The Picture of Dorian Gray

The artist is the creator of beautiful things. To reveal art and conceal the artist is art's aim. The critic is he who can translate into another manner or a new material his impression of beautiful

The highest as the lowest form of criticism is a mode of autobiography. Those who find ugly meanings in beautiful things are corrupt without being charming. This is a fault.

Those who find beautiful meanings in beautiful things are the cultivated. For these there is hope. They are the elect to whom beautiful things mean only beauty.

There is no such thing as a moral or an immoral book. Books are well written, or badly written. That is all.

The nineteenth century dislike of realism is the rage of Caliban seeing

The nineteenth century dislike of romarticism is the rage of Caliban not seeing his own face in a glass. The moral life of man forms part in the present of an imperfect modulin. No artist desires to prove anything. Even things that are true can be proved. No artist have storing that are true can be proved. No artist has relicted sympathies. An efficial sympathies, in an artist is an unpackoable mannersim of skyle. No artist is even moridd. The artist can express excepting. Thought and language are to the artist

The wind shook some blossoms from the trees, and the heavy Hac-blooms, with their clustering stars, moved to and for in the languid air. A grasshopper began to chirup by the wall, and like a blue thread a long thin dragon-fly floated past on its brown gauze

"I don't believe that, Harry, and I don't believe you do either. However, whatever was my motive—and it may have been pride, for I used to be very proud—I certainly struggled to the door. There, of course, it stambled against Lady Brandon. "You are not giory to run away so soon, Mr. Hallward?" she screamed out. You know her curiously shrill voice?"

instruments of an art. Vice and virtue are to the artist materials for an art. From the point of lead of flow, the type of all the art is a scale of a control of the type. All the point of the point o a useful thing as long as he does not admire it. The only excuse for making a useless thing is that one admires it intensely.

OSCAR WILDE

### CHAPTER 1

From the corner of the divan of Persian saddle-bags on which he was From the content or the owner or resistant assume-cage on without new was lying, smoking, as was his custom, innumerable cigarettes, Lord Henry Wotton could just catch the gleam of the honey-sweet and honey-coloured blossoms of a laburnum, whose tremulous branches seemed hardly able to bear the burden of a beauty so flamelike as theirs; and now and then the fantastic shadows of birds in flight fitted across the long the fartistic shadows of birds in flight filled across the long wirdow. Associated such safe that were stricted in 1 and of the huge wirdow. As the safe of the

In the centre of the room, clamped to an upright easel, stood the full-length portrait of a young man of extraordinary personal beauty, and in frost of it, some little distance away, was stiffing the arist himself, Baall Halands whose sudden disappearance some years agrounded at the time, such public excitement and gave rise to so many strange conjectured.

As the painter looked at the gracious and comely form he had so skillsly mirrored in his art, a smile of pleasure passed across his face, and seemed about to linger them. But he suddenly started up, and closing his eyes, placed his fingers upon the lids, as though he sought to irrorson within his brain some curious dream from which in feared he might anake.

"It is your best work, Basil, the best thing you have ever done," said Lord Henry languidly. "You must certainly send it next year to the Grovenor. The Academy is too large and too vulgar. Whenever' have gone there, there have been either so many people that I have not be able to see the pictures, which was dreadful, or so many pictures that able to see the pictures, which was dreadful, or so many pictures that I have not been able to see the people, which was worse.

"I don't think I shall send it anywhere," he answered, tossing his he back in that odd way that used to make his friends laugh at him at Oxford. "No, I won't send it anywhere."

Load Henry elevated his cyclinous and loaded at him in amazement through the him has wreathe of smoke that curled up in such franchi whorsh tom his heave, combanted cigarrise. The send it anywhere? My once felors with? Heave you any restor? What dod draps you painter with the send of the send

"Yes, I knew you would; but it is quite true, all the same."

Too much of yourself in it! Upon my word, Basil, I didn't know you were so vain: and I really can't see any resemblance between you, with your rugged storeg face and your coad-black hair, and this young Adonis, who looks as if he was made out of lvory and rose-leaves. Why, my dear Basil, he is a Naricssux, and you.-well, of course you have an my dear Basil, he is a Narcissus, and you-well, of course you have an intellectual expression and all that Lot beauty, rend beauty, ends where an intellectual expression begins. Intellect is in itself a mode of exaggeration, and destroys the harmony of any face. The moment one sits down to think, one becomes all nose, or all forehead, or something horrid. Look at the successful men in any of the learned professions. How perfectly hideous they are! Except, of course, in the Church. But Hee genérally historias they are Except, of course, in the Church. But them in the Church they could hink. A bashon beeps on saving at the age of eight years the was a boll on any when he was a boll or eighteen, and an a matural consequence the always best abundley deligibed. You mysterious young friend, whose name you have rever tool one. In whose picture restly indicate term, none thinks. The diguide sure of that, it is some to arrives to beautiful creature who should be always a commerciation was sufficient to the contribution of the con

"You don't understand me, Harry," answered the artist. "Of course I am not like him. I know that perfectly well. Indeed, I should be sorry to look like him. Vox shray your shoulders? I am leting you the truth. There is a fatality about all physical and intellectual distinction, the sort of fatality that seems to dog through history the faltering steps of himse. It is better not to be different from one's fellows. The ugly and the stupid have the best of it in this world fellows. The ugly and the stupic plane the Design of in this world. They can st at the rease and uge to at the play. If they know nothing of victory, they are all east spared the knowledge of defeat. They like as we all should be-undistanted, indifferent, and without all should be under the proper than the proper should be under disquiet. They retime thing run upon others, nor ever receive it tion allein hands. Flore rank and wealth, Harry, my branch, such as they are—my art, shallower it may be worth, Dibarn day's good oldow-shall all suffer for what the gods have given us, suffer the proper shall all suffer for what the gods have given us, suffer the proper shall all suffer for what the gods have given us, suffer the proper shall all suffer for what the gods have given us, suffer the proper shall all suffer for what the gods have given us, suffer the proper shall all suffer for what the gods have given us, suffer the proper shall all suffer for what the gods have given us, suffer the proper shall shall suffer the proper shall be suffered to the proper shall shall shall be suffered to the proper shall shall shall shall be shall shall shall be shall be shall shall shall be shall shall be shall shall shall shall shall shall be shall shall shall shall shall be shall shall

\*But why not?

"Yes, that is his name. I didn't intend to tell it to you.

"Oh, I can't explain. When I like people immersely, I never tell their names to any one. It is like surrendering a part of them. I have grown to love accept." I learns to be the more thing that can make modern like mysterious or marvelous to us. The commonset thing is collegified of one only like it. When I leaves how now I lervest limit py people where I am gong. If I did, I lound lose all my pleasure. It is a sally habit, I disen a yout observed have seen to shirt a great deal of romance into one's life. I suppose you think me awfully fichilit about 17".

The data all amounts of the data and the continues as feed for deposition aboutslay necessary for both parties. It makes a feed for deposition aboutslay necessary for both parties of the continues of the data and the continues of the data and th

"I hate the way you talk about your married life, Harry," said Basil Hallward, strolling towards the door that led into the garden. "I believe that you are really a very good husband, but that you are thoroughly ashmed of your own wintes. You are an extraordinary fellow. You never say a moral thing, and you never do a wrong thing. Your cynicism is simply a pose.

"Being natural is simply a pose, and the most irritating pose I know," cried Lord Henry, laughing; and the two young men went out into the garden together and enaconced themselves on a long bamboo seat that stood in the shade of a tall laurel bush. The sunlight slipped over the polished leaves. In the grass, white daisies were tremulous.

After a pause. Lord Henry pulled out his watch. "I am afraid I must be

"What is that?" said the painter, keeping his eyes fixed on the ground.

"Well, I will tell you what it is. I want you to explain to me why you won't exhibit Dorian Gray's picture. I want the real reason."

"No, you did not. You said it was because there was too much of yourself in it. Now, that is childish."

"Harry," and Basil Hallward, looking him straight in the face, "every portrait that is painful with feeling is a portrait of the artist, not of the sittle. The strite is merely the accident the occasion. It is not he who is revealed by the painter, it is rather the painter who is revealed by the painter who is revealed by the painter who in the occlosed cansars, reveals himself. The reason I will not exhibit this picture is that I am afraid that I have shown in it the secret of my own could."

Lord Henry laughed. "And what is that?" he asked.

"I will tell you," said Hallward; but an expression of perplexity came over his face.

"I am all expectation, Basil," continued his companion, glancing at him.

"Oh, there is really very little to tell, Harry," answered the painter "and I am afraid you will hardly understand it. Perhaps you will hardly believe it."

Lord Henry smiled, and leaning down, plucked a pink-petalled daisy from the grass and examined it. "I am quite sure I shall understand it." he replace, gazing intently at the little golden, white-feathered disk, "and as for believing things, I can believe anything, provided that it is quite incredible."

The day is simply that - said for patient after come time. The morths again term to a count at lady florations. You know we proor artists have to show curselves in society from time to time, just to remind the policiful rule we are not assayed, with an evening cost and a service of the policiful rule was a service of the policy of the control of the policy of the control of the "The story is simply this " said the painter after some time. "Two

"Conscience and cowardice are really the same things, Basil."

Conscience is the trade-name of the firm. That is all."

"Yes; she is a peacock in everything but beauty," said Lord Henry, pulling the daisy to bits with his long nervous fingers.

To could not get of the Since the only a finite state of the since the since the could not get of the since the since the could not get of the since t

"And how did Lady Brandon describe this wonderful young man?" asked companion." I know she goes in for giving a pariety precise, of all her guests. I remember her bringing me up to a truculent and not shoot old gentleman covered all over with orders and ribbons, and history into the gentleman covered all over with orders and ribbons, and history into the certificial yaudible to everybody in the room, the most astronding details. I simply fied. I like to find out people for myself. But Lady Brandon treats her guests exactly as an auctioner treats his goods. She either explanar behan cauchy as an auctionner treats his goods. She either explanar behan in the contract of the contra entirely away, or tells one everything about them except what one wants to know."

"My dear fellow, she tried to found a \_salon\_, and only succeeded in opening a restaurant. How could I admire her? But tell me, what did she say about Mr. Dorian Gray?"

'Oh, something like, 'Charming boy-poor dear mother and I absolutely inseparable. Oute forget what he does—draid he—doesn't do anything—oh, yee, plays the pianon or is if the violin, 'dear Mr. Gray''. Neither of us could help laughing, and we became friends at once."

\*Laughter is not at all a bad beginning for a friendship, and it is far the best ending for one,\* said the young lord, plucking another dai

Hallward shook his head. "You don't understand what friendship is Harry," he murmured--"or what enmity is, for that matter. You like every one; that is to say, you are indifferent to every one."

"How horribly unjust of you!" cried Lord Henry, tilting his hat back and looking up at the Itille clouds that, like rawielled skeins of glossy white silk, were driffing across he hollowed turquoise of the summer silk. "Net. horribly unjust of you. I make a great difference between people. I choose my friends be their good looks to their good only acquaintances for their good otheracters, and my enemies for their good intellects. A man cannot be too careful, in the choice of his enemies. There not got one who is a fool. They are all men of some intellectual power, and consequently they all appreciate me. Is that very vain of me? I think it is rather vain."

"My dear old Basil, you are much more than an acqua

"Oh, brothers! I don't care for brothers. My elder brother won't die, and my younger brothers seem never to do anything else."

"My dear fellow, I am not quite serious. But I can't help detesting my relations. I suppose it comes from the fact that none of us can stand other people having the same faults as ourselves. I quite sympathize with the rage of the English democracy against what they call the vices of the upper orders. The masses feel that drawkness, stupidity, and of the upper orders. The masses feel that drunkenness, stupidity, and immorally should be their own special property, and that if any one of us makes an ass of himself, he is poaching on their preserves. When poor Southwast, sog into the devicere court, their indignation was quite magnificent. And yet I don't suppose that ten per cent of the

"I don't agree with a single word that you have said, and, what is more, Harry, I feel sure you don't either."

Lord Henry stroked his pointed brown beard and tapped the toe of his patent-leather book with a tasselfed ebony came. "How English you are East! That is the second tem you have made that observation. If one puts forward an idea to a true Englishman-always a ratch thing to do—he never deraisor of considering whether the idea is right or wong. The only hing the considered at any importance is whether one believes with the incredit of the manual hor expressors. Is whether the with the window of the manual hor expressors is invented to the with the incredit of the manual hor expressors is invented. it conesis. Now, the value of an icea has nothing visibationer to do with the siscority of the man who operates. It indeed, the purply intellectual will the idea be, as in that case it will not be coloured by either his warm, his desires, or his propulprices. However, I don't propose to discuss politics, sociology, or metaphysics with you. I like persons within op principles better than anything deel in the world. "If all me more about Mr. Dorina Cinys" how often do you see him?"

"Every day. I couldn't be happy if I didn't see him every day. He is

"How extraordinary! I thought you would never care for anything but your art."

"He is all my art to me now," said the painter gravely. "I some "He is all my art to me now," said the paintier gravely. It sometimes think, Harry, that there are only the versa of any inportance in the world's history. The first is the appearance of a new medium for art, and the second is the appearance of a new personality for art also. What the invention of oil-painting was to the Venetians, the face of Antinous was to late Greek sculpture, and the face of Dorian Gray will some day be to me. It is not merely that I paint from him, draw from some day be to me. It is not merely man it paint normain, draw norm him, sketch from him. Of course, I have done all that. But he is much more to me than a model or a sitter. I won't tell you that I am dissatisfied with what I have done of him, or that his beauty is such dissatisfied with what I have done of him, or that his beauty is such that art cannot express it. There is nothing that art cannot express, and I know that the work I have done, since I med Dorian Gray, is good work, is the best work of my life. But it some curious way—I wonder will you understand me?—his percoality has suggested to me an entirely new manner in art, an entirely new mode of style. I see

things differently, I think of them differently. I can now recreate life in a way that was hidden from me before. 'A dream of form in days of thought-who is it who says that? I floget, but it is what Donan Gray has been to me. The merely visible presence of this lad-for he seems to me little more than a lad, though he is really over seems to ne title more than a lad, though he is really over the whole the thresh-lish meetly belieb presence—all however can you realize all that that means? Unconsciously he defines for net the less of a feetal that the means? Unconsciously he defines for net the less of a feetal means of the seed of the

"Basil, this is extraordinary! I must see Dorian Gray.

Hallward got up from the seat and walked up and down the garden. After some time he came back. "Harry," he said, "Dorian Gray is to me simply a motive in art. You might see nothing in him. I see everything in him. He is never more present in my work than when no image of him is there. He is a suggestion, as I have tack of a new manner. I find him in the curves of certain lines, in the loveliness and subtleties of certain colours. That is all."

"Because, without intending it, I have put into it some expression of all this curious artistic idolaty, of which, of course, I have never cared to speak to him. He known entiting about it. He shall never know anything about it. But the world might guess it, and I will not bate my soul to their shallow prying eyes. My heart shall never the my soul to their shallow prying eyes. My heart shall never the time, under their microscope. There is too much of myself in the filing, Hamy-too much of myself!

"I hate them for it," cried Hallward. "An artist should create beautiful things, but should put nothing of his own life into them. We live in an age when me treat at as if a fiver meant to be a form of autobiography. We have lost the abstract sense of beauty. Some day I will show the world whall it is, and for that reason the world shall never see my portrait of Doran Gray!"

"I think you are wrong, Basil, but I won't argue with you. It is only the intellectually lost who ever argue. Tell me, is Dorian Gray very fond of you?"

The parier considered for a few moments. "He likes me," he arrevered after a pause," I stook he likes me. Of course I faither time, the parier countries for the parier cou

'Days in summer, Basil, are apt to linger," murmured Lord Henry.
"Perhaps you will tire sooner than he will. It is a said thing to think of, but there is no doubt that genius lasts longer than beauty. That accounts for the fact that we all take such pains to over-educate accounts for the fact that we all false such pains to over-adocular considers. In the walk trapple for existence, we want to have semiding place existence, we want to have semiding place existence, and so we fill car made with rubballs and will be added to the place of the plac

"Ah, my dear Basil, that is exactly why I can feel it. Those who are faithful know only the trivial side of love: it is the faithless who know love's tragedies." And Lord Henry struck a light on a dairty solver case and began to smoke a cigarette with a self-conscious and satisfied air, as if he had summed up the world in a phrase. There was satisfied as, as if he had summed up the world in a phrase. There was a natified of humping agrows in the green looper lenses of the hypoty, and the blue cloud-shadous classed themselves across the gass site sealous. How places that was in the general Annion delight of the properties of the properti seemed to strike him. He turned to Hallward and said, "My dear fellow, I have just remembered."

"Where was it?" asked Hallward, with a slight frown.

"Don't look so angry, Basil. It was at my aunt, Lady Agatha's. She told me she had discovered a wonderful young man who was going to help heir in the East End, and that his name was Dorian Gazy. I am bound to state that she never told me he was good-looking. Women have not appreciation of good looks, at least, good women have not. She said that he was very earnest and had a beautiful nature. I all once

pictured to myself a creature with spectacles and lank hair, horribly freckled, and tramping about on huge feet. I wish I had known it was your friend."

"I am very glad you didn't, Harry."

"Why?"

"You don't want me to meet him?"

"Mr. Dorian Gray is in the studio, sir," said the butler, coming into the garden.

The painter turned to his servant, who stood blinking in the sunlight. "Ask Mr. Gray to wait, Parker: I shall be in in a few moments." The man bowed and went up the walk.

Then he looked at Lord Henry. "Dorian Gray is my dearest friend," he said. "He has a simple and a localital relative. "Now and ruse quite relative specific production of the said states of the said states. The said is wide, and has many marveflous people in al. Dorit take away from me the one person who gives to my at whatever charm, possesses: my life as an attict depend on him. March, Harry, I bust you." He specie very sholly, and the weeks seemed vuring out of him althout against he will state the said of the said

"What nonsense you talk!" said Lord Henry, smiling, and taking Hallward by the arm, he almost led him into the house.

"Forest Scenes." "You must lend me these, Basil," he cried. "I want to learn them. They are perfectly charming."

"Oh, I am fired of sitting, and I don't want a life-sized portrait of myself," answered the lad, swinging round on the music-stool in a wilful, petulant manner. When he caught sight of Lord Henry, a fail bulsh coloured his cheeks for a moment, and he started up. "I beg pardon, Basil, but I didn't know you had any one with you."

have just been telling him what a capital sitter you were, and now you have spoiled everything."

"You have not spoiled my pleasure in meeting you, Mr. Gray," said Lord Henry, stepping forward and extending his hand. "My aunt has often spoken to me about you. You are one of her favourities, and, I am afraid, one of her victims also."

"I am in Lady Agatha's black books at present," answered Dorian with furny look of penitence. "I promised to go to a club in Whitechapel with her last Tuesday, and I really forgot all about it. We were to have played a duet together-three duets, believe. I don't know what she will say to me. I am far too frightened to call."

\*Oh, I will make your peace with my aunt. She is quite devoted to you And I don't think it really matters about your not being there. The audience probably thought it was a duet. When Aunt Agatha sits down to the plano, she makes quite enough noise for two people."

"That is very horrid to her, and not very nice to me," answered Dorian

Lord Henry looked at him. Yes, he was certainly wonderfully handsome, with his finely curved scarlet lips, his frank blue eyes, his crisp glot hair. There was something in his face that made one trust him at once. All the candour of youth was there, as well as all youth's passionate purity. One felt that he had kept himself unspotted from the world. No wonder Baul Hallward worshipped him.

"You are too charming to go in for philanthropy, Mr. Gray--far too charming." And Lord Henry flung himself down on the divan and opened his cigarette-case.

The painter had been busy mixing his colours and getting his brushes ready. He was looking worried, and when he heard Lord Herry's last remark, he glanced at him, hesitated for a moment, and then said, "Harry, I want to finish this picture to day. Would you think it awfully rude of me if I asked you to go away?"

Lord Henry smiled and looked at Dorian Gray. "Am I to go, Mr. Gray?"

"Oh, please don't, Lord Henry. I see that Basil is in one of his sulky moods, and I can't bear him when he sulks. Besides, I want you to tell me why I should not go in for philanthropy."

"I don't know that I shall tell you that, Mr. Gray. It is so tedious a subject that one would have to talk seriously about it. But I certainly shall not run away, now that you have asked me to stop. You don't really mind, Basil, do you? You have often told me that you liked your sitters to have some one to chat to."

Lord Henry took up his hat and gloves. "You are very pressing, Basil, Dot learnly tubic up into last and gloves. I to late very pressing, date, but I am affatel funuts go. I have promised to meet a man at the Orleans. Good-bye, Mr. Gray. Come and see me some affernoon in Curzon Street. I am nearly always at home affine orlook. Write to me when you are coming. I should be sorry to miss you."

"Basil," cried Dorian Gray, "if Lord Henry Wotton goes, I shall go, too. You never open your lips while you are painting, and it is hornibly dull standing on a platform and trying to look pleasant. Ask him to stay. I insist upon it."

"Stay, Harry, to oblige Dorian, and to oblige me," said Hallward, gazing intently at his picture. "It is quite true, I never talk when I arm working, and never listeen either, and it must be dreadfully tedio for my unfortunate sitters. I beg you to stay."

The painter laughed. "I don't think there will be any difficulty about that. Sit down again, Harry. And now, Donan, get up on the platform, and don't move about too much, or pay any attention to what Lord Henry says. He has a very bad influence over all his friends, with the single exception of myself."

Dorian Gray stepped up on the dais with the air of a young Gree Donan Gray stepped up on the dats with the air of a young Greek martyr, and made at little, moue, of discontent to Lord Herry, to whom he had rather taken a famy. He was so unlike Basi. They made a delightful contrast. And he had such a beautiful voice. After a few more than the said to him, "Hew you really a very bad influence, Lord Herry? A bot ald a Basis days?"

"There is no such thing as a good influence, Mr. Gray. All influence is immoral—immoral from the scientific point of view."

"Why?"

Tecasion to offence a prizor in to give hint unit does not. I to does the contract of the con the secret of religion-these are the two things that govern us. And

"Just turn your head a little more to the right, Dorian, like a good boy," said the painter, deep in his work and conscious only that a look had come into the lad's face that he had never seen there before.

"And yet," continued Lord Henry, in his low, musical voice, and with

that graceful wave of the hand that was always so characteristic of him, and that he had even in his Bion days. To believe that if one man were byte out his lett, but and completely, were byte from to the property of the property of the property of the property of the believe that the world would gain auch a feeth invaries of by that we would forged at the madelse of mediaventian, and return to the Heleric belast-to converting floer. From the historic belast it would forged at the madelse of mediaventian, and return to the Heleric belast-to converting floer, richer than the Heleric belast it must be the property of the second of the second of the that man our lives. We are punished for our refusals. Even yimputed that man our lives. We are punished for our refusals. Even yimputed that exist our lives were the property of the property of the second of the property of the property of the second of the property of the second of the property of punification. Nothing remains then but the recollection of a pleasure, or the luxury of a reput floer most property of the property of the property of the world with punification. It is not be been, and the total median contribution and invalidation of the post events of the world that pleases that have made you affault, the post events of the world that pleases that have made you affault, the post events of the world that pleases that have made you affault, the post events of the world that pleases that have made you affault. thoughts that have filled you with terror, day-dreams and sleeping dreams whose mere memory might stain your cheek with shame-

"Stop!" faltered Dorian Gray, "stop! you bewilder me. I d what to say. There is some answer to you, but I cannot i speak. Let me think. Or, rather, let me try not to think."

For nearly ten minutes he stood there, motionless, with parted lips and eyes strangely bright. He was dimly conscious that entirely fresh influences were at work within him. Yet they seemed to him to have come really from himself. The few words that Basis' friend had said to him-words spoken by chance, no doubt, and with wilful paradox in hem-had touched some secret chord that had never been touched before

but that he felt was now vibrating and throbbing to curious pulses Nussic has strived nil wise mast. Nussic has troutied nim many time But music was not articulate. It was not a new wordt, but rather another chaos, that it created in us. Words! Mere words! How terrible they went! How clear, and vivid, and cruel! One could not escape from them. And yet what a subtle magic there was in them seemed to be able to give a plastic form to formless things, and to have a music of their own as sweet as that of viol or of lute. Mere words! Was there anything so real as words?

Yes; there had been things in his boyhood that he had not unde He understood them now. Life suddenly became fiery-coloured to him. It seemed to him that he had been walking in fire. Why had he not known it?

With his subtle smile, Lord Henry watched him. He knew the precise psychological moment when to say nothing. He felt intensely intensested. He was anazed at the sudden impression that his words had produced, and, remembering a book that he had read when he was stateen a book which had revealed to him much that he had not known before, he wondered whether Dortan Gray was passing through a similar experience. He had merely shot an arrow into the air. Had it hit the mark? How fascinating the lad was!

the true refinement and perfect delicacy that in art, at any rate comes only from strength. He was unconscious of the silence.

"My dear fellow, I am so sorry. When I am painting, I can't think of anything else. But you never sat better. You were perfectly still. And I have caught the effect I wanted—the half-parted lips and the bright look in the eyes. I don't know what Harry has been saying to you, but he has certainly made you have the most wonderful expres word that he says."

"You know you believe it all," said Lord Henry, looking at him with his dreamy languorous eyes. "I will go out to the garden with you. It is horriby hot in the studio. Basil, let us have something iced to drink, something with strawberries in it."

"Certainly, Harry. Just touch the bell, and when Parker comes I will tell him what you want. I have got to work up this background, so I will join you later on. Don't keep Dorian too long. I have never bee in better form for painting than I am to day. This is going to be my masterpiece. It is my masterpiece as it stands."

Lord Henry went out to the garden and found Dorian Gray burying his face in the great cool lifac-blossoms, feverishly drinking in their perfume as if it had been wine. He came close to him and put his hand upon his shoulder. "You are quite right to do that," he murmured "Nothing can cure the soul but the senses, just as nothing can cure the senses but the soul."

The lad started and drew back. He was bareheaded, and the leaves had tossed his rebellious curk and tangled all their glided threads. There was a look of fear in his yees, such as people have when they are suddenly awakened. His finely chiseled nostrils quivered, and some hidden nerve shock the scatted for his lips and left then trembling.

"Yes," continued Lord Henry, "that is one of the great secrets of life-to cure the soul by means of the senses, and the senses by means of the soul. You are a wonderful creation. You know more than you think you know, just as you know less than you want to know."

Dotter Gray forwards where the head way. He could not help liking the list, gooded young man who was standing by him. His ormantic, other colored bear with own of persons interested him. There was standing by him. His ormantic, other colored bear and work of persons interested him. There was standingly standards, ormodified, and the standards of the control of the standards of the control of the colored the tension of the standards of the control of the standards of the s

"What can it matter?" cried Dorian Gray, laughing, as he sat down or the seat at the end of the garden.

\*It should matter everything to you, Mr. Gray.

"Why?"

"Because you have the most marvellous youth, and youth is the one thing worth having."

"No, you don't feel it now. Some day, when you are old and wrinkles no, you can see in show some cay, which you are out and writness and ugly, when thought has seared your forehead with its lines, and passion branded your lips with its hideous fires, you will feel it, you will feel it, you will feel it writness. Now, wherever you go, you charm the world. Will it always be so? ... You have a wonderfully beautiful face, Mr. Gray. Don't from. You have. And beauty is a form of genius—is Gay, Don't from. You have. And beathy is a form of genius—in higher, indeed, then gains, as at needs on optimison. It is of the great facts of the world. like survigifu, or spring-time, or the reflection in dark water of birth allows and out the moon. It cannot be speciationed. It has the other legisl of surveyings, in you have look if you world smile.—Begin as governitiers hall bearsh you can't superficial. That may be so, but all seals it is not to superficial as thought it. Time, bearings as governitiers the least it is not to superficial as thought it. Time, bearings in the worlder of sources. It has the my bear shallow people who do not judge by superantees. The time mystery of the world as the widout the installation. Who is Cony the time would not be middle.—It is the Cony the myster of sources. The superficial is the contract of the property of the property of sources. The superficial is the superficial in the contract of the property of the contract of the property o and fully. When your youth goes, your beauty will go with it, and then you will suddenly discover that there are no triumphs left for you, or have to content yourself with those mean triumphs that the memory of your past will make more bitter than defeats. Every month as it wanes your past will make more bitter than defeats. Every month as it wanes brings you nearer to something deadul. Time is jealous of you, and wars against your litles and your roses. You will become sallow, and hollow-cheeked, and dull-eyed. You will suffer horniby... Ah! realize your youth while you have. B. Oon't squander the gold of your days, listening to the tedious, trying to improve the hopeless failure,

or giving away your life to the ignorant, the common, and the vulgar. These are the sickly aims, the false ideals, of our age. Livel Live the wonderful life that is in you! Let nothing be lost upon you. Be always searching for new sensations. Be afiald of nothing... A new aways seatming or new sensasons, se attact or orioning... A new Hedonism--that is what our century wants. You might be its visible symbol. With your personality there is nothing you could not do. The world belongs to you for a season... The moment I met you I saw that you welly expensive or the property of the proper might be. There was so much in you that charmed me that I tell it must tidl you something about yourself. I thought how trage it would be if you were wasted. For there is such a little time that your youth will state-such a little lime. The common fill illnowers wither, but they blossom again. The laborums will be as yellow next June as it is now in a month there will be purple stars on the clematis, and year after year the green night of its leaves will hold its purple stars. But we never get back our youth. The pulse of joy that beats in us at twenty becomes sluggish. Our limbs fall, our senses rot. We degenerate in hideous puppets, haunted by the memory of the passions of which w too much afraid, and the exquisite temptations that we had not the

Dorian Gray listened, open-eyed and wondering. The spray of lifac fe from his hand upon the gravel. A furry bee came and buzzed round it for a moment. Then it began to scramble all over the oval stellated globe of the tiny blossoms. He watched it with that strange interest goder to liter any footbascher. The wastedness what it was shading a melessi in third all rings if the literature of the control of the state of the convolvulus. The flower seemed to quiver, and then swayed gently to

Suddenly the painter appeared at the door of the studio and made staccato signs for them to come in. They turned to each other and

I am waiting," he cried. "Do come in. The light is quite perfect, and you can bring your drinks."

They rose up and sauntered down the walk together. Two green-and-white butterflies fluttered past them, and in the pear-tree at the corner of the garden a thrush began to sing.

"You are glad you have met me, Mr. Gray," said Lord Henry, looking at

"Yes, I am glad now. I wonder shall I always be glad?

"Always! That is a dreadful word. It makes me shudder when I hear it. Women are so fond of using it. They spoil every romance by trying to make it last for ever. It is a meaningless word, bo. The only difference between a caprice and a lifelong passion is that the caprice lasts a little longer."

As they entered the studio, Dorian Gray put his hand upon Lord Henry's arm. "In that case, let our friendship be a caprice," he murmured, flushing at his own boldness, then stepped up on the platform and resumed his pose.

Lord Henry flung himself into a large wicker arm-chair and watched him. The sweep and dash of the brush on the canvas made the only sound that broke the stillness, except when, now and then, Hallward stepped back to look at his work from a distance. In the slanting beams that streamed through the open doorway the dust diamoed and was golden. The heavy scent of the roses seemed to brood over everything.

After about a quarter of an hour Hallward stopped painting, looked to a long time at Dorian Gray, and then for a long time at the picture, biting the end of one of his huge brushes and frowning. "It is quite finished," he cried at last, and stooping down he wrote his name in long vermilion letters on the left-hand corner of the canvas.

"My dear fellow, I congratulate you most warmly," he said. "It is the finest portrait of modern times. Mr. Gray, come over and look at yourself."

"Quite finished," said the painter. "And you have sat splendidly to-day. I am awfully obliged to you."

"That is entirely due to me," broke in Lord Henry. "Isn't it, Mr.

Dorian made no answer, but passed listlessly in front of his picture and hurred lowerds it. When he saw it he drew back, and his cheeks flushed for a moment with pleasure. A look of joy came into his eyes, as if he had recognized himself for the first time. He stood there motionless and in wonder, dimly conscious that Hallward was speaking to and offices and in smoother, delity conscious that I tablased was speaking to him, but not cathride by enemang of the second. The same of this could be meaning of the second in the second beath of the second by the could be table a table although the second to the sec Ife that was to make his soul would mar his body. He would become dreadful, hideous, and uncouth.

deepened into amethyst, and across them came a mist of tears. He felt as if a hand of ice had been laid upon his heart.

"Of course he likes it," said Lord Henry. "Who wouldn't like it? It is one of the greatest things in modern art. I will give you anything you like to ask for it. I must have it."

\*It is not my property, Harry.

"Dorian's, of course," answered the painter

"How sad it is!" murmured Dorian Gray with his eyes still fixed upo "How said itsi" murmured Dorian Gray with his eyes still fixed upon his own portrat. "How said its it I shall grow oil, and hornite, and dreadful. But this picture will remain always young, it will never be coller than this particular day of Jane... If it were only he way! If it were I who was to be always young, and the picture that was to grow oil! For that-of that-I would give everyhing!" Yes is nothing in the whole world I would not give! I would give my sould give my sould give my sould give my sould for that!"

The painter stared in amazement. It was so unlike Dorian to speak like that. What had happened? He seemed quite angry. His face was flushed and his cheeks burning.

"Yes." he continued, "I am less to you than your wory Hermes or you silver Faun. You will like them always. How long will you like me? Till I have my first wrinkle, I suppose. I know, now, that when one loses one's good looks, whatever they may be, one loses everything. Your picture has taught me that. Lord Henry Wotton is perfectly right. Youth is the only thing worth having. When I find that I am growing old, I shall kill myself."

are you?--you who are finer than any of them

"I am jealous of everything whose beauty does not de. I am jealous of the portrait you have painted of me. Why should it keep what I must lose? Every moment that passes takes something from one and gives something to it. Oh, if it were only the other way if if the picture could change, and I could be always what I am now! Why do you paint it? It will mock me some day—mock me horniby! The hot bears welled into its eyes, he fore his hard away and, flinging hirrated for the is hard away and. divan, he buried his face in the cushions, as though he was praying

"This is your doing, Harry," said the painter bitterly.

"You should have gone away when I asked you." he muttered

"Harry, I can't quarrel with my two best friends at once, but between you both you have made me hate the finest piece of work I have eve done, and I will destroy it. What is it but canvas and colour? I will not let it come across our three lives and mar them."

Dorian Gray lifted his golden head from the pillow, and with pallid face and lear-atianed eyes, looked at him as he walked over to the deal painting-table link was set beneath the high cutration divindow. What was he doing there? His fingers were straying about among the litter of in tubes and dy brushes, seeking for something. Yes, it was for the king paletie k-nick, with its thin blade of little stells. He had found it at last. He was gring to in put he carrians.

With a stifled sob the lad leaped from the couch, and, rushing over to Hallward, tore the knife out of his hand, and flung it to the end of the studio. "Don't, Basil, don't!" he cried. "It would be murder!"

"Appreciate it? I am in love with it, Basil. It is part of myself. I feel that."

"Well, as soon as you are dry, you shall be varnished, and framed, and sent home. Then you can do what you like with yourself." And he walked across the room and rang the bell for tea. "You will have tea, of ourse, Dorlan? And so will you, Harry? Or do you object to such

"I adore simple pleasures," said Lord Henry. "They are the last refuge of the complex. But I don't like scenes, except on the stage. What about fellows you are, both of you! I wonder who it was defined man as a rational animal. It was the most premature definition ever given. Man is many filtings, but he is not rational. I am glad he is not, after all-Bough livid hy you chaps would not squabble over the picture. You had much better for the have it, Bast. This saily boy doesn't really want it, and I really do.

