

## Chapter Two

~~He~~ spoke very slowly, as he said  
 in his mind. "Hans, I trust you." He  
 seemed willing out 8 am, so not  
 against his will.

"I don't know," said he, "I shall care  
 for him, and I am quite sure he  
 won't care for me," replied Lord  
 Hallward, taking a hand took him  
 by the arm, and almost led him  
 into the house.

as they entered, they said  
 Dorian. He was seated at the  
 piano with his back to them, turning  
 over the pages of a volume of  
 Schumann's Forest Scenes. "You must  
 like these, Basil," he cried.  
 want to learn them. They are  
 perfectly charming."

"That entirely depends on how you sit  
 to day, Dorian."

"Oh! I am tired of sitting, and I  
 don't want a life-sized portrait of  
 myself," answered the boy, swinging  
 round on the music-stool, in a  
 most playful manner. When he  
 caught sight of Lord Henry, a faint  
 blush stained his cheeks for a  
 moment, as he started up. "I beg  
 your pardon, Basil, but I didn't  
 know you had any one with you."  

"This is Lord Henry Wotton, Dorian,  
 just seen Oxford friend of mine. I have  
 what a

(29)

capital sister you were, and now  
you have spoiled every thing." "my pleasure  
you have not spoiled my pleasure  
in meeting you, Mr. Engy," said  
Lord Henry stepping forward. "my  
shaking him by the hand. " my  
and has often spoken to me about  
you. You are one of her favourites,  
and I am afraid, one of her  
victims."

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

"Oh! I will make <sup>your</sup> peace  
~~arrangements~~ with my aunt. She is  
quite devoted to you. And I do it  
truth & real <sup>matter</sup> ~~about~~ <sup>your not</sup> ~~the~~  
being there. When ~~she~~ <sup>Aunt Agatha</sup> sits down to the  
piano she makes quite enough noise  
for two people."

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

Lord Henry looked at him. Yes:  
he was certainly wonderfully handsome  
and looking, with his finely-carved

The audience ~~proving~~ thought it was a  
duet.

scarlet lips, his frank olive eyes, his  
crisp gold hair. There was  
more than in his face that made one  
trust him at once. All about the  
handsome & youth was there, as  
well as all youth's pensionate  
guilt. One look that he had kept  
unspoken by the word. No  
himself wonder Basil Hallward worshipped  
him. He was made to be worshipped.

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

Hallward had been busy mixing his  
colours, as getting his brushes ready.  
He was looking worried, and when  
he heard Lord Henry's last remark,  
he glanced at him, hesitated for  
a moment, and then said, "Harry,  
I want to finish this picture  
today. Will you think it a bold  
rude of me if I ask you to  
go away?"

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

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

" not go in for philanthropy  
 " I don't know what I will  
 tell you that Mr. Egay. But I  
 certainly will ~~run away~~ know that you have  
 asked me to stop. You don't feel  
 much, Basil? Do you? You have  
 often told me that you like your  
 others to have someone to chat to!  
 Hellward lit his ep. "16 Dorian  
 was it, of course you must  
 stay. Dorian's whims are laws to  
 every body, except himself."  
 Lord Henry took up his hat  
 and gloves. " You are very pressing,  
 Basil, but I am afraid I must  
 go. I have promised to meet a  
 man at the Orleans. Goodbye, Mr.  
 Egay. Come and see me some afternoon  
 in Curzon Street. I am always at  
 home at five o'clock."

" Basil", cried Dorian Egay, "16  
 Lord Henry goes I will go too. You  
 never open your lips while you are  
 painting, as it is horrid dull  
 standing on a platform, and trying to  
 look pleasant. Ask him to stay. I  
 insist upon it."

" Stay, Harry, to oblige Dorian, as  
 to oblige me", said Hellward, gazing  
 intently at his picture. " It is quite true.  
 I never touch when ~~any~~ <sup>and never listen, either,</sup> am working  
 I must be dead before I can say  
 unfortunate sitters. I beg you to stay".

+ the

"But what about my man?"

Halloway laughed. "I don't think there will be any trouble about that. Set down again, Harry, and now Dorian, set up on the platform and don't move about too much, or pay any attention to what Lord Henry says. He has got a very bad influence over all his friends, with the exception of myself."

