Ox, ox, Sadie ! ~ Laura kalir, ise diviegara va temedarama vektar. Rundanyar dumede kev bata teykara ke tcuma va int co djumidular ; va sina koe gelteem is moe kutceem is atrisa koe ast almar.

— Rokla tir, ~ axon kalir. ~ Metel manote al jafar. Sadie, va gadya kevlanil !!

Vexe batvulon Sheridan W<sup>ya</sup> kazokever.

— Loxe, ~ ina vumelton kalir. ~ Gue, al jafá. Kas sina me tid felbesa ? ~ Va ma ke Laura licar ~ Darevielon va dolexe kabduolanir nume va sina kadime ralpoda wí. Nume ve nué da, tantomon bak jinafa blira, va *canna* tcuma umote di dadí. Matelakapa titir yontanya.

— Vexe foliyí da al kaliyil da me djuviunsul, ~ Laura kalir. Sadie al mallanir. Imwadolesik diveon poke lima wan tigr. Ina anam berga ke gadikya va ma plekur aze va inafa oblaka gedelon gedelapon bugdadar.

— Abegafa nazbeya, va gadik kotraf gu ovopa me co dikil, mex ? Va batcoba me askil !! Batse bat ayik.

In va tcuma ware vanburer, i va ar kotrapaf

"Bank them up, just inside the door, on both sides of the porch, please," said Mrs. Sheridan. "Don't you agree, Laura?"

"Oh, I do, mother."

In the drawing-room Meg, Jose and good little Hans had at last succeeded in moving the piano.

"Now, if we put this chesterfield against the wall and move everything out of the room except the chairs, don't you think?"

"Quite."

"Hans, move these tables into the smoking-room, and bring a sweeper to take these marks off the carpet and - one moment, Hans - " Jose loved giving orders to the servants, and they loved obeying her. She always made them feel they were taking part in some drama. "Tell mother and Miss Laura to come here at once.

"Very good, Miss Jose."

She turned to Meg. "I want to hear what the piano sounds like, just in case I'm asked to sing this afternoon. Let's try over 'This life is Weary.'"

Pom! Ta-ta-ta Tee-ta! The piano burst out so passionately that Jose's face changed. She clasped her hands. She looked mournfully and enigmatically at her mother and Laura as they came in.

"This Life is Wee-ary, A Tear - a Sigh. A Love that Chan-ges, This Life is Wee-ary, A Tear - a Sigh. A Love that Chan-ges, And then ... Good-bye!"

But at the word "Good-bye," and although the piano sounded more desperate than ever, her face broke into a brilliant, dreadfully unsympathetic smile.

"Aren't I in good voice, mummy?" she beamed.

"This Life is Wee-ary, Hope comes to Die. A Dream - a Wa-kening."

But now Sadie interrupted them. "What is it, Sadie?"

"If you please, m'm, cook says have you got the flags for the sandwiches?"

"The flags for the sandwiches, Sadie?" echoed Mrs. Sheridan dreamily. And the children knew by her face that she hadn't got them. "Let me see." And she said to Sadie firmly, "Tell cook I'll let her have them in ten minutes.

Sadie went.

"Now, Laura," said her mother quickly, "come with me into the smoking-room. I've got the names

azekot.

— Va sin licason kaik tuvel voke resta daykal, vay !? ~ Sheridan W<sup>ya</sup> kalir. ~ Mex, Laura ?

— Ox, gue, gadikya !

Koe bontay, Meg is Jose is Hans omikany va klawa adim al lajuparplekud.

— Re, ede va saxa kev rebava co rundat ise va koto guto vaxe roveem div olkoba co plekut, kas me folic ?

— En, kiewaxe !

— Hans, va batyona azega ko vikizaxo plekul aze va tsent naril aze va conyuteem ke tcalist deswal !! Va vula, Hans... ~ Jose sokalbar da pu kwik dirgar ise kot va vegeza sosonter. Ine sokaskir da in va kona piza paker.

— Kiewapafa, Jose weltamik.

Ine van Meg rwoder. « Va mam ke klawa djunoké, opelon kase kontel co erutur da rekielon co dankatá. Va " This life is Weary " Iwit !!»

Pom ! Ta-ta-ta Ti-ta ! Klawa roidar, ton evluba skepena eke gexata ke Jose betawer. Ine nubagamdar. Va gadikya az Laura ba sinafa kolanira volwiveson is welimon disuker.

« Bata blira ar...gar, borera... repalera. Beta...wesa rena, bata blira ar...gar, borera... repalera. Beta...wesa rena, azon... divkiavara !»

Vexe ba « diviavara » ewa ise beka mam ke klawa cugeke gripokoler, sizuntasa volluntafa kicera va inafa vola koafir.

— Kas me tí pudakiranyaf, gadya ? ine ayewar.

« Bata blira ar...gar, pokolera ta awalkera. Klokera... divmodera. »

Vexe Sadie re waljoar.

— Tokcoba dilizer, Sadie ?

— Pará, we'tik, burmotasik erur kase va dungeem tori stern dadil ?

— Va dungeem tori stern, Sadie ? ~ Sheridan W<sup>ya</sup> klokeson tolkalir. Nume yoke vola nazbeikeem wir da ina me dadir. ~ Undemé !! ~ Aze pu Sadie acon kalir :~ Pu burmotasik kail da arti bartivamu deatá !!

Sadie divlanir.

— Re Laura, ~ gadikya blion kalir, ~ ko vikizaxo

somewhere on the back of an envelope. You'll have to write them out for me. Meg, go upstairs this minute and take that wet thing off your head. Jose, run and finish dressing this instant. Do you hear me, children, or shall I have to tell your father when he comes home to-night? And - and, Jose, pacify cook if you do go into the kitchen, will you? I'm terrified of her this morning."