If you let any one have it but me, Basil, I shall never forgive you!" ried Dorian Gray; "and I don't allow people to call me a silly boy."

"You know the picture is yours, Dorian. I gave it to you before it

nd you know you have been a little silly, Mr. Gray, and that you n't really object to being reminded that you are extremely young."

"I should have objected very strongly this morning, Lord Henry."

There came a knock at the door, and the butler entered with a lader I nere came a knock at the boot, and the busine entered win a laberil thest-tray and set if down upon a small Japanese table. There was a stattle of cups and saucers and the hissing of a fluted Georgian um. Two globe-shaped china dishes were brought in by a page. Doinan Gray went over and poured out the tea. The two men sauntered languidy to the table and examined what was under the covers under "Let us go to the theatre to night," said Lord Henry. "There is sure to be something on, somewhere. I have promised to dine at White's, but it is only with an od friend, so I can send him a wire to say that I am III, or that I am prevented from coming in consequence of a subsequent engagement. I think that would be a rather nice excuse: it would have all the surprise of candour."

"It is such a bore outling on one's dress-clothes " muttered Hallward 'And, when one has them on, they are so horrid."

"Yes," answered Lord Henry dreamily, "the costume of the nineteenth century is detestable. It is so sombre, so depressing. Sin is the only real colour-element left in modern life."

"You really must not say things like that before Dorian, Harry."

"I should like to come to the theatre with you, Lord Henry," said the lad.

"Then you shall come; and you will come, too, Basil, won't you?"

"I can't, really. I would sooner not. I have a lot of work to do." "Well, then, you and I will go alone, Mr. Gray.

"I should like that awfully."

The painter bit his lip and walked over, cup in hand, to the picture. "I shall stay with the real Dorian," he said, sadly.

"Is it the real Dorian?" cried the original of the portrait, strolling across to him. "Am I really like that?"

"At least you are like it in appearance. But it will never alter," sighed Hallward. "That is something."

"What a fuss people make about fidelity!" exclaimed Lord Henry. "Why, even in love it is purely a question for physiology. It has nothing to do with our own will. Young men want to be faithful, and are not; old men want to be faithless, and cannot that is all one can say."

"Don't go to the theatre to-night, Dorian," said Hallward. "Stop and

"I can't, Basil."

"Why?"

"He won't like you the better for keeping your prom breaks his own. I beg you not to go."

The lad hesitated, and looked over at Lord Henry, who was watching them from the tea-table with an amused smile.

"Very well," said Hallward, and he went over and laid down his cup on the tray. "It is rather late, and, as you have to dress, you had better lose no time. Good-bye, Harry. Good-bye, Dorian. Come and see me soon. Come to-morrow."

"Certainly."

"You won't forget?

"Yes, Basil?"

"Remember what I asked you, when we were in the garden this morning

"I wish I could trust myself," said Lord Henry, laughing. "Come, Mr. Gray, my hansom is outside, and I can drop you at your own place. Good-bye, Basil. It has been a most interesting afternoon."

As the door closed behind them, the painter flung himself down on a sofa, and a look of pain came into his face.

CHAPTER 3

At half-past twelve next day Lord Henry Wotton strolled from Curzon Street over to the Albany to call on his uncle, Lord Fermor, a genial if somewhat rough-mannered old bachelor, whom the outside world or selfish because it derived no particular benefit from him, but who was selfish because it derived no particular benefit from him, but who was considered generous by Society as he feld the people who amused him. His father had been our ambassador at Madrid when Isabella was young and Phim unthought, of but had retired from the diplomats service in a capicious moment of amonyance on not being offered the Embassy at Paris, a post to which he considered that he was fully ertifled by reason of his birth, his indelence, the good English of his signatches, and his inordinate passion for pleasure. The son, who had been his father's secretary, had resigned along with his chief, somewhat foolishly as was thought at the time, and on succeeding some months later to the title, had set himself to the serious study of the great later to the title, had set himself to the serious study of the great aristocratic art of doing absolutely nothing. He had two large town houses, but preferred to live in chambers as it was less trouble, and took most of his meals at his club. He paid some attention to the management of his collieries in the Midland counties, excussing himse for this taint of industry on the ground that the one advantage of

having coal was that it enabled a gentleman to afford the decency of burning wood on his own hearth. In polities he was a Tony, except whe the Tories were in office, during which period he roundly abused them for being a pack of Radicals. He was a hero to his vafet, who builted him, and a terror to most of his relations, whom he builted in turn. Only England could have produced him, and he always said that the country was going to the dogs. His principles were out of date, but there was a good deal to be said for his prejudices.

When Lord Henry entered the room, he found his unde sitting in a rough shooting-coat, smoking a cheroot and grumbling over \_The Times, \_'Well, Harry,' said the old gentleman, "And brings you out so early? I thought you dandles never got up till two, and were not visible till fine."

\*Pure family affection, I assure you, Uncle George. I want to get something out of you."

"Yes," murmured Lord Henry, settling his button-hole in his coat; "and when they grow older they know it. But I don't want money. It is only people who pay their bills who want that, Uncle George, and I never pa mine. Credit is the capital of a younger son, and one lives charmingly upon it. Besides, I always deal with Dartmoor's tradesmen, and consequently they never bother me. What I want is information: not useful information, of course; useless information."

"Well, I can tell you anything that is in an English Blue Book, Harry, although those fellows nowadays write a lot of nonsense. When I was in the Diplomatic, frings were much better. But I have they let them in now by examination. What can you expect? Examinations, sir, are pure humbug from beginning to end. If a man is a gentleman, he knows quite enough, and if he is not a gentleman, whatever he knows is bad for him."

"Mr. Dorian Gray does not belong to Blue Books, Uncle George," said

"Mr. Dorian Gray? Who is he?" asked Lord Fermor, knitting his bushy

"That is what I have come to leam, Unde George. Or rather, I know who he is. He is the last Lord Keler's grandson. His mother was a Devereex, Lash Magneret Devereev, Lash Vandy van tot leet me about his mother. What was she like? Whom did she marry? You have known everydody it you time, so you might have known her. I am very much interested in Mr. Gray at present. I have only just met him."

Nation's grandcom<sup>2</sup> echoed the old perferens. "Macho's grandcom<sup>2</sup> course." Lives the mother infinitely 1-billioned was as their christening. She was an extraordismity beautiful girl. Margaret Devenues, and made all the men fractice yourneg assay with a permissa because the permissa and the permissa she will be a series of the permissa dark the management of the series of the permissa she had been a series of the permissa she had been a series of the permissa she had been a pegen. The thing was the soon-in law in pullicarple thin, it is do in, pat thim—and that the follow spitted his man as if he had been a pigeon. The thing was therefore, the permissa she will be a series of the permissa she will be a permissa she will be a series of the p "Kelso's grandson!" echoed the old gentleman. "Kelso's grand

"He is very good-looking," assented Lord Henry.

"I tope he will fall into proper hands," continued the old man. "He stoud the are port of money waiting for this if Kelbo did the right fring by this. He most the after mores, too. All he belog properly came to have the most properly came to have a mean dog. He was, too. Came to Madded once when I was there. Egad, I was ashamed of him. The Queen used to sake about the English who was always quarrieting with the catherina about their fare. They make quits a story of L idol's their own place at Court for a wake quits a story of L idol's their own place at Court for a month. I hope he treated his grandson better than he did the jarvier

"Margaret Deversou, was one of the lovellest creatures I ever saw, Harry, What on earth induced her to behave as the did. Innece creation understance. She could have married and/only do choice. Certiforpian and after her. She was created, being. All the somes of that taminy control of the country of the country of the some and the level. The country of the country of the country of the taminy country of the country of the country of the country of the charged as the married and the country of the country of the thin Andy by the way, the place of the country of the thin humber gives the time as dood Destroor wanting to many an American't Anti-English up does done got her and the source of the country of the property of the country of the American't Anti-English up does done got her and the source of the country of the property of the country of the the country of the thinks of the country of the thinks of thinks of thinks of thinks of thinks of the thinks of thinks of thinks of thinks of the thinks of thinks of thinks of thinks of the thinks of thi

"I'll back English women against the world, Harry," said Lord Fermor, striking the table with his fist.

"They don't last. I am told." muttered his uncle "A long engagement exhausts them, but they are capital at a steeplechase. They take things flying. I don't think Dartmoor has a

"Who are her people?" grumbled the old gentleman. "Has she got any?" Lord Henry shook his head. "American girls are as clever at concealing their parents, as English women are at concealing their past," he said, rising to go.

"They are pork-packers, I suppose?" "I hope so, Uncle George, for Dartmoor's sake. I am told that pork-packing is the most lucrative profession in America, after politics."

"Is she pretty?"

"Where are you lunching, Harry"

ny can't these American women stay in their own ays telling us that it is the paradise for women."

"It is. That is the reason why, like Eve, they are so excessively anxious to get out of it," said Lord Henry. "Good-bye, Uncle George. I shall be late for lunch, if I stop any longer." Thanks for giving me the information I wanted. I always like to know everything about my new friends, and nothing about my old ones."

"Humph! tell your Aunt Agatha, Harry, not to bother me any more with her charity appeals. I am sick of them. Why, the good woman thinks that I have nothing to do but to write cheques for her sitly fads."

"All right, Uncle George, I'll tell her, but it won't have any effect Philanthropic people lose all sense of humanity. It is their distinguishing characteristic." The old gentleman growled approvingly and rang the bell for his servant. Lord Henry passed up the low arcade into Burlington Street and turned his steps in the direction of Berkeley Square.

So that was the story of Dorian Cray's parentage. Codely as it had been told to bim. It had yet stimed him by its suggestion of a stange, allowed more nonzer. A beautif usern stending everything for a med gastion. Allow wild seeds of happiness and shortly at a stange, allowed more nonzer. A beautif user of happiness and shortly at a stange of the sta blow.... And how charming he had been at dinner the night before with startled eyes and lips parted in frightened pleasure he had opposite to him at the club, the red candleshades staining to a ri

rose the watering worder of his face. Taking to him was like playing upon an equilate vicin. He answere the every touch and third of the bown. There was committed prothly enthrolly enthr terself. Dryadlike and not afraid, because in his soul who sought for hereof. Dysallite and not shade, Secusion in his soul who sought for hot there had been wiseful and sworder live sould be too shareh, show an other had been with the history and patients of things and sold the shade of the sha

indeed, half done so. He would make that wonderful spirit his own There was something fascinating in this son of love and death Suddenly he stopped and glanced up at the houses. He found that he had passed his aun'ts some distance, and, smiling to himself, turned back. When he entered the somewhat somber half, the budler told him that they had gone in to lunch. He gave one of the footmen his hat and stick and passed into the dining-room.

He invented a facile excuse, and having taken the vacant seat next to her, looked round to see who was there. Dorian bowed to him shyly from He inverted a facile excuse, and having taken the vacant seal not to the five faciled route of sea with waste them. Dent invested to him shiply from the foliage of the five facility of the five facility of admirated good instruction. Of positive was the Duchtess of Helstry, a larly of admirated good instruction of the five yeary one with them the many of these amplies architectural proportions that in women who are not duchtesses are and the five five facility of the five facility of five facility of the facility of th intesigent miode-aged medicority, as bald as a ministerial statement in the House of Commons, with whom she was conversing in that in earnest manner which is the one unpardonable error, as he remarke himself, that all reality good people fall into, and from which none of them ever quite escape.

"We are talking about poor Dartmoor, Lord Henry," cried the duchess nodding pleasantly to him across the table. "Do you think he will really marry this fascinating young person?"

"I believe she has made up her mind to propose to him. Duchess

"How dreadful!" exclaimed Lady Agatha. "Really, some one should

"I am told, on excellent authority, that her father keeps an American dry-goods store," said Sir Thomas Burdon, looking supercilious.

"My uncle has already suggested pork-packing, Sir Thomas.

\*Dry-goods! What are American dry-goods?\* asked the duchess, raising her large hands in wonder and accentuating the verb.

"American novels." answered Lord Henry, helping himself to some quali

"Don't mind him, my dear," whispered Lady Agatha. "He never means anything that he says."

"When America was discovered," said the Radical member-and he began to give some wearisome facts. Like all people who by to exhaust a subject, he exhausted his listners. The durbes sighted and exercised her privilege of interruption." I wish to goodness it never had been discovered at all" she exclaimed. "Really, our gris have no chance nowadays. It is most urinb."

"Perhaps, after all, America never has been discovered," said Mr Erskine; "I myself would say that it had merely been detected."

"Oh! but I have seen specimens of the inhabitants," answere duchess vaguely. "I must confess that most of them are extripretty. And they dress well, too. They get all their dresses in Paris. I wish! could afford to do the same."

"They say that when good Americans die they go to Paris," chuckled Sir Thomas, who had a large wardrobe of Humour's cast-off clothes.

"Really! And where do bad Americans go to when they die?" inquired the duchess.

"They go to America," murmured Lord Henry.

Sir Thomas frowned. "I am afraid that your nephew is prejudiced against that great country," he said to Lady Agatha. "I have travelled all over it in cars provided by the directors, who, in such matters, are extremely ci

Sir Thomas waved his hand. \*Mr. Erskine of Treadley has the world his shelves. We practical men like to see things, not to read about them. The Americana are an externed y interesting poster. They are absolutely reasonable. I think that is their distinguishing characteristic. Yes, Mr. Erskine, an absolutely reasonable people. I assure you there so no ornorense about the Americana.\*

"How dreadfull" cried Lord Henry. "Loan stand brute force, but brute reason is quite unbearable. There is something unfair about its use. It is hitting below the intellect."

"I do not understand you," said Sir Thomas, growing rather red

"I do, Lord Henry," murmured Mr. Erskine, with a smile

"Paradoxes are all very well in their way...." rejoined the baronet

"Was that a paradox?" asked Mr. Erskine. "I did not think so. Perhaps it was. Well, the way of paradoxes is the way of truth. To test reality we must see it on the tight rope. When the verities become acrobats, we can judge them."

"Dear me!" said Lady Agatha, "how you men argue! I am sure I never can make out what you are talking about. On! Harry, I am quite vexed with you. Why do you try to persuade our nice Mr. Dorian Gray to give up the East End? I assure you he would be quite invaluable. They would love his playing."

"But they are so unhappy in Whitechapel," continued Lady Agatha.

"I can sympathize with everything except suffering," said Lord Henry, struggling his shoulders. "I cannot sympathize with that. It is too uply, too horrible, too distressing. There is something terribly morbid in the modern sympathy with pain. One should sympathize with the colour, the beauty, the joy of life. The less said about life's scres, the better."

"Still, the East End is a very important problem," remarked Sir Thoma

"Quite so," answered the young lord. "It is the problem of slavery, and we try to solve it by amusing the slaves."

The politician looked at him keenly. "What change do you propose, then?" he asked.

Lord Henry laughed. "I don't desire to change anything in England except the weather," he answered. "I am quite content with philosophic contemplation. But, at the inineteeth morthury has gone hardward; through an over-expenditure of sympathy, I would suggest that we should appeal to science but our sarraght. The advantage of the emotions is that they load us above, and the advantage of science is that it is not emotion."

"But we have such grave responsibilities," ventured Mrs. Van

Lord Henry looked over at Mr. Erskine. "Humanity takes itself too seriously. It is the world's original sin. If the caveman had known how to laugh. history would have been different."

"You are really very comforting," warbled the duchess. "I have always felt rather guity when I came to see your dear aunt, for I take no interest at all in the East End. For the future I shall be able to look her in the face without a blush."

"Only when one is young," she answered. "When an old woman like myself blushes, it is a very bad sign. Ah! Lord Henry, I wish you would tell me how to become young again."

He thought for a moment. "Can you remember any great error that you committed in your early days, Duchess?" he asked, looking at her across the table.

"A great many, I fear," she cried.

"Then commit them over again," he said gravely. "To get back one's youth, one has merely to repeat one's follies."

"A delightful theory!" she exclaimed. "I must put it into practice

"A dangerous theory!" came from Sir Thomas's tight lips. Lady Agatha shook her head, but could not help being amused. Mr. Erskine listened

"Yes," he continued, "that is one of the great secrets of life. Nowadays most people die of a sort of creeping common sense, and discover when it is too late that the only things one never regrets are one's mistates."

A laugh ran round the table.

Alsayin around the table.

It is played with the size and grape will be tasked in the first and transformed bett descent and transformed bette descent and

At last, liveried in the costume of the age, reality entered the room in the shape of a servant to tell the duchess that her carriage was waiting. She wrung her hands in mock despair. "How annoying!" she cried. "I must go. I have to call from yhustand at the dulp, to take him to some absurd meeting at Willis's Rooms, where he is going to b

in the chair. If I am late he is sure to be furious, and I couldn't have a scene in this bonnet. It is far too fragile. A harsh word would nuin. It. No. I must go, see Agatha. Good-bye, Lord Henry, you are quite delightful and dreadfully demoralizing. I am sure I don't know what to say about your views. You must come and dire with us some night. Tuesday? Are you disrengaged Tuesday?"

"For you I would throw over anybody, Duchess," said Lord Henry with a

"Ahl that is very nice, and very wrong of you," she cried; "so mind you come"; and she swept out of the room, followed by Lady Agatha and the other ladies.

When Lord Henry had sat down again, Mr. Erskine moved round, and taking a chair close to him, placed his hand upon his arm.

"I am too fond of reading books to care to write them, Mr. Erskine. I should like to write a novel certainly, a novel that would be as lovely as a Persian carpet and as unreal. But there is no literary public in England for anything except newspapers, primers, and encyclopade Of all people in the world the English have the least sense of the

"I fear you are right," answered Mr. Erskine. "I myself used to have literary ambitions, but I gave them up long ago. And now, my dear young friend, if you will allow me to call you so, may I ask if you really meant all that you said to us at kunch?"

"I quite forget what I said," smiled Lord Henry. "Was it all very bad?"

"Very bad indeed. In fact I consider you extremely dangerous, and if anything happens to our good duchess, we shall all look on you as being primally responsible. But I should like to bat is by our about File. The generation into which I was born was tedous. Some day, when you are tited of London, come down to Treatley and sepound to me your philosophy of pleasure over some admirable Burgundy I am fortunate enough to posses."

"You will complete it," answered the old gentleman with a courteous bow. "And now I must bid good-bye to your excellent aunt. I am due at the Athenaeum. It is the hour when we sleep there."

"All of you, Mr. Erskine?"

"Forty of us, in forty arm-chairs. We are practising for an English Academy of Letters."

Lord Henry laughed and rose. "I am going to the park," he cried.

As he was passing out of the door, Dorian Gray touched him on the arm. "Let me come with you," he murmured.

"I would sooner come with you; yes, I feel I must come with you. Do let me. And you will promise to talk to me all the time? No one talks so wonderfully as you do."

"Ah! I have talked quite enough for to-day," said Lord Henry, smiling.
"All I want now is to look at life. You may come and look at it with

CHAPTER 4

One afternoon, a morth later. Dollant Gray was redering in a laundoor am chair in the little bittery of Lond Helyer. Naces in Mayari, at was, in its way, a very chamming room, with its high panelled waimscoding of other scheme cask, its center-coloured filters and ceiling of raised plateterwork, and in bioficular felt carept strems with six, by Corollant Control of the Corollant Control of Margaret of Valoria by Corollant Control large black chairs just and students had selected for bed colors. Some large black chairs just and students had selected for bed colors. Some large black chairs just and students had selected for bed colors. Some large black chairs just and

Lord Henry had not yet come in. He was always late on principle, his Lord Henry had not yet come in. He was aways late on principle principle being that punctuality is the third of time. So the lad was looking rather sully, as with listless fingers he turned over the pages of an elaborately illustrated edition of Manon Lescaut that he had found in one of the book-cases. The formal monotonous ticking of the Louis Quatorze clock annoyed him. Once or twice he thought of going

At last he heard a step outside, and the door opened. "How late you are, Harry!" he murmured.

"I am afraid it is not Harry, Mr. Gray," answered a shrill voice.

"You thought it was my husband. It is only his wife. You must let me introduce myself. I know you quite well by your photographs. I think my husband has got seventeen of them."

"Well, eighteen, then. And I saw you with him the other right at the opera." She laughed nervously as she spoke, and watched him with her vague forgerhem ont eyes. She was a curious woman, whose dresses always looked as if they had been designed in a rage and put on in a tempest. She was usually in love with somebody, and, as her passion was never returned, she had key fall her illusions. She tried to look picturesque, but only succeeded in being untidy. Her name was Victoria, and she had a perfect mania for going to church

"Yes; it was at dear Lohengrin. I like Wagner's music better than anybody's. It is so loud that one can talk the whole time without other people hearing what one says. That is a great advantage, don't you think so, Mr. Gray?"

Dorian smiled and shook his head: "I am afraid I don't think so. Lad-Henry. I never talk during music--at least, during good music. If one hears bad music, it is one's duty to drown it in conversation."

"An that is one of Harry's view, just it, Mr. Cary?" I always here
were the property of the pr to look for you, to ask you something-I forget what it was-and I found Mr. Gray here. We have had such a pleasant chat about music. We

"I am charmed, my love, quite charmed," said Lord Henry, elevating his I am chainted, in judge, quiec chainted, sale but or restly, everyang in dark, crescent-happed eyebrows and looking at them both with an amused smile. "So sorry I am late, Dorian. I went to look after a piece of old brocade in I Wardour Street and had to bargain for hours for it. Nowadays people know the price of everything and the value of nothing."

"I am afraid I must be going," exclaimed Lady Henry, breaking an awkward silence with her silly sudden laugh. "I have promised to drive with the duchess. Good-bye, Mr. Gray. Good-bye, Harry. You are dining out, I suppose? So am I. Perhaps I shall see you at Lady Thombury."

"I dare say, my dear," said Lord Henry, shutting the door behind her as, looking like a bird of paradise that had been out all night in the rain, she fittled out of the room, leaving a faint odour of frangipanni. Then he lit a cigarette and flung himself down on the

\*Never marry : few puffs.

"Why, Harry?"

\*Because they are so sentimental.

"Never marry at all, Dorian. Men marry because they are tired; women, because they are curious: both are disappointed." "I don't think I am likely to marry, Harry. I am too much in love. That is one of your aphorisms. I am putting it into practice, as I do everything that you say."

"With an actress." said Dorian Gray, blushing

Lord Henry shrugged his shoulders. "That is a rather commonplace \_debut\_."

"You would not say so if you saw her, Harry."

"Who is she?

"Never heard of her.

"No one has. People will some day, however. She is a genius."

"My dear boy, no woman is a genius. Women are a decorative sex. They never have anything to say, but they say it charmingly. Women represent the triumph of matter over mind, just as men represent the triumph of mind over morals."

"My dear Dorian, it is quite true. I am analysing women at present, s I ought to know. The subject is not so abstruse as I thought it was. I find that, ultimately, there are only two kinds of women, the plain and the coloured. The plain women are very useful. If you want to and the colored. The plain women are very useful. If you want to grain a reputation for respeciability you have meetly to take them do to supper. The other women are very chamming. They commit one matatals, however. The point in order to by and talk trilliardly. Roong, an expert, used to play object. That is all over one A long as a word on both in years younget than the own daughtet, after the perfectly worth taking in, and such or fees can't be serimle into docest in some younget than the own daughtet, after the perfectly worth taking in, and such or fees can't be admitted into docest concept. Nowever, led me about your gentue. How long have you in her?"

"Ah! Harry, your views terrify me."

 grassless squares. About half-past eight I passed by an absurd lift theatre, with great flating gas-jets and gaudy play-bills. A hideous Jew, in the most amazing waistocat I ever beheld in my life, was standing at the entrance, smoking a vite cigar. He had greasy ringlets, and an enormous diamond blazed in the centre of a solled with them. As the media of the centre of a solled than a box media of the centre of a solled than a box media of the centre of a solled than a box media of the centre. ningets, and an enformous claimonic bizzen in the centre or a soleid shirt. Have a box, my Lord? he said, when he saw me, and he took of his hat with an air of gorgeous servility. There was something about him, Harry, that amused me. He was such a morster. You will laugh at me, I know, but I really went in and palid a whole guinea for the stage-box. To the present day I can't make out why I did so can'd yet if I hadn't-my dear Harry, if I hadn't-I should have missed the greatest romance of my life. I see you are laughing. It is horrid of you!

"I am not laughing, Dorian; at least I am not laughing at you. But you should not say the greatest romance of your life. You should say the international your life. You will supply be loved, and you will always be in love with love. A grande passion, is the privilege of people who have nothing to do. That is the one use of the idle disase of a country. Don't be afraid. There are exquisite things in store for you. This is merely the beginning.

"How do you mean?"

"Well, I found myself seated in a horrid little private box, with a vulgar drop-scene starring me in the face. I looked out from behi curtain and surveyed the house. It was a tawdry affair, all Cupid corruscopias, like a third-rate wedding-cake. The gallery and pit v

fairly full, but the two rows of dingy stalls were quite empty, and there was hardly a person in what I suppose they called the dress-circle. Women went about with oranges and ginger-beer, was a temble consumption of nuts going on."

"It must have been just like the palmy days of the British drama.

"Just like, I should fancy, and very depressing. I began to wonder what on earth I should do when I caught sight of the play-bill. What do you think the play was, Harry?"

"I should think The Idiot Boy", or 'Dumb but Innocent'. Our fathers used to like that sort of piece, I believe. The longer live, Dorian, the more keenly I feel that whatever was good enough for our fathers is not good enough for us. In art, as in politics, \_les grandperes ont toujours tort\_."

This play was good enough for us, Harry, It was Romeo and Aulet. I most dark that I was rather expended in the bits of severity Dishasposes as a ford raws, A family, and it is served to the play of like a beer-barrel. Merculio was almost as bad. He was played by the low-comedian, who had introduced page of his own and was on most friendly terms with the pit. They were both as grotesque as the somety, and that blooked as if it had once out of a country-both. But Julied Harry, imagine a girl, hardly seventeen years of age, with extremely continued to the property of the property of the title, flowerlike face, a small Greek head with plattled colis of dark brown hair, eyes that were violet wells of passion, lips that were like the petitied is or some. She was the being had ever seen the first property of the property of the property of the property of the like the petities of some. She was the being had ever seen the property of pro like the potatio of a rose. She was the loveliest thing if had ever seen in my like. You said no once that plants bet it you unmoved, but that beauty, mere beauty, could fill your yets with sears. It all you had beauty in the country of the count

tions, and each of them says betterfeling distinct. In control fool without per-verying the mile. Next plant and print (a) to be seen her plan. One everying the mile. Next plant and print (a) to be seen her plan. One evering the list (board) and statist method to the control of the term of the control of the control of the control of the beautiful print (a) the control of the control of the periverying the control of the control of the periverying the control of the control of the periverying the control of the periverying periverying

"Oh, yes, horrid people with dyed hair and painted faces."

"Yes, Harry, I believe that is true. I cannot help telling you thi You have a curious influence over me. If I ever did a crime, I come and confess it to you. You would understand me."

now tell me-reach me the matches, like a good boy-thanks-what are your actual relations with Sibyl Vane?\*

"It is only the sacred things that are worth touching, Dorian," said Lord Hern, with a strange touch of pathos in his vicie. "But why should you be amonged?" I suppose she will belong by you some day. When one is in love, one always begins by deceiving oner's stell, and one always end by securing others. The world calls a romance. You know her, at any rate, I suppose?"

"Of course I know her. On the first night I was at the theatre, the horrid old lew came round to the box after the performance was over offered to take me behind the scenes and intenduce me to her. I was furious with him, and told him that Juliet had been dead for hundreds of years and that her body was high in a matriet tomb in Verona. I think, from his blank look of amazement, that he was under the impression that I had taken to munk champagne, or comething."

against him, and that they were every one of them to be bought."

I should not wonder if he was quite right there. But, on the other nand, judging from their appearance, most of them cannot be at all expensive."

Vivel, he seemed to thrisk they were beyond his means," laughed Color.

If his time, however, the lights were being not on in the feature,
and I had to go. He wanted me to by some organ part out in the strongy
and the part of the strong or the strong or the strong organ
part of the strong had been as to be the strong organ
I was a munificant patron of lart. He was a most differently bruke, the
tough he had an extraordinary passion for Shalespeare. He told me
once, with an air of pride, that his five bankruptices were entirely
due to The Buch 2 and he installed on calling him. He secented to think

"It was a distinction, my dear Dorian—a great distinction. Most people become bankrupt through having invested too heavily in the p of life. To have ruined one's self over poetry is an honour. But when did you first speak to Miss Sibyl Vane?"

\*The third night. She had been playing Rosalind. I could not help going round. I had thrown her some flowers, and she had looked at me--at least I familed that she had. The old Jew was persistent. He seemed determined to take me behind, so I consented. It was curious my not wanting to know her, wasn't it?"

Sibyl that I was not anything of the kind. She said quite simply to me, "You look more like a prince. I must call you Prince Charming."

"You don't understand her, Harry. She regarded me merely as a person in a play. She knows nothing of life. She lives with her mother, a faded tired woman who played Lady Caputet in a sort of magenta dressing-wrapper on the first night, and looks as if she had seen better days."

"I know that look. It depresses me." murmured Lord Henry, examining "The Jew wanted to tell me her history, but I said it did n

"You were quite right. There is always so other people's tragedies."

"That is the reason, I suppose, that you never dine with me now. I thought you must have some curious romance on hand. You have; but it is not quite what I expected."

"My dear Harry, we either lunch or sup together every day, and I have been to the opera with you several times," said Dorian, opening his blue eyes in wonder.

"Well, I can't help going to see Sibyl play," he cried, "even if it is only for a single act. I get hungry for her presence; and when I think of the wonderful soul that is hidden away in that little ivory body, I am filled with awe."

"You can dine with me to-night, Dorian, can't you?"

hear our laughter and grow sad. I want a breath of our passion to stir their dust into consciousness, to wake their ashes into pain. My God, Harry, how I worship her!" He was walking up and down the room as he spoke. He

"Yes, she will. She has not merely art, consummate art-instinct, in her, but she has personality also; and you have often told me that it is personalities, not principles, that move the age."

"Let me see. To-day is Tuesday. Let us fix to-morrow. She plays Juliet to-morrow."

"All right. The Bristol at eight o'clock; and I will get Basil."

"Half-past six! What an hour! It will be like having a meat-tea, o

reading an English novel. It must be seven. No gentleman dines before seven. Shall you see Basil between this and then? Or shall I write to him?"

"Dear Basil! I have not laid eyes on him for a week. It is rather \*Dear Baself I have not laid eyes on him for a week. It is rather horid of me, as he has sent me mp portrail in the moundriul fame, specially designed by himself, who hough I am a little jealous of the picture for being a whole medit monty ounger than I am, I must admit that I design in II. Perhaps you had better write to him. I don't what to see him alone. He says things that armoy. He gives me good want to see him alone. He says things that armoy me. He gives me good

Lord Henry smiled. "People are very fond of giving away what they need most themselves. It is what I call the depth of generosity."

\*Oh, Basil is the best of fellows, but he seems to me to be just a bit of a Philistine. Since I have known you, Harry, I have discovered that.\*

'Basil, my dear boy, puts everyfhing that is charming in him into his work. The consequence is that he has nothing left for life but his prejudices, his principles, and his common sense. The only artists I have ever known who are personally delightful are bad artists. Good artists exist simply in what they make, and consequently are perfectly uninteresting in what they are. A great poet, a really great poet, is when most unpoetical of all creatures. But inferior poets a but inferior poets are. the most unpoetical of all creatures. But intender poets are absolutely fascinating. The worse their hymers are, the more picturesque they look. The mere fact of having published a book of second-rate sonnets makes a man quite irresiabilithe. He lives the poetly that the cannot write. The others write the poetry that they

As he left the room, Lord Henry's heavy eyelids drooped, and he began to think. Certainly few people had ever interested him so much as Dorian Gray, and yet the lad's mad advantion of some one else caused him not the slightest pang of annoyance or jealousy. He was pleased by

were moments, later on, when it had the wild passion of violins. You know how a volce can sid one. Your voice and the voice of Shipl Vare are two things that I shall never forget. When I close my eyes, I hear them, and each of them says something different. I don't know which to follow. Why should I not love her? Harry, I do how her. She is

\*Don't run down dyed hair and painted faces. There is an extraordinary charm in them, sometimes,\* said Lord Henry.

"You could not have helped telling me, Dorian. All through your life you will tell me everything you do."

Dorian Gray leaped to his feet, with flushed cheeks and burning eyes "Harry! Sibyl Vane is sacred!"

"Well, he seemed to think they were beyond his means," laughed Dorian

"My dear Harry, why?" \*I will tell you some other time. Now I want to know about the girl."

"Sbyr? Oh, she was so shy and so gentle. There is something of a child about her. Her eyes opened wide in exquisite wonder when I told her what! I though of her performance, and she seemed quide unconosic of her power. I think we were both rather nervous. The old Jew stood grining at the downway of the dusty peremotrom, making absorate speeches about us both, while we stood looking at each other like children. He would misst on calling me My Lord, so I had to assure

his rings

"Sibyl is the only thing I care about. What is it to me where she came from? From her little head to her little feet, she is absolutely and entirely divine. Every night of my life I go to see her act, and every night she is more manyellous."

He shook his head. "To-night she is Imogen," he answered, "and to-morrow night she will be Juliet."

"How horrid you are! She is all the great heroines of the world in one. She is more than an individual. You laugh, but I tell you she has genius. I love her, and I must make her love me. You, who know all the secrets of life, tell me how to charm Sibly Varte to love me! I want to make Romeo jealous. I want the dead lovers of the world to

Lord Henry watched him with a subtle sense of pleasure. How different he was now from the shy frightened boy he had met in Basil Hallward's studio! His nature had developed like a flower, had bome blossoms of scarlet flame. Out of its secent hilling-place had crept his soul, and desire had come to meet it on the way.

"I want you and Bast to come with me some night and see her act. I have not the slightest fear of the result. You are certain to acknowledge the group. Then we must get the roat of the leve's hands advantedge the group. The seem that the properties of the seem of the se

"Well, what night shall we go?"

"Not eight, Harry, please. Half-past six. We must be there before the curtain rises. You must see her in the first act, where she meets Romeo."

"I wonder is that really so, Harry?" said Dorian Gray, putting some perfume on his handkerchief out of a large, gold-topped bottle that stood on the table. "It must be ji you say it. And now I am off. Imogen is waiting for me. Don't forget about to-morrow. Good-bye."

II. It made him a more interesting study. He had been always entirated by the methods of instant science, but the ordinary entirated by the methods of instant science, but the ordinary or import. And so he had began by wintered priments, and he had ended by wintered potes. Human life—had appeared to him the one thing vintered potes. Human life—had appeared to him the one thing vintered potes. Human life—had appeared to him the one thing vintered potes. Human life—had appeared to him he one thing will be allowed to the contract of the potential potent nor keep the sulphurous furmes from troubling the brain and making the imagnation turble with monstrous fancies and misstappen dreams. There were poisons so subtle that to know their properties one had to sicken of them. There were maladies so strange that on head to pass through them if one sought to understand their nature. And, yet, what a great reward one received! How wonderful the whole world became to one! To note the curious hard logic of passion, and the emotional coloured life indee the curtous had to topic to passion, and the enhanced accordance of the intellect—to observe where they met, and where they separated, at what point they were in unison, and at what point they were at discord—there was a delight in that! What matter what the cost was? One could never pay too high a price for any sensation.