Dorian stepped up on the dais, with the air of a young Greek martyr, and made a little move towards him. "How discontented he seems to be!" said Henry. "How good he looks!"

"You really got a very bad influence over Basil," said Dorian.

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

"Why?"

"Because to influence a person, is to give him one's own soul. He does not teach his <sup>natural</sup> thoughts, or banish his <sup>natural</sup> sensations. His virtues are not <sup>real</sup> natural to him. His sins, if there are such things as sins, are borrowed. He becomes an echo of some one else's music, an actor of a part that has not been written for him. The aim of life

is self-developed. To realize <sup>one's nature</sup>  
 perfectly - that is what each & we is  
 here for. People are blind & themselves,  
 now-a-days. they have forgotten <sup>oneself</sup> that one  
 must <sup>over to oneself</sup> & all duties, the & that one  
 course they are charitable.  
 they feed the hungry, & clothe the  
 beggar. But their own souls starve, &  
 are naked. Courage has gone out of  
 our race. Perhaps we never really had  
 it. the tenor of society, which is the  
 basis of morals, the tenor of life, which  
 is the secret of religion, — these are the  
 two things that govern us. And yet...  
 Medicine...

"Just turn your head a little more  
 to the right, Dorian, like a good  
 boy," said Halswell, deep in his  
 work, as <sup>conscious</sup> of the fact  
 he had come into <sup>the last</sup> Dorian's face that he  
 had never seen there before.

"And yet," continued Lord Henry, in  
 his low musical voice, as with the  
 graceful wave of the hand that <sup>was</sup> ~~was~~  
 altogether so characteristic of him,  
 as that he had ever in his Eton days,  
 "I believe that '6 or men used to  
 live his life out fully as completed,  
 were to give birth to every feeling,  
 expression to every thought, real to  
 every dream — I believe that the  
 world would gain such a fresh  
 impulse & youth that we would

forget all the maladies of medievalism,  
 and return to the <sup>Hellenic</sup> Greek ideal, to  
 some his ~~giver~~, sicker than the Greeks  
 indeed, it may be. But the bravest  
 man amongst us is afraid of  
 himself. the maturation of the  
 soul ~~savagery~~ has its  
 tragic survival in the self-denial  
 that mars our <sup>our</sup> refusal. Every impulse that  
 punishes <sup>on its</sup> ~~it~~ strives to strangle broods  
 in ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> mind, as poisons us. The  
 body sins once, and has done with  
 its sin, for action is a mode of  
 purification. <sup>then</sup> nothing remains but the  
~~collection~~ <sup>(or the luxury of a secret)</sup> ~~removing~~ <sup>a pleasure,</sup> The only  
 way to get rid of a temptation is  
 to yield to it. Resist it — and  
 your soul grows sick with longing  
 for <sup>the things</sup> what it has forbidden to itself,  
 with desire for what its monstrous  
 laws have made monstrous and  
 unlawful. It has been said that the  
 best events of the world take  
 place in the brain. It is in the  
 brain, as the brain only, that the  
 best sins of the world <sup>take place also</sup> ~~are committed~~.  
 You, Mr. Grey, you yourself in  
 your rose-red youth, as your  
 rose-white boyhood, you have <sup>perhaps</sup>  
 persons that have made you afraid,  
 thoughts that have filled you with  
 terror, day-dreams as sleeping dreams

must stain your cheek

those mere "memories" strain your cheek  
 with shame ~~and murmur~~; ... "Stop. You  
 "Stop," said Dorian Gray, "I don't know what to  
 bewilder me. I don't know what to you,  
 say. There is some answer to you, I am  
 at, I cannot find it. Basil, I am  
 tired standing. I <sup>must</sup> sit down. The air is  
 hot in the garden."

sitting here. — "my dear fellow, I am <sup>so</sup> sorry.  
 — when I am painting, I ~~can't~~ think  
 of anything else. But you never  
 sat better. You are perfectly still.  
 And I have caught the effect I  
 wanted, the half-painted effect, and  
 the bright look in the eyes. I  
 do it know what Harry has been  
 saying to you, but he has certainly  
 made you have the most wonderful  
 expression. I suppose he has been  
 paying you compliments. You mustn't  
 believe a word that he says."  
 — "He has certainly not been paying  
 me compliments. Perhaps that is the  
 reason I do it that I believe any  
<sup>thing he has to say</sup> ~~what he has to say~~."

