

I hate to think of your days here; they stretch out with a sort of grey-
 ness. How will you live?"

"You forget I have my child, Ursula," she said. "She must necessarily
 occupy me very much now that she is leaving the convent. And you—
 have—"

"I have given up my profession."

"Yes so much I know. But you have inherited an estate have you not?"

"My uncle's place. Yes I have Leuchamp. I suppose I shall live there."

I believe it has been very much neglected."

"Yes, that is right. There is always something to do. I shall like to
 think of you as a model landlord."

"Think of me rather as a model tenant," he said, bowing to kiss her hand
 as he said good-bye to her.

ERNEST DOWNSON.

A Footnote

by

Aubrey Beardsley



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