He was conscious—and the thought brought a gleam of pheasure into his brown again eye—that he was through protein world off, but is much of the search of th in its way, a real work of art, life having its elaborate masterpieces just as poetry has, or sculpture, or painting.

Yes, the lad was premature. He was gathering his harvest while it was yet spring. The pulse and passion of youth were in him, but he was becoming self-conscious. It was delight to watch him. With his beautiful face, and his beautiful sout, he was a thing to wonder at. It was no matter how all ended, or was destinated to end. He was like one of those gracious figures in a pageant or a play, whose joys seem to be remote from one, but whose pomous stir one's sensor of beauty.

Soul and body, body and soul—how mysterious they were! There was animalism in the soul, and the body had its moments of spirituality. The senses could refine, and the initiect could degrade. Who could say where the flestily impute ceased, or the psychroial impute began? How shallow were the arbitrary effections of ordinary psychologist! And yet how difficult to decide between the claims of the various scholard with the could will be about a shadow selection in the house of air I/O was the chicked! Was the out out alradious selection in the house of air I/O was the body really in the soul, as Giordano Bruno thought? The separation of spirit from matter was a mystery, and the union of spirit with matter was a mystery also.

He began to sonder whether we could ever make psychology so absolute a science that each life spring of life would be revealed to us. As it was, we always minerational coursives and rardy understood orders. As a such as the second orders of the second of the second orders of the second orders. As ordered is an another of the second orders of the second orders of the second orders or the second orders or the second orders or the second orders ordered in a second order order order order orders ordered in a second order order order order orders ordered ordered orders ordered ordered orders ordered orders ordered ordere

It was clear to him that the experimental method was the only method by which one could arrive at any scientific analysis of the passions; and certainly boran fong was a subject made to his hand, and seemed to promise rich and fruitful results. His sudden mad love for Sibyl Vane was a psychological phenomenon of normal interest. There was no doubt that curiosity had much to do with it, curiosity and the desire doubt that carrisinly had much to do with it, carrisinly and the desire for new experiences, get was not a simple. but sinher a very complex for new experiences, get was not a simple, but sinher a very complex boyhood had been transformed by the exchings of the imagination, changed not something that seemed to the daily inserted to be remote from sense, and was for that very restora all the more dangerous. It was the strong over us. Our weaker throllves were those of whose network restoration strong over us. Our weaker throllves were those of whose network network were were conscious. It often happened that when we thought we were experimenting on others we were really reprimenting on cursivers. While Lord Henry sat dreaming on these things, a knock came to the door, and he valet entered and reminded him it was time to dress for dinner. He pot up and looked out into the street. The summer had smittlen into scarlet gold he upper windows of the houses opposite. The pames glowed like plates of heated metal. The sky show was like falled note. He thought of his friend's young ferry-coloured life and wondered how it was all going to ent.

When he arrived home, about half-past twelve o'clock, he saw a telegram lying on the half table. He opened it and found it was from Dorian Gray. It was to tell him that he was engaged to be married to Sibyl Vane.

"Mother, Mother, I am so happy!" whispered the girl, burying her face in the lap of the faded, tired-looking woman who, with back turned to the shall intrusive light, was sitting in the one arm-chair that their dingly stiffing-room contained. "I am so happy!" she repeated, "and you must be happy, too!"

Mrs. Vane winced and put her thin, bismuth-whitened hands on her daughter's head. "Happy" she echoed, "I am only happy. Sibyl, when I see you act. You must not think of anything but your acting. Mr. Isaacs has been very good to us, and we owe him money."

The girl looked up and pouted. "Money, Mother?" she cried, "what does money matter? Love is more than money."

\*Mr. Isaacs has advanced us fifty pounds to pay off our debts and to get a proper outfit for James. You must not forget that, Sibyl. Fifty pounds is a very large sum. Mr. Isaacs has been most considerate.\*

"He is not a gentleman, Mother, and I hate the way he talks to me," said the girl, rising to her feet and going over to the window.

Sibyl Vane tossed her head and laughed. "We don't want him any mo Mother. Prince Charming rules life for us now." Then she paused. A rose shook in her blood and shadowed her cheeks, Cultic breath part the petals of her lips. They trenbled. Some southern wind of passion swept over her and stirred the dainty folds of her dress. "I love him," she said simply.

"Foolish child! foolish child!" was the parrot-phrase flung in answer The waving of crooked, false-jewelled fingers gave grotesqueness to the

The girl laughed again. The joy of a caged bird was in her voice. Her eyes caught the melody and echoed it in radiance, then closed for a moment, as though to hide their secret. When they opened, the mist of a dream had passed across them.

Thin-lipped visidom spoke at her from the worn chair, hinted at prudence, quoted from that book of cowardice whose author ages the name of common sense. Bhe did not lates. New sate fen in her prison of passion. Her prince, Prince Charming, was with her. She had called on memory to remake him. She had sent less out to search for him, and it had brought him back. His kiss burned again upon her mouth. Her eyelds were warm with his breath.

Then wisdom altered its method and spoke of espial and discovery. This young man might be rich. If so, marriage should be thought of. Against the shell of her ear broke the waves of worldy curning. The arrows of craft shot by her. She saw the thin lips moving, and smiled.

Suddenly she felt the need to speak. The wordy silence troubled he Mother, Mother," she cried, "why does he love me so much? I know why l love him. I love him because he is like what love himself should be. But what does he see in me? I am not worthy of him. And yet-why, I cannot tell--though I feel so much beneath him, I don't feel humble feel proud, terribly proud. Mother, did you love my father as I love

Mother. I know it pains you to talk about our father. But it only pains you because you loved him so much. Don't look so sad. I am as happy to day as you were twenty years ago. Ah! let me be happy for evert"

"My child, you are far too young to think of falling in love. Besides, what do you know off his young man?" You don't even know his name. The whole thing is not inconvenient, and really, when James is going away to Australia, and I have so much to think of, I must say that you should have shown more consideration. However, as I said before, the

Mrs. Vane glanced at her, and with one of those false theatrical miss. Variet galance at their, and will rate of intose faster that are that gestures that so other become a mode of second nature to a stage-player, clasped fer in her arms. At this moment, the door ope and a young lad with rough brown hair came into the room. He was thick-set of figure, and his hands and feet were large and somewhat clumps in movement. He was not so finely bred as his sister. One outmy in movement. He was not so interly ored as nis sister. One would hardly have guessed the close relationship that existed betwee them. Mrs. Vane fixed her eyes on him and intensified her smile. Sh mentally elevated her son to the dignity of an audience. She felt sure that the \_tableau\_ was interesting.

"You might keep some of your kisses for me, Sibyl, I think," said the lad with a good-natured grumble.

James Vane looked into his sister's face with tenderness. "I want you to come out with me for a walk, Sibyl. I don't suppose I shall ever see this horrid London again. I am sure I don't want to."

"My son, don't say such dreadful things," murmured Mrs. Vane, taking up my well, usurs say sours oreacrus trangs; murmured Mrs. Vaine, takin; a tawdry theatrical dress, with a sigh, and beginning to patch it. She felt a little disappointed that he had not joined the group. It would have increased the theatrical picturesqueness of the situation.

"You pain me, my son. I trust you will return from Australia in a position of affluence. I believe there is no society of any kind in the Colonies--nothing that I would call society--so when you have made your fortune, you must come back and assert yourself in London

"Society!" muttered the lad. "I don't want to know anything about that. I should like to make some money to take you and Sibyl off the stage. I hate it."

"Oh, Jimi" said Sibyl, laughing, "how unkind of you! But are you really going for a walk with me? That will be rice! I was afraid you were going to say good bye to some of your friends—to Tom Hardy, wh gave you that hideous pipe, or Ned Langlon, who makes fun of you for smoking it. It is very sweet of you to let me have your last adhemoon. Where shall we go? I cat up to the pank."

"Nonsense, Jim," she whispered, stroking the sleeve of his coat

He walked up and down the room two or three times. Then he turned to the still figure in the chair. "Mother, are my things ready?" he asked.

"Outle ready, James," the answered, keeping her eyes on her work. For some morbing part de had felt all a dass when he was all one with this rought deman sort here. The disable searce flames was buddled with the search of the

"James, you really talk very strangely. Of course I watch over Sibyl."

"You are speaking about things you don't understand, James. In the on we are accustomed to receive a great deal of most gratifying processors we are excessors to excess a great occasion in most graups, attention. I myself used to receive many bouquets at one time. That was when acting was really understood. As for Sibyl, I do not know at present whether her attachment is serious or not. But there is no doubt that the young man in question is a perfect gentleman. He is always most polite to me. Besides, he has the appearance of being rich, and the flowers he sends are lovely."

"No," answered his mother with a placid expression in her face. "He has not yet revealed his real name. I think it is quite romantic of him. He is probably a member of the aristocracy."

"My son, you distress me very much. Sibyl is always under my special care. Of course, if this gentleman is wealthy, there is no reason why she should not contract an alliance with him. I trust he is one of the aristocracy. He has all the appearance of it, I must say, It might be a most brilliant marriage for Sibyl. They would make a chamming ....... only). I ney would make a charming couple. His good looks are really quite remarkable; everybody notices them."

The lad muttered something to himself and drummed on the window-pan with his coarse fingers. He had just turned round to say something when the door opened and Sibyl ran in.

"Good-bye, my son," she answered with a bow of strained state

"Kiss me, Mother," said the girl. Her flowerlike lips touched the withered cheek and warmed its frost.

My child! my child!" cried Mrs. Vane, looking up to the ceiling in search of an imaginary gallery.

"Come, Sibyl," said her brother impatiently. He hated his mother's

They went out into the flickering, wind-blown sunlight and strolled down the dreary Euston Road. The passersby glanced in wonder at the sullen heavy youth who, in coarse, Ill-fitting dothes, was in the company of such a graceful, refined-looking girl. He was like a common gardener walking with a rose.

Jim frowned from time to time when he caught the inquisitive glance of some stranger. He had that delated the englished at which comes on however, was quite unconscious of the effect the was producilly, he however, was quite unconscious of the effect the was producilly, he love was trenshing in laughter on her lips. She was shirking of Prince Charming, and, that her might hink of him all the more, the did not talk of hin, but prasted on about the ship in which I was sognit to talk of hin, but prasted on about the ship in which all was going to all, about he goal of the woorderful heiress whose life he was to save from the wicked, red-shirted bushrangers. For he was not to remain a sailor, or a supercargo, or whatever he was going to be. Oh, not A sailor's existence was dreadful. Fancy being googled up in a horrid ship, with the hoarse. areadrui. Fancy being cooped up in a norrid snip, with hump-backed waves trying to get in, and a black wind i hump-backed waves trying to get in, and a black wind blowing the midown and tearing the salls into long screaming libands! He was to leave the vessel at Melbourne, bid a politie good-bye to the captain, and go off at once to the gold-fields. Before a week was over he was come across a large nugget of pure gold, the largest nugget that hac

ever been discovered, and bring it down to the coast in a waggon guarded by six mounted policemen. The bustrangers were to attack them three times, and be defeated with immense sluughter. Or, no. He was not to go to the gold-fields at all. They were hornd places, where men gol introlicated, and shot each other in bas-rooms, and used bad men got imoxicated, and shot each other in car-rooms, and used oad language. He was to be a nice sheep-farmer, and one evening, as he was inding home, he was to see the beautiful heiress being carried off by a robber on a black horse, and give chase, and rescue her. Of course, she would fall in love with him, and he with her, and they would get married, and come home, and live in an immense house in London. Yes, there were delightful things in store for him. But he must be very since were conjugated uning at solve to time. Dut in this to every good, and not lose his temper, or spend his money foolishly. She was only a year older than he was, but she knew so much more of life. He must be sure, also, to write to her by every mail, and to say his prayers each night before he went to sleep. God was very good, and would watch over him. She would pray for him, too, and in a few years the would come back quite rich and happy.

Yet it was not this alone that made him gloomy and morose. Inexperienced though he was, he had still a storng sense of the danger of Stlyfs position. This young dandy who was making love to her could mean her no good. He was a gentleman, and he hated him for that, hat him through some curious race-instinct for which he could not access. him through some curious race-instinct for which he could not account, and which for that reason was all the more dominant within him. He was conscious also of the shallowness and vanity of his mother's nature, and in that saw infinite peril for Sibyl and Sibyl's happiness. Children begin by loving their parents; as they grow older they judge them; sometimes they forgive them.

His mother! He had something on his mind to ask of her, something that His mother! He had something on his mind to ask of her, something that he had broaded no for many months of silence. A chance phrase that he had he had be not on for many months of silence. A chance phrase that he had heard at the theathe, a whispered sneer that had reached his ears one night as he waited at the stage-door, had set loss a train of horrible thoughts. He remembered it as if it had been the lash of a hunting-crop across his face. His brows kinlt together into a wedge-like furrow, and with a twicth of pain he bit his undering.

am making the most delightful plans for your future. Do say something

"Oh! that you will be a good boy and not forget us," she answered, smiling at him.

He shrugged his shoulders. "You are more likely to forget me than I am to forget you, Sibyl."

She flushed. "What do you mean, Jim?" she asked.

"You have a new friend, I hear. Who is he? Why have you not told me about him? He means you no good."

"Stop, Jim!" she exclaimed. "You must not say anything against him. I love him."

"He is called Prince Charming. Don't you like the name. Oh! you silly boy! you should never forget it. If you only saw him, you would think him the most wonderful person in the world. Some day you will meet him—when you come back from Australa. You will like him so much. Everybody likes him, and I... love him. I wish you could come to the Everybody likes him, and f. . love him. I wish you could come to the threate to-night, he is going to be there, and if am to play Juliet. On how I shall play if Fancy, Jim, to be in love and play Juliet of the company, finghen or enthreat them. To be in love and if any finghten the company, finghen or enthreat them. To be in love is to suppass one's set? Proof readed like flasses will be shorting gentural suppass one's set? Proof readed like flasses will be shorting gentural suppass one's set? Proof readed like flasses will be shorting gentural suppass one's set? Proof readed like flasses will be shorting gentural suppass one's set? I will suppass the set of the se only, Prince Charming, my wonderful lover, my god of graces. But I am poor beside him. Poor? What does that matter? When poverty creeps is at the door, love flies in through the window. Our proverbs want rewriting. They were made in winter, and it is summer now; spring-time for me, I think, a very dance of blossoms in blue skies."

"I shudder at the thought of being free.

"To see him is to worship him: to know him is to trust him "

"Sibyl, you are mad about him."

She laughed and took his arm. "You dear old Jim, you talk as if you were a hundred. Some day you will be in love yourself. Then you will have how what it it. Dor't hose sauls, "Som't you should be glant to have write the same of the s

They took their seats amidst a crowd of watchers. The tulip-beds across the road flamed like throbbing rings of fire. A white dust-tremulous cloud of ornis-root it seemed-hung in the panting a The brightly coloured parasols danced and dipped like monstrous butterflies.

She made her brother talk of himself, his hopes, his prospects. He spoke slowly and with effort. They passed words to each other as players at a game pass counters. Siby felt oppressed. She could normanicate her joy. A fairt smile curving that sallen mooth was all the echo she could vin. After some time she became silent. Sudder she caught a glimpse of golden hair and laughing lips, and in an open carriage with two ladies Dorian Gray drove past.

She started to her feet. "There he is!" she cried

"Who?" said Jim Vane.

He jumped up and seized her roughly by the arm. "Show him to me. Which is he? Point him out. I must see him!" he exclaimed; but at that moment the Duke of Berwick's four-in-hand came between, and when it had left the space clear, the carriage had swept out of the park.

"He is gone," murmured Sibyl sadly. "I wish you had seen him

"I wish I had, for as sure as there is a God in heaven, if he ever does you any wrong, I shall kill him."

She looked at him in horror. He repeated his words. They cut the air like a dagger. The people round began to gape. A lady standing close to her tittered.

"Come away, Jim; come away," she whispered. He followed her doggedly as she passed through the crowd. He felt glad at what he had said.

When they reached the chilles Status, he thread round. There was ply in her eyes that became laughter on her los. She shook her head shim. "You are foods, i.m., unterfly foods, i.m. and confirmed by the shim." The are foods in the read with pour as yet such horribed things? You don't know what you are statistic about. You are employ easies and united. All I wish you would fall in love. Love makes people good, and what you said was socked."

"I am sixteen," he answered, "and I know what I am about. Mother is no help to you. She doesn't understand how to look after you. I wish now that I was not going to Australia at all. I have a great mind to chuck the whole thing up. I would, if my articles hadn't been signed."

"Oh, don't be so serious, Jim. You are like one of the heroes of those silly melodramas Mother used to be so fond of acting in. I am not going to quarrel with you. I have seen him, and oh! to see him is perfect happiness. We won't quarrel. I know you would never harm any one I love, would you?"

"Not as long as you love him. I suppose," was the sullen answer

"I shall love him for ever!" she cried.

She shrank from him. Then she laughed and out her hand on his arm. He

At the Marble Arch they hailed an omnibus, which left them close to their shabby home in the Euston Road. It was after five o'clock, and Sibyl had to lie down for a couple of hours before acting. Jim insisted that she should do so. He said that he would

In Sybil's own room they parted. There was jealousy in the lad's heart, and a flence munderous hathed of the stranger who, as it seemed to him, had come between them. Yet, when her arms were flung round his neck, and her fingers strayed through his hair, he softened and kissed her with real affection. There were learn in his eyes as he went

street-cabs, he could hear the droning voice devouring each minute that

After some time, he thrust away his plate and put his head in his hands. He felt that he had a right to know. It should have been told to him before, if it was as he suspected. Leaden with fear, his mother watched him. Words dropped mechanically from her lips. A tattered lace handkerchief twitched in her fingers. When the clock struck six he got up and went to the door. Then he turned back and looked at he Their eyes met. In hers he saw a wild appeal for mercy. It enraged

"Mother, I have something to ask you," he said. Her eyes wandered vaguely about the room. She made no answer. "Tell me the truth. I have a right to know. Were you married to my father?"

te heaved a deep sigh. It was a sigh of relief. The terrible momen e moment that night and day, for weeks and months, she had drea do come at last, and yet she field no terror. Indeed, in some measus was a disappointment to her. The vulgar directness of the question called for a direct answer. The situation had not been gradually led up to. It was crude. It reminded her of a bad rehearsal.

"My father was a scoundrel then!" cried the lad, clenching his fists. She shook her head. "I knew he was not free. We loved each other very much. If he had lived, he would have made provision for us. Don't speak against him, my son. He was your father, and a gentleman. Indeed, he was highly connected."

For a moment a hideous sense of humilitation came over the woman. Her head drooped. She wiped her eyes with shaking hands. "Sibyl has a mother," she murmured; "I had none."

The lad was touched. He went towards her, and stooning down, he kissed The lad was touched. He went towards her, and stooping down, he is her. "I am sory if have pained you by asking about my father." He said, "but I could not help it. I must go now. Good-bye. Don't forget that you will have only one child now to look after, and believe me that if this man wrongs my sister, i will find out who he is, track him down, and kill him like a dog. I swear it."

The exaggerated folly of the threat, the passionate gesture that The caggerated (sky of the firext, the passionate gesture that accompanied, it has male individualise volum, made like seem more with to ther. Other less set termilla with the absoragence. Other contrader more vision of the contrader that the second of the contrader that contrader that contrader that the contrader t she waved the tattered lace handkerchief from the window, as her so drove away. She was conscious that a great opportunity had been wasted. She consoled herself by telling Slight how desidate the felt her life would be, now that she had only one child to look after. She remembered the phrase. It had pleased her. Of the threat she said nothing. It was vividly and dramatically expressed. She felt that they would all laugh at it some day.

"No, Harry," answered the artist, giving his hat and coat to the bowing water. "What is if? Nothing about politics, I hope! They don't interest me. There is hardly a single person in the House of Commons worth painting, though many of them would be the better for a little whitewashing."

"Dorian Gray is engaged to be married," said Lord Henry, watching him

Hallward started and then frowned. "Dorian engaged to be married!" he cried. "Impossible!"

\*It is perfectly true.

"To some little actress or other."

"I can't believe it. Dorian is far too sensible." "Dorian is far too wise not to do foolish things now and then, my dear Basil."

"Marriage is hardly a thing that one can do now and then, Harry."

"Except in America," rejoined Lord Henry languidly. "But I didn't say he was married. I said he was engaged to be married. There is a great difference. I have a distinct remembrance of being married, but I have no recollection at all of being engaged. I am inclined to think that I never was encoaced." never was engaged

"If you want to make him many this old, tell him that, Basil. He is sure to do it, then. Whenever a man does a thoroughly stupid thing, it is always from the noblest motives."

some vile intellect."

"Oh, she is better than good-she is beautiful," murmured Lord Hensipping a glass of vermouth and orange-bitters. "Ordins says she is beautiful, and he is not often wrong about things of that kind. Your portrait of him has quickened his appreciation of the personal ance of other people. It has had that excellent effect, amongs others. We are to see her to-night, if that boy doesn't forget his

"Are you serious?"

"Quite serious, Basil. I should be miserable if I thought I should ever be more serious than I am at the present moment."

"But do you approve of it, Harry?" asked the painter, walking up and down the room and biting his lip. "You can't approve of it, possibly. It is some silly infatuation."

"I never approve, or disapprove, of anything now. It is an absurd attitude to take towards file. We are not sent into the world to air our most prejudices. I never take any notice of what common people asy, and I never interfere with what charming people do. If a personally fascinates me, whatever mode of expression that personality selection is aboutledy delight to me. Dortan Clary falls in low with a beautiful given be aboutled of the proposes to many her. With proof to the proposes to many her. With proof to the proposes to many her. With proof to the proposes to many her.

If he wedded Messalina, he would be none the less interesting. You know I am not a champton of maninge. The real databack to maninge is that or relates one was found. And unselfine pelops are colourless. They tax is individually. Bill, there are certain temperaments flash many office and the control of th

If Dorian Gray's life were spoiled, no one would be sorr yourself. You are much better than you pretend to be."

Lord Henry laughed. "The reason we all like to think so well of others is that we are all afraid for ourselves. The basis of optimism is sheer terror. We think that we are generous because we credit our neighbour with the possession of those virtues that are likely to be a benefit to us. We praise the banker that we may overdraw our account benets to us. We praise the baliner trait we may overdraw our account, and find good qualities in the highwayman in the hope that he may spare our pockets. I mean everything that I have said. I have the greatest contempt for optimism. As for a spoiled life, no life is spoiled but one whose growth is arrested. If you want to mar a nature, you have one whose growth is a mested. If you want to mar a nature, you have meetly to reform it. As for marriage, of course that would be silly, but there are other and more interesting bonds between men and women. I will certainly exocurage them. They have the charm of being fashionable. But here is Dorian himself. He will tell you more than I

"My dear Harry, my dear Basil, you must both congratulate me!" said the wy during the contract of the

"I hope you will always be very happy, Dorian," said Hall-

don't quite forgive you for not having let me know of your engagement You let Harry know."

"And I don't forgive you for being late for dinner," broke in Lord Henry, putting his hand on the lad's shoulder and smiling as he spoke. "Come, let us sit down and by what the new \_chef\_ here is like, and then you wil

you will but in how if all came about. There is really not which to left, in critic Dorlan as they book their seats at he small round table. Which happened was simply the. After left you yestering werening, leavily indexed, had some dinere at that title fallan restaurant in Rupert Britishes you introduced me its and title fallan restaurant in Rupert Britishes you will included me its and title fallan restaurant in Rupert Britishes you will include all the fall and the same and the heredenne century. Nat shalp with injoin of a side of the con-puter of the control of the contr

"Yes, Dorian, I suppose you were right," said Hall

"Have you seen her to-day?" asked Lord Henry.

Lord Henry sipped his champagne in a meditative manner. "At what particular point did you mention the word marriage, Dorian? And what did she say in answer? Perhaps you forgot all about it."

"My dear Harry, I did not treat it as a business transaction, and I did not make any formal proposal. I told her that I loved her, and she said she was not worthy to be my wife. Not worthy! Why, the whole world is nothing to me compared with her.

say anything about marriage, and they always remind us.

Lord Henry looked across the table. "Dorian is never annoyed with me," he answered. "I asked the question for the best reason possible, for the only reason, indeed, that excuses one for asking any question-simple curiosity. I have a theory that it is always the women who propose to us, and not we who propose to the women. E of course in middle class life. But then the middle classes are not

Dorlan Gray Isughed, and tossed his head. "You are quite incorrigible, Harry, but I don't mind. It is impossible to be analy you." When you were flow in you will be the man who could wrang her you see Sibly Harry, sour lifed that the man who could wrang her you see Sibly Harry, you lifed that the man who could wrang her you can see with to shame the firing he lowes. I live Sibly Vanc. I want you go to be presented to be a seen to be supported by the count woman who is mine. What is managed? An irrevocable you. You mock a fire that. All doff moch. It is an irrevocable you will use that I for that. All doff moch. It is an irrevocable you will use the first that. All doff moch. It is an irrevocable you will use the first that. All doff moch. It is an irrevocable you will use the first that. All doff moch. It is an irrevocable you will use the first that. All doff moch. It is an irrevocable you will use the first that. All doff moch. It is an irrevocable you will use the first that. All doff moch. It is an irrevocable you will use the first that. All doff moch. It is an irrevocable you will use the first that. All doff moch. It is an irrevocable you will use the first that. All doff moch that is a single to the sum of the first that the

take. Her trust makes me faithful, her belief makes me good. When I am with her, I regret all that you have taught me. I become different from what you have known me to be. I am changed, and the mere touch of Sibyl Vane's hand makes me forget you and all your wrong, Isacinating,

"Oh, your theories about life, your theories about love, your theories about pleasure. All your theories, in fact, Harry."

Pleasure is the only thing worth having a theory about," he answered in his slow melodicus voice. "But I am afraid I cannot claim my theory as my own. It belongs to Nature, not to me. Pleasure is Nature's est, her sign of approval. When we are happy, we are always good, but when we are good, we are not always happy.

"Yes," echoed Dorian, leaning back in his chair and looking at Lord Henry over the heavy clusters of purple-lipped irises that stood in the centre of the table, "what do you mean by good, Harry?"

To be good is to be in harmony with one set, "the regiled, four-line the thin stem of his glass with his pale, five-pointed fingers." Discords in the between the language time the stem of his glass with his pale, five-pointed fingers. We fill the stem of the

"But, surely, if one lives merely for one's self, Harry, one pays a terrible price for doing so?" suggested the painter.

"Yes, we are overcharged for everything nowadays. I should fancy that the real tragedy of the poor is that they can afford nothing but self-denial. Beautiful sins, like beautiful things, are the privilege of the rich."

"What sort of ways, Basil?"

"Oh! I should fancy in remorse, in suffering, in ... well, in the consciousness of degradation."

Lord Henry shrugged his shoulders. "My dear fellow, mediaeval art is Loto treiny striuggiou in sinculations. My clear februik includeral air is characteristic for a contractive and contractive and contractive from the fiction, of course. But then the only things that one can use in fiction are the fings that one has cossed to use in fact. Believe me, no civilized man ever regrets a pleasure, and no uncivilized man ever knows what a pleasure is."

"I know what pleasure is," cried Dorlan Gray. "It is to adore some

"That is certainly better than being addred," he answered, toying with some fruits. "Being addred is a nuisance. Women treat us just as humanity treats its gods. They worship us, and are always bothering us to do something for them."

"I should have said that whatever they ask for they had first given to us," murmured the lad gravely. "They create love in our natures. They have a right to demand it back."

"That is quite true, Dorian," cried Hallward

"Nothing is ever quite true," said Lord Henry

"This is," interrupted Dorian. "You must admit, Harry, that women give to men the very gold of their lives."

"Possibly," he sighed, "but they invariably want it back in such very small change. That is the worry. Women, as some with Frenchman once put it, inspire us with the desire to do masterpieces and always. prevent us from carrying them out."

"Harry, you are dreadful! I don't know why I like you so much."

"You will always like me, Dorlan," he repiled. "Will you have some coffee, you follow?" Walter, bring coffee, and , fine-champagen, and come cagasties. No, don't mid the operation—I have some. Basil, I cigardite is the perfect type of a perfect pleasure. It is equipalle, and it leaves one unstalled. When more can not want? "Yes, Dorlan, you will always be fond of me. I represent to you all the sins you have review to the Couragle to commit."

What nonsense you talk, Harry!" cried the lad, taking a light from a virus ionsense you task, Harry® cried the lad, taking a light from a fire-breathing silver dragon that the walter had placed on the table. "Let us go down to the theatre. When Sibyl comes on the stage you have never known."

"I have known everything," said Lord Henry, with a tired look in his eyes, "but I am always ready for a new emotion. I am afraid, howeve that, for me at any rate, there is no such thing. Still, your wonderful gif may thrill me. I love acting. It is so much more real than life. Let us go. Dorian, you will come with me. I am so sorry, Basil, but there is only room for two in the brougham. "You must follow

They get up and put on their coats, spoing their coffee standing. The coat of the standing of the coat of the standing of the coat of the standing of the stan crowded flaring streets became blurred to his eyes. When the cab drew up at the theatre, it seemed to him that he had grown years older.

"Yest" answered Dorian Gray. "It was here I found her, and she is divine beyond all living things. When she acts, you will toget veryinging. These common round people, with their coarse faces and brutal gestures, become quite different when afte is on the stage. They stainedly and which the. They weep and Lough as she with Stem to do. She makes them as responsive as a violin. One spiritualizes them, and one feels that they are of the same fieth and blood as one's self."

"The same flesh and blood as one's self! Oh, I hope not!" exclaimed Lord Henry, who was scanning the occupants of the gallery through his opera-glass.

"Don't nay any attention to him. Dorian " said the nainter." understand what you mean, and I believe in this girl. Any one you love understand what you mean, and I believe in this girl. Any one you love must be manifelious, and any girl who has the effect you describe must make the manifelious, and any girl wis has the effect you describe for doing. If this girl can give a soul to those with have level without one, if she can orrelate the sensero of beauty in people whose levels have been sorted and ugly, if she can stip them of their selfstoness and been sorted and ugly, if she can stip them of their selfstoness and all your advantage, workly of the advantage of the world. The marriage is quite right. I did not think so at first, but I admit it now. The good smade Skyl vites for you would have "Thanks, Basil," answered Dorian Gray, pressing his hand. "I knew that you would understand me. Harry is so cyrical, he terrifies me. But here is the orchesta. It is quite deadful, but it only lasts for about five minutes. Then the curtain rises, and you will see the girl to whom I am going to give all my life, to whom I have given everything that is good in my.

A quarter of an hour afterwards, amided an extraordinary farmoil of applicates. Sofy Were disposed on to the stage. Vise, the was containly levely to lock all-core for the robested constants, could being through the work of the contained the contained and the contained and the contained and the contained contained and the contained certification choice. See stepped to all, a few paces and her byte seemed to throttle. Bell shifted expect to the feet and begin to applicant. Motioness, and do not in a dream, and Dotters Gray, gazzing at fer. Used herey present production of the contained and the contained contained the contained and the

The scene was the hall of Capulet's house, and Romeo in his pilgrim's cleass had entered with Merculo and his other friends. The band, such as it was, struck up a fee bars of music, and the dance began. Through the crowd of rugality, shabely loss described to the crowd of rugality, shabely with creature from a finer world. Her body sweyed, while she danced, as a plant sways in the water. The curves of her throat were the curves of a white lify. Her hands seemed to be made of cool ivory

Yet she was curiously listless. She showed no sign of joy when her eyes rested on Romeo. The few words she had to speak--

Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much, Which mannerly devotion shows in this; For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch, And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss--

with the brief dialogue that follows, were spoken in a thoroughly artificial manner. The voice was exquisite, but from the point of view of tone it was absolutely failse. It was wrong in colour. It took away all the life from the verse. It made the passion unreal.

Dorian Gray grew pale as he watched her. He was puzzled and anxious. Neither of his friends dared to say anything to him. She seemed to them to be absolutely incompetent. They were horribly disappointed.

Yet they felt that the true test of any Juliet is the balcony scene of the second act. They waited for that. If she failed there, there was nothing in her.

She looked charming as she came out in the monolight. That could no one touted chairming as size came out in the mounting. That could not be denied. But the staginess of her acting was unbearable, and grew worse as she went on. Her gestures became absurdly artificial. She overemphasized everything that she had to say. The beautiful passage

Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face, Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night-

vas declaimed with the painful precision of a schoolgirl who aught to recite by some second-rate professor of elocution paned over the balcony and came to those wonderful lines

Although I joy in thee, I have no joy of this contract to-night: It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden; Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be Ere one can say, "It lightens." Sweet, goodis bud of love by summer's ripening breath May prove a beauteous flower when next we mee

she spoke the words as though they conveyed no meaning to her. It was not nervousness. Indeed, so far from being nervous, she was absolutely self-contained. It was simply bad art. She was a complete failure.

Even the common uneducated audience of the pit and gallery lost their interest in the play. They got restless, and began to talk loudly and to whistle. The Jew manager, who was standing at the back of the ress-circle, stamped and swore with rage. The only person unmoved was the girl herself.

utiful, Dorian," he said, "but she can't act. Let us go."

"I am going to see the play through," answered the lad, in a hard bitter voice. "I am awfully sorry that I have made you waste an evening, Harry. I apologize to you both."

"My dear Dorian, I should think Miss Vane was ill," interrupter

"I wish she were ill," he rejoined. "But she seems to me to be simply callous and cold. She has entirely altered. Last night she was a great artist. This evening she is merely a commonplace mediocre

"Don't talk like that about any one you love, Dorian. Love is a more wonderful thing than art."

"They are both simply forms of limitation," remarked Lord Henry." do let us go. Dorian, you must not stay here any longer. It is not good for one's morals to see bad acting. Besides, I don't suppose will want your wife to act, so what does it matter if she plays Juliet will want your whe to act, so what oose it maker is see java Joulet like a wooden dorl? She is very lovely, and if she knows as little about life as she does about acting, she will be a delightful experience. There are only two kinds of people who are really facinating—people who know aboutlety everything, and people who absolutely nothing. Good heavens, my dear boy, don't look so tragic accountary notining, usoo heavens, my dear boy, don't look so tragic! The secret of remaining young is never to have an emotion that is unbecoming. Come to the club with Basil and myself. We will smoke cigarettes and drink to the beauty of Sibyl Vane. She is beautiful. What more can you want?"

"Go away, Harry," cried the lad. "I want to be alone. Basil, you must go. Ahl can't you see that my heart is breaking?" The hot tears came to his eyes. His lips trembled, and rushing to the back of the box, he leaned up against the wall, hiding his face in his hands.

"Let us go, Basil," said Lord Henry with a strange tendemess in his voice, and the two young men passed out together.

and proud, and indifferent. The play dragged on, and seemed interminable. Half of the audience went out, tramping in heavy boots and laughing. The whole thing was a \_fiasco\_. The last act was playe to almost empty benches. The curtain went down on a titter and some

As soon as it was over, Dorian Gray rushed behind the scenes int greenroom. The girl was standing there alone, with a look of triun on her face. Her eyes were lit with an exquisite fire. There was a radiance about her. Her parted lips were smiling over some secret of

"Horribly!" he answered, gazing at her in amazement. "Horribly! It was dreadful. Are you iii? You have no idea what it was. You have idea what it suffered."