"You know you believe it all; said  
 Lord Henry, looking at him with his  
 heavy-lidded eyes. "Let <sup>me</sup> tell you  
 come to the garden with you. We  
 will finish our conversation there. It  
 is horrid hot in the studio. Basil,  
 let us have something cool to drink,

"<sup>one</sup> his with straw berries in it."  
 "certainly, Harry. Just touch the  
 bell, and when Parker comes, I will  
 tell him what you want. I have  
 got to touch up this background,  
 so I will join you later on. Don't  
 keep Dorian too long. I have never  
 been in better form & painting than  
 I am today. 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  
 buried his face in the great cool  
 black-blousons, drinking  
 in their perfume as if it had been  
 wine. He ve 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 bare-headed as the  
 leaves had torned his rebellious curls,  
 as tangles see their gilded threads.  
 There was a look of fear in his  
 eyes, such as people have when they  
<sup>are suddenly</sup> wakened. His fine-  
<sup>curled</sup> nostrils quivered, and some  
 hidden nerve shook the scarlet &  
 his lips, and left them trembling.  
 "Yes: " continued Lord Henry, "that

" one of the great secrets of life - to cure the soul by means of the senses, as the senses by means of the soul. You are a wonderful boy. You know more than you think you know, just as you know less than you want to know."

Dorian Gray groaned and turned his head away. He could not keep his eyes off him. His romantic old was standing by him. His olive-coloured face, and worn weary expression, interested him. There was something in his low languid voice, beaver-like, that was fascinating. His cool, white, hands, even, had a curious charm. They moved, as he spoke, ~~and~~ words like music, and seemed to have a language of their own. But he feet shrank from him, and shamed of being afraid. Why had it been left for a stranger to reveal him to himself? He had known Basil Hallward for months, but the friendship between them had never altered him. Suddenly there had come some one across his life who <sup>wanted to have</sup> disclosed to him ~~the secret~~ <sup>life's</sup> secret. And yet what was there to be afraid of? He was not a schoolboy, or a girl. It was <sup>as</sup> as if he were to be frightened.

"Let us go and sit <sup>in</sup> the shade,"

said Lord Henry. "If you stay any longer in this glare you will be quite spoiled, and Basil will never let yourself become sunburnt. It would be very unbecoming to you." cried Dorian laughing, as he sat down on the seat. "What does it matter?" said Mr. Gray. "It does not matter every thing to you,"

"Why?" "Because you have now the most marvellous youth, and youth is the one thing worth having." "I don't feel that, Lord Henry. No! you don't feel it now. Some day, when you are old and wrinkled and ugly, when thought has seared your forehead with its lies, and pension brands your lips with its hideous fires, you ~~will~~<sup>will</sup> feel it, ~~terribly~~<sup>terribly</sup> you set yourself to know like you will look evil, 't' you are afraid of like you will ~~be~~<sup>look</sup> expressless, and ~~racant~~<sup>racant</sup> common. Now, whenever you go, you charm the world. [You have a wonderfully beautiful face, born by Mr. Gray, and Beauty ~~is~~<sup>is</sup> higher than Genius, as it needs no explanation. It is one of the great facts of the world, like sunlight, or spring time, or the

Tet

ublation " dark waters & <sup>Tet</sup>  
 silver steel we call the moon. It  
 cannot be questioned. It has to divine  
 next & sovereigns. It makes princes  
 & those that have it. [People of]  
 sometimes the Beauty is only superficial.  
 that may be so. But at least <sup>it is</sup> ~~biggest~~  
 not so superficial as thought. ~~biggest~~  
 only shallow people who do not  
<sup>judge by</sup> appearances. The true mystery  
<sup>is the world</sup> is invisible."

"Yes, m<sup>r</sup>. Gray, the gods have been  
 good to you. But what the gods give,  
 they quickly take away. You have only  
 a few years <sup>really</sup> in which to live.  
 When your youth goes, your go beauty  
 will go with it, and then you will  
 suddenly discover that there are no  
 triumphs left for you, and have to  
 content yourself with those mean  
 triumphs till the memory & your past  
 will make worse than defeats. Every  
 month as it passes brings you nearer  
 to something dreadful. Time is jealous  
 of you, and wars against your life  
 as <sup>your</sup> ~~passes~~. You will become hollow, a  
 hollow-cheeked, and dull eyed. You will  
 suffer horrid."