The envelope was found at last behind the dining-room clock, though how it had got there Mrs. Sheridan could not imagine.

"One of you children must have stolen it out of my bag, because I remember vividly - cream cheese and lemon-curd. Have you done that?"

"Yes."

"Egg and--" Mrs. Sheridan held the envelope away from her. "It looks like mice. It can't be mice, can it?"

"Olive, pet," said Laura, looking over her shoulder.

"Yes, of course, olive. What a horrible combination it sounds. Egg and olive."

They were finished at last, and Laura took them off to the kitchen. She found Jose there pacifying the cook, who did not look at all terrifying.

"I have never seen such exquisite sandwiches," said Jose's rapturous voice. "How many kinds did you say there were, cook? Fifteen?"

"Fifteen, Miss Jose."

"Well, cook, I congratulate you."

Cook swept up crusts with the long sandwich knife, and smiled broadly.

"Godber's has come," announced Sadie, issuing out of the pantry. She had seen the man pass the window.

That meant the cream puffs had come. Godber's were famous for their cream puffs. Nobody ever thought of making them at home.

"Bring them in and put them on the table, my girl," ordered cook.

Sadie brought them in and went back to the door. Of course Laura and Jose were far too grown-up to really care about such things. All the same, they couldn't help agreeing that the puffs looked very attractive. Very. Cook began arranging them, shaking off the extra icing sugar.

"Don't they carry one back to all one's parties?" said Laura.

"I suppose they do," said practical Jose, who never

do jin pil !! Va batyon yolt konlize moe trovgay ke anamplekuxa al stragá. Djumé da va sin muon di malsutel. Meg, vere ticlanil ise va bata pumayana djova kevu taka tioltel !! Jose, vultel aze va int ten vagel, vere !! Gildec, nazbeik, oke pu gadikye ba dimlanira sielon fu gokalí ? Ise... ise, Jose, va burmotasik tuvumeltamal kase va burmotaxo kolanil, vay !? Rerielon ganon zo kovudacká.

Anamplekuxa kake varla ke estuxo adim zo katrasir, beka Sheridan W<sup>ya</sup> me rogestir inde ina batliz al rundawer.

— Nazbeik, tan ke win va ina kou jinaf eyelt tce al dubier lecen setikecké ... Bluda dem vayna is biecasina gu vobe. Kas vaon al sutel ?

— Gue.

— Olgafo ato is... ~ Sheridan W<sup>ya</sup> va anamplekuxa sumeon gir. ~ Va « brube » co belí. « Brube » tir merotisaca, mex ?

— « Krube », gadya, ~ Laura kalir, disukeson vamoo inafa epita.

— En, tire, krube. Man aklaf aotceks ! Ato is krube.

Tere dung dem yolt ke stern zo tenuked aze Laura ko burmotaxo vanburer. Va Jose tuvumeltase va burmotasik nutis meeafaf trasir.

Va lion kiewotaf stern meveli al wí, ~ vendegasa puda ke Jose kalir. ~ Tokoya inda tigid, al kalil ? San-aluboya ?

— San-aluboya, Jose weltamik.

— Kiewafa, va rin coná.

Burmotasik va kelkeem kan sternaf wedap tsender ise kiceper.

— Unenik ke Godber su artlanir, ~ Sadie dakter, divlanison va blotxo. Va in kabduo dilk al wir.

Batcoba sugdalar da vaynaxa al pid. Godber lupiaxe tir sposafe gu vaynaxa. Metan deneon vaon co folaskedar.

— Va sina vanburel aze mo azega plekul, yaya !! ~ burmotasik dirgar.

Sadie vanburer aze kal tuvel dimlanir. Tire Jose is Laura en tid yikya nume va mancoba someviunsud. Soe godosted da vaynaxa nutid molesipisa. Efe en. Burmotasik toz vanvur ise va goayana slikaca ke bota lubesir.

— Sina va darekeugalafa kapa obad, mex ? ~ Laura kalir.

liked to be carried back. "They look beautifully light and feathery, I must say."

"Have one each, my dears," said cook in her comfortable voice. "Yer ma won't know."

Oh, impossible. Fancy cream puffs so soon after breakfast. The very idea made one shudder. All the same, two minutes later Jose and Laura were licking their fingers with that absorbed inward look that only comes from whipped cream.

"Let's go into the garden, out by the back way," suggested Laura. "I want to see how the men are getting on with the marquee. They're such awfully nice men."

But the back door was blocked by cook, Sadie, Godber's man and Hans.

Something had happened.

## II

"Tuk-tuk-tuk," clucked cook like an agitated hen. Sadie had her hand clapped to her cheek as though she had toothache. Hans's face was screwed up in the effort to understand. Only Godber's man seemed to be enjoying himself; it was his story.

"What's the matter? What's happened?"

"There's been a horrible accident," said Cook. "A man killed."

"A man killed! Where? How? When?"

But Godber's man wasn't going to have his story snatched from under his very nose.

"Know those little cottages just below here, miss?" Know them? Of course, she knew them. "Well, there's a young chap living there, name of Scott, a carter. His horse shied at a traction-engine, corner of Hawke Street this morning, and he was thrown out on the back of his head. Killed."

"Dead!" Laura stared at Godber's man.

"Dead when they picked him up," said Godber's man with relish. "They were taking the body home as I come up here." And he said to the cook, "He's left a wife and five little ones."

"Jose, come here." Laura caught hold of her sister's sleeve and dragged her through the kitchen to the other side of the green baize door. There she paused and leaned against it. "Jose!" she said, horrified, "however are we going to stop everything?"

