

*Just broken to twine round they harp-strings, as if
 no wild beat
 Were now raging to torture the desert! Then I,
 as was meet...*

I assure you I had not seen her enter but suddenly I was electrically aware that she was sitting near me. What could come next? I had let Henry guide me. She was very tall ; sometimes, I think, tallness is an excellent thing in women. Julianne? Yes, she looked as if her name would be of the sort. And I surmised dark eyes under golden lashes. I hardly liked to disturb the surface for the first time. Her voice purred in my quick ears ; I thought of a jaguar on a lean bough, and envied Henry. The surface was clear brown, and I discerned white figures within ; stars, and a little heart, *mirabile dictu*, were moving inside. She lit a cigarette and poured down cocktail after cocktail ; sometimes she made little dabbings with a butterfly of white lace to her mouth.

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