"Realise your youth, while you  
 have it. Don't squander the goes &  
 your days, listening to the tedious, this  
 to improve the hopeless failure, or  
 giving away your life to the ignorant.

the common<sup>and</sup>, the vulgar, which are  
 the aims & the false ideal of our  
 day. Live! Live!  
 That is in you! Let nothing be lost  
 upon you. Be always searching for new  
 sensations. Be afraid of nothing.  
 "a new Hedonism," that is what our  
 real wants. You might be its visible  
 symbol. With your personalit<sup>y</sup> there  
 is nothing you could not do. The  
 world belongs to you for a season.  
 [The moment I met you, I said  
 that you were quite unconscious of  
 what you really are, and might be. Then  
 was so much about you that I said  
 re that I must tell you  
 something about yourself. I thought how  
 tragic it would be if you were wasted.  
 For, there is such a little time that  
 your youth will last, such a little  
 time."

"the common hillflowers wither,  
 but they bloom again. the laburnum  
 will be as golden next <sup>Jane</sup> year, as it  
 is now. In a month there will be purple  
 stars on the clematis, and rear after  
 even the green night & its leaves will  
 have its purple stars. But we never  
 get back our youth. the pulse & day  
 that beats in us at twenty, becomes  
 sluggish. We degenerate into hideous <sup>puppets</sup> haunted  
 by the memory & the person of what  
 we were afraid, and the exquisite temptation  
 that we did not dare to yield to. Youth!  
 Free is absolute, nothing is the  
 wiles of youth!"

(41)

Dorian Gray listened, open-eyed, and  
 wondering. The sprig upon the  
 gravel from his hand ~~had~~<sup>was</sup> been  
 buzzed round it for a moment.  
 Then it began to scramble all  
 over the ~~geocais~~<sup>gutter</sup> purple &  
 the tiny blossoms. He watched it  
 with that strange interest in trivial  
 things. That we try to develop, when  
 things of high import makes us  
 blind. After a time it flew  
 away. He saw it creeping <sup>into</sup> the  
 stained trumpet of a Trianon  
 convolvulus. The flower seemed to  
 quiver, and then swayed gently to  
 and fro.

Suddenly Hellward appeared at  
 the door of the studio, and made  
 frantic signs for them to come in.  
 They turned to each other, and smiled.  
 "I am waiting," cried Hellward, "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  
 end of the garden a Thrush began  
 to sing.

"You are glad you have met  
 me, Dorian," said Lord Henry.

shall  
wall

res: I am old now. I wonder what  
 I always be old. That is a dreadf<sup>l</sup> word.  
 " always! That is the shoulder when  
 it makes me older when  
 hear it. Women are so good &  
 it. They spoil every romance  
 to make it last word, too.  
 to his <sup>is a meaningless</sup> ~~to make~~ <sup>to make</sup> ~~it last~~  
 care. ~~dangerous~~ <sup>dangerous</sup> ~~dangerous~~ <sup>dangerous</sup>  
~~want~~ <sup>want</sup> ~~want~~ <sup>want</sup> ~~want~~  
~~want~~ <sup>want</sup> ~~want~~ <sup>want</sup> ~~want~~  
~~want~~ <sup>want</sup> ~~want~~ <sup>want</sup> ~~want~~  
 between a caprice, and a long  
 pension, " but the caprice lasts to  
 a little longer."  
 as they entered the studio, Dorian  
 Grey put his hand upon Lord  
 Henry's arm. " In that case, let  
~~our friendhip be a caprice,~~  
~~but in our own boldness,~~  
~~we must not do it.~~ Then stepped  
 up on the platform, and assured,  
~~was a very dangerous place~~  
~~his~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~his~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~his~~  
~~dangerous~~ <sup>dangerous</sup> ~~dangerous~~  
~~dangerous~~ <sup>dangerous</sup> ~~dangerous~~  
~~dangerous~~ <sup>dangerous</sup> ~~dangerous~~  
 Lord Henry flung himself into  
 a large wicker arm-chair, and  
 watched him. The sweep and dash  
 of the brush on the canvas made  
 such a sound that broke the  
 silence, except when Hallward  
 tapped back, now as then, to  
 look at his work from a distance.  
 In the silent planting bears, that  
 passed through the open door of