— Tce en, ~ Jose askiputon kalir, dem swava somekarolasa va dimedisukera. ~ Nutid bagapafa is bruxakorafa, gowelidá.

— Va tanoya naric, kota abegya !! ~ burmotasik kan erodafa puda kalir. ~ Winafa gaditya va m'coba grup'ter.

Ox, volrotisa ! Va vaynaxa moi rielestura modovamal. Miv trakura sobupasir. Soe, arti toloy verast, Jose is Laura va intaf gelteem frined, ton bata koefa avplekusa muxara kina gan ustayana vayna.

— Ko matela lanit, kadimoon !! ~ Laura tiaver. ~ Djuwí eke dodelik ta broca al askid. Tid agralapaf.

Vexe zanigatuvel gan burmotasik is Sadie is unenik ke Godber is Hans zo oblar.

Koncoba al sokir.

## II

— Tuk-tuk-tuk..., ~ burmotasik dum lulana wilya wilier.

Sadie va nuba keve tcor gir dumede co talgaroter. Gexata ke Hans lasugildason soaksewer. Ant unenik ke Godber va debala nukarolar ; tir inafa rupa.

— Tokcoba tir ? Tokcoba al sokir ?

— Mayakafa walta al sokir, ~ burmotasik kalir. ~ Ayikyé al xonuker.

— Xonukenik ! Toklize ? Tokkane ? Tokviele ?

Vexe unenik ke Godber va intafa rupa mbi maninde me djudubier.

— Kas va banyona monama valeve bato xo grupel, weltamik ? ~ Kase va sina gruper ? Efe, gue. ~ Kle, tir yikye banlize sokese, Scott limik. Inaf okol lent impasiko reielon al sagwer, alavon ice Hawke vawila, nume in mo kapray al zo malkabur. Ve xonukeyer.

— Awalkaf ! ~ Laura va unenik ke Godber modisuker.

— Awalkaf viele zo kariwayar, ~ unenik ke Godber fronason kalir. ~ Alto den cin zo vanbureyer viele batliz piyí. ~ Aze pu burmotasik kalir :~ In va kurenik is aluboy velik jovler.

— Jose, batliz pil !! ~ Laura va ewazalt ke berik konarir aze kaik tuvel paedanaf gu kusafa bayna dolizir. Batlize, vukir aze va urifey altogir. ~ Jose !!



"Stop everything, Laura!" cried Jose in astonishment. "What do you mean?"

"Stop the garden-party, of course." Why did Jose pretend?

But Jose was still more amazed. "Stop the garden-party? My dear Laura, don't be so absurd. Of course we can't do anything of the kind. Nobody expects us to. Don't be so extravagant."

"But we can't possibly have a garden-party with a man dead just outside the front gate."

That really was extravagant, for the little cottages were in a lane to themselves at the very bottom of a steep rise that led up to the house. A broad road ran between. True, they were far too near. They were the greatest possible eyesore, and they had no right to be in that neighbourhood at all. They were little mean dwellings painted a chocolate brown. In the garden patches there was nothing but cabbage stalks, sick hens and tomato cans. The very smoke coming out of their chimneys was poverty-stricken. Little rags and shreds of smoke, so unlike the great silvery plumes that uncurled from the Sheridans' chimneys. Washerwomen lived in the lane and sweeps and a cobbler, and a man whose house-front was studded all over with minute bird-cages. Children swarmed. When the Sheridans were little they were forbidden to set foot there because of the revolting language and of what they might catch. But since they were grown up, Laura and Laurie on their prowls sometimes walked through. It was disgusting and sordid. They came out with a shudder. But still one must go everywhere; one must see everything. So through they went.

"And just think of what the band would sound like to that poor woman," said Laura.

"Oh, Laura!" Jose began to be seriously annoyed. "If you're going to stop a band playing every time some one has an accident, you'll lead a very strenuous life. I'm every bit as sorry about it as you. I feel just as sympathetic." Her eyes hardened. She looked at her sister just as she used to when they were little and fighting together. "You won't bring a drunken workman back to life by being sentimental," she said softly.

"Drunk! Who said he was drunk?" Laura turned furiously on Jose. She said, just as they had used to say on those occasions, "I'm going straight up to tell mother."

"Do, dear," cooed Jose.

"Mother, can I come into your room?" Laura turned the big glass door-knob.

"Of course, child. Why, what's the matter? What's

~ tuaklanon kalir. ~ Tokkane va kotcoba fu waljoat ?

— Va kotcoba fu waljoat, Laura ! ~ Jose ciwanon iegar. ~ Va tokcoba sugdalal ?

— Va waljoara va matelakapa, en

Tokdume Jose nujimegildar ? Vexe Jose gin zo ciwapar.

— Va waljoara va matelakapa ? Laura abegya, me til solovafa !! Tire va mana oltavaca me rotaskit. Metan va batcoba gu min zinular. Me til testarsafa !!

— Vexe va matelakapa me rovofirvit viele kontan poke minaf tuvel su xonuker.