The girl smiled. "Dorlan," she answered, lingering over his name with long-drawn music in her voice, as though it were sweeter than honey to the red petals of her mouth. "Dorlan, you should have understood. But you understand now, don't you?"

"Understand what?" he asked, angrily

"Why I was so bad to-night. Why I shall always be bad. Why I shall never act well again

He shrugged his shoulders. "You are ill, I suppose. When you you shouldn't act. You make yourself ridiculous. My friends we bored."

She seemed not to listen to him. She was transfigured with joy. An

"Dorian, Dorian," she cried, "before I knew you, acting was the one reality of my life. It was only in the theatre that I lived. I thought that I was all true. I was Rosalind nor night and Portia the other. The joy of Beatrice was my joy, and the sorrows of Cordelia was my interest that was all true. I was well as a way of the sorrows and contains a containing the common pende with the common

with me seemed to me to be godille. The painted scenes were my world liver enthing but shadows, and if hought them real. You came-oh, my beaudiful lovel—and you fored my sord for my profit on privato, You laught new that really really. You live a first the feet in the min my life. I saw you report in which I had always glorely. To oright, for the fairt time in low groups or the which I had always glorely. To oright, for the fairt time; became conscious that the Sorrele vasifies, that the encountries in the contract was faire, that the encountries in the contract was faire, that the encountries in the contract was faired and the sort of the sort was validated and which all set to be selection. You had broadly me so centring higher, comething of which all set to be address. You had broadly me so centring higher, comething of which all set to be address. You had broadly me so contribing higher, comething a which all set to be address. You had broadly me so contribing higher contribing higher to the part of the section. You had not been substantiated but the substantial hour had not been supported by the part of the section. You had not been thanked all contributions to the section. You had not been thanked all contributions to the section. You had not been thanked to be septing high group from me. I flooring that has so ging to be wordered. How all the section is the section of the section. to night. Loud not understand how it was that everything had gone formen. It flought that was going to be worked, I found that I could not onlying. Sudderly if damed on my soul what at all meant. The involvedge was exquisite tome. Hence then bissing, and I sen What could they know of love such as ours? Take me away, Dorban me away withou, where we can be quite abone. I habe the stage, I might minst a passion that if on or feel, but I cannot minto one that bown me feel fee. Or Dorsan, Dorsan, you destead now was that a significant feer in I could do it, it would be produced not me to physical being in low. On when me does not me to to physical being in low. On when me does not me to to physical being in low. On when me does not me to to the country of the countr

He flung himself down on the sofa and turned away his face. "You have killed my love," he muttered

She looked at him in wonder and laughed. He made no answer. She came across to him, and with her little fingers stroked his hair. She knelt down and pressed his hands to her lips. He drew them away, and a shudder ran through him.

Then he leaped up and went to the door. "Yes," he cried, "you have sittled my love. You used to set my imagnation. Now you don't even will be up to the control of the cont

think of you. I will never mention your name. You don't know what you were to me, croce. Why, croce. — On, I can't bear to think of ell I will now the control of the contr

The girl grew white, and trembled. She clenched her hands together, and her voice seemed to catch in her throat. "You are not serious, Dorian?" she murmured. "You are acting."

"Acting! I leave that to you. You do it so well," he answered hitterly

Alow man bried year. In an dish fill large bestel at his feet and by these like a bamplet flower. Doring, boxin, boxin, don't leave men't are whengered. Tame some yori dight at well, it is a birthing of you at he time. But will by-redeed, it will by, it came so auditory at he time. But will by-redeed, will by, it that should return here location and an area of the property of the should reduce the location of any property of the should reduce the location of any property of the should reduce the location of the should reduce the Financia to peased you. To usly you are spain: pale, bloads. I should have shown mayed more of an arisk. It was foolish of me, and yet I couldn't help it. Oh, don't leave me, don't leave me." A fit of me, a passionate sobleing choked her. She crouched on the floor like a wounded thing, and Dorian Gray, with his beautiful eyes, locked do where, and his chispelled lips custed in exquisite disclaim. There is always something ridiculous about the emotions of people whom one has ceased to love. Sibyl Vane seemed to him to be absurdly melodramatic. Her tears and sobs annoved him. "I am going," he said at last in his calm clear voice. "I don't wish to be unkind, but I can't see you again. You have disappointed me."

She wept silently, and made no answer, but crept nearer. Her little hands stretched blindly out, and appeared to be seeking for him. He turned on his heel and left the room. In a few moments he was out of the theatre.

Where he went to he hardly knew. He remembered wandering brough oil if streets, past gaunt, black-shadowed archways and evil-dooking houses. Women with hoarse vioices and harsh laughter had called after him. Drunkards had reeled by, cursing and chattering to themselves like monstrous ages. He had seen grobesque children huddled upon door-steps, and heard shrieks and oaths from gloomy courts.

As the dawn was just breaking, he found himself close to Covent Garden. The darkness lifted, and, flusthed with faint fires, the sky hollowed itself into a perfect pearl. Huge cartie filled with nodding lites numbed slowly down the polished empty street. The air was heavy with the perfume of the flowers, and their beauty seemed to bring him an anodyne for his pain. He followed into the market and wastched the men another for his pain. He followed into the market and washfeed the ment recloseding their waggers. A white-smooth carter offered him some chemics, it is thateful him, wordered why he refused to loop call any more produced to the produced the produced that the state of the produced that the washing for the automatic to be once. Other consider counted moral the wagging doon of the coeffice through the produced that the wagging doon of the coeffice through the produced that the produced transpring the produced transpring to the required transpring the feet has and trappring. Some of the drivers were lying asleep on a pile of sacks. Iris-necked and pink-footed, the pigeons ran about picking up seeds.

After a little while, he halled a hansom and drove home. For a few moments he loitered upon the doorstep, looking round at the silent square, with bit shark, dose-chuttered windows and its staring blinds. The sky was pure opal now, and the roofs of the houses glistened like allver against it. From some chimney opposite a thin wreath of smok was rising. It cureld, a violent instand, through the nance-coloured air.

In the huge gill Venetian lantem, spoil of some Dogés barge, that huge from the ceiling of the great, oak-panelled half of entrance, lights were still burning from then filkerings it is thin blue pottals register than the pottal of affairm they seemed, immed with white fire. He turned them out and, having fromins has the date goes not bealth passed frough the latinost provinced the doctor of the bestions, a stage cotagonal dramatine on the ground foot that in the mesch benefit give furnity, it had just that decorated for himself and fruit great in some curson fermissiance appears that the contract of the stage of the stag that had been discovered stored in a disused after at 500 PRoyal. As the use turning the handle of the door, it be perfect and the use turning the handle of the door, the post of the property of the propert

He turned round and, walking to the window, drew up the blind. The bright dawn flooded the room and swept the fartnastic shadows into dusky corners, where they lay shuddering. But the strange expression that he had noticed in the face of the portrait seemed to linger there, to be more intensified even. The quivering ardent sunlight showed him the lines of cruelty round the moruh as clearly as of the bad been looking

He winced and, taking up from the table an oval glass framed in ivory Cupids, one of Lord Henry's many presents to him, glanced h into its polished depths. No line like that warped his red lips. did it mean?

He rubbed his eyes, and came close to the picture, and examined it again. There were no signs of any change when he looked into the actual painting, and yet there was no doubt that the whole expression had altered. It was not a mere fancy of his own. The thing was

day the picture had been finished. Yes, he remembered it perfectly, He had uthered a mad with that he himself right remain young, and the portrait grow did; that his own beauty might be unfamished, and the face on the canvas bear the burden of his passions and his sins; that the painted image might be seared with the lines of suffering and are painted image might be seared with the lines of suffering and thought, and that he might keep all the delicate bloom and lovelin. of his then just conscious boyhood. Surely his wish had not been fulfilled? Such things were impossible. It seemed monstrous even think of them. And, yet, there was the picture before him, with the touch of cruelty in the mouth.

Couchy I Had he been crue? It was the girls fault, not his. He had cleamed of her as a great artist. Ind given his love to her because he had trought in early. Them he had disapposed him. She had cleam sold a fault of the had trought in early. And yet a hefing of frintin raper cann over class or an advancerly. And yet a hefing of frintin raper cann over class. He may be seen that when the class had water to have a fault of the had suffered her. Which had no been made like that? Why had such a soul been given to him? But he had suffered her. Which had not her had suffered her. Which had not her had suffered her. When had not have had suffered her him had been considered on her had not have how the house that the pily had such as had leed contained of pain, according no second fauture. His like was used upon the had. She had named him for a fauture his like was used upon the had. She had named him for a fauture his like was used upon the had named him for a fauture him had not a fauture him to have a fauture him had named him for a fauture him had not a fauture him had not had not a fauture him had not a fa conure. It is lit was well warm ners. Sine nas matrice of min for a moment, if he had wounded her for an age. Besides, women were better suited to bear scrow than men. They lived on their emotions. They more than the men the medical suited in the state of the men to have some one with whom they could have scenes. Lord Henry had shot infinithal, and Lord Henry knew what women were. My should he trouble that the state of the Henry knew what women were. My should he trouble to the state of about Sibyl Vane? She was nothing to him now.

But the picture? What was he to say of that? It held the secret of his life, and told his story. It had taught him to love his own beauty. Would it teach him to loathe his own sout? Would he ever look at it again?

No; it was merely an illusion wrought on the troubled senses. The

Yet it was watching him, with its beautiful marred face and its cruel smile. Its bright hair gleamed in the early sunlight. Its blue eyes met his own. A sense of infinite pity, not for himself, but for the

painted image of himself, came over him. It had altered already, and would alter more. Its gold would wither into grey. Its red and white roses would die. For every sin that he committed, a stain would fleck and wreck its fairness. But he would not sin. The picture, changed or unchanged, would be to him the visible emblem of conscience. He w and cruel to her. The fascination that she had exercised over hin would return. They would be happy together. His life with her would be beautiful and pure.

He got up from his chair and drew a large screen right in front of the portrait, shuddering as he glanced at it. "How homible" he murmared to himself, and he walked across to the window and opened it. When he stepped out on to the grass, he drew a deep breash. The feath morning are seemed to drive away all his somither passions. He thought only of Slipk. A fast eich of his love came back to him. He repeated her name over and over again. The lifest hat were sizingn in the dew-drenched garden seemed to be telling the flowers abo

It was long past noon when he awoke. His valet had crept several times on spote into the room to see life heas stirring, and had wondered what made his young master sleep so late. Finally his bell sounded, and Victor came in softly with a cup of lea, and a pile of letters, on a small tay of old Severes china, and drew back the oldve-satin three tall windows

"Monsieur has well slept this morning," he said, smiling

How late it was! He sat up, and having sipped some lea, turned over his letters. One of them was from Lord Herny, and had been brought have than that morney. He healtsade for a morney and then put all sade. The others he opened intellesy. They contained the usual collection. The others he opened intellesy. They contained the usual collection of charly concreta, and the line his tast so whose of nativationally surgue men every morning during the season. There was a rather he but for a chassed when Lords-Carme belost exit the had not yet had the counsep to send on to his guardans, who were extremely dedicationed people and for net realize that he had not yet when the property of the contemps of destination people and for net realize that he le in a sing extreme. our-assistance people and our for lease has we rive in an age when unmocessary things are our only necessities; and there were several very courteously worded communications from Jermyn Street money-lenders offering to advance any sum of money at a moment's notice and at the most reasonable rates of interest.

After about ten minutes he got up, and throwing on an elaborate dressing-gown of slik-embroidered cashmere wool, passed into the conyx-paved bathroom. The cool water refreshed him after his long steep. He seemed to have forgoth all that he had gone through, dim sense of having taken part in some strange tragedy came to his or twice, but there was the unreality of a dream about it

As soon as he was dressed, he went into the library and sat down to a light French breakfast that had been laid out for him on a small round table close to the open window. It was an exquisite day. The warm air seemed laden with spices. A bee flew in and buzzed round the blue-dragon bowl that, filled with sulphur-yellow roses, stood before him. He felt perfectly happy

Suddenly his eye fell on the screen that he had placed in front of the portrait, and he started. "Too cold for Monsieur?" asked his valet, putting an omelette on the table. "I shut the window?"

Dorian shook his head. "I am not cold." he murmured

Was it all true? Had the portrait really changed? Or had it been simply his own imagination that had made him see a look of evil there had been a look of joy? Surely a painted canvas could no

And, yet, how vivid was his recollection of the whole thing! First in the of in Height, and then in the bing! claims, he had seen the book of the committee of

Then he rose from the table, lit a cigarette, and flung himself down on a luxuriously cushioned couch that stood facing the screen. The screen was an old one, of git Spanish leather, stamped and wrought with a rather florid Louis-Cultatore pattern. He scanned it curiously, wondering if ever before it had concealed the secret of a man's life.

Should he move it aside, after all? Why not let it stay there? What should be move it aside, after all r very not let it stay there? viviat was the use of knowing? If the thing was true, it was temble. If it was not true, why trouble about it? But what if, by some fate or deadlier chance, eyes other than his spied behind and saw the horn't change? What should he do if Basil Hallward came and asked to look his own picture? Basil would be sure to do that. No; the thing had to te examined, and at once. Anything would be better than this dreadful state of doubt.

He got up and locked both doors. At least he would be alone when he looked upon the mask of his shame. Then he drew the screen aside and saw himself face to face. It was perfectly true. The portrait had

As he often remembered afterwards, and always with no small wonder, he found himself at first gazing at the portrait with a feeling of almost scientific interest. That such a change should have taken place was ncredible to him. And yet it was a fact. Was there some subtle affinity between the chemical atoms that shaped themselves into form and colour on the carryas and the soul that was within him? Could it to that what that soul thought, they realized?—that what it dreamed, they

made true? Or was there some other, more terrible reason? He shuddered, and felt afraid, and, going back to the couch, lay there, gazing at the picture in sickened horror.

One thing, however, he felt that it had done for him. It had made him One thing, however, he lift that if had done for him. It had made him conscious how require how cause I had been done to Soly Haure. It has not not be to be to make reparation for that. She could set the his wife control to be the himself of the

There o'clock study, and flux, and the half hour ang its double chine, but Divant Garg did not dir. It was stylen by gather up the way the company of the co letter, he felt that he had been forgiven

Suddenly there came a knock to the door, and he heard Lord Hen voice outside. "My dear boy, I must see you. Let me in at once. I can't bear your shutting yourself up like this."

He made no answer at first, but remained quite still. The knocking still continued and grew louder. Yes, it was better to let Lord Henry in, and to explain to him the new life he was going to lead, to quarrel with him if it became necessary to quarrel, to part if parting was inevitable. He jumped up, drew the screen hastily across the picture, and unlocked the door.

into a mirror after he had done some dreadful thing.

horrible night that he had passed had left phantoms behind it.

Suddenly there had fallen upon his brain that tiny scarlet speck that makes men mad. The picture had not chanced. It was folly to think so.

unchanged, would be to him the visible emblem of conscience. He woult resist temptation. He would not see Lord Henry any more-would not, at any rate, listen to those subtle poisonous theories that in Basil Hallward's garden had first stirred within him the passion for impossible things. He would go back to Sibyl Vane, make her amends, many her, try to love her again. Yes, it was his duty to do so. She must have suffered more than he had. Poor child! He had been selfish

# CHAPTER 8

curtains, with their shimmering blue lining, that hung in front of the

"What o'clock is it, Victor?" asked Dorian Gray drowsily

"But you must not think too much about it."

"Do you mean about Sibvi Vane?" asked the lad.

"Yes, of course," answered Lord Henry, sinking into a chair and slowly pulling off his yellow gloves. "It is dreadful, from one point of view, but it was not your fault. Tell me, did you go behind and see her, after the play was over?"

"I felt sure you had. Did you make a scene with her?"

"I was boutal Harry-perfectly boutal. But it is all right now. I am not sorry for anything that has happened. It has taught me to know myself better."

"I have got through all that," said Dorian, shaking his head and smilling. "I am perfectly happy now. I know what conscience is, to begin with. It is not what you told me it was. It is the divinest thing in us. Dori sener all t, harry, any more—all teats not before me. I want to be good. I can't bear the idea of my soul being

"By marrying Sibyl Vane."

"Marrying Sibyl Vane!" cried Lord Henry, standing up and looking at him in perplexed amazement. "But, my dear Dorian--"

"Yes, Harry, I know what you are going to say. Something dreadful about marriage. Don't say it. Don't ever say things of that kind to me again. Two days sgo I saked Sibyt to marry me. I am not going to break my word to her. She is to be my wife."

"Your wife! Dorian! ... Didn't you get my letter? I wrote to you this morning, and sent the note down by my own man."

"Your letter? Oh, yes, I remember. I have not read it yet, Harry. I was afraid there might be something in it that I wouldn't like. You cut life to pieces with your epigrams."

"You know nothing then?"

"What do you mean?"

Lord Henry walked across the room, and sitting down by Dorian Gray, took both his hands in his own and held them tightly. "Dorian," he said, "my lettler-don't be frightened-was to tell you that Sibyl Vane is dead."

A cry of pain broke from the lad's lips, and he leaped to he tearing his hands away from Lord Henry's grasp. "Dead! It is not true! It is a horrible lie! How dare you say it?"

Tile gale has, Bosin- seal Lock levery gravely. The is all the morting appears. Hand down they so has you not be earny or the lit came. There will have to be an inquest, of course, and you must not be mixed pain. Things like that made a man fashionable in Plans. But in Locken people are so prejudiced. Here, no should rever interest to come along a largoose they only have you will be interest to come along a. I suppose they you'll know your man at the theater? I they don't, it is all imply. Libt any one see you going round to ther cours? That is an important point."

Dorian did not answer for a few moments. He was dazed with horror. Finally he stammered, in a stifled voice, "Harry, did you say an inquest? What'd did you mean by that? Did Sibly-2 Oh, Harry, I can't bear it! But be quick. Tell me everything at once."

"I have no doubt it was not an accident. Dorian, though it must be put "I have no doubt it was not an accident, Dorian, though it must be put in that way to the public. It seems that as she was leaving the theatre with her mother, about half-past twelve or so, she said she had forgotten something upstairs. They waited some time for her, but she did not come down again. They timately found her flying dead on the floor of her dressing-room. She had swallowed something by mistake, some dreadful thing they use at theatres. I don't know wh but it had either prussic acid or white lead in it. I should fa was crussic acid. as she seems to have died instantaneou

"Harry, Harry, it is terrible!" cried the lad.

"Yes; it is very tragic, of course, but you must not get yourself mixed up in it. I see by \_The Standard, that she was seventeen. I should have thought she was almost younger than that. She looked such a child, and seemed to know so little about acting. Dorian, you mustn't let this seemen to white so time about active. Lovinity, you impain the wish thing get on your nerves. You must come and dine with me, and afterwards we will look in at the opera. It is a Patti night, and everybody will be there. You can come to my sister's box. She ha some smart women with her."

some similar divisional with the "
"The Third was controlled by the "seal Coriain Cays, half to himself, 
"musted the ass surely as if I had not her little fireral with a sinit.

"I will be the ass surely as if I had not her little fireral with a sinit.

I will be the seas and the solvey for all him. He belies singlip at an appropriate to the open and so be reported by the propriate of the prop have done that for me. She had no right to kill herself. It was

reform a man is by boring him so completely that he loses all possible interest in life. If you had married this gift, you would have been served in the lose of t assure you that in any case the whole thing would have been an

"I suppose it would," muttered the lad, walking up and down the room and looking bornbly pale. "But I thought it was my duty. It is not my fault that this terrible tragedy has prevented my doing what was right. I remember your saying once that there is a fatality about good resolutions—that they are always made too late. Mine certainty were."

"Good resolutions are useless attempts to interfere with scientific laws. Their origin is pure vanity. Their result is absolutely \_nil\_. They give us, now and then, some of those lauurious sterile emolt that have a certain charm for the weak. That is all that can be as for them. They are simply cheques that men draw on a bank when the control or the second control.

"Harry," cried Dorian Gray, coming over and sitting down beside him why is it that I cannot feel this tragedy as much as I want to? don't think I am heartless. Do you?"

"You have done too many foolish things during the last fortnight to be entitled to give yourself that name, Dorian," answered Lord Henry with his sweet melancholy smile.

The lad frowned. "I don't like that explanation, Harry," he rejoined, "but I am glod you don't link it am heartiess. I am nothing of the kind. I know I am not Am yet I must admit that this thing that has happened does not affect me as it should. It seems to me to be simply like a wonderful ending to a wonderful rably. It has all the terrible beauty of a Greek trapedy, a trapedy in which I stook a great part, but by which I have not been wounded."

"It is an interesting question," said Lord Henry, who found an exquisite pleasure in playing on the lad's unconscious epidem "on exception behavior in the lad's unconscious and contently interesting pleasure. I stoop high the time epidemion is an inatfact in manner that they have to all you have an inatfact in manner that they have to all you have contently the exist which contently, their entire lad, of style. They affect us just as valgerily affects us. They give us an impression of them then found not consider the said with the control guarant that. Sometimes, thowever, a trapping that possesses a white determined on the control of the cont uceday (usees our vers. in viewer centerins to treating are read, yet whole thing simply appeals to our sense of dramatice effect. Sudfersly we find that we are no longer the actors, but the spectators of the play. Or rather we are both. We watch ourselves, and the more wond of the spectacle enthrals us. In the present case, what is it that has readly happened? Some on the Skildel herself for love of you. I has really happened? Some one has killed herself for love of you. I wish that I had ever had such an experience. It would have made me in love with love for the rest of my life. The people who have adored me—there have not been every many, but there have been some—have always insisted on living on, long after I had ceased to care for them, or or they to care for me. They have become stout and tedious, and when I or tiney to care for time. They have become stolut and sectious, and when meet them, they go in at once for reminiscences. That swift memory of woman! What a fearful thing it is! And what an utter intellectual stagnation it reveats! One should absorb the colour of life, but one should never remember its details. Details are always vulgar."

"I must sow poppies in my garden," sighed Dorian

"There is no necessity," rejoined his companion. "Life has always popples in her hands. Of course, now and then things linger. I once wore nothing but violets all through one season, as a form of artistic mourning for a romance that would not de. Ultimately, however, it di die. I forget what killed it. I think it was her proposing to die. I forget what kliefe (I. I finite it was her proposing to a scanfice few whole could for me. That is always a desadal moment. according to the country of the country But women never know when the curtain has fallen. They always want a sub act, and as soon as the interest of the fally is entirely over. They propose to continue. If they were alward there on way, every law propose to continue. If they were alward there on way, every in a farse. They are chammingly artifacia, but they have no seems of an 4 true. They are chammingly artifacia, but they have no seems of and 1 four an

"What is that. Harry?" said the lad listlessly.

"Oh, the obvious consolation. Taking some one else's admirer when loses one's own. In good society that always whitewashes a woman really, Dorian, how different Sibyl Vane must have been from all the really, Donan, how different Sloyl Vane must have been from all the women one meets! There is something to me quite beauful about her death. I am glad I am living in a century when such wonders happen. They make one believe in the reality of the things we all play with, such as romance, passion, and love."

"I was terribly cruel to her. You forget that."

"I am afraid that women appreciate cruelly, downright cruelly, more than anything clee. They have wonderfully primitive restricts. We materially appreciate the property of th

"You said to me that Sibvl Vane represented to you all the heroines of romance—that she was Desdemona one night, and Ophelia the other; that if she died as Juliet, she came to life as Imogen."

"She will never come to life again now," muttered the lad, burying his

No, she will never come to life. She has played her last part. But you must think of that lovely down in his basedy descains reconsumply as a strange lost frameper from some Jacobour stopely, as a worderful some from Weather, or Fact, or Cyll Fourner. The gift never enally always a care, any factor from the filter from political some from Weather, or Fact, or Cyll Fourner. The gift never enally always a care, any factor must filt filter from political some from the filter from political political some some filter from the filter from political some sounder of their and more stall dirty. The moment are but come acts all file, the manned it, and it manned her, and so the passed ansay filters from from the filter from the filters Cordelia was strangled. Cry out against Heaven because the daughter of Brabantio died. But don't waste your tears over Sibyl Vane. She was

There was a silence. The evening darkened in the room. Noiselessly, and with silver feet, the shadows crept in from the garden. The colours faded wearily out of things.

After some time Dorian Gray looked up. "You have explained me to myself, Harry," he mamuned with something of a sigh of relief. "I felt all that you have said, but somehow I was afraid of it, and I could not express it to myself. How well you know me! But we will not talk again of what has happened. It has been a marvellous experience That is all. I wonder if life has still in store for me anything as

"Life has everything in store for you, Dorian. There is nothing that you, with your extraordinary good looks, will not be able to do."

ose, Harry, I became haggard, and old, and wrinkled? What

"Ah, then," said Lord Henry, rising to go, "then, my dear Dorlan, you would have to flight for your victories. As it is, they are brought to you. No, you must keep your good looks. We live in an age that reads too much to be visic, and that thinks too much to be beaufiful. We cannot spare you. And now you had better dress and drive down to the club. We are rather late, as it is:

"I think I shall join you at the opera, Harry. I feel too tired to eat anything. What is the number of your sister's box?"

"I don't feel up to it," said Dorian listlessly. "But I am awfully obliged to you for all that you have said to me. You are certa best friend. No one has ever understood me as you have."

"We are only at the beginning of our friendship, Dorian," answered I Henry, shaking him by the hand. "Good-bye. I shall see you before nine-thirty, I hope. Remember, Patti is singing."

As he closed the door behind him, Dorian Gray touched the bell, and in a few minutes Victor appeared with the lamps and drew the blinds down He waited impatiently for him to go. The man seemed to take an interminable time over everything.

As soon as he had left, he nushed to the screen and drew it back. No, there was no further change in the picture. It had received the nexes of 55% years death of them bed so more of themself. It was the office of 55% years and the picture in the screen of the screen o see the change taking place before his very eyes, shuddering as he

tremulous grace. He brushed them away hastily and looked again at the

He felt that the time had really come for making his choice. Or had his choice already been made? Yes, life had decided that for him-life, and his con infinite custody about life. Eleman youth, infinite passion, pleasures subtle and secret, wild joys and wilder sirs-he was to have all herse things. The portrait was to bear the burden of his shame: that was all.

picture.

A feeling of pain crept over him as he thought of the dese was in store for the fair face on the canvas. Once, in bovish mockery wast in store of the fair face on the carriace. Lince, in object microsery of Narcissus, he had kissed, or feigned to kiss, those painted lips that now smiled so cruelly at him. Morning after morning he had sat before the profile with underling at libs beauty, almost enamoured of it, as it seemed for him at times. Was it to after now with every mood to which he yelded? Was it to become a monstrous and loatfraceme thing, to be hidden away in a locked room, to be shut out from the sunlight that had so often touched to brighter gold the waving wonder of its hair? The pity of it! the pity of it!

For a moment, he thought of praying that the horrible sympathy that existed between him and the picture might cease. It had changed in existed between him and the picture might cease. It had changed in a reases to a purple, or impact on suppret might remain seases to a purple, or impact on purple or might remain surrected the chance of remaining always young, however furstates the sharen might, bur, or with what failed consequences it might be faught? Reades, was it mally under his control? Had it indeed been purple remaining the control of the control? The state of the control of the scientific reason for 141 IF thought code series its influence upon a living organism, might not flought exercise an influence upon dead and incorpast interp? They, without hought or conscious desire. might not things external to ourselves vibrate in unison with our moods and passions, atom calling to atom in secret love or strange affinity? But the reason was of no importance. He would never again tempt by a prayer any temple power. If the picture was to alike, it was to alter. That was all. Why inquire too closely into it?

For there would be a real pleasure in watching it. He would be able to follow his mind into its secret places. This portrait would be to him the most magical of mirrors. As it had revealed to him his own body, so it would reveal to him his own soul. And when winter came upon it, so it would rive salt on his his own sproit. And when writer came upon it, if would sit the standing where sproit permities on the verge of it must be the standing where sproit permities on the verge of summer. While the bid our crept he must face, and left permities of between the standing when the

He drew the screen back into its former place in front of the picture, smiling as he did so, and passed into his bedroom, where his valet we already waiting for him. An hour later he was at the opera, and Lord Henry was learning over his chair.

CHAPTER 9

is he was sitting at breakfast next morning, Basil Hallward was shown

"I am so glad I have found you, Donian," he said gravely. "I called last night, and they told me you were at the opera. Of course, I knew that was impossible. But I wish you had left word where you had really gone to. I passed a dreadful evening, half affaid that one tragedy might be followed by another. I think you might have telegraphed for me when you heard of if first. I read of it quite by chance in a late me when you heard or it first. I read or it quite by chance in a late edition of The Globe that I picked up at the club. I came here at once eation or \_ine unione\_matripicked up at the club. I came here at once and was misrathe at not finding you. Lean't tell you how heart-broken I am about the whole thing. I know what you must suffer. But where were you? Did you go down and see the grifs mother? For a moment I thought of following you there. They gave the address in the paper. Somewhere in the Euston Road, isn't it? But I was afraid of intruding upon a sorrow that I could not lighten. Poor woman! What a state she must be in! And her only child, too! What did she say about it all?"

My sea below to see a tensor in memoral below (far yeaping server below) when the server is no following with seasons that the Vertices of great and boding (seasons) to follow good the server is below to be server in the body of the server in the body season to be server in the body. See a professly charming, and Palls sang divinely, Dorth all south orter subject. For the form the stage of the content that should review, Dorth all south orter subject. For the content that should be server in the body of the server in the server is the server in the server in the server is the server in the server is the server in the server

"You went to the opera?" said Hallward, speaking very slowly and with a strained touch of pain in his voice. "You went to the opera while Shly Vane was lying dead in some sortid diopig? You can take to me of other women being charming, and of Patti singing divinely, before the girl you loved has even the quiet of a grave to sleep in? "Vity, man, there are horns in slow for that life white body of hers!"

"Stop, Basil! I won't hear it!" cried Dorian, leaping to his feet.
"You must not tell me about things. What is done is done. What is past is past."

"What has the actual lapse of time got to do with it? It is only shallow people who require years to get rid of an emotion. A man wh is master of himself can end a sorrow as easily as the can invent a pleasure. I don't want to be at the mercy of my emotions. I want to use them, to enjoy them, and to dominate them." ion. A man who

\*Dorian, this is horrible! Something has changed you completely. You "Loran, inis is nomine" Something has changed you completely. You look exactly the same wonderful boy who, day after day, used to come down to my studio to sit for his picture. But you were simple, natural, and affectionate then. You were the most unspoiled creature in the whole world. Now, I don't know what has come over you. You talk as if you had no heart, no pity in you. It is all Harry's influence. I see that."

The lad flushed up and, going to the window, looked out for a few moments on the green, flickering, sun-lashed garden. "I owe a gre deal to Harry, Basil," he said at last, "more than I owe to you. You only taught me to be vain."

"Well I am nunished for that Dorian-or shall be some day."

"I don't know what you mean, Basil," he exclaimed, turning round. "I don't know what you want. What do you want?"

"I want the Dorian Gray I used to paint," said the artist sadly.

"Basil," said the lad, going over to him and putting his hand on his shoulder, 'you have come too late. Yesterday, when I heard that Sibyl Vane had killed herself--"

"Killed herself! Good heavens! is there no doubt about that?" cried Hallward, looking up at him with an expression of horror.

"My dear Basil! Surely you don't think it was a vulgar accident? Of course she killed herself."

The elder man buried his face in his hands. "How fearful," he muttered, and a shudder ran through him.

"No-read Dotan or Shirt," There is nothing featur about it. It is one of the great romantic trapedes of the age, it as nuis, proprie who act leads the most commonless leves. They are good habatine, or behind the most commonless leves. They are good habatine, or behind the state of the contract and the tots of thing. How different Sloyl was She here the state of the contract trapers, She was always a heror. He last night she played-the night you save her-she sade body because she had forour played-the night some size. He was always a horse. He state right she had some night she wide. She planted again in the higher of all. These is something of the marry about her. Her death has all the pathetic undessessed of marrying multi leve water beautiful. You should come in specificary, you must not think I have not suffered. By you for come in specificary is a protection control.

size you would have found me in teams. Even Heavy, who was here, who brought me the revex, in fact, that no idea what I was group through. I suffered immensely. Then a passed away, I cannot prepare an emotion. No one can, except sentimentalists. And you are autily urjust. Beast, Vato India Common and the control of the control of the Team Common and the Common and usury, pomp—mere much to be got from as mess. I sur me answire temperament that they create, or at any rate reveal, is still more to me. To become the spectator of one's own life, as Harry says, is to escape the suffering of life. I know you are surprised at my talking to you like this. You have not realized how I have developed. I was a to you like this. You have not realized how I have developed. I was a schoolboy when you knew me. I am a man now. I have new passions, shoughts, new ideas. I am different, but you must not like me less. I am different with you must not like me less. I am dranged, but you must always be my friend. Of course, I am very fond of Harry. But I know that you are better than he is. You are not stronger-you are too much affaired of life-but you are better. And how happy we used to be tigether! Don't leave me, Basal, and don't quarret

The painter felt strangely moved. The lad was infinitely dear to him, and his personality had been the great tuning point in his art. He could not bear the idea of reproaching him any more. After all, his indifference was probably merely a mood that world pass away. There was so much in him that was good, so much in him that was noble

with me. I am what I am. There is nothing more to be said.

you again about this horrible thing, after to-day. I only trust your name won't be mentioned in connection with it. The inquest is to take place this afternoon. Have they summoned you?"

Dorian shook his head, and a look of annovance passed over his face at the mention of the word "inquest." There was something so crude and vulgar about everything of the kind. "They don't know my name," he

"But surely she did?"

"Only my Christian name, and that I am quite sure she never mentioned to any one. She told me once that they were all rather cusious to learn who I was, and that she invariably told them my name was Prince Charming. It was pretty of her. You must do me a drawing of Sibyl, Basil. I should like to have something more of her than the memory of a lenk kisses and some broken pathies words."

"I can never sit to you again, Basil. It is impossible!" he exclaimed

The painter stared at him. "My dear boy, what nonsensel" he cried. "Do you mean to say you don't like what I did of you? Where is it? Why have you poiled the screen in front of it? Let me look at it. It is the best thing I have ever done. Do take the screen away, Dorian it is simply disgraceful of your servant hiding my work like that. I felt the room boiled different as I came in."

"My servant has nothing to do with it, Basil. You don't imagine I let ..., actives a season of the s

"Too strong! Surely not, my dear fellow? It is an admirable place for it. Let me see it." And Hallward walked towards the corner of the

A cry of terror broke from Dorian Gray's lips, and he rusher

the painter and the screen. "Basil," he said, looking very pale, "you must not look at it. I don't wish you to."

"Not look at my own work! You are not serious. Why shouldn't I look at it?" exclaimed Hallward, laughing.

"If you try to look at it, Basil, on my word of honour I will neve speak to you again as long as I live. I am quite serious. I do offer amy explanation, and you are not to ask for amy. But, res if you touch this screen, everything is over between us."

Hallward was thunderstruck. He looked at Dorian Gray in absolute amazement. He had never seen him like this before. The lad was actually pallid with rage. His hands were clenched, and the pupils o his eyes were like disks of blue fire. He was trembling all over.