He just danced and was <sup>so</sup> good. He  
had seen & the room <sup>seen</sup> to  
go over every thing  
after about a quarter & an  
hour, Hellward stopped painting, looked  
for a long time at Donan Eng,  
and then for a long time at his  
brushes, and smiling <sup>one</sup> & his  
eyes closed, he cried, at last, and  
then he wrote his name in thin  
letters on the left hand  
corner of the canvas.

Lord Henry came over and examined  
the picture. It was certainly a wonderful  
work of art, and a wonderful  
likeness as well.

~~It is indeed to be a~~  
~~most modern~~  
~~imitation indeed~~  
~~of~~  
~~realism, gives one~~  
~~as a~~  
~~photograph. But~~  
~~this was evident. It had all~~  
~~the marks of~~  
~~beauty. Within the work,~~  
~~as we know it, there is a finer~~  
~~artist, or~~  
~~knows to whom~~  
~~the temperament of the artist lies~~  
~~given. That is creation within creation -~~  
~~that is what he had~~  
~~done, that is what he had~~  
~~done to.~~

My dear Bell, I congratulate

W. E. B.

"<sup>he said and then</sup>  
 you most warmly, " said Hallward,  
 " as I look at yours cb.  
 the bed started, as if it were finished?"  
 some dream stepping down from the  
 he murmured, "ad  
 platform."

"Quite finished; said Hallward, "I am  
 very sorry to you." broke  
 that is entirely due to me?"  
 in Lord Henry. "Is not the answer, at  
 & Dorian Gray made no picture, I  
 panted in both of his back, as his  
 turned towards it. He drew back, at his  
 looked at it. He drew back, at his  
 cheeks blushed for a moment with  
 pleasure, when he saw it. A look of  
 joy came into his eyes as if he had  
 recognised himself for the first time.  
 He stood there motionless, and in  
 wonder, dimly conscious that Hallward  
 was speaking to him, at not catching  
 the meaning of the words. The sense  
 of his own beauty, came on him  
 like a revelation. He had never  
 felt it before. Basil Hallward's  
<sup>compliments</sup> ~~passages~~ had come to him to be  
 mere the charming exaggerations of  
 friendship. He had listened to them,  
 laughed at them, forgotten them. They  
 had not influenced his nature. Then  
 had come Lord Henry in his <sup>grace</sup> ~~bad~~  
<sup>panegyric on youth, his terrible hints at its levity,</sup>  
~~exquisite wit~~ <sup>had stung him, at the time, and now</sup>

as he stood gazing at the shadow of the  
 his own loveliness, the ball rolled by the  
 description of his face across him. His eyes  
 voice be a dry when his face was  
 be wrinkled as wizened, his eyes  
 rim a colourless, the grace of his  
 bone broken as deformed.  
 Scarlet veins ran down his  
 lips, & the gold streak down his  
 hair. The life left us to make his  
 soul voice was his body. He was  
 before ignoble, hideous, and uncouth. [as  
 he thought of it, a sharp pang of  
 pain struck like a knife across him,  
 as made each delicate fibre of  
 his nature quiver. His eyes deepened  
 into anethyst, and a mist of tears  
 came across them. He bent as if a  
 hand of ice had been laid upon his  
 heart.

"Don't you like it?" said Hallward  
 at last, strong & able by the  
 lad's silence, as not understanding  
 what it meant.

"Of course he likes it," said Lad  
 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."  
 "Whose property is it?"  
 "Dorian's, of course."