Mana testacapa tir, kore bana monama kene nudama tite gurafa krimpa tic sinafa mona sostanon tigid. Vawapa va sin guon solparsar. Vexe tire sina pokerson tigid. Va wira relkon soblokad ise koe bata revava va tigira somerokad. Tid blikunafa vreda lingeyena gu sabukafe beretre. Koe sinafa matelama, kuntacolk ik akolesaf wil ik vlardaf luezak anton zo wid. Dace vikiz divstis va keldega nuvelaf vuranaf. Tid kolpama, i empaks ke vikiz amidapaf gu dilgavaf ondukap div keldegeem ke Sheridan. Kene nudama konak tubatakasik isu nudatcatesik irubad, is dere ayikye digise va mona dem lentor ciaenaf gu zveriakam. Rumeik tariad. Viele Sheridan yasik tiyid velaf, mbi pouyud da va bata kelda golde vitcaf avot banlize rogilden is jontika akola rotebiduna co moolaniyid. Vexe malida al atrid, Laura is Laurie konakviele gestason moolaniyid. Xo tir boikeso is fordafo. Gisusteson bulud. Vexe soe kottan va kotlizo lanira sorokar ; kotcoba zo rowir. Batdume gilaniid.

— Va keska askitina gu bata kimtikya gan lorara ke kitcova trakumul !! ~ Laura kalir.

— Ox, Laura ! ~ Jose toz zo nugeper. ~ Ede va zirsera ke kitcova co weyonal kotviele walta ben kontan sokir, pune wavdapon blitil. Dum rin va bata skaya en batcé. Va lia luntuca pestalé. ~ Inaf iteem tuolgawer. Va berik disuker milinde bak intafa rumeuca is sintyona rwamara gilaskiyir. ~ Va grijaf dodelik kan pestakuca me dimblisitil, ~ zijnon kalir.

— Grijaf ! Toktan al kalir da in tiyir grijaf ? ~ Laura van Jose yatkon rwoder. Tagelton kalir milinde sin mantode gikaliiyid :~ Va gadya vere kevlaní nume di kalí.

— Askil, abegya, ~ Jose dirbekoieson kalir.

— Gadikya, kas va mawa rokolaniil ? ~ Laura va

given you such a colour?" And Mrs. Sheridan turned round from her dressing-table. She was trying on a new hat.

"Mother, a man's been killed," began Laura.

"Not in the garden?" interrupted her mother.

"No, no!"

"Oh, what a fright you gave me!" Mrs. Sheridan sighed with relief, and took off the big hat and held it on her knees.

"But listen, mother," said Laura. Breathless, half-choking, she told the dreadful story. "Of course, we can't have our party, can we?" she pleaded. "The band and everybody arriving. They'd hear us, mother; they're nearly neighbours!"

To Laura's astonishment her mother behaved just like Jose; it was harder to bear because she seemed amused. She refused to take Laura seriously.

"But, my dear child, use your common sense. It's only by accident we've heard of it. If some one had died there normally - and I can't understand how they keep alive in those poky little holes - we should still be having our party, shouldn't we?"

Laura had to say "yes" to that, but she felt it was all wrong. She sat down on her mother's sofa and pinched the cushion frill.

"Mother, isn't it terribly heartless of us?" she asked.

"Darling!" Mrs. Sheridan got up and came over to her, carrying the hat. Before Laura could stop her she had popped it on. "My child!" said her mother, "the hat is yours. It's made for you. It's much too young for me. I have never seen you look such a picture. Look at yourself!" And she held up her hand-mirror.

"But, mother," Laura began again. She couldn't look at herself; she turned aside.

This time Mrs. Sheridan lost patience just as Jose had done.

"You are being very absurd, Laura," she said coldly. "People like that don't expect sacrifices from us. And it's not very sympathetic to spoil everybody's enjoyment as you're doing now."

"I don't understand," said Laura, and she walked quickly out of the room into her own bedroom. There, quite by chance, the first thing she saw was this charming girl in the mirror, in her black hat trimmed with gold daisies, and a long black velvet ribbon. Never had she imagined she could look like that. Is mother right? she thought. And now she hoped her

trivialtaptap ke tuvel tacer.

— Gue, nazbeya. Tokdume, tok uum tir ? Tokcoba va mana kseva gu rin al askir ? Aze Sheridan W<sup>ya</sup> va elzazega illanir. Va warzafi edji su lwir.

— Gadikya, ayik su xonuker, ~ Laura tozur.

— Me koe matela ? ~ gadik waljoar.

— Me, me !

— Ox, maninde va jin al vudesil ! ~ Sheridan W<sup>ya</sup> kiazanon repaler aze va edjipi deswar aze moe badeem gir.

— Voxe terektal, gadikya !! ~ Laura kalir. Ilgaeleson is belkumuson, va eaftafa rupa pwader. ~ Tire va kapa me rofirvit, mex ? ~ alutar. ~ Yoke kitcova is kot artpis ganenik. Co zo gildet, gadikya ; sin riwe tid vegungik !

Gevapason va Laura, gadikya dum Jose tagelton askir ; batcoba tir lodolgaf tcizaks lecen zo nurelander nume va Laura vol krafiar.

— Vexe, nazbeya, va fre rozal !! Volxuye va coba al grupet. Ede kontan batlize co awalkeyer, voxer me rogildá kane battan koe mane gaeliskafe feme lajurementid, pune soe va kapa co videt, mex ?

Laura enon gonodulzer, vexe cwe bata kotcoba tir memalyafa. Mo darwawa ke gadik debanyar aze va bruxaxa ke merna kurtar.

— Gadikya, kas me tit uduton brunaf ? ~ erur.

— Nazbeya ! ~ Sheridan W<sup>ya</sup> ranyar aze dem edji koe nuba vanlanir. Moida Laura va ina rotazavzar, wluon guon zo edjir. ~ Nazbeya, edji tir rinafi. Tir mu rin. Mu jin, tir jotarsafi. Mevieli va bat mampes delt lieke al vektal. Kle va int disukel !! ~ Aze va elza atcer.

— Vexe, gadikya... ~ Laura gin kalir. Va int me rodisuker ; takaskarar.