"But what is the matter? Of course I won't look at it if you don't sur what is the matter? Or course I won't look at it in you ont't want me to. The said, rather colding, tunning on his head and going over towards the window. "But, really, it seems rather abound that I shouldn't see my own work, especially as I am going to exhibit it in Paris in the autumn. I shall probably have to give it another coat our varieth before that, so I must see if some day, and why not to day?"

"To exhibit if! You want to exhibit if?" exclaimed Dorian Gray, a strange sense of terror creeping over him. Was the world going to be shown his secret? Were people to gape at the mystery of his life? That was impossible. Something—he did not know what—had to be done at once.

'Yes; I don't suppose you will object to that. Georges Petit is going to collect all my best pictures for a special exhibition in the Rue de Seze, which will open the first week in October. The portrait will only be away a month. I should think you could easily spare it for that time. In fact, you are sure to be out of town. And if you keep it always behind a screen, you can't care much about it

perspiration there. He felt that he was on the brink of a horrible denger. "You told me a morth ago had you would rever enable it." he does not make a post of the property of difference is that your moods are rather meaningless. You can't have forgoten that you search one most obsensibly and notings in the world when the property of told me why he wouldn't, and it was a revelation to me." Yes, perhaps Basil, too, had his secret. He would ask him and try.

"Basil," he said, coming over quite close and looking him straight in the face, "we have each of us a secret. Let me know yours, and I shall tell you mine. What was your reason for refusing to exhibit my picture?"

The painter shuddered in spite of himself. "Dorian, if I told you, you might like me less than you do, and you would certainly laugh at me. could not bear your doing either of those two things. If you wish me never to look at your picture again, I am content. I have always you to look at. If you wish the best work I have ever done to be hidden from the world, I am satisfied. Your friendship is dearer to me than any fame or reputation."

"No, Basil, you must tell me," insisted Dorian Gray. "I think I have a right to know." His feeling of terror had passed away, and curiosity had taken its place. He was determined to find out Basil Hallward's

"Let us sit down, Dorian," said the painter, looking troubled. "Let us sit down. And just answer me one question. Have you noticed in the picture something curious?—something that probably at first did not strike you, but that revealed itself to you suddenly?"

"Basil" cried the lad, clutching the arms of his chair with trembling hands and gazing at him with wild startled eyes. "I see you did. Don't speak. Wait till you hear what I have to say

Dotten, from the moment linet you, your personally had the most extraordinary influence over me. I was dominated, roul, brain, and contractionary influence over me. I was dominated, roul, brain, and contractionary influence over me. I was only influence of the contraction of the

often seems to me that art conceals the artist far more completely than it ever reveals him. And so when I got this offer from Paris, I determined to make your portrait the principal thing in my exhibition. It never occurred to me that you would retrue. I see now that you were right. The picture cannot be shown. You must not be angry with me. Dorian, for what I have told you. As I said to Harry, once, you are made to be worshipped."

Dorian Gray drew a long breath. The colour came back to his cheeks, and a smile played about his lips. The peril was over. He was safe and a smile played about his plane the plane the period was safet of the time. Yet local done they feel period printing play for the time. Yet local done they feel printing play for the painter who had just make this storage contession to him, and wondered if he himself would ever be so oftenized to give personality of a friend. Lot of Herry had the charm of being very disappearus. But that was all. He was too clever and too quitad to be really front was all. He was too clever and too quitad to be really front disable yet with the control of the control o

"I saw something in it." he answered, "something that seemed to me very

"Well, you don't mind my looking at the thing now?"

Dorian shook his head. "You must not ask me that, Basil. I could not possibly let you stand in front of that picture."

"Well, perhaps you are right. And now good-bye, Dorian. You have been the one person in my life who has really influenced my art. Whatever I have done that is good, I owe to you. Ah! you don't know what it cost me to tell you all that I have told you."

"My dear Basil," said Dorian, "what have you told me? Simply that you felt that you admired me too much. That is not even a compliment."

"It was not intended as a compliment. It was a confession. I have made it, something seems to have gone out of me. Pe should never out one's worship into words."

"It was a very disappointing confession

"Why, what did you expect, Dorian? You didn't see anything else in the picture, did you? There was nothing else to see?"

"No; there was nothing else to see. Why do you ask? But you mustn't talk about worship. It is foolish. You and I are friends, Basil, and we must always remain so.\*

"You have got Harry," said the painter sadly.

"Oh, Harry!" cried the lad, with a ripple of laughter. "Harry spends his days in saying what is incredible and his evenings in doing what is improbable. Just the sort of life! I would like to lead. But still don't think I would go to Harry if I were in trouble. I would sooner go to you. Basil.

"You spoil my life as an artist by refusing, Dorian. No man comes across two ideal things. Few come across one.

"I can't explain it to you, Basil, but I must never sit to you again. There is something fatal about a portrait. It has a life of its own. I will come and have tea with you. That will be just as pleasant."

"Pleasanter for you, I am afraid," murmured Hallward regretfully. "And now good-bye. I am sorry you won't let me look at the picture once again. But that can't be helped. I quite understand what you feel about it."

much that strange confession explained to him! The painter's absits of jealousy, his wild devotion, his extravagant panegyrics, his curious reticences—he understood them all now, and he felt sorry. There seemed to him to be something tragic in a friendship so cok

He sighed and touched the bell. The portrait must be hidden away at all costs. He could not run such a risk of discovery again. It had been mad of him to have allowed the thing to remain, even for an hour, in a room to which any of his friends had access.

### CHAPTER 10

When his servant entered, he looked at him steadfastly and wondered if he had thought of peering behind the screen. The man was quite impassive and waited for his orders. Donain it is cigarette and walked over to the glass and glanced into it. He could see the reflection of Victor's face perfectly. It was like a placid mask of servitly. There was nothing to be afraid of, there. Yet he thought it best to be

Speaking very slowly, he told him to tell the house-keeper that he wanted to see her, and then to go to the frame-maker and ask him to send two of his men round at once. It seemed to him that as the man left the room his yees wandered in the direction of the screen. Or was that merely his own fancy?

After a few moments in her black silk dress with old-fas ands, Mrs. Leaf bustled into the library. He asked her for the key of the schoolroom

"The old schoolroom, Mr. Dorian?" she exclaimed. "Why, it is full of dust. I must get it arranged and put straight before you go into it. It is not fit for you to see, sir. It is not, indeed."

"I don't want it put straight, Leaf. I only want the key."

"Well, sir, you'll be covered with cobwebs if you go into it. Why, hasn't been opened for nearly five years—not since his lordship

He winced at the mention of his grandfather. He had hateful memor of him. "That does not matter," he answered. "I simply want to see the place--that is all. Give me the key."

"And here is the key, sir," said the old lady, going over the contents of her bunch with tremalously uncertain hands. "Here is the key. I'll have it off the bunch in a moment. But you don't think of living up there, sir, and you so comflortable here?"

"No, no," he cried petulantly. "Thank you, Leaf. That will do."

She lingered for a few moments, and was garrulous over some detail of the household. He sighed and told her to manage things as she though best. She left the room, wreathed in smiles.

As the door closed, Dorian put the key in his pocket and looked round the room. His eye fell on a large, purple satin coveriet heavily embroidered with gold, a splendid piece of late seventeenth-century Venetian work that his grandfather had found in a convent near Bologna Venetian work that his grandisher had found in a convent near Bologna. Yes, that woold serve to warp the decadel him jin. It had perhaps served often as a pall for the dead. Now it was to hide scoretising that served the served of the served that the scoretising that the served is the served that the served that the served that the work was to the corpus, his size would be to the partner days on the canner. They would may be beauty and cet away the ground rear the beauty and cet away the ground. They would defile it and make it stammful. And yet the thing would sell the on. It would be always are.

He shuddered, and for a moment he regretted that he had not told Basil the true reason why he had wished to hide the picture away. Basil would have helped him to resist Lord Henry's influence, and the still would have helped him to resist Lord Henry's Influence, and the still more pioconous influences that came from its vous memperament. The love more pioconous influences that came from its own imperament. The love not notice and intellectuals. It was not that mere physical administion of beauty that is bon in the excess rate. It was such love as Michelangelo had Income, and Mortalgare, and the such that the such that the such love that was been deeper than the such love that was been deeper accession for the such of the deep resolution for the such love that the such love that was been deeper appearson in him that would find their termicle

He took up from the couch the great purples and gold texture that covered it, and, holding it in his hands, assed behind the screen. While the face on the cames well than before? It seemed to him that it was unchanged, and yet his toething of it was intensified. Gold has, well as the service of the control of the contro

### "The persons are here. Monsieur."

He felt that the man must be got rid of at once. He must not be allowed to know where the plicture was being taken to. There was something sky about him, and he had houghfulf, treacherous eyes. Sitting down at the writing table he scribbled a note to Lord Henry, asking him to send him round something to read and reminding him that they were to meet at eight-fifteen that eventing.

"Wait for an answer," he said, handing it to him, "and show the men in here."

In two or three minutes there was another knock, and Mr. Hubbard himself, the celebrated frame-maker of South Audley Street, came in with a somewhat rough-looking young assistant. Mr. Hubbard was a florid, red-whiskered little man, whose admiration for art was flood, red-whiskered little man, whose admination for art was considerably tempered by the investerate imprecuriosity of most of the artists who dealt with him. As a rule, he never left his shop. He waited for people to come to him. But he always made an exception is favour of Dorian Gray. There was something about Dorian that charm everybody. It was a pleasure even to see him.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Gray?" he said, rubbing his fat freckled hands. "I shought I would do myself the honour of coming round in preson. I have just got a beauty of a frame, sir. Picked I up at a sale. Old Florentine. Came from Forthill, I believe. Admirably

"I am so sorry you have given yourself the trouble of coming round, Mr. Hubbard. I shall certainly drop in and look at the frame—bough I don't go in much a present for religious art—but to day! only want a picture carried to the top of the house for mr. It is rather heavy, so I thought I would ask you to lend me a couple of your carried.

"No trouble at all, Mr. Gray. I am delighted to be of any service to you. Which is the work of art, sir?"

"This," replied Dorian, moving the screen back. "Can you move it, covering and all, just as it is? I don't want it to get scratched going upstairs."

"There will be no difficulty, sir," said the genial frame-makes beginning, with the aid of his assistant, to unhook the pictu the long brass chains by which it was suspended. "And, no shall we carry it to, Mr. Gray?"

"I will show you the way, Mr. Hubbard, if you will kindly follow me. Or perhaps you had better go in front. I am afraid it is right at the top of the house. We will go up by the front staircase, as it is

He held the door open for them, and they passed out into the hall and The measure user user open for them, and may passed out into the hall and began the ascent. The elaborate character of the frame had made the picture extremely builty, and now and then, in spite of the obsequious protests of Mr. Hubbard, who had the trute traderama's spirited dislike of seeing a gentleman doing anything useful, Dorian put his hand to it so as to help them.

"Something of a load to carry, sir," gasped the little man when they reached the top landing. And he wiped his shiny forehead.

"I am afraid it is rather heavy." murmured Dorian as he unlocked the door that opened into the room that was to keep for him the curious secret of his life and hide his soul from the eyes of men.

He had not entered the place for more than four years--not, inc since he had used it first as a play-room when he was a child.

as a study when he grew somewhat older. It was a large, well-proportioned room, which had been specially built by the last Lc Kelso for the use of the little grandson whom, for his strange likenes to his mother, and also for other reasons, he had always hated and to his momer, and also for other reasons, he had always natice and desired to keep at a distance. It appeared to Dorian to have but little changed. There was the huge Italian \_cassone\_, with its fantastically painted panels and its tamished gilt mouldings, in which he had so often hidden himself as a by. There the satirwood book-filled with his dog-eared schoolbooks. On the wall behind it was filled with his dog-eared schoolbooks. On the wall behind it was hanging the same ragged Flemish hapesty where a faciled king and queen were playing chess in a garden, while a company of hawkers rode by, carrying hooded brids on their gaunteded wrists. How well he remembered it all! Every moment of his lonely childhood came back to him as he looked round. He recalled the stainless purity of his boyish life, and it seemed horrible ho him that t was here the fatal portrait! was to be hidden away. How little he had thought, in those dead days, of all that was in store for him!

But there was no other place in the house so secure from pying eyes as the . In that the ley, and no one else could enter it. Beneath is the state of the second enter it. Beneath is secured to the second enter it. Beneath is secured to the second enter it. Beneath is secured to the second enter it. Beneath is second enter it. Beneath is second enter it. Beneath is extra enter it. Beneath is extra enter it. Beneath is extra enter it is extra enter enter it is extra enter enter it is extra enter

No; that was impossible. Hour by hour, and week by week, the thing upon the canvas was growing old. It might escape the hideousness of sin, but the hideousness of age was in store for it. The check would become hollow or flaccid. 'Vellow crow's feet would creep round the fading eyes and make them horrible. The hair would lose its racing eyes and make them nomine. In e hair would lose its beightness, the mouth would gape or droop, would be foolish or gross, as the mouths of old men are. There would be the winkled throat, the cold, blue-veined hands, the twisted body, that he remembered in the grandfather who had been so stern to him in his boyhood. The picture

# had to be concealed. There was no help for it.

\*Bring it in, Mr. Hubbard, please," he said, wearily, turning round \*I am sorry I kept you so long. I was thinking of something else."

"Always glad to have a rest, Mr. Gray," answered the frame-maker, who was still gasping for breath. "Where shall we put it, sir?"

"Oh, anywhere. Here: this will do. I don't want to have it hung up. Just lean it against the wall. Thanks."

"Might one look at the work of art, sir?

Dorian started. "It would not interest you, Mr. Hubbard," he said, keeping his eye on the man. He felt ready to leap upon him and fling him to the ground if he dared to lift the gorgoous hanging that concealed the secre

"Not at all, not at all, Mr. Gray. Ever ready to do anything for you sir." And Mr. Hubbard tramped downstains, followed by the assista who glanced back at Dorian with a look of shy wonder in his rough

When the sound of their footsteps had died away, Dorian locked the door and put the key in his pocket. He felt safe now. No one would ever look upon the horrible thing. No eye but his would ever see his shame.

On reaching the library, he found that it was just after five c/clock and that the tea had been already brought up. On a life table of dark perfumed wood thickly incrusted with nacre, a present from Lady Radley, his guardiant's wife, a pretty professional invalid who had Raddey, his guardent's wife, a prefix professional invalid who had specified professional professional professional professional con-sistent framework professional professional professional professional professional and the regions collect. A copy of the britist edition of "The St. Jamess' Castatle, Task Deep Radder of the fest-stry' laws evident that Victor had resturned. He wordered if he had met the men in the hall as they were beauting the toose and had second coll of them which they had been doing; while he had been laying the teach things. The screen had not been set while he had been laying the teach things. The screen had not been set might find him creeping upstairs and trying to force the door of the room. It was a horrible thing to have a spy in one's house. He had heard of rich men who had been blackmailed all their lives by some servant who had read a letter, or overheard a conversation, or picked up a card with an address, or found beneath a pillow a with or a shred of crumpled lace

He sighed, and having poured himself out some tea, opened Lord Henry's note. It was simply to say that he sent him round the evening paper, and a book that might interest him, and that he would be at the club at eight-fifteen. He opened \_The St. James's\_languidly, and looked through it. A red pencil-mark on the fifth page caught his eye. It drew attention to the following paragraphs:

INQUEST ON AN ACTRESS.—An inquest was held this morning at the Bell Tavern, Hoxton Road, by Mr. Danby, the District Coroner, on the body of Sibyl Vane, a young actress recently engaged at the Royal Theater, Holborn. A verdict of death by misadventure was returned. Considerable sympathy was expressed for the mother of the deceased, who as greatly affected during the giving of her own evidence, and that of

He frowned, and tearing the paper in two, went across the room and flung the pieces away. How ugly it all wast And how hornibly real ugliness made things! He fiel a little annoyed with Lord Herry for having sent him the report. And it was certainly stupid of him to have marked it with red pencil. Video might have read it. The man knew more than enough English for that:

Perhaps he had read it and had begun to suspect something. And, yet, what did it matter? What had Dorian Gray to do with Sibyl Vane's death? There was nothing to fear. Dorian Gray had not killed her.

His eye fell on the yellow book that Lord Henry had sent him. What was it, he wondered. He went towards the life, pear closured cotagonal stand that had always looked to him like the voic of some strange Egyptian bees that wrought in silver, and taking up the volume, flung himself into an arm-chair and began to burn over the leaves. After a few minutes he became absorbed. If was the strangest book that he had

ever read. It seemed to him that in exquisite raiment, and to the delicate sound of flutes, the sins of the world were passing in dumb show before him. Things that he had dimly dreamed of were sudden made real to him. Things of which he had never dreamed were grading the state of the state

Interested. It was a rowel without a plot and with only one character, being, indeed, simply a psychological shub, of a certain young Persians who indeed, simply a psychological shub, of a certain young Persians who may be a solid shub, and the second of philosophy. One hardly knew at times whether one was reading the philosophy. One hardy know at times whether one was reading the positival exclusive of some mediational stand or the morbid confessions of a modern sincer. It was not for the morbid confessions of a modern sincer. It was not the positive of the morbid confession to the positive of the morbid confession of the morbid confession for the morbid confession of the morbid confession of the morbid full as it was of complex reflaints and movements elaborately repeated, full as it was of complex reflaints and movements elaborately repeated, full as the morbid confession of the full, as the passed from chapter to chapter, a form of revenie, a makely of dreaming, that made him unconscious of the falling day and creening shadows.

Cloudless, and pierced by one solitary star, a copper-green sky gleame through the windows. He read on by its wan light till he could read more. Then, after his valet had reminded him several times of the lateness of the hour, he got up, and going into the next room, placed the book on the little Florentine table that always stood at his bedside and began to dress for dinner.

It was almost nine o'clock before he reached the club, where he found Lord Henry sitting alone, in the morning-room, looking very much bored

"I am so sorry. Harry." he cried, "but really it is entirely your

fault. That book you sent me so fascinated me that I forgot how the time was going."

"Yes, I thought you would like it," replied his host, rising from his chair.

I didn't say I liked it, Harry. I said it fascinated me. There is a great difference."

"Ah, you have discovered that?" murmured Lord Henry. And they passed into the dining-room

## CHAPTER 11

For years, Dorian Gray could not free himself from the influence of this book. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that he new sought to free himself from it. He procured from Paris no less than rine large-aper copies of the first edition, and had them bound in different colours, so that they might suit his various moods and the ofference tools, so that services might search in surprise search, as the contract of the cont life, written before he had lived it.

In one point he was more fortunate than the novel's fantastic hero. He never knew-never, indeed, had any cause to know-that somewhat gordesque dread of mirrors, and politich metal surfaces, and still water which came upon the young Partisian so early in his life, and was cocasioned by the sudden decay of a beau that had once, apparently, been so remarkable. It was with an almost cruel jey-and perhaps in early every joy, as certainly in every pleasure, cruelty has its face—that he used to read the latter part of the book, with its really tragic, if somewhat overemphasized, account of the sorrow and despair of one who had himself lost what in others, and the world, he

For the wonderful beauty that had so fascinated Basil Hallward, and

many others besides him, seemed never to leave him. Even those who had beard the most evil things against him—and from time to time strange rumours about his mode of life cred through London and became the chatter of the clubs—could not believe anything to his debinour when they saw him. He had always the look of one who had kept himself tiney saw nim. He had aways the look of one who had kept nimets unspottled from the world. Mere who talked pressly became sleent when Dorian Gray entered the room. There was something in the purity of his face that rebuked them. His mere presence seemed to recall to them it memory of the linnocence that they had tamished. They wendered how o charming and graceful as he was could have escaped the stain of an age that was at once sordid and sensual.

age that was all cross sorded and entenual.

Other, on relating time from one of those mysterious and prolonged absences that gave rise to such strange conjecture among those view verse testines, or flouright that they were so, he invested evoid create that nove, and stand, with a mirror, in front of the postnet that Basil hallward had particle of this, looking now as the rel and saging face on the cames, and now at the flaw young face that taughest basil, at him suggisted the standers of the flourish control of the control o

There were moments, indeed, at night, when, lying sleepless in his own delicately scented chamber, or in the scrold room of the little lifetamed tavern near the docks which, under an assumed name and in disguise, it was his habit to frequent, he would think of the ruin he disguise, It was his habit to frequent, he would think of the ruin he had brought upon his soul with an pith rate was all the more polignant because it was purely selfish. But moments such as these were rare. That curiosity about file which Lord Herry had first strired in him, as they sat logether in the garden of their fisend, seemed to increase with gatification. The more he fixene, the more he desired to know. He had mad hungers that grew more ravenous as he fed them.

society. Once or twice every month during the winter, and on each Wednesday evening while the season lasted, he would throw open to the world his beautiful house and have the most celebrated musicians of the day to charm his guests with the wonders of their art. His title dinners, in the settling of which Lord Henry always assisted him, were onnes, in the senting of which Lord retory aways assessed nim, were noted as much for the careful selection and placing of those invited, as for the exquisite tasts shown in the decoration of the table, with its subtle symptonic arrangements of exolot flowers, and embroidered cloths, and artique plate of gold and silver. Indeed, there were many, expecially among the very young men, who saw, or faciled that they saw, in Dorian Gray the true realization of a type of which they had often. In Lucian cray the time realization of a type of which they had often determed in Elon or Oxford days, a type that was to combine something of the real culture of the scholar with all the grace and distinction and perfect manner of a citizen of the world. To them he seemed to be of the company of those whom Dante describes as having sought to "make themselves perfect by the worship of beauty." Like Gautler, he was one for whom The vallet word existed.

And, certainly, to him life itself was the first, the greatest, of the arts, and for fall the other arts seemed to be but a proposation.

When the control of the control o everything that he did, and tried to reproduce the accidental charm of his graceful, though to him only half-serious, fopperies.

For while he was but too ready to accept the position that was almost immediately offered to him on his coming of age, and found, indeed, a studie pleasure in the hought that he might pleasure to the subtroof the Lordon of his own day with a thought that he might pleasure to the subtroof the Lordon of his own day with an operated Nerotrain Rorent the subtroof the Lordon of his own day with an operated Nerotrain Rorent the subtroof the subtroof

The worship of the senses has often, and with much just

decried, men feeling a natural instinct of terror about passions and sensations that seem stronger than themselves, and that they are conscious of sharing with the less highly organized forms of existence. But it appeared to Dorian Gray that the true nature of the senses had never been understood, and that they had remained savage and animal never been understood, and that they had remained savage and anim merely because the world had sought to starve them into submission to kill them by pain, instead of aiming at making them elements of a new polytikuality, of which a fine instinct for beauty was to be the dominant characteristic. As he looked back upon man moving throug istory he was haunted by a feeling of loss. So much had be surrendered! and to such little purpose! There had been mad wilful surendered and to such little purpose! There had been mad within rejections, moreture forms of self-torner and self-denial, whose origin was fear and whose result was a degradation infinitely more termile than that fancied degradation from which, in their ignorance, they had sought be escape; Nature, in her wonderful irony, driving or the anchorine to feed with the wild animats of the desert and giving in the hemit the beasts of the field as his companions.

Yes: there was to be, as Lord Henry had prophesied, a new Hedoni that was to occasile life and to save it from that hanh encomely purcharism that it having, in our own edity, is crotious revokal. It was accept any theory or system that would involve the scortice of any occasile any theory or system that would involve the scortice of any once of passionates experience. It saw invided was to be experientized, and not the final so desprience, sweet or bitter as they might be. Of the accordion that declares her senses, as of the vilight be. Of the accordion that declares he senses, as of the vilight profligacy that dulls them, it was to know nothing. But it was to teach man to concentrate himself upon the moments of a life that is itself but a moment

There are few of us who have not sometimes wakened before dawn, ei after one of those dreamless nights that make us almost enamoured of death, or one of those nights of horror and misshapen joy, when throug death, or one of those nights of homer and missbapes loy, when through the chambers of the trans neepel parkment more terrible than tensity table and instance with that with the significance of the chambers of the table and instance with that with the significance of the chambers of the might famor, especially the art of those whose minds have been trouble with the missby of reverte. Gradually white fingers creep through the customs, and they appear to brendle. In this clarastic shapes, dumb shabotus crastal into the comes of the room and crouch there. Custode, there is the strings of brids among the leaves, or the count of miss.

going forth to their work, or the sigh and sob of the wind coming down from the hills and wandering round the silent house, as though it feared to wake the sleepers and yet must needs call forth sleep from her purple cave. Veil after veil of thin dusky gauze is lifted, and by degrees the forms and colours of things are restored to them, and we hee pupils case. Well after of their dusity gazes is like, and y watch the daam nemaking he would in a funding pattern. The sam mirrors got back their nision like. The flameliess tipous stand where we had let them, and obselve them lets the half of both that we had been aftered to read, or flant we had been aftered to read, or flant we had read to often the same that the same t

It was the creation of such worlds as these that seemed to Donian Gray to be the time object, or among the time objects, offelix, and in its search to trensstation that would be all once may and displieful, and except the time of the control of t

It was rumoured of him once that he was about to join the Roman Catholic communion, and certainly the Roman ritual had always a great attraction for him. The daily sacrifice, more awful really than all the sacrifices of the antique world, stirred him as much by its superb rejection of the evidence of the senses as by the primitive simplici of its elements and the eternal pathos of the human tragedy that it sought to symbolize. He loved to kneel down on the cold marble

pavement and watch the priest, in his stiff flowered dalmatic, slowly and with white hands moving aside the veil of the tabernacle, or raising aloft the jewelled, lantern-shaped monstrance with that patild wafer that at times, one would fain think, is indeed the "panis wafer that at times, one would fain think, is indeed the "\_panis calestiat," the broad of angels, or, robed in the garments of the Passion of Christ, breaking the Host into the chalice and smitting his breast for his sire. The furning centers that the grave boys, in their lace and scarlet, tossed into the air like great gift flowers had their subtle faccination for him. As he passed out, the used to look with wonder at the black confessionals and long to sit in the din shadow one of them and listen to men and women whispering through the won grating the true story of their lives

But he never fell into the error of arresting his intellectual development by any formal acceptance of creed or system, or of mostlang, for a lower which to be up, an in the fail to the validate the mostlang has been suited to be up and the standard to t inismus movement in Germany, and found a curious pleasure in me\_uawinismus\_movement in ceremany; and sound a cunous piece tracing the thoughts and passions of men to some pearly cell in the brain, or some white nerve in the body, delighting in the conception of the absolute dependence of the spirit on certain physical conditions, morbid or healthy, normal or diseased. Yet, as has been said of him morbid or healthy, normal or diseased. Yet, as has been said of him before, on theory of life seemed to him to be of any importance compared with life itself. He felt keenly conscious of how barren all intellectual speculation is when separated from action and experiment. He knew that the senses, no less than the soul, have their spiritual mosteries in remail

Acc so to exact one subspace that the secret of the form the Seat. He saw that here was no model of the most that had not its counterpant in the secret out of the secret of the time electron, secretary what there was in frashiences that make one that the secret of the secret of the secret of the time that when the memory of dead innance, and in mask that thousand that when the memory of dead innance, and in mask that thousand the secret of the secret of the secret of the teach and in champes that stated the imagination; and seeking diem the electron are neglectively of perfurers, and to estimate the secret all secret of the secret of secret o

on also as experimentations on the Soul.

All another time he devoted himself enterly by music, and in a long latticed room, with a vermillor-and-gold ceiling and waits of lovel-germa larguer, to used to give customs concretis in which mad giptes to the wind made from little softens, or green, yellow shalled giptes to will music from little softens, or green, yellow shalled giptes to will read the military to the soft of the soul of the softens of the soften shall gipter and the soften shall gipter and profite in the soften of the softens o allowed to look at and that every youth many rot see till they have been subjected to betting ord coursping, and the earther jars of the Pourviews that have the for document of the seed to the seed of the seed fastic gum obtained from the milky juice of plants; the \_yotl -bells of the Aztecs, that are hung in clusters like grapes; and a huge cylindrical drum, covered with the skins of great serpents, like the one that Bernal Diaz saw when he went with Cortes into the Mexic. one that Bernal Diaz saw when he went with Cortes into the Mexican temple, and of whose deleful sound he has left us so vivid a description. The fantastic character of these instruments fascinated him, and he felt a curious delight in the thought that art, like Nature, has her monsters, things of bestial shape and with hideous

On one occasion he took up the study of jewels, and appeared at a costume ball as Anne de Joyeuse, Admiral of France, in a dress covered with five hundred and sixty pears. This taste enthialsed him for years, and, indeed, may be said never to have left him. He would often spend a whole day settling and resettling in their cases the various stones that he had collected, such as the olive-green chrysobery(that stones that the had collected, such as the clive-green chrysophory) that hums not by lampfully the compraher with the writellike for dilayer. The pitch coloured periode, rose-pitk and witney-glove bypazes, contrudicts of they souther with the threat humble coloured periode, rose-pitk and witney-glove bypazes, contrudicts of they souther with the threat coloured contrained buyers of their sold passible. The loved trained as layers of the sold supplies, the loved the red glot of the antimuted buyers of they adaptive. The loved the red glot of the antimuted buyers of the miles you displayers. The contrained buyers and inference colours, and that alterpoise, die is visite noche. That was the entry of all the connoisseurs.

He discovered wonderful stories, also, about lewels. In Alphonso's rise discovered woncetter stories, also, about jewes: in Alpinonio's Clicicalis Disciplina a serpent was mentioned with yes of real jacinth, and in the romantic history of Alexander, the Conqueror of Emathia was said to have found in the vale of Jordan snakes "with collars of real ementalist growing on their backs." There was a gem in the brain of the dragon, Philostratus told us, and "by the exhibition the basin of the dagon, Philotorians lodius, and by the exhibition of golden letters and a consider foll-the monator of both from some of the price that could cure the plague. In the nests of Arabian birds was the aspliates, that, according to Democritus, kept the wearer from any danger by fire.

The King of Cellain rode Brough his oily with a large ruby in his hand, as the ceremony of his connuction. The gates of the palace of Juhn her here seen "hand of audits, with the hond in the honder state. Better the present seen and a state, with the hon of the honder state and the honder state of the palace of the honder state of the honder state of the palace of

When the Dukes der Nesterionics soon of Albamanda VI, visited a Duke XII of When the Duke XII of When the State of State success with paunting, a collair or gool roses set with turquolies-schoes, and a skulf-cap parseme\_with pearls. Henry II wore jewelled glower reaching to the elbow, and had a hawk-glove sewn with betwer publish and fifty-two great orients. The ducal hat of Charles the Rash, the last Duke of Burgundy of his race, was hung with pear-shaped pearls and studded with sapphire

Then he burned his attention to embroidentes and to the tapestries that performed the office of freezoes in the chill rooms of the northern and the child of the control of the child of th jonquis bloomed and ded many times, and nights of horror repeated the story of their shame, but he was unchanged. No winter marted his face or stained his flowerfike bloom. How different it was with material things! Where had they passed for "Where was the great crosus-colour robe, on which the gods fought against the glants, that had been worked by brown girls for the pleasure of Athera? Where the huge velarium that Mero had stretched across the Colosseum at Rome, that Titan sail of purple on which was represented the starry sky, and Apollo driving a chariot drawn by white, gilt-reined steeds? He longed to see the curious table-napkins wrought for the Priest of the Sun, on which were displayed all the dainties and viands that could be wanted for a feast; displayed all the dankers and visited hash could be washed for a fast; the moreauty ofther Office place; with its first hundred golden bees; the fastatic robes that excited the indignation of the Biology of Portion and were figured with Tions, purpless, bush, dogs, forests, roots, hutters—all, in fact, that a partier can copy from nature." and the cost that Clastes of folkess ancies were, and reserved which could have Clastes of Colleges and C king's arm, and fine hundred and sits/one butterfless, whose wings were smillarly rammated with the zero of the gene, the whole worked in gald." Catherine de Bedecis had a mounting-bed made for her of black wivel proudered with recenter and out. In customs were did solved in gald." Catherine de Marchael were de prouder in the customs was de la counting and and a compared to the counting and a compared to the counting and a counting and a counting and a counting growth. As the counting and a counting growth and the counting and a counting an sed, and profusely set with enamelled and jewelled medallion been taken from the Turkish camp before Vienna, and the sta nammed had stood beneath the tremulous oilt of its canoov.

And so, for a whole year, he sought to accumulate the most exquisite specimens that he could find of testile and embroidered work, getting the dainty Delhi muslins, firely wrought with gold-dhread palmates and stitched over with indescent beetlers' wings; the Dacca gauzes, that from their transparency are known in the East as "avoven air," and from their transparency are known in the East as "woven air," and "running water," and "evering dev'; strange figured oldsh from Javz, elaborate yellow Chinese hangings, books bound in tawny satins or fair blue silks and wrought with flears cledies, brist and images: vells of Jacis, worked in Hungary point. Sicilan broades and stiff Spanish velvets. Georgian work, with sgift tools, and Japanese. Foukousa\_ with their green-loned golds and their manyeliously plumaged brist.

with their green-horse logida and their marvellously juriseged britis. It has a serial organism, due, for exclusional relations, as infected in his dire or every fining connected with the service of the Church. In the long color crede that lend the west galacy of his house, the had stored away many rare and beauful appeciments of what is really the amount of the tellor of Christ, who must ware purples and present and extend away many rare and beauful appeciments of what is really the amount of the tellor of Christ, who must ware purples and present and the properties of the suffering that she seeks for and wounded by self-related pains, the suffering that she seeks for and wounded by self-related damash, figured with a regording pattern of golden pornegomates set in the prossessed and groupous cope of crimons kind organish groups and the concernation of the Virgonius and present of the self-related part of the concernation of the Virgonius and free convention of the Virgonius and specific convention of the Virgonius and the convention of the Virgonius and the virgonius and the virgonius and the Virgonius and the convention of the Virgonius and the virgonius an

and \_fleurs-de-lis\_; altar frontals of crimson velvet and blue linen; and many corporals, chalice-veils, and sudaria. In the mystic offices to which such things were put: there was something that quickened his

For these treasures, and everything that he collected in his lovely house, were to be to him means of forgethiness, modes by which he could escape, for a season, from the fear that seemed to him at times to be almost too get all to be borne. Upon the walls of the lonely located some there is no be only to be borne. Upon the walls of the lonely collected countries the lone of locked room where he had spent so much of his boyhood, he had hung his own hands the terrible portrait howce changing features showed him the real degradation of his life, and in front of it had draped the purple-and-gold pall as a curtain. For weeks he would not go there, would forget the fideous painted thing, and get back his light heart, his wonderful joyousness, his passionate absorption in mere existence. The state workers by some right he would creep out of the house, go down to chead the place see that the state of the state of the house, go down to chead the place see the Bull place see the Bull place see the state of the place of the state fascination of sin, and smiling with secret pleasure at the misshaper shadow that had to bear the burden that should have been his own.

After a few years he could not endure to be long out of England, and gave up the vills that he had shared at Trouville with Lord Herry, as well as the little while walded in house all Algiers where help had more than once spert the winter. He hated to be separated from the picture with vius such up and as also afraid that futuring his absence some one might gain access to the room, in spite of the elaborate basis that he had caused to be placed upon the door.