"He is a very lucky fellow." murmured Dorian.  
 "How sad it is!" murmured Dorian  
 Every time he <sup>sat</sup> with his eyes still fixed upon his <sup>own</sup> portrait. "How sad it is!  
 I shall grow old, and horrid, and  
 dead before ~~the~~ ~~face~~ ~~turns~~ ~~old~~ ~~and~~ ~~dead~~  
~~as~~ ~~the~~ ~~face~~ ~~turns~~ ~~old~~ ~~and~~ ~~dead~~  
~~across~~ ~~the~~ ~~face~~ ~~turns~~ ~~old~~ ~~and~~ ~~dead~~

~~it~~ ~~across~~ ~~the~~ ~~face~~ ~~turns~~ ~~old~~ ~~and~~ ~~dead~~  
 But this picture will  
 remain always young. It will  
 never be older than this ~~nowhere~~  
 day & June.... 16 it was <sup>of</sup>  
 the other way! 16 it was, who  
 was to be ~~remained~~ <sup>always</sup> young, and the  
 picture that <sup>was to be</sup> even old. To that - for  
~~this~~ ~~that~~ I shall give every thing!

"You would not care for ~~the~~,  
 arrangement," said Lord Henry, laughing. "It  
 would be rather hard lines on you."

"I should object very strongly, Harry."  
 Dorian Gray turned and looked at  
 him. "I believe you do, Basil. You  
 like your art better than your friends.  
 I am no more to you than ~~you~~ a  
 green bronze ~~figure~~. Hardly as much,  
 I dare say."

Hellward stared in amazement. It  
 was so unlike Dorian to speak  
 like that. What had happened? He  
 every guitar chord, and almost  
 as his face was bluster,  
 cheeks ~~were~~ burning.  
 Yes: "He continued: "I am less

Hermes,  
Drexel,

to you than your "was" ill  
 or your silver Faun. You will  
 like them longer? How long my  
 first wrinkles? Till I have my  
 now loss over every thing. Your picture  
 old has taught me that. <sup>Dad Henry's</sup> Harry is the only  
 perfect work. Youth is the only  
 worth having." Hellard turned pale, and said it  
 his hand. "Dorian! Dorian!" he  
 cried, "don't talk like that. I have  
 never had such a friend as you,  
 and I shall never have such  
 another. You are not jealous of  
 material things, are you?"  
 "I am jealous of every thing  
 whose beauty does not die. I am  
 jealous of the portrait you have  
 painted of me. Why does it  
 keep what I must lose? Every  
 moment that passes takes ~~somethij~~  
 from me, and gives something to it."  
 The hot tears blushed to his eyes; and  
 the knight took his hand away, and  
 flung himself on the divan. He  
 buried his face in his hands. The  
 cushions.

"This is your doing, Harry," said  
 Hellard, bitterly.

"My doing?"

"Yes: yours, as you know it"

Lord Henry Dorian shrugged his shoulders.  
"It is all,"  
he answered.  
"It is not!"  
"Comme vous voudrez, mon cher." "The  
"you" shuddered here gone and I  
I asked you"  
I stared when you asked me.  
"Hang it, I can't quench my thirst at once, but  
two best friends have made me  
between you both, you have made me  
hate the best piece of work I have  
ever done, and I will destroy it. What  
is it at canvas and colour?"  
"Well not eat core across our three  
lives, and never them."  
He entered his golden

lives, as  
Dorian lay after his golden  
hours from the pillow, & looked at  
him with pallid face and tear-stained  
eyes, as he walked over to the deal  
pantry-table that was set beneath  
large curtains at the window. What was he doing there?  
His <sup>brown</sup> fingers stared about among the  
either of tin tubes and dry brushes  
pecking at something. Yes: it was he  
the long palette-knife with <sup>its</sup> thin  
blade and either saw steel. He had  
bound it at last. He was going to  
up the canvas.

with a rifle stood Dorian Gray  
left soon on the couch, and resting  
over to Hellebard in the knife box  
of his hand, bringing it to the end

"Dont, Basil, dont," he said.  
 cried: "it would be murder!"  
 "I am glad you appreciate my work  
 at last," said Hall and coldly,  
 over he had recovered from his  
 surprise. "I never thought you would."  
 "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  
 as yet none. Then you can do  
 what you like with yourself: and  
 he walked across the room and rang  
 to call for tea. "You will have  
 tea of course, Duran?" and so will  
 you Harry. It is the only simple  
 pleasure left to us."

"I don't like simple pleasures," said  
 Lord Henry, "and I don't like scenes  
 what ~~most~~<sup>absurd</sup> bellows you are, both of  
 you! I wonder who it was advised  
 man as a rational animal. It  
 is the most preposterous definition  
 ever given. Man is many things,  
 but he is not rational. I am  
 glad he is not, after all; though  
 I wish you chaps would not  
 squabble over the picture. You

<sup>This silly boy</sup> Duran, does it really want it, and  
 I do."