Batviele Sheridan W<sup>ya</sup> bralder dum Jose al askir.

— Tukipeapawel, Laura, ~ fentalon kalir. ~ Man korik va wetara ke min someked. Ison blokara va puvegura ke kottan tir volluntaca inde re askil.

— Me gildá, ~ Laura kalir ; aze va olkoba wluon divlanir aze va kenibexo kolanir. Batlize, xuye, inafa taneafa coba wina tir ewava kou elza va bata mampesa yikya leve ebeltafi edji inganafi gu moavukafa plastuba is vinotcapa kum ebeltafo piako. Mevieli al fotir lieke listafa. « Kas Gadya over ? » trakur. Re, pokoler da en. « Kas va testafa rieta

mother was right. Am I being extravagant? Perhaps it was extravagant. Just for a moment she had another glimpse of that poor woman and those little children, and the body being carried into the house. But it all seemed blurred, unreal, like a picture in the newspaper. I'll remember it again after the party's over, she decided. And somehow that seemed quite the best plan ...

Lunch was over by half-past one. By half-past two they were all ready for the fray. The green-coated band had arrived and was established in a corner of the tennis-court.

"My dear!" trilled Kitty Maitland, "aren't they too like frogs for words? You ought to have arranged them round the pond with the conductor in the middle on a leaf."

Laurie arrived and hailed them on his way to dress. At the sight of him Laura remembered the accident again. She wanted to tell him. If Laurie agreed with the others, then it was bound to be all right. And she followed him into the hall.

"Laurie!"

"Hallo!" He was half-way upstairs, but when he turned round and saw Laura he suddenly puffed out his cheeks and goggled his eyes at her. "My word, Laura! You do look stunning," said Laurie. "What an absolutely topping hat!"

Laura said faintly "Is it?" and smiled up at Laurie, and didn't tell him after all.

Soon after that people began coming in streams. The band struck up; the hired waiters ran from the house to the marquee. Wherever you looked there were couples strolling, bending to the flowers, greeting, moving on over the lawn. They were like bright birds that had alighted in the Sheridans' garden for this one afternoon, on their way to - where? Ah, what happiness it is to be with people who all are happy, to press hands, press cheeks, smile into eyes.

"Darling Laura, how well you look!"

"What a becoming hat, child!"

"Laura, you look quite Spanish. I've never seen you look so striking."

And Laura, glowing, answered softly, "Have you had tea? Won't you have an ice? The passion-fruit ices really are rather special." She ran to her father and begged him. "Daddy darling, can't the band have something to drink?"

And the perfect afternoon slowly ripened, slowly faded, slowly its petals closed.

diki ?» Rotir dikir. Abicedje, va bata kimtikya is inaf nazbeikeem is alto bureno ko bana mona aron corar. Vexe bata kotcoba nutir gojafa is volgeltrafa dum gretcaks koe fela. « Gire setiketé viele kapa al titir, » gorar. Ise batcoba laninde nutir tcineracka...

Ba tane bartiv is acku estura mea tir. Ba tole bartiv is acku, kot sin va rand egadar. Lexusik dem kusafe vage al artlanid aze va alava ke blenutiuxo al rundanyad.

— Abegya ! ~ Kitty Maitland zverier, ~ sin va salma vektapad, mex ? Va sin aname uzdama is isteon okilik moe toa co goderaykayal.

Laurie artlanir aze, moi vagera, va yikyem kolukon powar. Wison va ine, Laura va walta setiker. Vaon djupulvir. Ede Laurie co tir milboyafe gu arteleem, pune kotcoba ape co tir preksafa. Va ine ko zeria radimlanir.

— Laurie !

— Xelo ! ~ Ine iste fogelom tigr, vexe rwodeson az wison va Laura, va tcoreem ve deer ise kaikdisuker. ~ Waux, Laura ! Tcongersel ! Batse krinayarsafi edji !

Laura axon kalir : « En ? » aze pu Laurie kicegar voxe sopron va mecoba erur.

Moion ganenik jontikote toz artlanid. Kitcova toz lexur ; kwik battode segen mal mona kal broca vulted. Kotliz kontan disuker, tolonga zikasa ik blaganyasa van imwa ik va sint kiavasa ik moolanisa va preima tigid. Va sizuntasi zveri moe matela ke Sheridan yasa bal anton bat ritas kielcek abdi koyasa maltalara van... kle tokliz ? Ax ! mana kalaca tigion do yon kalapik, licason va yona nuba, xuvason va yon tcor, kicegason pu kon iteem...

— Laura abegya, en til listafa !

— Mani katipisi edji, yaya !

— Laura, bevulal espanapafa. Meveli va rin lieke listaf al wí !

Nume Laura, ayewasa, zijnon dulzer : « Kas va yelada uliyil ? Kas va opraxa co galpel ? Efe iltkirafa opraxa tir manacapa. » Van gadikye vulter aze voser : « Gadye, kas kona ulida pu lexsikeem fiste zo rozilir ?

Aze kotunaf kielcek vion vonewer, vion omuwer,

"Never a more delightful garden-party ... " "The greatest success ... " "Quite the most ... "

Laura helped her mother with the good-byes. They stood side by side in the porch till it was all over.

"All over, all over, thank heaven," said Mrs. Sheridan. "Round up the others, Laura. Let's go and have some fresh coffee. I'm exhausted. Yes, it's been very successful. But oh, these parties, these parties! Why will you children insist on giving parties!" And they all of them sat down in the deserted marquee.

"Have a sandwich, daddy dear. I wrote the flag."

"Thanks." Mr. Sheridan took a bite and the sandwich was gone. He took another. "I suppose you didn't hear of a beastly accident that happened to-day?" he said.

