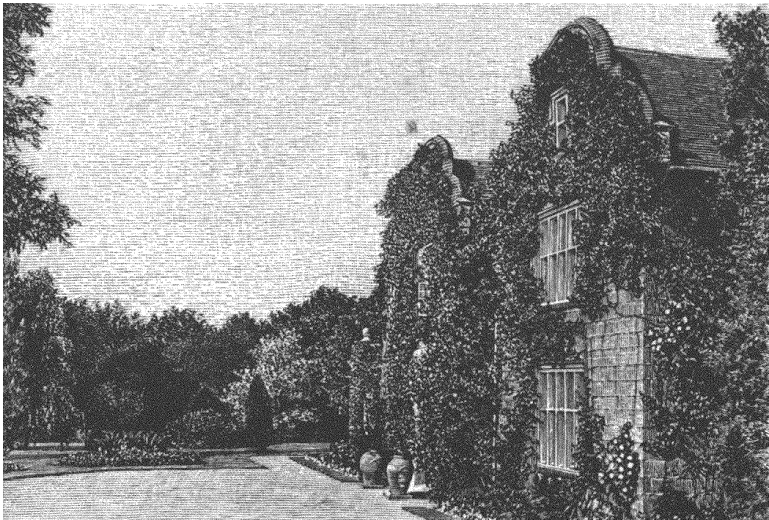


TO
DEAR LAMIA

CONTENTS

April 23rd.....	7
May 24th.....	35
June 29th.....	63
June 30th.....	71
July 10th.....	85
October 1st.....	93
December 18th.....	103
Christmas Eve.....	105
December 26th.....	109



IN VERONICA'S GARDEN

April 23rd.

You would have thought the King was coming.

Our newspapers and cross-country letters are delivered by the rural postman about eleven of the forenoon; and it so happened that on this particular morning I was awaiting, with the feverish anxiety peculiar to the amateur politician, the result of an important bye-election, while Lamia, I well knew, was not a little impatient to learn through her private correspondence how long she could remain with us, and how best to arrange other visiting plans when for awhile she had to deprive us of her always welcome society. But, if the fate of an Empire had been depending on the morning telegrams, I should not have dared remove the wrapper of the newspaper that had just been put into my hand. Lamia, with more courage, applied a small paper-cutter to one of her envelopes; but, severely reprovèd by a look from Veronica, she at once desisted.

‘Surely,’ said Veronica, ‘you can read your letters later; and as for the newspapers,’ she added, turning towards me, ‘you always say there is nothing in them; and even if there were, *on this*