He was quite conscious that this would tell them nothing. It was true that the portrait still preserved, under all the foulness and ugliness of the face, its marked likeness to himself; but what could they lear from that? He would laugh at any one who tried to taunt him. He h not painted it. What was it to him how vile and full of shame it looked? Even if he told them, would they believe it.

Yet he was afraid. Sometimes when he was down at his great house in Nottinghamshire, entertaining the fashionable young men of his own rank who were his chief companions, and astounding the county by the wantor

xury and gorgeous splendour of his mode of life, he would sudd ave his guests and rush back to town to see that the door had n en tampered with and that the picture was still there. What if it should be stolen? The mere thought made him cold with horror. Surely the world would know his secret then. Perhaps the world already

For, while he fascinated many, there were not a few who distrusted him. He was very nearly blackballed at a West film dusin of which his bith. He was very nearly blackballed at a West film dusin of which his bith. and had no many or work of the standard of the standard his his was all had no nee occasion, when he was longuith by a film of the film had had he will have dusing the film of the standard had not a marked manner and werd out. Curious stories became cumret about him after he had passed his twerty-fifty year. It was knowned that the lat beet nest having with foreign saidors in a was knowned that the lat beet nest having with foreign saidors in a was rumoured that he had been seen brehaving with foreign saltors in a low den in the distant parts of Whitehapel, and that he consorted with thieves and coiners and knew the mysteries of their brade. His extraordinary absences became noticonius, and, when he used to reappet again in society, men would whisper to each other in comers, or pass thim with a snew, or look at him which coid searching eyes, as though they were determined to discover his secret

Of such insidences and attempted slights he, of course, took no notice, and in the opinion of most people his flank deborair manner, his charming boyeds make, and he refineling used of that wonderful youther to the calamines, for so they termed them, that were circulated about him. It was remarked, however, that some of those who had been most infinished with him appeared, after a time, to shah him. Wherewe the had widely adored him, and for his sake had borded all social centerare and widely adored him, and for his sake had borded all social centerare and vention at defiance, were seen to grow pallid with shame or horror if Dorian Gray entered the room

Yet these whispered scandals only increased in the eyes of many his strange and dangerous chaim. His great wealth was a certain element occurry, Society-chaids double, it aleast—in never very read and the control of the control of

given one a bad dinner, or poor wire, is irreproachable in his private life. Even the cardinal virtues cannot atoms for half-old, enteres, as cool belony mental dorse, in a discousation on the subject, and filters is society and, or should be, the same as the cannor of art. Form is society and, or should be, the same as the cannor of art. Form is society and, or should be, the same as the cannor of art. Form is society and, or should be, the same as the cannor of art. Form is advantable, essential but, it should have the digitly of a ceremony, as well as its unreality, and should combine the instruce character of a remarker (pay with the et also belony his make such plays delightful.) to us. Is insincerity such a terrible thing? I think not. It is merely a method by which we can multiply our personalities

Such, at any rath, was Dorian Gray's opinion. He used to wonder at the attaliane asynchology of trose who conceive the ego in man as a timing supplied to the second of the ego in man as a timing the ego of the of the colony's foliale and look of the indicks processed fortical efforts of the colon of the c and her left clasped an enamelied coils of white and damask roses a table by her side lay a mandoli nad an apple. There were large green rosettes upon her liffe pointed shoes. He knew her life, and the strange stories that were told about her lovers. Had he somethi-of her temperament in him? These ovul, heavy-lided eyes seemed look curiously at him. What of George Willoughby, with his powdere

moulding of his hands even. Somebody-I wor'll mention his name, but you know him-came to me lest year to hive his portial done. I had never seen him below, and had never heard simply about him at let inter. Except I have heard a good feel since. The offered an estimagent him had been and the simple sim

cover one form the leader over, and when I am assay from you, and he have I am been formed in the following that propies a relievant in these of these in the section of a club when you can be in the Duble of I demind I amend I am a fine I am a fi

with a taminished name. You and he were inseparable. What about Advis Singleton and his dreadful end? What about Lord Kent's only son and his career? I met his father yesterday in St. James's Street. He seemed broken with shame and sorrow. What about the young Duke of Perth? What sort of life has he got now? What gentleman would associate with him?"

har and fartastic patches? How evil he looked! The face was saturnine and swartly, and the sensual lips seemed to be insided with ideation. Dicitation level field for over file in 190% behavior that were so evilution with rings. He had been a macaror of the eighteenth seems to evilution with rings. He had been a macaror of the eighteenth second card fleedern, the companion of the Privac Regard in his wilder days, and one of the witherseas at the second randing with Mic. Eighteether? How good and institution has work this decident card profit and the second card the second with the decident card looked upon bins as infamous. He had led the organ at Clarifon House. The star of the Caddre giftmed upon his beaution. Beads his him lay the portrail of his wife, a pallid, thin-lipped woman in black. Her blood, also, sintered within his how cannot ast asserted. Med his morber with all the layer of the contract all carden and had with the layer of the contract as a second of the form what he had got from her. He had got from her is beauty, and his passion for the beauty of others. She kayed at him in her loose. what he had got from her. He had got from her his beauty, and his passion for the beauty of others. She laughed at him in her loose Bacchante dress. There were vine leaves in her hair. The purple spilled from the cup she was holding. The camations of the paintin had withered, but the eyes were still wonderful in their depth and brilliancy of colour. They seemed to follow him wherever he went.

Yet one had ancestors in literature as well as in one's own race, neare perhaps in type and temperament, many of hem, and certainly with an influence of which one was now assistancy conscious. There were times when it appeared to Dutas Gray that the whole of Indistry were times when it appeared to Dutas Gray that the whole of Indistry and circurstance, but as insimplation that crossed for firm, as at had been in his brain and in his passions. He left that he had known them all, those starges prime flag reset that passed across the stage of the world and made is no marvelous and of wis to bit of saddley, it scenerals to him that is owner injection way their lives in the contraction with the first contraction.

The hero of the wonderful novel that had so influenced his life had brased invoice fixed curious face; in the seventh chapter he tells how the control face; in the seventh chapter he tells how the control face; in the control face; in residing he shareful books; in Elephants, while dwarfs and peacooks stratted round him and the fixed-player modes the swinger of the conten; and, as Caliguia, had caroused with the green-chiral pickeys in their stables and support in long many than the present picked picked picked picked by the picked picked had been and appeal on long manger with a jenel forteited horse; and, as Domitian, fade

wandered through a corridor lined with marble mirrors, looking round with haggard eyes for the reflection of the dagger that was to end his days, and sick with that ennut, that terrible, laedium vitae, that com on those to whom life denies nothing; and had perced through a clea emerald at the red shambles of the circus and then, in a litter of emeration at the red strandows or the circuits and time, in a utility parall and purple drawn by silver-shoot mules, been carried through the Street of Promegnanates to a House of Gold and heard men or the Cerear are he passed by; and, as Elagabalus, had painted his force with colours, and painted his distalf among the women, and brought the Moon from carriage land given her in mystic marriage to the Sun.

Over and over again Dorian used to read this fantastic chapter, and the too chapters immediately following, in which, as in some cutions trapsets or committy wought entends, we explicited the saidful and beautiful forms of those whom vice and blood and weariness that made beautiful forms of those whom vice and blood and weariness that made persistent of the liquid was accepted to the contract of bought at the prince or a terrorie sinr, ciain warian visconit, who used horizontal both asset living men and whose mudrered body was covered with roses by a harlot who had loved him; the Borgia on his withis horse, with Fratriciae froigh pestile him and his mantle stained with the blood of Perotic; Pietro Riario, the young Cardinal Archibishop of Florence, child and minion of Situats IV, whose beauty was equalled only by his child and minon of Stotus IV, whose beauty was equalled only by his debauchey, and who received Leonors of Angon in a paylion of white and crimson silk, filled with rymphs and centaurs, and gilded a boy that he might serve at the feast as daymede or Hylas. Ezzelin, whose melancholy could be cured only by the spectacle of death, and who had a passion for red blood, as other men have for red wine—the son of the Fiend, as was reported, and one who had cheated his faither at dice when Fiend, as was reported, and one with hald cheated his father at file on the questioning with in his fire are one suit. Glassification (200, who is macelesy three lader was influent by a Levishi doctor. Signimonio Maldiesta, his hore of I soits and this food of Rhimin, whose effig was burned and Rome as the enemy of God and man, who strangede Polyseane with a napatin, and the property of the property of the property of the property of gravity and the property of property of the property of the property of property of the property of VI, who had so withly address the property with the table table property with or the instanty had two scoring on him, and who, when his Israin had the Stanish and the Stanish and the Stanish had the Stanish and the Stanish and the Stanish had the Stanish and the Stanish and the Stanish had the Stanish and the Stanish had the Stanish ha ena with a nackin, and sickened and grown strange, could only be soothed by Saracen car painted with the images of love and death and madness; and, in his irrimmed jerkin and jewelled cap and acanthuslike curls, Grifonetto Baglioni, who slew Astorre with his bride, and Simonetto with his pa and whose comeliness was such that, as he lay dving in the yello piazza of Perugia, those who had hated him coule and Atalanta, who had cursed him, blessed him.

There was a horrible fascination in them all. He saw them at night nd they troubled his imagination in the day. The Rena and they doubled in singlification in the day. The reclusional model of the strange manners of poisoning-positioning by a heliter and a lighted torch, by an embroidered glove and a jewelled fan, by a glided poma and by an amber chain. Dortan Gray had been poisoned by a book, were moments when he looked on red istimply as a mode through wh could realize his conception of the beautiful.

## CHARTER 12

It was on the ninth of November, the eye of his own thirty-eighth

He was walking home about eleven o'clock from Lord Henry's, where had been dining, and was wrapped in heavy furs, as the night was color and foggy. At the corner of Grovenero Square and South Audley had not an aman passed him in the mist, walking very fast and with the collar of a main passed mini ribe intex, washing very use and with the Coloral fits grey dister turned up. He had a bag in his hand. Dorian recognized him. It was Basil Hallward. A strange sense of fear, for which he could not account, came over him. He made no sign of recognition and went on quickly in the direction of his own house.

But Hallward had seen him. Dorian heard him first stopping on the pavement and then hurrying after him. In a few moments, his hand was on his arm.

"Dorian! What an extraordinary piece of luck! I have been waiting for "Johani What an extraoranary piece of lucix! I have been waining it you in your library ever since nine o'clock. Finally! I took pitly on your tired servant and told him to go to bed, as he left me out. I am off to Paris by the midnight train, and I particularly wanted to see you before I left. I thought it was you, or rather your fur coat, as

you passed me. But I wasn't quite sure. Didn't you recognize me?

"In this fog, my dear Basil? Why, I can't even recognize Grosvenor Square. I believe my house is somewhere about here, but I don't feel at all certain about it. I am sorry you are going away, as I have not seen you for ages. But I suppose you will be back soon?"

"No: I am going to be out of England for six months. I intend to take a studio in Paris and shut myself up till I have finished a great picture I have in my head. However, it wasn't about myself I wanted to talk. Here we are at your door. Let me come in for a moment. I have

"I shall be charmed. But won't you miss your train?" said Dorian Gray languidly as he passed up the steps and opened the door with his latch-key.

The lamplight struggled out through the fog, and Hallward looked at his walch. I have heaps of time, he answered. The train doesn't go all theelve-filters, and it is only last deere. In fact, I was on my way to the club to look for you, when I met you. You see, I shant have any delay about loggage, as I have sent on my heavy things. All I have with me is in the bag, and I can eastly get to Victorian in twenty

Dorian looked at him and smiled. "What a way for a fashionable painter to travel! A Gladstone bag and an ulster! Come in, or the fog will get into the house. And mind you don't talk about anything serious. Nothing is serious nowadays. At least nothing should be."

Hallward shock his head, as he entered, and followed Dorian into the library. There was a bright wood fire blazing in the large open hearth. The lamps were lit, and an open Dutch silver spirit-case stood, with some siphons of soda-water and large cut-glass tumblers, on a little marqueterie table.

You see your servant made me oute at home. Dorian. He gave me everything I wanted, including your best gold-tipped cigarettes. He is a most hospitable creature. I like him much better than the Frenchm you used to have. What has become of the Frenchman, by the bye? Dorian shrugged his shoulders. "I believe he married Lady Radey's mad, and has established her in Peins as an English discontailer. When the state of the Peins are an English discontailer. On the Fernch, document PB Build-op by survival—he was not at all a bad servard. I never liked him, but I had nothing to complain about. One does in marginer their paint are quite document. He was ready very been in the peins of the

"Thanks, I won't have anything more," said the painter, taking his cap and coat off and throwing them on the bag that he had placed in the corner. "And now, my dear fellow, I want to speak to you seriously. Don't frown like that. You make it so much more difficult for me."

"What is it all about?" cried Dorian in his petulant way, flinging himself down on the sofa. "I hope it is not about myself. I am to fi myself to-night. I should like to be somebody else."

"It is about yourself," answered Hallward in his grave deep I must say it to you. I shall only keep you half an hour."

"It is not much to ask of you, Dorian, and it is entirely for your own sake that I am speaking. I think it right that you should know that the most dreadful things are being said against you in London."

They must interest you, Dorian. Every gentleman is interested in his good name. You don't want people to talk of you as something wite and degraded. Of course, you have your position, and your wealth, and all that kind of thing. But position and wealth are not everything. Mind you, I don't believe these runours at all. At least, I can't believe

you, I don't believe these rumours at all. At least, I can 1 oserve them when I see you. Sin is a hing that white istelf across a man's face. It cannot be concealed. People talk sometimes of secret vices. There are no such things. If a wetched man has a vice, it shows itself in the lines of his mouth, the droop of his eyellids, the

"Stop, Basil. You are talking about things of which you know nothing, said Dorian Gray, biting his lip, and with a note of infinite contempt in his voice. "You ask me why Berwick leaves a room when I enter it. It is because I know everything about his life, not because he knows anything about mine. With such blood as he has in his veins, how could anything about mine. With such blood as he has in his vens, now cour his record be clean? You sak me about Henry Ashton and young Perth. Did I teach the one his vices, and the other his debauchery? If Kent's silly son takes his wife from the streets, what is that to me? If Adrian Singleton writes his friend's name across a bill, am I his

keeper? I know how people chatter in England. The middle class their moral prejudices over their gross dinner-tables, and whisper about what they call the profitgacies of their betters in order to try and pretend that they are in smart society and on infirmate terms the people they slander. In this country, it is enough for a man to the people they stander. In this country, it is enough for a man to a have distinction and brains for every common longue to wag against him. And what sort of lives do these people, who pose as being moral, lead themselves? My dear fellow, you forget that we are in the native land of the hypocrite."

"Dorant," orded Hallward, "that is not the question. England is bad excuppl intoo, and English society is all wrong. That is the reason with various to the form of the same of the form of the form of the same of the form of the depth of the same of the form of the depth of the same of the form of the depth of the same of the same of the form of the depth of the same of the sa

I must speak, and you must listen. You shall listen. When you met a single discrete forms in Lindon and a single discrete forms in Lindon now who would drive with her in the case of the state of the s don't know what is said about you. I won't tell you that I don't want to you. I warry out to beas such a line as will make the wont respect you. I want you to have a clean name and a fair record. I want you to get rid of the dreadful people you associate with. Don't shrug your shoulders like hat. Don't be so indifferent. You have a wonderful influence. Let it be for good, not for evill. They say that you

compile every one with whom you become infamale, and that it is quite sufficient for you to enter a house for interned or some level to follow the control of the control o have to see your soul

"To see my soul!" muttered Dorian Gray, starting up from the sofa and turning almost white from fear.

"Yes," answered Hallward gravely, and with deep-toned sorrow in his voice, "to see your soul. But only God can do that."

A bitter laugh of mockery broke from the lips of the younger man. "You shall see it yourself, to-right!" he cried, seizing a lamp from the table. "Come: it is your own handlwork. Why shouldn't you look at it? You can tell the world all about it afterwards, if you choose. Nobody would believe you. If they did believe you, they would like me all the better for it. I know the age better than you do, though you will prate about it so tediously. Come, I tell you. You have chattered enough about corruption. Now you shall look on it face to face."

There was the madness of pride in every word he uttered. He stamped his foot upon the ground in his boytsh insolent manner. He felt a terrible joy at the thought that some one else was to share his secret, and that the man who had painted the portrait that was the origin of all his shame was to be burdened for the rest of his life with th hideous memory of what he had done.

"Yes," he continued, coming closer to him and looking steadfastly into his stern eyes, "I shall show you my soul. You shall see the thing that you fancy only God can see."

"You think so?" He laughed again

"I know so. As for what I said to you to-night, I said it for your good. You know I have been always a stanch friend to you."

"Don't touch me. Finish what you have to say."

A twisted flash of pain shot across the painter's face. He paysed for Atwisted flash of pain shot across the partier's face. He paused for a moment, and a will feeling of pily came over him. After all, what night had he to pry into the life of Dorian Gray? If the had done a thit of what was ununumed about him, how much he must have suffered! Then he straightened himself up, and walked over to the fire-place, and stood there, looking at the burning logs with their frostlike ashes and their throbbing cores of flame.

He turned round. "What I have to say is this," he cried. "You must give me some answer to these homble charges that are made against you tell me that they are absolutely unture from beginning to end, I shall believe you. Deny ferm, Choran, dony them II Cartl you see what I am going through?" My God don't tell me that you are bad, and compat, and sharined."

Dorian Gray smiled. There was a curl of contempt in his lips. "Come upstairs, Basil," he said quietly. "I keep a diary of my life from day to day, and it never leaves the room in which it is written. I shall show it to you if you come with me."

"I shall come with you. Dorian, if you wish it. I see I have m train. That makes no matter. I can go to-morrow. But don't ask me to read anything to-night. All I want is a plain answer to my question."

"That shall be given to you upstairs. I could not give it here. You will not have to read long."

CHAPTER 13

He passed out of the room and began the ascent, Basil Hallw, following close behind. They walked softly, as men do instinct night. The lamp cast fantastic shadows on the wall and stairc insing wind made some of the windows rattle.

en they reached the top landing, Dorian set the lamp down on the r, and taking out the key, turned it in the lock. "You insist on wing, Basil?" he asked in a low voice.

"I am delighted," he answered, smiling. Then he added, somewhat harshly, "Too are the one man in the world who is entitled to know everything about me. Vou have had more too do with my life than you think"; and, bising up the larm, he opened the door and went in. A cold current of all passed them, and the light short up for a moment in a fame of musky crange. He shuddered. "Shut the door behind you," whispered, as he placed the large not he table.

Hallward glanced round him with a puzzled expression. The room looke as if it had not been lived in for years. A faded Flemish tapestry, a as if it had not been timed in tory least. A tabled Heimsin tapestry, a curtained picture, an old lifalian\_cassone\_a and an almost empty book-case—that was all that it seemed to contain, besides a chair and a table. As Dorian Gray was lighting a half-burned candle that was standing on the mantelshelf, he saw that the whole place was covered with dust and that the carpet was in holes. A mouse ran scuffling behind the wainscoting. There was a damp odour of mildew.

"So you think that it is only God who sees the soul, Basil? Draw that curtain back, and you will see mine."

The voice that spoke was cold and cruel. "You are mad, Dorian, or playing a part " muttered Hallward, frowning

"You won't? Then I must do it myself," said the young man, and he tore the curtain from its rod and flund it on the ground.

An exclamation of horror broke from the painter's lips as he saw in the dim light the hideous face on the canvas grinning at him. There was something in its expression that filled him with disgust and loathing.

Good heavens! It was Dorian Gray's own face that he was looking all.
The horror, whatever it was, had not yet entirely spoiled that
menticulous bears, There was all stone good in the thrinning hair and
some scaled on the sensual mouth. The socioline yeer had need something
completely passed anyloy mon chelled norsilated and from plasts herea.
Vis. It was Dorian himself. But who had done IP it he seemed to
recognize his port burshould, and the face was he to own design. The
does was monotonous, yet he field shall. He second he lighted candid,
and held to be light cause in the field had one was he own design. The
does was monotonous, yet he field shall. He second he lighted candid,
and held to be light cause in the either had come was he own manage. raced in long letters of bright vermilion

It was some foul parody, some infamous ignoble salire. He had never done that. Still, it was his own picture. He knew it, and he felt as if his stood had changed in a moment from fee to slugglish ice. His own picture! What did it mean? Why had it altered? He turned and tooleded all brains gray with the eyes of a sick man. His nouth twichted and his parched tongue sement unable to articulate. He passed his ha across his foreheaf. It was dank with claiming sweat.

The young man was learning against the manteishelf, watching him with that strange expression that one sees on the faces of those who are absorbed in a play when some great artist is acting. There was neither real sorrow in it nor real joy. There was simply the passion of the speciator, with perhaps a ficker of triumph in his eyes. He had taken the flower out of his cost, and was realing it, or perchanging bod so.

What does this mean?" cried Hallward, at last. His own voice sounded shrill and curious in his ears.

"Years ago, when I was a boy," said Dorian Gray, crushing the flower in his hand, "you met me, flattered me, and taught me to be vain of my good looks. One day you introduced me to a friend of yours, who explained to me the wonder of youth, and you finished a portrait of me that revealed to me the wonder of beauty. In a mad moment that, even now, I don't know whether I regret or not, I made a wish, perhaps you

"I remember it! Oh, how well I remember it! Not the thing is impossible. The room is damp. Mildew has got into the canvas. paints I used had some wretched mineral poison in them. I tell yo

"You told me you had destroyed it."

"I was wrong. It has destroyed me." "I don't believe it is my nicture."

"Can't you see your ideal in it?" said Dorian bitterly.

"As you called it "

"It is the face of my soul."

"There was nothing evil in it, nothing shameful. You were to me such an ideal as I shall never meet again. This is the face of a satyr."

"Christl what a thing I must have worshipped! It has the eyes of a dead."

"Each of us has heaven and hell in him, Basil," cried Dorian with a wild gesture of despair.

Hallward turned again to the portrait and gazed at it. "My God! If it is true," he exclaimed, "and this is what you have done with your life, why, you must be worse even than those who talk against you fancy y to be!" He held the light up again to the canvas and examined it. The surface seemed to be quite undisturbed and as he had left it. It was from within, apparently, that the foulness and horror had come Through some strange quickening of inner life the leprosies of sin were slowly eating the thing away. The rotting of a corpse in a watery grave was not so fearful.

His hand shook, and the candle fell from its socket on the floor and lay there sputtering. He placed his foot on it and put it out. Then he flung himself into the rickety chair that was standing by the table

"Take care, Basil. You go too far.

to preach to you. I remember Harry saying once that every man who turned himself into an amateur curate for the moment always began by saying that, and then proceeded to break its word. I do want to preach to you. I want you to lead such a life as will make the world respect

"Good God, Dorian, what a lesson! What an awful lesson!" There wa answer, but he could hear the young man sobbing at the window. "Po-Dorian, pany he manimed." What is at his dore was busgle to say in Dorian, pany he manimed. "What is at his dore was busgle to say in Wash away our iniquities." Let us say that together. The prayer of your prick has been answered. The prayer of your repentance will be answered also. I worshipped you too much. I am pustished for it. You worshipped yourself to much. We are both pursished."

Dorian Gray turned slowly around and looked at him with tear-dimmed eyes. "It is too late, Basil," he faltered.

"It is never too late, Dorian. Let us kneel down and try if we cannot remember a prayer. Isn't there a verse somewhere, 'Though your sins be as scarlet, yet I will make them as white as snow'?"

"Hush! Don't say that. You have done enough evil in your life. My God! Don't you see that accursed thing leering at us'

ucon Lonn you see that accurate thing leering at leaf?

Outhin Ging glores at the picture, an address you recontrollable feeling of hater do for Basil Hallward camer over him, as frought is had been suggested to him you keep may be a for command with the property of the stabbing again and again

waving grotesque, stiff-fingered hands in the air. He stabbed hi twice more, but the man did not move. Something began to trict the floor. He waited for a moment, still pressing the head down he threw the knife on the table, and listened.

He could hear nothing, but the drip, drip on the threadbare carpet. He opened the door and went out on the landing. The house was aboulded, uplet. No one was about. For a few seconds he stood bending over the ballustrade and peening down into the black seething well of darkness. Then he took out the key and returned to the room, locking hisself in

The thing was still seated in the chair, straining over the table with bowed head, and humped back, and long fantastic arms. Had it not been for the red jagged tear in the neck and the clotted black pool that was slowly widening on the table, one would have said that the man was simply asleep.

Here quickly it had all been done! He felt strangely calm, and waiting over to the window, opened it and stepped out on the balows.) The wind the window call the property of the property. The window the property of the policoman prop his notosis and fasting he long beam of his stream on the doors of the sight houses. The crimtion prop leasand of his stream on pleamed at the corner and flow variables. A woman in a fluidering shared that the property of the property of the property of the stream of the property of the property of the stream of the property of the property of the stream of the property of the property of the stream of stre

Having reached the door, he turned the key and opened it. He did not even glance at the murdered man. He felt that the secret of the whole thing was not to realize the situation. The friend who had painted the fatal porta

teel, and studded with coarse turquoises. Perhaps it might be m by his servant, and questions would be asked. He hesitated for a comment, then he turned back and took it from the table. He could help seeing the dead thing. How still it was! How horribly white the long hands looked! It was like a dreadful wax image.

Having locked the door behind him, he crept quietly downstairs. The woodwork creaked and seemed to cry out as if in pain. He stopped everal times and waited. No: everything was still. It was merely the sound of his own footsteps.

When he reached the library, he saw the bag and coat in the corner. They must be hidden away somewhere. He unlocked a secret press that was in the wainscoting, a press in which he kept his own curious singuises, and put them into it. He could easily burn them afterwards. Then he pulled out his watch. It was twenty minutes to two

Heat does and object to find the state of th could be destroyed long before then

A sudden thought struck him. He put on his fur coat and hat and went out into the hall. There he paused, hearing the slow heavy tread of the policeman on the pavement outside and seeing the flash of the buffs-eye reflected in the window. He waited and held his breath.

the door very gently behind him. Then he began ringing the bell. In about five minutes his valet appeared, half-dressed and looking ver-

"Ten minutes past two? How horribly late! You must wake me at nine to-morrow. I have some work to do.

"All right, sir."

"Did any one call this evening?"

\*Mr. Hallward, sir. He stayed here till eleven, and then he went away to catch his train.\*

\*Oh! I am sorry I didn't see him. Did he leave any message?"

"No, sir, except that he would write to you from Paris, if he did not find you at the club."

\*That will do, Francis. Don't forget to call me at nine to-morrow.

Dorian Gray threw his hat and coat upon the table and passed into the library. For a quarter of an hour he walked up and down the room, biting his lip and thinking. Then he took down the Blue Book from one of the shelves and began to kurn over the leaves. "And Campbell, 152, Hertford Street, Mayfair." Yes; that was the man he wanted.

At nine o'clock the next morning his servant came in with a cup of chocolate on a tray and opened the shutters. Dorian was steeping quite peacefully, hign on his right side, with one hand underneath his cheek. He tooked like a boy who had been tired out with play, or study.

n had to touch him twice on the shoulder before he woke, and a

had been lost in some delightful dream. Yet he had not dres His night had been untroubled by any images of pleasure or But youth smiles without any reason. It is one of its chiefes

He turned round, and leaning upon his elbow, began to sip his chocolate. The mellow November sun came streaming into the room. The sky was bright, and there was a genial warmth in the air. It was almost like a morning in May.

Gradually the events of the preceding right crept with silent, blood-stained feet into his brain and reconstructed themselves there with terrible distincterses. He winced at the memory of all that he had suffered, and for a moment the same curious feeling of loathing for Basil Hallward that had made him kill him as he sait in the chair came back to him, and he grev cold with passion. The dead man was still sitting there, too, and in the sunlight now. How horrible that was Such hideous things were for the darkness, not for the day.

He felt that if he brooded on what he had gone through he would sicken or grow mad. There were sins whose fascination was more in the mem than in the doing of them, strange thimps that gratified the pride more than the passions, and gave to the intellect a quickened sense of log, greater than any joy hey brought, go to the senses. But this was not one of them. It was a thing to be driven out of the mind, to be drugged with propiers, be be strangfeld set it right! of the mind, to be drugged with popp strangle one itself.

When the half-hour struck, he passed his hand across his forehead, and then got up hastily and dressed himself with even more than his usual care, giving a good deal of attention to the choice of his necktic and scarf-join and changing his rings more than once. He spent a long time also over breakfast, tasting the various dishes, talking to his valet 

Take this round to 152, Hertford Street, Francis, and if Mr. Camobell is out of town, get his address.

As soon as he was alone, he lit a cigarette and began sketching upon a piece of paper, drawing first flowers and bits of architecture, and then human faces. Suddenly he remarked that every face that he drew then human faces. Suddenly he remarked that every face that he drew seemed to have a fantastic likeness to Basil Hallward. He frowned, and getting up, went over to the book-case and took out a volume at hazard. He was determined that he would not think about what had happened until it became absolutely necessary that he should do so.

When he had stretched himself on the sofa, he looked at the title-page When he had stetched himself on the soft, he looked at the tilles page of the book. If we had not been seen that the stetched himself is leave at Centers, Chappenier's of the book in the stetched himself is leave at Center and the stetched himself is stetched and of citron green leather, with a design of gift betiles work and dotted promegrantates. He had been given to he in you Advants Singelson. As he turned over the pages, his to give fill on the poem about the hand of a beginning that the stetched himself is to the stetched and the soft of the stetched himself is to design the stetched and to some white bager figures, shuddering slightly in spite of timeself, and passed on, till feet on those loves the other loves to the stetched himself is to some white bager figures, shuddering slightly in spite of timeself, and passed on, till feet on the other loves the stetched himself is sometimes.

Sur une gamme chromatique, Le sein de peries ruisselant, La Venus de l'Adriatique Sort de l'eau son corps rose et blanc.

Les domes sur l'azur des ondes Suivant la phrase au pur contou S'enfient comme des gorges rondes Que souleve un soupir d'amour.

Jetant son amarre au pilier, Devant une facade rose, Sur le marbre d'un escalier.

How exquisite they were! As one read them, one seemed to be floating down the green water-ways of the pick and pearl ofly, seated in a block grounds with salver own and frailing custame. The meet frees tooled to him like those straight lines of trayssice-blue that follow one as one purbase so to the lists. The sudden flastend of clour remitted but not be only purchased to the lists. The sudden flastend of clour remitted but not help seated with some straight lines of the remitted but the flast flastend water flastend to the state of the seate of the seate of the seated but the seated

The whole of Venice was in those two lines. He remembered the autumn The whole of Venice was in those two lines. He remembered the autum that he had passed there, and a wonderful love that had stirred him to mad delightful foilles. There was romance in every place. But Venice, like Oxford, had kept the background for romance, and, to the true romantic, background was everything, or almost everything. Basil had been with him part of the time, and had gone with over Tintonet. Poor Basil! What a horrible way for a man to die

He sighed, and took up the volume again, and tried to forget. He read of the swallows that fly in and out of the little\_cafe\_at 5myma where the Hadjis sit counting their amber beads and the furbaned merchants smoke their long tasselled pipes and talk gravely to each other; he read of the Obelisk in the Place de la Concorde that weeps tears of read of the Obelisk in the Place de la Concorde that weeps tears of graftle in its long variets evide and longs to be back by the hot, lotus-covered Nile, where there are Sphinxes, and rose-red bisses, and withe valtures with glided daws, and crocofiles with small benyl eyes that crawl over the green steaming must; he began to broad over those verses which, drawing music from kiss-stained marble, tell of that currious statute that Gautier compares to a contrailo voice, the "\_monstre curious statue that Gauther compares to a contraito voice, the "monstre charmant," that couches in the pophyry-comor dit he Lower. But after a time the book fell from his hand. He grew nervous, and a hornible fit of terror came over him. What if Alan Campbell should be out of England? Days would elapse before he could come back. Perhaps he might refuse to come. What could he do then? Every moment was of vital importance.

n they met in society now, it was only Dorian Gray who smiled: Alan obell never did.

He was an extremely clever young man, though he had no real appreciation of the visible arts, and whatever little sense of the appreciation of the visite arts, and whatever lime sense of the beauty of poetry he possessed he had gained entitely from Dorian. His dominant intellectual passion was for science. At Cambridge he had spent a great deal of his time working in the laboratory, and had taken a good class in the Natural Science Tripos of his year. Indeed, he was a good class in the National Science Tiposo of his year. Indeed, he we side divertise by the side devoted be the side of elementary, and his alteredate of his divertise of his night that Rubinstein played there, and after that used to be always seen together at the opera and wherever good music was going on. For eighteen months their intimacy lasted. Campbell was always either at Setby Royal or in Grosvenor Square. To him, as to many others, Dorian Gray was the type of everything that is wonderful and fascinstating in life. Whether or not a quarrel had taken place between them no one ver know. But suddenly people remarked that they scarced spoke when ever lines. But sudderly people are clearly seen of summer of the three years of the three presents of the three years of the year of the three years of the year or twice in some of the scientific reviews in connection with certain

This was the man Dorian Gray was waiting for. Every second he kept glancing at the clock. As the minutes went by he became horrbly agitated. A last he got up and began to pace up and down the room, looking like a beautiful caped thing. He took long stealthy strides. His hands were curiously cold.

The suspense became unbearable. Time seemed to him to be crawing with feet of feet, while he by moretons works was being swell bearest be feet of the gotesque by terror, texteded and distorted as a living thing by pain, dended like some fool pupped on a stand and grinned through moving masks. Then, suddenly, time stopped for him. Yes: that blind, stow-breathing thing crawled no move, and hornlieb throughts, time being dead, raced nimbly on in front, and dragged a hideous future from its grave, and showed it to him. He stared at it. Its very hornor made him stone.

"Mr. Campbell, sir." said the man.

A sigh of relief broke from his parched lips, and the colour came back

"Ask him to come in at once, Francis." He felt that he was himself again. His mood of cowardice had passed away.

The man bowed and retired. In a few moments, Alan Campbell walked in, looking very stern and rather pale, his pallor being intensified by his coal-black hair and dark eyebrows.

"Alan! This is kind of you. I thank you for coming."

"I had intended never to enter your house again, Gray. But you said it was a matter of life and death." His voice was hard and cold. He sopke with slow deliberation. There was a look of contempt in the steady searching gaze that he turned on Dodan. He kept his hands in the pockets of his Astakhan coat, and seemed not to have noticed the gesture with which he had been greeted.

"Yes: it is a matter of life and death. Alan, and to more than one

ampbell took a chair by the table, and Dorian sat opposite to him. he two men's eyes met. In Dorian's there was infinite pity. He knew that what he was going to do was dreadful.

After a strained moment of silence, he learned across and said, very quietly, but watching the effect of each word upon the face of him he had sert for. "Alan," in a locked roan if the top of this house, a roan to which nobody but mysef has access, a dead man is seated at a table. He has been dead the nous now. Dort sit, and dort to lock at me like that. Who the man is, with he died, how he died, are matters that do not concern you. What you have be do is this."

\*Stop, Gray. I don't want to know anything further. Whether what you Stup, Clay. From wait to know anything lutine. Writeline what have told me is true or not true doesn't concern me. I entirely decline to be mixed up in your life. Keep your homble secrets to yourself. They don't interest me any more."

Alon, they will have to interest you. This or out the see to extremely a service of the contract of the contra

"You are mad Dorian

\*Ah! I was waiting for you to call me Dorian.

