

afield to Spain and Portugal. So he knew nothing of Juliet's death until a long time had passed . . . Mr Tring¹⁰, the porter at No. 65 gave him a most full true and particular account. In the Autumn season he brought out a very charming little morceau – "Souvenir de Juliet". It created quite a quiver¹⁰ at the London concerts¹¹ – and it was reported on highest authority that the original MS was stained with tears . . .

(p78)

L The Triumph of Rudolf. Juliet dressed with great care that afternoon. She had on a thin white muslin frock with a square-cut yolk [sic] and short sleeves tied with ribbons. She brushed out her long hair, and then braided it round her head. Pearl, sitting huddled upon the lounge smoking and read[ing] Zola's Paris, laughed. 'How do I look?' said Juliet anxiously, slipping on a long coat and then taking a rapid survey of her two possible hats. 'Entirely irresistible, my dear. Wear the black one – it's so ingenious-looking' said Pearl . . . 'I want to make a really good impression. I've been looking hideous lately, I know, because I've been worried about the play. But now that it's actually finished – I shall grow a big conceit in myself. Do you know Pearl', she added, with mock gravity, 'I never realised that Summer was here until today.' 'Well run along or you'll be late, dear. Kiss me first. Somehow I feel as though I should like to take opium this afternoon.' Juliet put her arms round her . . . 'Dearest and best' she said, and blushed on saying it. 'I should like to be staying with you, but duty calls – you understand.' 'Of course . . . of course – by the way I shan't be in until after eleven. I'm going to a Promenade.' 'Very well, I shall be waiting for you – perhaps crushed to death by the criticism of David.' 'Who knows?' said Pearl, shrugging her shoulders. On her way to Canton Mansion Juliet bought 2 pink roses and tucked them into her belt. Also she felt that the sunshine had got into her brain . . . It was sparkling and golden and enchanting like champagne. She hugged her roll of MS as she mounted the stairs and then knocked quietly. Her heart was beating, and she felt that her cheeks were crimson. She stood waiting for several seconds and then knocked again. Rudolf opened the door, and swept her an extravagant bow. 'Bon jour, Mademoiselle' he cried in his mocking voice. 'Is David in?' asked Juliet. 'He received your telegram Mademoiselle and a thousand apologies but asks me to amuse you for just thirty minutes as he has so important an engagement. It is just thirty minutes Mademoiselle – and I am sorry for you . . .'

Juliet felt intensely annoyed. How could David have done such a thing, knowing as he did that she hated the very sight of Rudolf. Also for some inexplicable reason she felt afraid of him – he was so utterly at his ease, so lightly contemptuous, so recklessly impertinent. She stood