"If you let any one have it we

Basil, I will never forgive you,  
 and Dorien Errol and I don't like  
 one to call me a silly boy. Dorien.  
 You know the picture is yours,"  
 I gave it to you before it existed in Errol,  
 and you know you have been a little  
 and that you do it, mind being called  
 a boy."

There came a knock at the door, and  
 the butler entered with the tea-tray  
 and set it down upon a small  
 Japanese paper table. There was a  
 rattle of cups and saucers, and the  
 heavy, shaped, globe-shaped, china dishes were brought in  
 by a page. Dorien Errol went over,  
 and poured the tea out. The two  
 young daughters languidly to the table,  
 and carried what was under the covers.

"Let us go to the theatre, tonight"  
 said Lord Henry. "There is sure to  
 be something on, somewhere. I have  
 promised to dine at whites, but it  
 is only with an old friend, so I  
 can send him a wine and say that  
 I am ill, or that I am presented  
 for coming in consequence of a  
 subsequent engagement. I think that  
 we may be a little ~~worse~~ have the merit of & candour."

"It is such a bore putting on one's  
 dress-clothes", said Hallward. "And when  
 I am then on, they are so

(51)

"We:" answered Lou Henry, "is depressing. It  
comes from our diet table. Sin is  
constant & our "only colour - element" not  
the "only life." The job

"You need  
eke that before  
you stick  
yourself  
down, Hang  
the one  
?"

ke the "Before" stick down as, &  
do is round out tea box  
the picture:

the <sup>one</sup> other . " to come to the  
" Begone

"Be gone," said  
"I shamed eke to see  
thee with you,"  
Lord Henry; "and  
he said.

Darker Song He had  
had a com

Darren song<sup>re</sup>  
" the 70° shall cone.  
well cone too, Bassel,  
and 70°  
not 70°

"~~taxes~~  
" I can't work. I went to work to  
not. I have a job. I eat 8  
do.

"Well, tree, 7° C well 8°  
alone, Marion" m. Eng.

"Very well."

Basile Heller and wit his ep, I  
weekes over, cup in hand, to  
the picture. ) we stop the with  
the real Dorian; he said smiling.

~~The sea,~~ & the ~~sea~~, Dorian ?' cried  
the sunning Jacob. The to him.

"at least it will never change,"  
said Helleand.

What a gross protle make about  
Eidelberg's manners. Low Henry.

after all, it is sured & goes to its  
physiology. It has notes to do with  
our well. It is an accident, "men  
want to be faithful, and are not: and  
men want to be faithless," and cannot:  
but is all we can do." The Toilet,  
"Don't go to the theatre  
Dorian," said Hellward. "Stop and  
die with me."

"I can't, really."

"Why?"

"Because I have promised  
to go with him."

"He won't like you better to keep it

"you promise. I beg you not to go."

Dorian, <sup>in</sup> eagles <sup>in</sup> shook his head.

"I intend you."

The lad hesitated, and looked over

at Lord Henry who was watching

them from the tea-table with an

amused smile. "I must go, Basil," he  
answered.

"Very well," said Hellward, and  
he walked <sup>over</sup> to the ~~tea-table~~, and  
laid his cap down on the top. "It is  
rather late, and as you have to  
dress, you had better lose no time.

Goodbye, Harry; goodbye, Dorian. Come

<sup>as</sup> soon. Come tomorrow."

"Certainly, ~~sincere~~

"You won't forget?"

"No, I <sup>do</sup> not."

(53.)

"and... Harry : "

"Yes: Basil : "

"Remember what I asked you this morning."

"See in the garden this morning."

"Don't be afraid."

"I trust you : "

"I wish I could trust myself more," said  
Lord Henry, laughing. "Come, ~~Maister~~,  
Hanson is outside, & I can  
drop you at your own place. Goodbye,  
Basil. It has been a most  
interesting afternoon."

As the door closed behind them,  
Marie Hellard flew herself down  
on a sofa, & Hanson ~~had~~ was  
~~surprised~~ and a look of pain  
came into his face.