"You are mad, I tell you—mad to imagine that I would raise a finger to help you, mad to make this monatrous confession. I will have nothing to do with this matter, whatever it is. Do you think I am going to peril my reputation for you? What is it to me what devil's work you are up to?"

"I am glad of that. But who drove him to it? You, I should fancy."

"Do you still refuse to do this for me"

"Of course I refuse. I will have absolutely nothing to do with it. I don't care what charac context on jou. You deserve I sail. I should not don't care what charac context on jou. You deserve I sail. I should not make the context of the context o come to me."

"Alan, it was murder. I killed him. You don't know what he had made me suffic. Whatever my life is, he had more to do with the making or the marring of it than poor Harry has had. He may not have intended it, the result was the same."

"Murder! Good God, Dorian, is that what you have come to? I shall not inform upon you. It is not my business. Besides, without my stirring in the matter, you are certain to be arrested. Nobody ever commits a crime without doing something stupid. But I will have nothing to do with it."

"You must have something to do with it. Wait, wall a moment, listen to me. Only laten, Alars. All I ask of you is to perform a certain somethine spenimer. Vari up to he hospitals and dead-houses, and the somethine spenimer with a somethine spenimer and dead-houses, and the same layer of the somethine spenimer with the spenimer with th would not turn a nair. You would not believe that you were doing anything wrong. On the contrary, you would probably feel that you were benefiting the human race, or increasing the sum of knowledge in the world, or graftlying intellectual curiosity, or something of that kind. What I want you to do is merely what you have often done before. Indeed, to destroy a body must be far less hornible than what you are

"I have no desire to help you. You forget that. I am simply indifferent to the whole thing. It has nothing to do with me:

\*Alan, I entreat you. Think of the position I am in. Just before y came I almost fainted with terror. You may know terror yourself day. Not don't think of that. Look at the matter purely from the scientific point of view. You don't inquire where the dead things on which you experiment come from. Don't inquire now. I have told you too much as it is. But I beg of you to do this. We were friends once,

\*Don't speak about those days, Dorian-they are dead."

"The dead linger sometimes. The man upstairs will not go away. He is sitting at the table with bowed head and outstretched arms. Alan! Alan! If you don't come to my assistance, I am ruined. Why, they will hang me, Alan! Don't you understand? They will hang me for what I have done."

"There is no good in prolonging this scene. I absolutely refuse to do anything in the matter. It is insane of you to ask me."

"You refuse?"

\*I entreat you, Alan. "It is useless."

The same look of pity came into Dorian Gray's eyes. Then he st out his hand, took a piece of paper, and wrote something on it. I read it over twice, folded it carefully, and pushed it across the table. Having done this, he got up and went over to the window.

After two or three minutes of terrible silence. Dorian turned round and came and stood behind him, putting his hand upon his shoulder

"I am so sorry for you, Alan," he murmured, "but you leave me no alternative. I have a letter written aiready. Here it is. You see the address. If you don't help me, I must send it. If you don't help me, I will send it. You know what the result will be. But you are ging to help me. It is impossible for you to release will use. So, you are going to help me. It is impossible for you to release now. I tried to spare you. You will do me the justice to admit that. You were sten harsh, offensive. You treated me as no man has ever dared to be: me—no living man, at any rate. I bore it all. Now it is for me to dictate terms."

Campbell buried his face in his hands, and a shudder passed through him

"Yes, it is my turn to dictate terms, Alan. You know what they are.
The thing is quite simple. Come, don't work yourself into this fever
The thing has to be done. Face it, and do it."

Agroan broke from Campbell's lips and he shivered all over. The ticking of the clock on the mantelplece seemed to him to be dividing time into separate atoms of agony, each of which was too terrible to bit borne. He felt as if an iron ring was being slowly tightened round his forehead, as if the disgrace with which he was threatened had alread come upon him. The hand upon his shoulder weighed like a hand of lead It was intolerable. It seemed to crush him.

"Come Alan you must decide at once "

"I cannot do it," he said, mechanically, as though words could alter

"You must. You have no choice. Don't delay."

He hesitated a moment. \*Is there a fire in the room upstairs?

"I shall have to go home and get some things from the laboratory."

"No, Alan, you must not leave the house. Write out on a sheet of notepaper what you want and my servant will take a cab and bring the things back to you."

Campbell scrawled a few lines, blotted them, and addressed an envelope to his assistant. Dorian took the note up and read it carefully. Then he rang the bell and gave it to his valet, with orders to return as soon as possible and to bring the things with him. As the hall door shut, Campbell started nervously, and having got up from the chair, went over to the chimney-piece. He was shivering with a kind of ague. For enearly twenty minutes, neither of the men spoke. A fly buzzed noisily about the room, and the ticking of the clock was

like the heat of a hammer As the chime struck one, Campbell turned round, and looking at D Gray, saw that his eyes were filled with bears. There was something the purity and refinement of that sad face that seemed to enrage h "You are inflamous,

doing what I am going to do-what you have culminated in crime. In doing what I am thinking."

"Ah, Alan," murmured Dorian with a sigh, "I wish you had a thousandth part of the pily for me that I have for you." He turned away as he spoke and stood looking out at the garden. Campbell made no answer

After about ten minutes a knock came to the door, and the servant entered, carrying a large mahogany chest of chemicals, with a long coil of steel and platinum wire and two rather curiously shaped iron clamps.

"Shall I leave the things here, sir?" he asked Campbell

"Yes-Harden. You must go down to Richmond at once, see Harden "res-Harnen. You must go cown to Nicommona at once, see Harnen personally, and tell him to send twice as many cribids as I ordered, and to have as few white ones as possible. In fact, I don't want any white ones. It is a lovely day, Francis, and Richmond is a very pretty place—otherwise I wouldn't bother you about it."

"No trouble, sir. At what time shall I be back?

Dorian looked at Campbell. "How long will your experiment take, Alan?" he said in a calm indifferent voice. The presence of a third person in the room seemed to give him extraordinary courage.

Campbell frowned and bit his lip. "It will take about five hours," he

"It will be time enough, then, if you are back at half-past seven, Francis. Or stay: just leave my things out for dressing. You can have the evening to yourself. I am not dining at home, so I shall not

"Now, Alan, there is not a moment to be lost. How heavy this chest is! I'll take it for you. You bring the other things." He spoke rapidly and in an authoritative manner. Campbell felt dominated by him. They left the room together.

it in the lock. Then he stopped, and a troubled look came into his eyes. He shuddered. "I don't think I can go in, Alan," he murmured.

Dorian half opened the door. As he did so, he saw the face of his portrait leering in the sunlight. On the floor in front of it the torn curtain was lying. He remembered that the night before he had forgotten, for the first time in his life, to hide the fatal canvas,

What was that loathsome red dew that gleamed, wet and glisteni one of the hands, as though the canvas had sweated blood? Ho it was!--more horrible, it seemed to him for the moment, than the It was:--more normole, it seemed to rism for the moment, man the silent thing that he knew was stretched across the table, the thing whose grotesque misshapen shadow on the spotted carpet showed him tha it had not stirred, but was still there, as he had left it.

He beaved a deep breath, opened the door a little wider, and with half-closed eyes and averted head, walked quickly in, determined that he would not look even once upon the dead man. Then, stooping down and taking up the gold-and-purple hanging, he flung it right over the

There he stopped, feeling afraid to turn round, and his eyes fixed themselves on the intricacles of the pattern before him. He heard Campbell bringing in the heavy chest, and the irons, and the other things that he had required for his dreadful work. He began to we if he and Baail Hallward had ever met, and, if so, what they had thought of each other.

He turned and hurried out, just conscious that the dead man had been thrust back into the chair and that Campbell was gazing into a glistening yellow face. As he was going downstairs, he heard the key being turned in the lock.

It was long after seven when Campbell came back into the library. He was pale, but absolutely calm. "I have done what you asked me to do, he muttered. "And now, good-bye. Let us never see each other again." "You have saved me from ruin, Alan. I cannot forget that," said Dorian

As soon as Campbell had left, he went upstairs. There was a horrible smell of nitric acid in the room. But the thing that had been sitting at the table was gone.

That evening, at eight-thirty, exquisitely dressed and wearing a large button-hole of Parma violets, Dorian Gray was ushered into Lady button-hole of Parma violets, Dorian Gray was ushered into Lady Nachrorupifs rewing-room by bowing servants. It is forehead was throbbing with maddened nerves, and he felt wildly excited, but his manner as he bent over his hostess's hand was as easy and gracefie ever. Perhaps one never seems so much at one's ease as when on play a part. Certainly no one looking at Dorian Gray that night could pilay a part. Certainly no one looking at Dorina Gray that night could have believed that he had passed frouchg a trapedy a hornible as any trapedy of our age. Those finely shaped fingers could never have cluththed a hintle for sin, nor those small right shaped and our God and goodness. He hinself could not help wondering at the calin of his demonstrate of the country of the shaped of the country of the

It was a small party, got up rather in a hurry by Lady Narborougi was a very clever woman with what Lord Henry used to describ remains of really remarkable ugliness. She had proved an exce wife to one of our most tedious ambassadors, and having buriet husband properly in a marble mausoleum, which she had herself designed

Dorian was one of her especial favourites, and she always told him that Dorain was one of the responsit favourities, and she always told him that she was extremely glad she had not met him in early file. "I know, my dear, I should have fallen madly in love with you," she used to say, "and thrown my bonnet sight over the mills or your sake. It is most fortunate that you were not thought of at the time. As it was, our bonnets were so unbecoming, and the mills were so occupied in trying to raise the wind, that I never had even a liftration with anybody. However, that was all Narborough's fault. He was dreadfully short-sighted, and there is no pleasure in taking in a husband who never sees anything."

Her guests this evening were rather tedious. The fact was, as she explained to Dorian, behind a very shabby fan, one of her married daughters had come up quite suddenly to stay with her, and, to make matters worse, had actually brought her husband with her. "I think it

is most unkind of her, my deix," she whispered. "Of course I go and of stay with here nevry summer after I come from inchrousing, but here never summer after I come from inchrousing, but never a course like rem unter unbe thank at sometime, and bedautif, teally wait pare unablibrated county life. They got up early, because hery have so much to flox, and go be dearly, hecause flow have to life to think about. There has not been as sandral in the neighbourhood since the time of Queen Elisabeth, and corsequently hery all till askeps the follows. You shark sol never have the new Queen Elisabeth, and corsequently they all till askeps after delines. You shark sol never deliner of them. You shall sot by me and muses me."

Dotan nummerd a graceful congliment and looked mount the norm. Yes: it was cettivity a tectious party. Two of the people the flad orient seems that the mount of the people the flad orient seems that the third or the people the flad orient seems that are thoroughly disliked by their ferrids. Lady Routon, an overelessed woman of flory seems, with a bodde note, who was always overelessed woman of flory seems, with a bodde note, who was always to repeat disapportment no one would not believe as infring paginat her from the flory that the flory seen, are never remembered; and her husband, a red-cheeki white-whiskered creature who, like so many of his class, was impression that inordinate joviality can atone for an entire lad

He was rather sorry he had come, till Lady Narborough, looking at the rise was raises suity in lad coller, is rapy reactivosing, looking at the great ormologiit clock that sprawled in gaudy curves on the maure-draped manifelshelf, exclaimed: "How horrid of Henry Wotton to be so late! I sent round to him this moming on chance and he promised faithfully not to disappoint me."

It was some consolation that Harry was to be there, and when the door opened and he heard his slow musical voice lending charm to some insincere apology, he ceased to feel bored.

But at dinner he could not eat anything. Plate after plate went away untasted. Lady Narborough kept scolding him for what she called "an insult to poor Adolphe, who invented the \_menu\_ specially for you," and now and then Lord Henry locked across at him, wondering at his silence

and abstracted manner. From time to time the butler filled his glass with champagne. He drank eagerly, and his thirst seemed to increa

"Dorian," said Lord Henry at last, as the \_chaud-froid\_ was being round, "what is the matter with you to-night? You are quite out of

"Dear Lady Narborough," murmured Dorian, smiling, "I have not been in love for a whole week-not, in fact, since Madame de Ferrol left town."

"How you men can fall in love with that woman!" exclaimed the old lady. "I really cannot understand it."

"She does not remember my short frocks at all, Lord Henry. But I remember her very well at Vienna thirty years ago, and how \_decollete\_ she was then." "She is still\_decolletee\_" he answered, taking an olive in his long fingers; "and when she is in a very smart gown she looks like an \_\_edition de luxe\_ of a bad French novel. She is really wonderful, and full of surprises. Her capacity for finity affection is extraordinary. When her third husband died, her hair turned quite gold from grief."

"How can you Harry!" cried Dorian "It is a most romantic explanation," laughed the hostess. "But her third husband, Lord Henry! You don't mean to say Ferrol is the fourth?

"Certainly, Lady Narborough." "I don't believe a word of it."

"She assures me so, Lady Narborough," said Dorian. "I asked her whether, like Marguerite de Navarre, she had their hearts embalmed and hung at her girdle. She told me she didn't, because none of them had had any hearts at all."

\*Four husbands! Upon my word that is \_trop de zele \_.

\*\_Trop d'audace\_, I tell her,\* said Dorian

"Oh! she is audacious enough for anything, my dear. And what is Ferrol like? I don't know him."

"The husbands of very beautiful women belong to the criminal classes," said Lord Henry, sipping his wine.

Lady Narborough hit him with her fan. "Lord Henry, I am not at all surprised that the world says that you are extremely wicked."

"But what world says that?" asked Lord Henry, elevating his eyebrows "It can only be the next world. This world and I are on excellent terms."

"Everybody I know says you are very wicked," cried the old lady, shaking her head.

Lord Henry looked serious for some moments. "It is perfectly monstrous," he said, at last, "the way people go about nowadays say things against one behind one's back that are absolutely and entirely true."

"Isn't he incorrigible?" cried Dorian, leaning forward in his chair

"I hope so," said his hostess, laughing. "But really, if you all worship Madame de Ferrol in this ridiculous way, I shall have to marry again so as to be in the fashion."

detested her first husband. When a man marries again, it is because adored his first wife. Women try their luck; men risk theirs."

"Narborough wasn't perfect," cried the old lady

"If he had been, you would not have loved him, my dear lady," was the rejoinder. "Women love us for our defects. If we have enough of them, they will forgive us everything, even our intellects. You will never ask me to dinner again after saying this, I am afraid, Lady Narborough, but it is quite true."

"Of course it is true, Lord Henry. If we women did not love you for your defects, where would you all be? Not one of you would ever be married. You would be a set of unfortunate bachelors. Not, however, that that would alter you much. Nowadays all the married men live like bachelors, and all the bachelors like married men

"I wish it were \_fin du globe\_," said Dorian with a sigh. "Life is a great disappointment."

"Ah, my dear," cried Lady Narborough, putting on her gloves, "don't tell me that you have exhausted life. When a man says that one knows that life has exhausted him. Lord Henry is very wicked, and I sometimes with that I had been; but you are made to be good—you look so good. Insust find you a rice wife. Lord Henry, don't you think that IM: Gray should get married?"

"I am always telling him so, Lady Narborough," said Lord Henry with a

"Well, we must look out for a suitable match for him. I shall go through Debrett carefully to-night and draw out a list of all the eligible young ladies."

"With their ages, Lady Narborough?" asked Dorian

urse, with their ages, slightly edited. But nothing must be don

"What nonsense people talk about happy marriages!" exclaimed Lord Henry. "A man can be happy with any woman, as long as he does not love her."

\*Ah! what a cynic you are!" cried the old lady, pushing back her chair and nodding to Lady Ruxton. "You must come and dine with me soon again. You are really an admirable tonic, much better than what Sir Andrew prescribes for me. You must tell me what people you would like to meet, though. I want it to be a delightful gathering."

"I like men who have a future and women who have a past," he answered.
"Or do you think that would make it a petitional party?"

I fear so," she said, laughing, as she stood up. "A thousand pardons, my dear Lady Ruxton," she added, "I didn't see you hadn't finished you icarette."

"Never mind, Lady Narborough. I smoke a great deal too much. I am going to limit myself, for the future."

"Pray don"t, Lady Ruxton," said Lord Henry. "Moderation is a fatal thing. Enough is as bad as a meal. More than enough is as good as a feast."

Lady Ruxton glanced at him curiously. "You must come and explain that to me some afternoon, Lord Henry. It sounds a fascinating theory," she murmured, as she swept out of the room.

"Now, mind you don't stay too long over your politics and scandal, cried Lady Narborough from the door. "If you do, we are sure to

The men laughed, and Mr. Chapman got up solemnly from the foot of the table and came up to the top. Dorian Gray changed his seat and went and sat by Lord Henry. Mr. Chapman began to talk in a load vioice about the situation in the House of Commons. He guffaved at his adversaries. The word doctrinate—word full of terror to the British mind-reappeared from time to time between his explosions. An

alliterative prefix served as an omament of oratory. He hoisted the Union Jack on the pinnacles of thought. The inherited stupidity of the race—sound English common sense he jovially termed it—was shown to be the proper bulwark for society.

A smile curved Lord Henry's lips, and he turned round and looked at

"Are you better, my dear fellow?" he asked. "You seemed rather out of sorts at dinner."

"I am quite well, Harry. I am tired. That is all.

"You were charming last night. The little duchess is quite devoted to you. She tells me she is going down to Selby."

She has promised to come on the two

"Oh, yes, Harry."

"He bores me dreadfully, almost as much as he bores her. She is very clever, too dever for a woman. She lacks the indefinable charm of weakness. It is the feet of clay that make the gold of the image precious. Her feet are very prefty, but they are not feet of day. White procable feet, if you like. They have been through the fire, and what fire does not destroy, it hardens. She has had experiences."

"How long has she been married?" asked Dorian

"An eternity, she tells me. I believe, according to the peerage, it is ten years, but ten years with Monmouth must have been like eternity, with time thrown in. Who else is coming?"

"Oh, the Willoughbys, Lord Rugby and his wife, our hostess, Geoffrey Clouston, the usual set. I have asked Lord Grofrian."

"I like him," said Lord Henry. "A great many people don't, but I find him charming. He atones for being occasionally somewhat overdre being always absolutely over-educated. He is a very modern type."

"I don't know if he will be able to come, Harry. He may have to go to Monte Carlo with his father."

"Ahl what a nuisance people's people are! Try and make him come. By the way, Dorian, you ran off very early last night. You left before eleven. What did you do afterwards? Did you go straight home?"

Dorian glanced at him hurriedly and frowned.

"No, Harry," he said at last, "I did not get home till nearly three."

"Yes," he answered. Then he bit his ip. "No, I don't mean fhat. I didn't go to the club. I walked about. I forget what I did... How inquisitive you are, Harrly You always want to know what one has been doing. I always want to forget what I have been doing. I came in at half-past kno, if you wish to know the exact time. I had left my latch-key at home, and my servant had to let me in. I'vgo want any

Lord Henry shrugged his shoulders. "My dear fellow, as if I cared! Let us go up to the drawing-room. No sherry, thank you, Mr. Chapman Something has happened to you, Dorian. Tell me what it is. You are not yourself to night."

"Don't mind me, Harry. I am irritable, and out of temper. I shall come round and see you to-morrow, or next day. Make my excuses to Lady Narborough. I shan't go upstairs. I shall go home. I must go home."

\*All right, Dorian. I dare say I shall see you to-morrow at tea-time.

"I will try to be there, Harry," he said, leaving the room. As he drove back to his own house, he was conscious that the sense of terror he thought he had strangled had come back to hirt. Lord Henry's casual questioning had made him lose his nerve for the moment, and he wanted his nerve still. Things that were dangerous had to be destroyed. He winced. He hated the idea of even touching them.

Yet it had to be done. He realized that, and when he had locked the door of his library, he opened the secret press into which he had frownth State Hallends coul and bag. A higher he was bitaring. He was bearing, He was bearing. He was bearing, He was bearing, He was bearing. He was bearing, He was bearing with the was bearing wit

Suddenly he started. His eyes grew strangely bright, and he gnawed nervously at his underlip. Between two of the windows stood a large Florentine cabine, made out of below paid in laid with livory and blue lapis. He watched it as though it were a thing that could fascinate and make afraid, as though it held something that he longed for and yet almost loathed. His breath quickened. A mad craving came over him. almost loathed. His breash quickemed. A mad craving came one him the list a alguent ear from there of rawn, His eyelish directoped till. He cabined. At last he got up from the soft on which he hald been three cabined. At last he got up from the soft on which he hald been representative to the soft of the spring. A throughter drawer passed slowly out. His fingers moved restrictively lowest C. (Appel in ., and closed on something. It was a three sides patherned with curved waves, and the silken crocks hang with the sides patherned with curved waves, and the silken crocks hang with mund crystals and tesselled in plaider madel Preads. He opened it.

He hesitated for some moments, with a strangely immobile smile upon his face. Then shivering, though the atmosphere of the room was terribly hot, he dere himself up and glanced at the clock. It was twenty minutes to twelve. He put the box back, shutting the cabinet doors as be did not not be shirtly and the box back, shutting the cabinet doors as he did so, and went into his bedroom

As midnight was striking bronze blows upon the dusky air, Dorian Gray, dressed commonly, and with a muffler wrapped round his throat, crept quetily out of his house. In Bond Street he found a hansom with a good horse. He halfed it and in a low voice gave the driver an address.

The man shook his head. "It is too far for me," he mu

"Here is a sovereign for you," said Dorian. "You shall have

"All right, sir," answered the man, "you will be there in an hour," and after his fare had got in he turned his horse round and drove rapidly towards the river.

### CHAPTER 16

A cold rain began to fall, and the blurred street-lamps looked ghastly in the dripping mist. The public-houses were just closing, and dim men and women were clustering in broken groups round their doors. From some of the bars came the sound of horible laughter. In others, drunkards brawled and screamed.

Lying back in the hansom, with his hat pulled over his forehead, Dorian Gray watched with listless eyes the sordid shame of the great city, and now and then he repeated to himself the words that Lord Henry had sa to him on the first day they had met, "To cure the soul by means of the nses, and the senses by means of the soul." Yes, that was the secret. He had often tried it, and would try it again now. There were opium dens where one could buy oblivion, dens of horror where the memory of old sins could be destroyed by the madness of sins that w

The moon hung low in the sky like a yellow skull. From time to time a The moor many own in use six de years was consistent of the a huge misshaper cloud stretched a long arm across and hid it. The gas-lamps grew fearer, and the strets more narrow and glow. Once the man lost his way and had to drive back half a mile. A steam rose from the horse as it splashed up the puddles. The sidewindows of the hansom were clogged with a grey-flamed miss.

"To cure the soul by means of the senses, and the senses by means of the soul!" How the words rang in his ears! His soul, certainly, was sick to death. Was it true that the senses could cure it? Innocent sick to death. Was it true that the senses could cure it? Innocent blood had been spilled. What could atone for that? Ah! for that there blood had been spilled. What could atome for user yet not sell used when was no atomement; but though forgiveness was impossible, forgefatiness was possible still, and he was determined to forget, to stamp the thing out, to crush it as one would crush the adder that had stung one.

Indeed with a triath had Basil to have spoken to him as he had done? Wh had made him a judge over others? He had said things that were dreadful, horrible, not to be endured.

On and on plodded the hansom, going slower, it seemed to him, at each step. He thrust up the trap and called to the man to drive faster. step. He thrust up the trap and cased to the man to drive tasset.

The hideous hunger for opium began to gnaw at him. His throat burned and his delicate hands twitched nervously together. He struck at the horse madly with his stick. The driver laughed and whipped up. He laughed in answer, and the man was silent.

The way seemed interminable, and the streets like the black web of some sprawling spider. The monotony became unbearable, and as the mist thickened, he felt afraid.

Then they passed by lonely brickfields. The fog was lighter here, and he could see the strange, bottle-shaped kilns with their crange, familke longues of fre. A fog barked as they went by, and far away in the darkness some wandering sea-gull screamed. The horse stumbled nut, then swerved aside and broke into a gallop.

After some time they left the clay road and rattled again over After some time they let the cay road and ramed again over rough-paves streets. Most of the viniciones were dark, but now and then fantastic shadows were sishouethed against some lampit blind. He watched them cusiously. They moved like monatrous marionettes and made gestures like live things. He hated them. A dull rage was in his beart. As they turned a comer, a woman yield commelting at them from open door, and two men ran after the hansom for about a hundred yards. The driver beat at them with his whip.

It is said that passion makes one think in a circle. Certainly with hideous transition the billion found from Guy shaped and restandand hideous transition the properties of the control Guy shaped and restandand from the first appearance of the control Guy shaped and passified, by intellectual approval, passions that without such justification would suppose, passions that without such justification would be control to the control of the c

vivid, in their intense actuality of impression, than all the gracious shapes of art, the dreamy shadows of song. They were what he net for forcetfulness. In three days he would be free.

Suddenly the man drew up with a lerk at the top of a dark lane. Over the low roofs and jagged chimney-stacks of the houses rose the black masts of ships. Wreaths of white mist clung like ghostly sails to the

"Somewhere about here, sir, ain't it?" he asked huskily through the

Dorian started and peered mund. "This will do," he answered, and having got out hastily and given the driver the extra fare he had promised him, he waked quickly in the direction of the quay. Here and there a lantern gleamed at the stem of some huge merchantman. The light shook and spinitered in the puddles. A red given came from a continuation of the puddles. A red given came from an outware bound sharmer that was cooling. The silmy prevenent looked i

He hurried on towards the left, glancing back now and then to see if he was being followed. In about seven or eight minutes he reached a small shabby house that was wedged in between two goant factories. In one or the top-windows stood a lamp. He stopped and gave a peculiar knock.

After a little time he heard steps in the passage and the chain being After a life time he heard steps in the passage and the chain being unbooked. The door opened quelty, and he went in without saying a word to the squat mischapen figure that flattened itself into the shadow as he passed. At the end of the hall hung a lattered green curtain that swayed and shook in the gusty wind which had followed him in from the street. He dragged it aside and entered a long low room which looked as if it had once been a third-rate dancing-salson. Strill when the street is the street of the laring gas-jets, dulled and distorted in the fly-blown mirrors that faced them, were ranged round the walls. Greasy reflectors of ribbed tin backed them, making quivering disks of light. The floor was covered with ochre-coloured sawdust, trampled here and there into mud and stained with dark rings of spilled liquor. Some Malays were crouching by a little charcoal stove, playing with bone counters and showing their white teeth as they chattered. In one corner, with his head buried in his arms, a sailor sprawled over a table, and by the

haggard women, mocking an old man who was brushing the sleeves of his coat with an expression of diagust. "He thinks he's got red ants on him," laughed one of them, as Dorian passed by. The man looked at her in terror and began to whimper.

At the end of the room there was a little staircase, leading to a darkened chamber. As Dorian hurried up its three rickety steps, heavy odour of opium met him. He heaved a deep breath, and it nostrils quivered with pleasure. When he entered, a young man smooth yellow hair, who was bending over a lamp lighting a long thin pipe, looked up at him and nodded in a hesitating manner.

"Where else should I be?" he answered, listlessly. "None of the chaps will speak to me now."

"Darlington is not going to do anything. My brother paid the bill at last. George doesn't speak to me either... I don't care," he added with a sigh. "As long as one has this stuff, one doesn't want friends. I think I have had too many friends."

Dotton winced and bolded cound at the grotesque things that by in such fentatic posities on the ragged matteress. The beliefed finite, the group mouths, the string fundament and the string property mouths, the string hashess eyes, becaused them. He knew that the property mouths are the property mouths and the propert

"I am going on to the other place," he said after a pause

"On the wharf?

"That mad-cat is sure to be there. They won't have her in this place

Dorian shrugged his shoulders. "I am sick of women who love one. Women who hate one are much more interesting. Besides, the stuff is better."

"Much the same."

"I like it better. Come and have something to drink. I must have something."

"I don't want anything," murmured the young mar

"Never mind "

Adrian Singleton rose up wearily and followed Dorian to the bar. A half-caste, in a ragged turban and a shabby utster, grinned a hideous greeting as he thrust a bottle of brandy and two tumblers in front of them. The wome

A crooked smile, like a Malay crease, writhed across the face of one of the women. "We are very proud to-night," she sneered.

"For God's sake don't talk to me," cried Dorian, stamping his foot on the ground. "What do you want? Money? Here it is. Don't ever talk to me again." Two red sparks flashed for a moment in the woman's sodden eyes, then flickered out and left them dull and glazed. She tossed her head and raked the coins off the counter with greedy fingers. Her companion watched her envirously.

"It's no use," sighed Adrian Singleton. "I don't care to go back. What does it matter? I am quite happy here."

"You will write to me if you want anything, won't you?" said Dorian, after a pause.

"Good night," answered the young man, passing up the steps and wiping his parched mouth with a handkerchief.

Dorian walked to the door with a look of pain in his face. As he drew the curtain aside, a hideous laugh broke from the painted lips of the woman who had taken his money. 'There goes the devil's bargain!' she hiccoughed, in a hoarse voice.

"Curse you!" he answered, "don't call me that."

There are moments, psychologists tell us, when the passion for sin, or for what the world calls in, so doministes a nature that every fibre of the body, as every office of the train, seems to be inertial with featural world. The properties of the train when the passion of the train when the passion of the passion will. They move to their traints or off an adomination move. Other is therefore the passion of t

Calous, concentrated on evil, with stained mind, and soul hungry for rebellion, Dorian Gray hastened on, quickening his step as he went, but as he darted acide into a dim anchine, yith and served him find has a short cut to the III-famed place where he was going, he felt himself sudderly sized from behind, and before he had time to defend himself he was thrust back against the wall, with a brutal hand round his throat.

He struggled madly for life, and by a terrible effort wrenched the tightening fingers away. In a second he heard the click of a revolver, and saw the gleam of a polished barrel, pointing straight at his head, and the dusky form of a short, thick-set man facing him.

"What do you want?" he gasped

to-night you are going to die."

"Keep quiet," said the man. "If you stir, I shoot you."

"You wrecked the life of Sibyl Vane," was the answer, "and Sibyl Vane was my sider. She killed herself. I know it. Her death is at your door. I swore it would kill you in return. For years I have sought you. I had no clue, no trace. The two people who could have described you were doad. I knew nothing of you but the pet name she used by you. I head it I chinglis by chance. Make you peace with God, for

"You had better confess your sin, for as sure as I am James Vane, you are going to die." There was a horrible moment. Dorian did not know what to say or do. "Down on your knees!" growled the man. "I give you

Dorian's arms fell to his side. Paralysed with terror, he did not know what to do. Suddenly a wild hope flashed across his brain. "Stop," he cried. "How long ago is it since your sister died? 'Quick, tell me!"

"Eighteen years," said the man. "Why do you ask me? What do years matter?"

"Eighteen years," laughed Dorian Gray, with a touch of triumph in his voice. "Eighteen years! Set me under the lamp and look at my face!"

James Vane hesitated for a moment, not understanding what was meant. Then he seized Dorian Gray and dragged him from the archway. Dim and wavering as was the wind-blown light, yet it served to show hin Dim and wavering as was the wind-blown light, yet it served to show hi the hideous error, as it seemed, into which he had fallen, for the face of the man he had sought to kill had all the bloom of boyhood, all the unstained putryl of youth. He seemed little more than a lad of twenty summers, hardly older, if older indeed at all, than his sister had been when they had parted so many years ago. It was obvious that this war not the man who had destroyed her life.

He loosened his hold and reeled back. "My God! my God!" he cried, "and I would have murriared you!"

Dorian Gray drew a long breath. "You have been on the brink of committing a terrible crime, my man," he said, looking at him sternly "Let this be a warning to you not to take vengeance into your own

"Forgive me, sir," muttered James Vane. "I was deceived. A chance word I heard in that damned den set me on the wrong track."

"You had better go home and put that pistol away, or you may get into trouble," said Dorian, turning on his heel and going slowly down the

James Vane stood on the pavement in horror. He was trembling from head to foot. After a little while, a black shadow that had been creeping along the disping wall moved out into the light and came close to him with steathly tootsteps. He felt a hand laid on his arm and looked round with a start. It was one of the women who had been dinking at

"He is not the man I am looking for," he answered, "and I want no man's morey. I want a man's life. The man whose life I want must be nearly forly now. This one is little more than a boy. Thank God, I have not got his blood upon my hands."

The woman gave a bitter laugh. "Little more than a boy!" she sneered. 
"Why, man, it's nigh on eighteen years since Prince Charming made me what I am."

"You lie!" cried James Vane. She raised her hand up to heaven. "Before God I am telling the truth," she cried.

\*Strike me dumb if it ain't so. He is the worst one that comes here. They say he has sold himself to the devil for a pretty face. It's night on eighteen years since I met him. He hasn't changed much since then. I have, though," she added, with a sickly leer.

"I swear it," came in hoarse echo from her flat mouth. "But don't give me away to him," she whined; "I am afraid of him. Let me have some money for my night's lodging."

He broke from her with an oath and rushed to the corner of the street, but Dorian Gray had disappeared. When he looked back, the woman had

CHAPTER 17

A week later Dorian Gray was sitting in the conservatory at Selby Royal, talking to the pretty Duchess of Monmouth, who with her husbs a jaded-looking man of sixty, was amongst his guests. It was tea-time

and the mollow light of the huge, Looe-covered lamp that about on the table it to phe edicate orbin and harmened silver of the service at all when the duches some particips, level whe hardware the novel capital which the duches some particips, level whe hardware the novel particips of the particips of the particips of the participation of the

"What are you two talking about?" said Lord Henry, strolling over to the table and putting his cup down. "I hope Dorian has told you abo my plan for rechristening everything, Gladys. It is a delightful idea."

"My dear Gladys, I would not alter either name for the world. They are both perfect. I was thinking chiefly of flowers. Yesterday! cut an orchif, for my button-hole. It was a mavellous spetched thing, as effective as the seven deadly sins. In a thoughtless moment I asked one of the gardeners what it was called. He told me it was a fine specimen of "Robinsoniana", or something dreadful of that kind. It is a specimen of Robinsoniana, or something dreadful of that kind. It is a said truth, but we have lost the faculty of glving lovely names to things. Names are everything. I never quarrel with actions. My one quarrel is with words. That is the reason I hate vulgar realism in ilterature. The man who could call a spade a spade should be compelled to use one. It is the only thing he is fit for."

"Then what should we call you, Harry?" she asked

"I recognize him in a flash," exclaimed the duchess

"I won't hear of it," laughed Lord Henry, sinking into a chair. "From a label there is no escape! I refuse the title."

alties may not abdicate," fell as a warning from pretty lips.

"Yes."

\*I give the truths of to-morrow.

"You disarm me, Gladys," he cried, catching the wilfulness of her mood.

"I never tilt against beauty," he said, with a wave of his hand.

\*That is your error, Harry, believe me. You value beauty far too much. "How can you say that? I admit that I think that it is better to be beautiful than to be good. But on the other hand, no one is more ready than I am to acknowledge that it is better to be good than to be ugly."

"Ugliness is one of the seven deadly virtues, Gladys. You, as a good Tory, must not underrate them. Beer, the Bible, and the seven deadly virtues have made our England what she is."

"You don't like your country, then?" she asked

"What do they say of us?"

"That you may censure it the better."

\*That Tartuffe has emigrated to England and opened a shop.

She snapped her fingers. "Prince Charming is what you like to be called, ain't it?" she yelled after him.