"My dear," said Mrs. Sheridan, holding up her hand, "we did. It nearly ruined the party. Laura insisted we should put it off."

"Oh, mother!" Laura didn't want to be teased about it.

"It was a horrible affair all the same," said Mr. Sheridan. "The chap was married too. Lived just below in the lane, and leaves a wife and half a dozen kiddies, so they say."

An awkward little silence fell. Mrs. Sheridan fidgeted with her cup. Really, it was very tactless of father ...

Suddenly she looked up. There on the table were all those sandwiches, cakes, puffs, all uneaten, all going to be wasted. She had one of her brilliant ideas.

"I know," she said. "Let's make up a basket. Let's send that poor creature some of this perfectly good food. At any rate, it will be the greatest treat for the children. Don't you agree? And she's sure to have neighbours calling in and so on. What a point to have it all ready prepared. Laura!" She jumped up. "Get me the big basket out of the stairs cupboard."

"But, mother, do you really think it's a good idea?" said Laura.

Again, how curious, she seemed to be different from them all. To take scraps from their party. Would the poor woman really like that?

"Of course! What's the matter with you to-day? An hour or two ago you were insisting on us being sympathetic, and now--"

Oh well! Laura ran for the basket. It was filled, it was heaped by her mother.

va viomeem vion buder.

— Meveli va kona lopluktafa matelakapa al wí... Kiewatcapa... En kotunafa...

Laura va gadikya ta divkiavas kitsend pomar. Sina poke sint valeve resta kali tena ranyeson zavzagid.

— Adim tena, en tena, Kelt ! ~ Sheridan W<sup>ya</sup> kalir. ~ Va ark ke min kabelcal, Laura !! Tori fadxa lanit !! Cuersé. En, kotcoba su kiewaskiweper. Vexe, ox ! batmana kapa, manyona kapa ! Tokdume dun karakec, nazbeik, enide di kapat ? ~ Kot sin valeve letafa broca debanyad.

— Va stern, abegafe gadye ? Jin va dungam suteyé.

— Grewá. ~ Sheridan W<sup>ye</sup> va ki az wilupon kotraf stern estur. Va ar narir. ~ Icde kultafta walta rerielon sokiyisa tce me al gildec, mex ?

— Abegye, ~ Sheridan W<sup>ya</sup> kalir, nubamadason, ~ al grupev. Batcoba va minafa kapa riwe al rawar. Laura kuranipiyir da di kuideyet.

— Ox ! Gadikya ! ~ Laura gu batcoba me zo djunuger.

— Soe, gabentafa rupa, ~ Sheridan W<sup>ye</sup> dakir. ~ Bat fanik va kurenik ison dikiyir. Valeveon sokeyer, kene bata nudama, ise va kurenik is mon tevoy ocik isker, nuve.

Toktes amlitam luber. Sheridan W<sup>ya</sup> va bilaga noglonton kalizir. Efe, tir volwervaca ke gadikye...

Levgon, ina itamadar. Batlize, moe azega, kotbatyon drasutun spaf stern isu lupa isu vaynaxa stokewed. Tanbata inafa jebesa koswara artfir.

— Kiewafa, ~ ina kalir. ~ Va kita tukotrat !! Va ki ke batyon plekany pu bata kimtafa tisikya stakset !! Kottode, batcoba titir fariurapa pu rumeikeem. Me dotrakuc ? Ison ina gan konak vegungik ape zo woratar ikz-. Ise bata kotcoba ixam tir gadiafa. Laura ! ~ Ve ranyar. ~ Va kitapa kou brost leve fogelom trasil !!

— Vexe, gadikya, kas en folil da batcoba tir rietanya ? ~ Laura kalir.

Gire, mana rilitaca ! Ina nutir amidafa gu kot artel. Zavzaks ke sinafa kapa co zo vanbureted !! Kas batcoba va kimtikya co puvegar ?

— Efe ! Tokinde revielon vil ? Weti tanoy ok toloy bartiv, karakeyel enide di luntut voxe re...

Ox ! rotaxe ! Laura tori kita vulter. Ina zo tukotrar,

"Take it yourself, darling," said she. "Run down just as you are. No, wait, take the arum lilies too. People of that class are so impressed by arum lilies."

"The stems will ruin her lace frock," said practical Jose.

So they would. Just in time. "Only the basket, then. And, Laura!" - her mother followed her out of the marquee - "don't on any account--"

"What mother?"

No, better not put such ideas into the child's head! "Nothing! Run along."

It was just growing dusky as Laura shut their garden gates. A big dog ran by like a shadow. The road gleamed white, and down below in the hollow the little cottages were in deep shade. How quiet it seemed after the afternoon. Here she was going down the hill to somewhere where a man lay dead, and she couldn't realize it. Why couldn't she? She stopped a minute. And it seemed to her that kisses, voices, tinkling spoons, laughter, the smell of crushed grass were somehow inside her. She had no room for anything else. How strange! She looked up at the pale sky, and all she thought was, "Yes, it was the most successful party."

Now the broad road was crossed. The lane began, smoky and dark. Women in shawls and men's tweed caps hurried by. Men hung over the palings; the children played in the doorways. A low hum came from the mean little cottages. In some of them there was a flicker of light, and a shadow, crab-like, moved across the window. Laura bent her head and hurried on. She wished now she had put on a coat. How her frock shone! And the big hat with the velvet streamer - if only it was another hat! Were the people looking at her? They must be. It was a mistake to have come; she knew all along it was a mistake. Should she go back even now?

No, too late. This was the house. It must be. A dark knot of people stood outside. Beside the gate an old, old woman with a crutch sat in a chair, watching. She had her feet on a newspaper. The voices stopped as Laura drew near. The group parted. It was as though she was expected, as though they had known she was coming here.

Laura was terribly nervous. Tossing the velvet ribbon over her shoulder, she said to a woman standing by, "Is this Mrs. Scott's house?" and the woman, smiling queerly, said, "It is, my lass."

Oh, to be away from this! She actually said, "Help me, God," as she walked up the tiny path and

gan gadikya zo djer.

— Miv burel, renanya !! ~ ina kalir. ~ Banliz vultel, vere is mebetason !! Me, kel, va batyona *arum* imwa dere naril !! *Arum* imwa va korik ke bana pula sowoer.

— Colk va inaf talgukayaf gem blokatad, ~ Jose askiputikya kalir.

Tire. Biwe gemelt.

— Va anton kita, battode. Ise, Laura !... ~ Gadikya radimlanir edje va broca bulur. ~ Vol lanil !!

— Tokcoba, gadikya ?

Me, vode bat velik gu lanyona rieta vol zo kofir !  
« Mecoba ! Lanil, vultel !! »

Toz titawaltar edje Laura va polku ke sinafa matela buder. Vakolap dum izga pokovulter. Vawa batakapon afigar ise, banlize, koe suxoma, monama koe tapeducapa senyed. Maneke kotcoba arti bat afizcek nutir vumeltafa ! Va kesi titlanir, lanison lanliz awalkik dayker, voxe va geltruca ke bat askiks me lajugildar. Tokdume kle me jupekar ? Tanwexon vukir. Ise kutcara is puda is noliera ke foria is kipera is dakela ke pudapena werda cwe koe ina tigid, voxe me gruper kane. Mekara runda ta arcoba tir. Mana divulaca ! Ina van faltaf kelt itamadar, nume antafa trakura artfisa tir : « En, kapa loeke al zo kiewaskiyir. »

Re, va vawapa remlanir. Nudama tozuwer, vikizkirafa is orikafa. Konaktanya sedokkirafa is diskisa va dodelatsot ampuson kenolanid. Konaktanye vamo istayaxa blaganyad ; rumeik kabdue tuvel vefad. Belkuna felkura va blikunafa monama malstir. Konaka va rowini daruntesi afi isked, ise izga milafa gu tul va dilk kakostir. Laura takomar ise ampur. Re batcer da va lioza me al plekur. Maneke inaf gem jeber ! Ise bati edjipi dem ezasa piakofa vinotca... ede anton co tir ari edji ! Kas korik va ina disuked ? Gue, ape. Pira al tir roklara ; mali toza ina batinde al gruper. Kas godimlanir, dace re ?

Volgue, gaverson. Tir bata mona. Ape. Orikafa korafa lospa diveon tigrir. Kabdue tuvel ke matela kedakirafa guazikya moe rova debanyer ise suer. Inaf pudeem moe fela dayker. Puda ba vanlanira ke Laura stivawed. Lospa solparsawer. Dumede ina co zo ker, dumede kottan co gruper da ina co di pir.

Laura zo tokteper. Dimemimason mo epita va piakofa vinotca, pu tana ayikya batlize tigisa kalir : « Kas tir mona ke Scott W<sup>ya</sup> ? » Nume bantanya manon kicegason dulzer : « Efe, listya. »

Ox ! Ina sumeon co djutigir ! Artlanison va nilaf

knocked. To be away from those staring eyes, or to be covered up in anything, one of those women's shawls even. I'll just leave the basket and go, she decided. I shan't even wait for it to be emptied.

Then the door opened. A little woman in black showed in the gloom.

Laura said, "Are you Mrs. Scott?" But to her horror the woman answered, "Walk in please, miss," and she was shut in the passage.

"No," said Laura, "I don't want to come in. I only want to leave this basket. Mother sent--"

The little woman in the gloomy passage seemed not to have heard her. "Step this way, please, miss," she said in an oily voice, and Laura followed her.

She found herself in a wretched little low kitchen, lighted by a smoky lamp. There was a woman sitting before the fire.

"Em," said the little creature who had let her in. "Em! It's a young lady." She turned to Laura. She said meaningly, "I'm 'er sister, miss. You'll excuse 'er, won't you?"

"Oh, but of course!" said Laura. "Please, please don't disturb her. I - I only want to leave--"

But at that moment the woman at the fire turned round. Her face, puffed up, red, with swollen eyes and swollen lips, looked terrible. She seemed as though she couldn't understand why Laura was there. What did it mean? Why was this stranger standing in the kitchen with a basket? What was it all about? And the poor face puckered up again.

"All right, my dear," said the other. "I'll think the young lady."

And again she began, "You'll excuse her, miss, I'm sure," and her face, swollen too, tried an oily smile.

Laura only wanted to get out, to get away. She was back in the passage. The door opened. She walked straight through into the bedroom, where the dead man was lying.

"You'd like a look at 'im, wouldn't you?" said Em's sister, and she brushed past Laura over to the bed. "Don't be afraid, my lass," - and now her voice sounded fond and sly, and fondly she drew down the sheet--"e looks a picture. There's nothing to show. Come along, my dear."

Laura came.

There lay a young man, fast asleep - sleeping so soundly, so deeply, that he was far, far away from them both. Oh, so remote, so peaceful. He was

gaestam is tazeson va tuvel, tere kalir : « Va jin pomal, Lorik !?» Sume batyon oribas iteem co djutigir oke va betcoba co djudiskir, i va dace sedok ke tanbata ayikya ! Gorá : « Va kita anton isketé aze mallanítí. Va inafa tuvlardaracka dace me keté.