The drowsy sallor leaped to his feet as she spoke, and looked wildly round. The sound of the shutting of the hall door fell on his ear. He rushed out as if in pursuit.

Dotas Gray hurried along the quay through the discriling rain. His meeting with Adam Singletion had strangely moved him, and he wordered if the run of that youngle less areally to lead at his door, as the less than the control of the run of that youngle was sensely to lead at his door, as he had been as the sense of the less than the le

"I could not use it. It is too true."

"You need not be afraid. Our countrymen never recognize a description

"They are more cunning than practical. When they make up their ledger, they balance stupidity by wealth, and vice by hypocrisy."

"Still, we have done great things "Great things have been thrust on us, Gladys."

"We have carried their burden. "Only as far as the Stock Exchange She shook her head. "I believe in the race," she cried.

"It has development."

"Decay fascinates me more." "It is a malady

"Love? "An illusion."

"Religion?"

Dorian Gray grew sick with fear. "I never knew her," he stammered. "I never heard of her. You are mad."

more expected to arrive on the next day

"His name is Prince Paradox," said Dorian

"Never! Scepticism is the beginning of faith."

"What are you?"

"Give me a due."

\*Threads snap. You would lose your way in the labyrinth.

"You bewilder me. Let us talk of some one else."

"Our host is a delightful topic. Years ago he was christened Prince Charming."

"Our host is rather horrid this evening," answered the duchess, colouring. "I believe he thinks that Monmouth married me on purely scientific principles as the best specimen he could find of a modern butterfly."

"Well, I hope he won't stick pins into you, Duchess," laughed Doria

"Oh! my maid does that already, Mr. Gray, when she is annoyed with me."

"For the most trivial things, Mr. Gray, I assure you. Usually because I come in at ten minutes to nine and tell her that I must be dressed by half-past eight."

"How unreasonable of her! You should give her warning."

"I daren't, Mr. Gray. Why, she invents hats for me. You remember the one I wore at Lady Histone's garden-party? You don't, but it is nice of you to pretend that you do. Well, she made it out of nothing. All good hats are made out of nothing."

"Not with women," said the duchess, shaking her head; "and women rule the world. I assure you we can't bear mediocrities. We women, as some one says, love with our ears, just as you men love with your eyes, if you ever love at all."

"It seems to me that we never do anything else," murmured Dorian.

"Ah! then, you never really love, Mr. Gray," answered the duchess with mock sadness.

"My dear Gladyst" cried Lord Henry. "How can you say that? Romance lives by repetition, and repetition converts an appetite into an art. Besides, each time that one loves is the only time on has ever loved. Difference of object does not after singleness of passion. It merely interacties it. We can have in life but one great experience at best, and the secent of life is to reproduce that experience as often as

"Even when one has been wounded by it, Harry?" asked the duchess after a pause.

"Especially when one has been wounded by it," answered Lord Henry.

The duchess turned and looked at Dorian Gray with a curious expression in her eyes. "What do you say to that, Mr. Gray?" she inquired.

Dorian hesitated for a moment. Then he threw his head back and laughed. "I always agree with Harry, Duchess."

"Harry is never wrong, Duchess."

"And does his philosophy make you happy?"

"And found it, Mr. Gray?"

\*Often. Too often.\*

The duchess sighed. "I am searching for peace," she said, "and if I don't go and dress, I shall have none this evening."

"Let me get you some orchids, Duchess," cried Dorian, starting to his feet and walking down the conservatory.

"You are firting disgracefully with him," said Lord Henry to his cousin. "You had better take care. He is very fascinating."

"If he were not, there would be no battle."

"I am on the side of the Trojans. They fought for a woman.

"There are worse things than capture," she answ

"You gallop with a loose rein."

"Pace gives life," was the \_riposte\_

"That a burnt child loves the fire."

"I am not even singed. My wings are untouched.

"You use them for everything, except flight."

\*Courage has passed from men to women. It is a new experience for us."

He laughed. "Lady Narborough," he whispered. "She perfectly adores him."

"You fill me with apprehension. The appeal to antiquity is fatal to us who are romanticists."

"Romanticists! You have all the methods of science.

"Describe us as a sex," was her challenge.

She looked at him, smiling. "How long Mr. Gray is!" she said. "Let us go and help him. I have not yet told him the colour of my frock."

"Ah! you must suit your frock to his flowers, Gladys

"Romantic art begins with its climax."

"They found safety in the desert. I could not do that."

"Women are not always allowed a choice," he answered, but hardly had he finished the sentence before from the far end of the conservatory came a sattled gran, followed by the dult sound of a heavy fall. Everybody started up. The duchess stood motionless in horror. And with fear in his eyes, Lord Henry rushed through the flapping palms to find Dorian Gray lying face downwards on the filed floor in a deathlike swoon.

He was carried at once into the blue drawing-room and faid upon one of the sofas. After a short time, he came to himself and looked round with a dazed expression.

"What has happened?" he asked. "Oh! I remember. Am I safe here, Harry?" He began to tremble.

"My dear Dorian," answered Lord Henry, "you merely fainted. That was all. You must have overtired yourself. You had better not come down to dinner. I will take your place."

"No, I will come down," he said, struggling to his feet. "I would rather come down. I must not be alone."

He went to his room and dressed. There was a wild recklessness of gaiety in his manner as he sat at table, but now and then a thrill of terror ran through him when he remembered that, pressed against the window of the conservatory, like a white handkerchief, he had seen t face of James Vane watching him.

The next day he did not leave the house, and, indeed, spent most of the indifferent to life test. The consciousness of being hunted, sweet, stacked down, he doesn't define the test of the spent to derinise him. The tepsets yield and stended down, he doesn't derive the sweet blown against tested down, he doesn't be store. The deal leaves that were blown against section of the spent of the sweet blown against the sail of the spent of the sweet blown against the sail of the spent of the sweet blown against the sail of the spent of the sweet blown against the sail of the spent of the sweet blown again the sail of the spent of the sweet blown against the sail of the sweet blown against the sail of the sweet blown again the sail of the sweet blown against the sweet blow

But perhaps it had been only his fancy that had called vengeance out of the night and set the hideous shapes of purishment before him. Actual like was chance, but there was something ten'by logical in the imagination. It was the imagination that set removes to dog the feet of sin. It was the imagination that make each crime bear its mischappen brood. In the common world of fact the wicked were not purished, not the good remarked. Souccess was given to the strong, fallers.

upon the wealt. That was all. Besides, had any stranger been prowling round the house, he would have been seen by the sevents or the keepers. Med any floor clears been found to the flower beefs, the sevents or the keepers. He was all the sevents of the sevents

And yet if it had been merely an illusion, how terrible it was to think that conscience could make such fished plantations, and give them that the second of and swathed in scarlet, rose the image of his sin. When Lord Henry came in at six o'clock, he found him crying as one whose heart will break.

has not did the filted day that he ventured to go out. There was something in the clear, prin-scontier day of that writer morning that seemed to bring his mobile his polycureas and his action for file. But seemed to bring his mobile his polycureas and his action for file. But seemed to the polycuread conditions of environment that has sort arguest that the scott for the main and mar the prediction of the continues of the state of any significant that has copied to main and mar the prediction of this collision. With sudde and finely waxquit temperaments it is always so. Their strong passions must often bruse or bent. They either slip the main, or theresteed dis Station scorross and shallow loses the con. The loses and somouth after a great and esteroly of his continue of the state of the something of pity and not a little of contempt

fter breakfast, he walked with the duchess for an hour in the garden nd then drove across the park to join the shooting-party. The crisp ost lay like salt upon the grass. The sky was an inverted cup of

## blue metal. A thin film of ice bordered the flat, reed-grown lake

At the corner of the pine-wood he caught sight of Sir Geoffrey Clouston, the duchess's brother, jerking two spent cartridges out of his gun. He jumped from the cart, and having lold the groom to take the mare home, made his way towards his guest through the withered bracken and rough undergrowth.

"Not very good, Dorian. I think most of the birds have gone to the open. I dare say it will be better after lunch, when we get to new ground."

Dorian strolled along by his side. The keen aromatic air, the brown and red lights that glimmered in the wood, the boarse cries of the beaters ringing out from line to lime, and the sharps range of the gurss that followed, isosinated him and filled him with a sense of delightful freedom. He was dominated by the carelessness of happiness, by the high indifference of lyor.

Suddenly from a lumpy tussock of old grass some twenty yards in front of them, with black-tipped ears erect and long hinder limbs throwing it forward, started a lane. It blotted for a flicket of allers. Sir Geoffrey put his gun to his shoulder, but there was something in the animal's grace of movement that strangely charmed Dorian Gray, and he cried out at once, "Don't shoot it, Geoffrey. Let it live."

"Good heavens! I have hit a beater!" exclaimed Sir Geoffrey. "What an ass the man was to get in front of the guns! Stop shooting there!" he called out at the top of his voice. "A man is hurt."

The head-keeper came running up with a stick in his hand

"Where, sir? Where is he?" he shouted. At the same time, the firing ceased along the line.

"Here," answered Sir Geoffrey angrily, hurrying towards the thicket.
"Why on earth don't you keep your men back? Spoiled my shooting for the day."

Dorian watched them as they plunged into the alder-clump, brushing the little awinging branches aside. In a few moments they energed, dragging a body after them into the suright. He turned away in horror. It seemed to him that misfortune followed wherever he went. He heard Sir Gooffrey ask if the man was really dead, and the affirmative answer of the keeper. The wood seemed to him to have become suddenly alive with faces. There was the trampling of myriad feet and the low buzz of voices. A great copper-breasted pheasant came beating through the

After a few moments—that were to him, in his perturbed state, like endless hours of pain—he felt a hand laid on his shoulder. He started and looked round.

"Dorian," said Lord Henry, "I had better tell them that the shooting is stopped for to-day. It would not look well to go on."

"I wish it were stopped for ever, Harry," he answered bitterly. "The whole thing is hideous and cruel. Is the man ...?"

He could not finish the sentence.

"I am afraid so," rejoined Lord Henry. "He got the whole charge of shot in his chest. He must have died almost instantaneously. Come; let us go home."

They walked side by side in the direction of the avenue for nearly fifty yards without speaking. Then Dorian looked at Lord Henry and said, with a heavy sigh, "It is a bad omen, Harry, a very bad omen."

"What is?" asked Lord Henry. "Oh! this accident, I suppose. My dear follow, it can't be helped. It was the man's own fault. Why did he get in front of the guard's Bealeise, it is nothing to us. It is rather awkward for Geoffrey, of course. It does not do to peoper beaters. It makes people think that one is a wild shot. And Geoffrey in not he shoots very straight. But there is no use failing about the matter."

Dorian shook his head. "It is a bad omen, Harry. I feel as if something horrible were going to happen to some of us. To myself, perhaps," he added, passing his hand over his eyes, with a gesture of pain.

The elder man laughed. "The only homble thing in the world is genui\_ Dotan. That is the ones infor which there is no logiveness. But we are not likely to self from it unless these fellows keep chattering about the thing at dimer. I must let the lent that the subject is to be tablooded. Als to remote here is no such thing and rome. Destiny closer size and ris terratiol. She is no write or to creat for that. We have the self-or the self-or that it is not to the self-or that the self-or that is not to the self-or that is not to the self-or that is not to the self-or that is not not that it is not to the self-or that is not not that it is not to the self-or that is not not that it is not to the self-or that is not not that the self-or that is not not that the self-or one who would not be delighted to change places with you."

moving behind the trees there, watching me, waiting for me

Lord Henry looked in the direction in which the trembling gloved hand was pointing. "Yes," he said, smiling, "I see the gardener waiting for you. I suppose he wants to ask you what flowers you wish to have on must come and see my doctor, when we get back to tow

Dorian heaved a sigh of relief as he saw the gardener approaching. The man touched his hat, glanced for a moment at Lord Henry in a hesitating manner, and then produced a letter, which he handed to his master. "Her Grace told me to wait for an answer," he mammured.

Dorian put the letter into his pocket. "Tell her Grace that I am coming in," he said, coldly. The man turned round and went rapidly in the direction of the house.

"How fond you are of saying dangerous things, Harry! In the present instance, you are quite astray. I like the duchess very much, but I don't love her."

"And the duchess loves you very much, but she likes you less, so you are excellently matched."

"You are talking scandal, Harry, and there is never any basis for scandal."

"The basis of every scandal is an immoral certainty," said Lord Henry, lighting a cigarette. "You would sacrifice anybody, Harry, for the sake of an epigram."

"The world goes to the altar of its own accord," was the answer "I wish I could love," cried Dorian Gray with a deep note of pathos in his voice. "But I seem to have lost the passion and forgotten the desire. I am too much concentrated on myself. My one personality become a burden to me. I want to escape, to go away, to forget. It was silly of me to come down here at all. I think is shall send a wire to Harvey to have the yacht got ready. On a yacht one is safe."

"Safe from what, Dorian? You are in some trouble. Why not tell me what it is? You know I would help you."

"I can't tell you, Harry," he answered sadly. "And I dare say it is only a fancy of mine. This unfortunate accident has upset me. I have a horrible presentiment that something of the kind may happen to me."

"I hope it is, but I can't help feeling it. Ahl here is the duchess, looking like Artemis in a tailor-made gown. You see we have come back, Duchess."

"Yes, it was very curious. I don't know what made me say it. So whim, I suppose. It looked the loveliest of little live things. But I am sorry they told you about the man. It is a hideous subject."

"It is an annoying subject," broke in Lord Henry. "It has no psychological value at all. Now if Geoffrey had done the thing on purpose, how interesting he would be! I should like to know som who had committed a real marder."

"How horrid of you, Harry!" cried the duchess. "Isn't it, Mr. Gray? Harry, Mr. Gray is ill again. He is going to faint."

Dorian drew himself up with an effort and smiled. "It is nothing, Duchess," he murmured, "my nerves are dreadfully out of order. That is all. I am afraid I walked too far this morning, I didn't hear what Harry said. W

They had reached the great flight of steps that led from the conservatory on to the terrace. As the glass door closed behind Dorian, Lord Henry turned and looked at the duches with his slumberous eyes. "Are you very much in love with him?" he asked.

She did not answer for some time, but stood gazing at the lan "I wish I knew," she said at last.

He shook his head. "Knowledge would be fatal. It is the uncertainty that charms one. A mist makes things wonderful."

"All ways end at the same point, my dear Gladys."

"What is that? "Disillusion."

"It was my \_debut\_ in life," she sighed

"They become you.

"Only in public.

"You would miss them," said Lord Henry

"I will not part with a petal." "Monmouth has ears."

"Old age is dull of hearing."

"Has he never been jealous?

He glanced about as if in search of something. "What are you looking for?" she inquired.

"The button from your foil," he answered. "You have dropped it."

"It makes your eyes lovelier," was his reply. She laughed again. Her teeth showed like white seeds in a scarlet

Upstairs, in his own room, Dorian Gray was lying on a sofa, with terror in every fingling fibre of his body. Life had suddenly become too hideous a burden for him to bear. The dreadful death of the unfucky beater, shot in the thickel like a wild animal, had seemed to him to pre-digure death for himself also. He had nearly swoomed at what Lord

pre-figure death for himsen area. The name of the hand said in a chance mood of cynical jesting. At five o'clock he rang his bell for his servant and gave him orders to pack his things for the night-express to town, and to have the broughs at the door by eight-thirty. He was determined not to sleep another

night at Selby Royal. It was an ill-omened place. Death walked there in the sunlight. The grass of the forest had been spotted with blood.

Then he wrote a note to Lord Henry, telling him that he was going up to town to consult his doctor and asking him to entertain his guests in his absence. As he was putting it into the envelope, a knock came to the door, and his valet informed him that the head keeper wished to see him. He frowned and bit his ip. "Send him in," he muttered, after some moment's healthin.

As soon as the man entered, Dorian pulled his chequebook out of a drawer and spread it out before him.

"Was the poor fellow married? Had he any people dependent on hi asked Dorian, looking bored. "If so, I should not like them to be left in want, and will send them any sum of money you may think neces

"We don't know who he is, sir. That is what I took the liberty of coming to you about."

"Don't know who he is?" said Dorian, listlessly. "What do you mean? Wasn't he one of your men?"

"No, sir. Never saw him before. Seems like a sailor, sir." The pen dropped from Dorian Gray's hand, and he felt as if his heart had suddenly stopped beating. "A sailor?" he cried out. "Did you say a sailor?"

"Yes, sir. He looks as if he had been a sort of sailor; tattooed on both arms, and that kind of thing." "Was there anything found on him?" said Dorian, leaning forward and looking at the man with startled eyes. "Anything that would tell his name?" "Some money, sir-not much, and a six-shooter. There was no name of any kind. A decent-looking man, sir, but rough-like. A sort of sallor we think."

"It is in an empty stable in the Home Farm, sir. The folk don't like to have that sort of thing in their houses. They say a corpse brings bad luck."

"The Home Farm! Go there at once and meet me. Tell one of the grooms to bring my horse round. No. Never mind. I'll go to the stables myself. It will save time."

Dorian Gray shuddered. He felt that his could not be the hand to take the handkerchief away, and called out to one of the farm-servants to

He stood there for some minutes looking at the dead body. As he rode home, his eyes were full of tears, for he knew he was safe.

Dorian Gray shook his head. "No, Harry, I have done too many drea things in my life. I am not going to do any more. I began my good actions yesterday."

"Where were you yesterday?

\*In the country, Harry. I was staying at a little inn by myself.\*

"My dear boy," said Lord Henry, smiling, "anybody can be good in the country. There are no templations there. That is the reason My people who live out of bown are on bottchiely undovilized. Civilization is not by any means an easy thing to attain to. There are only two ways by which man can reach it. One is by being cultured, the other by being compt. Country people have no opportunity of being

"Culture and corruption," echoed Dorian. "I have known somethiboth. It seems terrible to me now that they should ever be found together. For I have a new ideal, Harry. I am going to alter. I think I have altered."

"I can tell you, Harry. It is not a story I could tell to any one

"I should think the novelty of the emotion must have given you a theil of real pleasure, Dorian," interrupted Lord Henry. "But I can finish your lefyli for you. You gave her good advice and broke her heart. That was the beginning of your reformation."

"And weep over a faithless Florize!" said Lord Henry, laughing, as he leaned basic in his chair. "By deer Dorium, you have the most curiously books mooth. Doly un limit this girl will eve less dycortex row with any or or fire own raik?" I suppose the will be massed some day ment you. All or bedry, will teach her to deeple her hazbard, and alle will be wretched. From a moral port of view, I cannot say heat will be written. From a moral port of view, I cannot say heat him housed you great remunication. Even as beginning, it is poor. Besides, how do you know that hethy burt floating at the present increase it assess staff mill proof, with howly water-likes.

what you say to me. I know I was right in acting as I did. Poor Hettyl As I rode past the farm this morning, I saw her white face at the window, like a spray of jasmine. Don't let us talk about it any more, and don't yo persuade me that the first good action I have done for years, the first little bit of self-sacrifice I have ever known, is really a sort of sin. I want to be better. I am going to be better. Tell me something about yourself. What is going on in town I have not been to the club for days."

"I should have thought they had got tired of that by this time," said Dorian, pouring himself out some wine and frowning slightly. "My dear boy, they have only been talking about it for six weeks, and the Bittal's public are really not equal to the mental stars of having and the Bittal's public are really not equal to the mental stars of having stars of the public and the stars of the star of the stars of sasts, and the French police decizer mate least never arrived in Fan at all. I suppose in about a fortnight we shall be told that he has been seen in San Francisco. It is an odd thing, but every one who disappears is said to be seen at San Francisco. It must be a delightful city, and possess all the attractions of the next world."

"I have not the slightest idea. If Basil chooses to hide himself, it is no business of mine. If he is dead, I don't want to think about him. Death is the only thing that ever terrifies me. I hate it."

"Because," said Lord Henry, passing beneath his nostrils the gilt trells of an open vinalgrette box, "one can survive everything nowadays except that. Death and vulgarily are the only two facts in the nineteenth century that one cannot explain away. Let us have o

"I would say, my dear fellow, that you were posing for a character that doesn't suit you. All crime is vulgar, just as all vulgarity is crime. It is not in you, Dorian, to commit a murder. I am sorry if I hurt your vanity by saying so, but I assure you it is true. Crime bell exclusively to the lower orders. I don't blame them in the sma degree. I should fancy that crime was to them what art is to us, simply a method of procuring extraordinary sensations."

"A method of procuring sensations? Do you think, then, that a man who

Dorian started to his feet. A terrible hope fluttered past him. He clutched at it madly. "Where is the body?" he exclaimed. "Quick! I must see it at once."

In less than a quarter of an hour, Dorian Gray was galloping down the long avenue as hard as he could go. The trees seemed to sweep past him in spectral procession, and wild shadows to filing thressless across his path. Once the mare swerved at a white gate-post and nearly threw him. He lasthed her across the neck with his crop. She cleft the dusky all

At last he reached the Home Farm. Two men were loitering in the yard. He leaped from the saddle and threw the reins to one of them. In the farthest stable is light was glimmering. Something seemed to tell him that the body was there, and he hurried to the door and put his hand

On a heap of sacking in the far corner was lying the dead body of a man dressed in a coarse shirt and a pair of blue trousers. A spotted handkerchief had been placed over the face. A coarse candle, stuck in a bottle, sput

"Take that thing off the face. I wish to see it," he said, clutching at the door-post for support. When the farm-servant had done so, he stepped forward. A cry of joy broke from his lips. The man who had been shot in the thicket was James Vane.

"There is no use your telling me that you are going to be good," cried Lord Henry, dipping his white fingers into a red copper bowl filled with rose-water. "You are quite perfect. Pray, don't change."

either, so they stagnate."

"You have not yet told me what your good action was. Or did you say

"I can tell you, Harry, it is not a story I could tell to any one clee. I spared someobody, it sounds win, but you understand what I mean. She was quite beautiful and wonderfully like Sibyl Vane. I think it was that which first attracted met love. You remember Sibyl, don't you? How long ago that seemd! Well, Helby was not one of our own class, of course. She was simply a gif an istinge. But I estally loved her. I am quite sure that I loved her. All during this really loved May 1.1 and quite sure that I loved her. All during this wonderful May 1.2 and two have been having, I used to not a down and see her two or three times a week. Yesterday she met me in a little orchard. The contract of the pre-blosses kept tumbling oldwom on her hair, and she was laughten; We were to have gone away together this morning at down on the hair, and she was laughten; We were to have gone away together this morning at down on the hair. All the pre-blosses are shown to the state of th

"Harry, you are homble! You mustn't say these dreadful things. Heth's heart is not broken. Of course, she cried and all that. But there is no disgrace upon her. She can live, like Perdita, in her garden of mint and marigold."

round her, like Ophelia?

"What do you think has happened to Basil?" asked Dorian, holding up his Burgundy against the light and wondering how it was that he could discuss the matter so calmly.

coffee in the music-room, Dorian. You must play Chopin to me. The man with whom my wife ran away played Chopin exquisitely. Poor Victorial I was very front of her. The house is rather lonely without her. Of course, married life is merely a habit, a bad habit. But then one regrets the loss even of one's worst habits. Perhaps one regrets them the most. They are such an essential part of one's personally."

Dorian said nothing, but rose from the table, and passing into the next room, sat down to the piano and let his fingers stray across the white and black ivory of the keys. After the coffee had been brought in, he stopped, and looking over at Lord Henry, said, "Harry, did it ever occur to you that Basil was murdered?" Lord Henry yawned. "Basil was very popular, and always wore a Waterbury watch. Why should be have been murdered? He was not clever enough to have enemies. Of course, he had a wonderful general. Of possible, Ball was not an pair like Velsaquez and yet be as duil as possible. Ball was really raider duil. He only interested new possible, possible, ball was well and the possible possible was not and the area of the conce. and that was when he told me, years ago, that he had a wild adorsation for you and that you were the dominant motive of the art."

"I was very fond of Basil," said Dorian with a note of sadness in his voice. "But don't people say that he was murdered?"

\*Oh, some of the papers do. It does not seem to me to be at all probable. I know there are dreadful places in Paris, but Basil was not the sort of man to have gone to them. He had no curiosity. It was his chief defect.\*

On the same as the same as pleasure if one does it to other, "orde Lord lever, leaghing. That is one of the most important secrets of life. I should favor, however, their muture is always a maintain. One should never do supprinting that one cannot salk doot after done. Each salk and the same and the same and the same as a salky marraine can be as supported to all can lake a salky marraine can be as supported to all can lake a salky marraine can lake supported to all can be salky order and can lake supported to all can be salky order and can lake supported to all can be salky order to salk one place salked salky the salky salky order to salk one of the salky salky order to salk one of the salky salky

Dorian heaved a sigh, and Lord Henry strolled across the room and to stroke the head of a curious Java parrot, a large, grey-plumaged bird with pink crest and tail, that was balancing itself upon a bamboo perch. As his pointed fingers touched it, it dropped the white scurf of crinkled lids over black, glasslike eyes and began to sway backward:

"Yes," he continued, furning round and taking his handkenthiel out of his pocket," his painting had quite gene off. It seemed to me he have lost comething. It had lost and less. When you and he cased to be great friends, he ceased to be a great artist. What was it separated you'! I suppose he had rough uit. If so, he never foque you. It's a heart power power had better to be a fine of the power had been to be a fine of the power had been to be the power had been done to be the power had been done to th sent it down to Selby, and that it had got mislaid or stolen on the way. You never got it back? What a pily it was really a masterpiece. I remember I wanted to buy it. I wish I had now. It belonged to Basif's best period. Since then, his work was that curious mixture of bad pointing and good intentions that always entitles a man to be called a representative British artist. Did you advertise for

The curiously carved mirror that Lord Henry had given to him, so many years ago now, was standing on the table, and the white-limbed Cupids laughed round it as of old. He took it up, as he had done on that night of hor inglet of horse when he had fast noted the change in the fallal pricture, and with will, be entimed gets booked in the politicus, and with will, be entimed gets booked in the politicus and while the entire of the politicus and will will be entire to him and written to him and written to him and the entire of the entire of

wom is svey! Yourn has gother. Nothing could after fluid. It was better not to brink of the past. Nothing could after fluid. It was for the most of the country of the coun

\*\*\* Inserv inter: I nat was what he wanted. That was what he was waiting for. Surely he had begun it already. He had spared one innocent thing, at any rate. He would never again tempt innocence. He would be good.

As he thought of Hetty Merton, he began to wonder if the portrait in

Why do you talk of it? It used to remind me of those curious in groups also Marries I think how do they pur?

"Like the painting of a sorrow, A face without a heart."

Yes: that is what it was like "

Lord Henry laughed. "If a man treats life artistically, his brain is his heart," he answered, sinking into an arm-chair

Dorian Gray shook his head and struck some soft chords on the piano.
"Like the pairting of a sorrow," he repeated, "a face without a heart."

The elder man lay back and looked at him with half-closed eyes. "By the way, Dorian," he said after a pause, "what does it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose—how does the quotation run?—his ow sou?"

The music jarred, and Dorian Gray started and stared at his friend. "Why do you ask me that, Harry?"

"My dear fellow," said Lord Henry, elevating his eyebrows in surprise, "I asked you because I thought you might be able to give me an ensure that the said of the Awet Sunday, an uncoult Christian in a mackintosh, a ring of sixtle white faces under a broken root of dripping umbrellas, and a woods phrase flung into the air by shrill hysterical lips—it was really very good in its way, quite a suggestion. I thought of telling the prophet that art had a soul, but that man had not. I am afraid, however, he would not have understood me."

"Don't, Harry. The soul is a terrible reality. It can be bought, and sold, and bartered away. It can be poisoned, or made perfect. There is a soul in each one of us. I know it."

the locked room had changed. Surely it was not still so hornible as it had been? Perhaps if his life became pure, he would be able to expet every sign of evil passion from the face. Perhaps the signs of evil had already gone away. He would go and look.

He took the lamp from the table and crept upstairs. As he unbarred the door, a smile of joy filled across his strangely young-looking face and lingered for a moment about his lips. Yes, he would be good, and the hideous thing that he had hidden away would no longer be a terror to him. He felt as if the load had been lifted from him already

He went in quietly, locking the door behind him, as was his custom, and diagost the purels hamping from his portrait. A very of pain and was provided to the purels hamping from his portrait. A very of pain and was provided to the provided to the provided of the hyporite. The thing was all bloshbome-more leafbactom, if the hyporite. The thing was all bloshbome-more leafbactom, if the hyporite has the blosh provided his pain and the seem inderly samply reached in office of the order of good content of the company The ocam of tasas Hallware seemed very little to him. He was mind of Hetly Merton. For it was an unjust mirror, this mirror of his soul that he was looking at. Vanity? Curiosity? Hypocrisy? Had there been nothing more in his remunciation than that? There had been something more. At least he thought so. But who could tell? ... No.

"Do you feel quite sure of that, Dorian?"

"Quite sure."

Ahl then it must be an illusion. The things one feels absolutely certain about are never true. That is the fatality of faith, and the sessor of romanoe. How grave you are! Don't be so serious. What have you or ! to do with the supersitions of our age? No: we have given yo our belief in the soul. Play me something. Play me a nocturne, Dorian, and, as you play, tell me, in a low voice, how you have kept Dotam, and, as you play, fell me, in a low voice, how you have kept your youth. You must have some secret. I am only the years older than you are, and I am wrinkled, and worn, and yellow. You are really wonderful, Dotam. You have never looked more charming than you do to-right. You renind me of the day! is aw you first. You were rather cheeky, very sty, and absolutely extraordinary. You have changed, of be-night. You remind mor of the day's saw you first. You were nather clearly, were you and adequately extraoring. You have changed of the control of the con

But this murder-was it to dog him all his life? Was he always to be 

He looked round and saw the knife that had stabbed Basil Hallward. He had cleaned it many times, till there was no stain left upon it. It was bright, and glistened. As if had killed the painter, so it would kill the painter's work, and all that that meant. It would kill the past, and when that was dead, the would be fire. It would kill this monstrous soul-life, and without its hideous warnings, he would be at peace. He seized the thing, and stabbed the picture with it.

There was a cry heard, and a crash. The cry was so horrible in its agony that the flightened servants wate and crept out of their community of the progression of the cry was passing in the sugariate facts, subject and so brought him back. The man rang the bell several lines, but fleer was no assers. Except on algin in one of the boy windows, the house was all dark. After a time, he went away and stood in an adjoining portion and watched.

"Whose house is that, Constable?" asked the elder of the two gentlemen

\*Mr. Dorian Gray's, sir," answered the policeman They looked at each other, as they walked away, and sneered. One of

Inside, in the servants' part of the house, the half-clad dor were talking in low whispers to each other. Old Mrs. Leaf

Yes, you are the same. I wonder what the rest of your life will be. Don't spoil it by renunciations. At present you are a perfect type. Don't make yourself incomplete. You are quite flawless now. You need not shake you not shake your neads: you show you are. Bessies, London, onto te yourself. Uffe is not governed by will or intention. Life is a question of nerves, and fibres, and slowly built-up cells in which thought hides itself and passion has its dreams. You may yourself safe and think yourself storg. But a chance tone of colour in a room or a morning sky, a particular perfume that you had once

in a soon or a morning sity, a particular perfume that you had once lowed and that fromps also from monitors shift, a lite from a florgotten monitor shift, a lite from a florgotten poem that you had come across again, a cadence from a pixe of music like the set shat or better should be a soon of the state of the sta never carved a statue, or painted a picture, or produced anyth outside of yourself! Life has been your art. You have set you music. Your days are your sonnets."

Dorian rose up from the piano and passed his hand through his hair. "Yes, life has been exquisite," he murmured. Dut I am not going to have the same life, Harry. And you must not say these extravagant things to me. You don't know everything about me. I think that if you did, even you would turn from me. You laugh. Don't laugh."

"Why have you stopped playing, Dorian? Go back and give me the nocturne over again. Look at that great, honey-coloured moon that noctume over again. Look all had geal, honey-clouded moon that hange in the dusty it. Nhe is waiting for you to charm her, and if you play she will come closer to the earth. You won't! Let us go to you play she will come closer to the earth. You won't! Let us go the club, them. It has been a charming enering, and we must end it charmingly. There is some on all White's who wast terminestly to know you, you would not prove the control of t

"I hope not." said Dorian with a sad look in his eyes. "But I am tired

and wringing her hands. Francis was as pale as death

After about a quarter of an hour, he got the coachman and one of the footmen and crept upstains. They knocked, but there was no reply. They called out. Everything was still. Finally, after vainly trying to force the door, they got on the roof and dropped down on to the balcony. The windows yielded easily—their bolts were old.

When they entered, they found hanging upon the wall a splendid portrait of their master as they had last seen him, in all the wonder of his or wise invasion as they had last seen nim, in all the wonder of his exquisite youth and beauty. Using on the floor was a dead man, in evening dress, with a kinife in his heart. He was withered, wrinkled, and loathsome of visage. It was not till they had examined the rings that they recognized who it was.

to-night, Harry. I shan't go to the club. It is nearly eleven, and I

"Do stay. You have never played so well as to-night. There was something in your touch that was wonderful. It had more expression than I had ever heard from it before."

"It is because I am going to be good," he answered, smiling. "I am a

"You cannot change to me, Dorian," said Lord Henry. "You and I will always be friends."

"Yet you poisoned me with a book once. I should not forgive that. Harry, promise me that you will never lend that book to any one. It does harm."

going about like the converted, and the revivalist, warning people against all the sins of which you have grown tired. You are much too delightful to do that. Besides, it is no use. You and I are what we songitude to design and expected and one-most stand expected by a book, there is no such thing as that. At has no influence upon action. It annihilates the desire to act. It is superhy sterile. The books that the world calls immoral are books that show the world its own shame that sail. But we world discuss literature. Come round to-morrow. I That is all so life de sevent de sousse literature. Cogert counts de monte de sousse literature is gaing to life at delivere. We mille sousse just de sousse de la sevent de la sousse de sousse de la sevent de la de la s you would be. Her clever tongue gets on one's nerves. Well, in any case, be here at eleven

"Certainly. The park is quite lovely now. I don't think there have been such lilacs since the year I met you."

"Very well. I shall be here at eleven," said Dorian. "Good night,

CHAPTER 20

It was a lovely night, so warm that he threw his coat over his arm and did not even put his silk scarf round his throat. As he strolled home, smoking his cigarette, two young men in evening dress passed him. He heard one of them whisper to the other, "That is Dorian Gray." He In the continue of the continu toled to here faith that the was plood, and see had laughed at him and told her once that he was wicked, and she had laughed at him and told here once that he was wicked, which was the had laugh that had a laugh she had—just like a through singing. And how prefly she had been in her cotton dresses and her large hats! She knew nothing, but she had everything that he had on.

When he reached home, he found his servant waiting up for him. He sent him to bed, and threw himself down on the sofa in the library, and began to think over some of the things that Lord Henry had said to him.

Was it really true that one could never change? He felt a wild longing was in really set a state to be observed in the control to the con been the fairest and the most full of promise that he had brought to shame. But was it all irretrievable? Was there no hope for him?

Ahl in what a monstrous moment of pride and passion he had prayed that the portrait should bear the burden of his days, and he keep the unsuitable splendow of eleranly journ't his failure had been due to that. Better for him that each sin of his life had be rought its sure swift perally along with. It there was postfaction in postimaterial. Not "of the life had been deep the proper or one single "of "offere us for our insignities" should be the prayer of man to a most just God.