Bam tuvel fenkuwer. Ebeltakirafa omikya koe riwizga awir.

Laura kalir : « Kas til Scott W<sup>ya</sup> ?» Vexe goxe bantanya dulzer : « Kolanil, vay, weltamik !?» aze ina koe arlom zo buder.

— Me, ~ Laura kalir, ~ me djukolaní. Va bata kita anton djumiské. Gadikya stakser...

Omikya koe tapedaf is brigaf arlom numegilder. « Batliz, vay, weltamik !?» fozon kalir, nume Laura radimlanir.

Koe sutafo burmotaxomo koafino gan vikizkiraf gum tigr. Ayikya kabdue tey debanyer.

— Em, ~ omafa tisikya kostayasa va Laura kalir. ~ Em ! Batse lana weltamikya. » Van Laura rwoder. Pebuson kalir : « Tí 'naf b'rik, we't'mik. Va in skaletel, mex ?

— Ox, efe ! ~ Laura kalir. ~ Vay, vay, va ina me mazukel. Va... va... anton djumiské...

Vexe batvulon ayikya debanyesa poke tey rwoder. Inafa ubdalmayana kerafa gexata dem adeeyes iteem isu kutceem nutir eaftafa. Lavion me rogildar dume Laura batlize tigr. Va tokcoba batcoba sugdalar ? Tokdume kle bat diveik dem kita bene nuba koe inafu burmotaxo tigr ? Tokdume ? Aze kimtafa vola gire brumewer.

— Loxe, abegya, ~ artel kalir. ~ Va weltamik grewatá.

Aze dakir : « Va in skaletel, we't'mik, ape... » aze inafa gexata dere adeeyesa va koltafa kicegara remgudar.

Laura anton djudivlanir, djumallanir. Koe arlom gire tigr. Tuvel fenkuwer. Va mawa rontion kolanir lize awalkik senyer.

— Va in co djudisukemel, mex ? ~ berik ke Em kalir, aze kactason va Laura, va ilava vanlanir. ~ Me vudel, listya... ~ Re, inafa puda va kranavesa is beyasa bloska dir, aze kan krenugafa zatca va dualt kabalier. ~ In nutir ewava. Mecoba zo wir. Vanlanimil, abegik !!

Laura vanlanir.

Jotafe ayikye batlize dayker, enkokenibesiyine... kenibepese eke ile sin tigr. Ox ! sumepafe is aulapafe. Kloker. Va ine mevielu divmodac !! Taka ko

dreaming. Never wake him up again. His head was sunk in the pillow, his eyes were closed; they were blind under the closed eyelids. He was given up to his dream. What did garden-parties and baskets and lace frocks matter to him? He was far from all those things. He was wonderful, beautiful. While they were laughing and while the band was playing, this marvel had come to the lane. Happy ... happy ... All is well, said that sleeping face. This is just as it should be. I am content.

But all the same you had to cry, and she couldn't go out of the room without saying something to him. Laura gave a loud childish sob.

"Forgive my hat," she said.

And this time she didn't wait for Em's sister. She found her way out of the door, down the path, past all those dark people. At the corner of the lane she met Laurie.

He stepped out of the shadow. "Is that you, Laura?"

"Yes."

"Mother was getting anxious. Was it all right?"

"Yes, quite. Oh, Laurie!" She took his arm, she pressed up against him.

"I say, you're not crying, are you?" asked her brother.

Laura shook her head. She was.

Laurie put his arm round her shoulder. "Don't cry," he said in his warm, loving voice. "Was it awful?"

"No," sobbed Laura. "It was simply marvellous. But Laurie--" She stopped, she looked at her brother. "Isn't life," she stammered, "isn't life--" But what life was she couldn't explain. No matter. He quite understood.

"Isn't it, darling?" said Laurie.

takak flaydur, iteem tir budenaf ; tir wiiskaf leve omayan guteem. Ko klokerä roer. Kas kapa ik kita ik talgukayaf gem me tid mezolonaca ? Sume kotcoba tigr. Tir cuisafe, listafe. Edje sin kipeyed ise kitcova lexuyur, bat galovik ko sutafa nudama artfiyir. « Kalafa... kalafa... Kotcoba loxe... » bata kenibesa gexata sugdalar. « Batcoba tir milinde gotir. Tí valeaf. »

Vexe soe bettan volins roveborer nume Laura va mawa me robulur vaxede va koncoba pu ine co kalir. Rumeon ve boregapar.

— Va jinafi edji ixec !! ~ kalir.

Ise bam va berik ke Em me ker. Va kelda kal tuvel az gaest trasir aze va kotbat orikaf korik kabduolanir. Alavon ice nudama va Laurie kakever.

Va izga divlanir. « Kas til, rin, Laura ? »

— Gue.

— Gadikya toz tiyir guyafa. Kotcoba dilizeckeyer ?

— Gue, en. Ox, Laurie ! ~ Ina va inafa ma narir, va int kevon licar.

— Benje ! kas borel, en ? ~ berikye erur.

Laura takabotcer. Borer.

Laurie anam inafa epita va ma plekur.

— Me borel !! ~ kan volfentalafa is krenugapafa puda kalir. ~ Kas batcoba tiyir evakafa ?

— Volgue, ~ Laura boregason dulzer. ~ Batcoba tiyir opelon ribiegafa. Vexe, Laurie... Ina non pulvir, va berik disuker. ~ Kas blira me... kas blira me... ~ tcipar. Vexe, icde tira ke blira, vol rodizver. Xabe. Ine gildackar.

— Me tir, mex, berya ? ~ Laurie kalir.