

THAT MAN WITH THE CURLY HAIR.

We know a man with curly hair. Complexion blonde, you might say fair; Who thinks he has the finest mien, Of any man that ever seen.

WORKINGMEN.

Before you begin your heavy spring work after a winter of relaxation, your system needs cleaning and strengthening to prevent an attack of Ague, Bilious or Spring Fever, or some other spring sickness that will ruin you for a season's work.

THE RIVE-KING CONCERTS.

An enthusiastic admirer of this great artist writes thus to the Gazette:— "On Saturday evening I went to the Queen's Hall to determine whether 'what the press has said of Mme. Rive-King was not exaggeration,' and whether the sayings emanated from those 'critics' which had meddled to the skies, and neglect and forgot genius, and declare that nothing shall be good which has not their imprimatur stamped upon it, or nothing shall be bad which they choose to recommend."

"She keeps the position with the sound in play, And the soul trembles with the trembling key." Another said:—"I can endorse the sayings of the press, especially the following:—'In Mme. Rive-King's interpretation of such composers as Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Chopin, there is displayed high intelligence, tenderness of touch, passionate expression, executive ability and great brilliancy.'"

"For my own part, I was more impressed by the touching, powerful and beautiful playing of Mme. Rive-King than by that of any performer on the piano, with the exception of Rebenstein. To me it was a surprise. There was not only an air of refinement, a spirit of poetry, but a modesty of manner, an absence of conceit and self-consciousness in the woman, which was charming. The adulations of the press have not affected her; she is genuine, easy and natural. Flattery has not spoiled her. The press has not lied when it has almost unanimously said:—'Madame Rive-King is one of the greatest pianists of this age.'"

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, I think the dispute about the pre-eminence of pianos ought to end after the wonderful performance on the 'Weber' in the Queen's Hall on Saturday evening. Hereafter, no one person of the critical audience, who then listened to the dulcet strains of this instrument and heard the power possessed by this piano to sustain that which is called 'singing' whilst a plaintive melody is being performed, need long hesitate in his choice.

HEAVY DAMAGES AGAINST THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY CO.

The jury in the United States Court at Milwaukee has just rendered a verdict of \$111,666.66 for the plaintiffs in the case of the Northern Transit Company of Michigan v. The Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada. The suit was brought by the Transit Company for damages for the detention of vessels of their line while loading and unloading freight at Point Edward and Port Huron in 1879 and 1880, the boats of the line at that time running in connection with the railroad. The legal advisers of the Grand Trunk railway are not at all apprehensive that the road will have to pay one dollar of that sum. They expect that the court will set aside the verdict, and grant a new trial. If they are mistaken in this, they will take the case to the Supreme Court, where they feel confident the decision will be reversed.

A bright youth, undergoing examination a few days since for admission to one of the departments, found himself confronted with the question: "What is the distance from the earth to the sun?" Not having the exact number of miles at his command, he replied that the sun is so far away that he does not believe the sun is near enough to interfere with the proper performance of my duties if I get this clerkship." He got it.

FAITH AND UNFAITH.

By THE DUCESS. CHAPTER XXI. Continued.

Silent and half-maddened by his thoughts, she sits dogged and silent, refusing food, and waiting only for her who never comes.

But when, at length, the gloaming comes, and day is over, without bringing to him the frail form of her he so desires, he rises, and, pushing back his chair, goes up to Hythe, and into the presence of Lord Sartoris.

"You will find me my girl," he says, and then he tells him all the story.

Sartoris listens, and as he does so, sickens with doubt that is hardly a doubt, and fear that is nearly a certainty. Is this the end he has so dreaded? Is this the creeping horror that has of late tortured him? Alas for the unblemished honor of the old name that for centuries held itself *sanctum et decorum*!

How can he dare offer consolation to old Annerley? He covers his face with his hands, and bends forward over the table. There is something in his attitude that denotes despair, and renders more keen the agony in Annerley's bosom.

"Why do you do that?" he cries fiercely. "What is there to grieve about? Nothing, I tell you! The child has gone too far—has lost her way! She didn't understand. She cannot find her road home—No more—no more!"

His excitement and grief are pitiful to see. He wrings his hands; his whole bearing and expression are at variance with his hopeful words. "She will come back in an hour or two, mayhap," he says, miserably, "and then I shall feel that I have disturbed your lordship; but I am in a hurry, you see; I want her, and I cannot wait."

"What do you want me to do for you?" says Sartoris, very humbly. He feels that he can hardly lift his eyes in this man's presence.

"Find her? That is all I ask of you. Find her, dead or alive! You are a great man—high in authority, with power and servants at command. Find me my child! Oh, men, help me, in some way!"

He cries this in an impassioned tone. He is totally overcome. His poor old white head falls helplessly upon his clasped arms.

Sartoris, pale as death, and visibly affected, can make no reply. He trembles, and stands before the humble miller as one oppressed with guilt.

Annerley mistakes his meaning, and, striding forward, lays his hand upon his arm.

"You are silent," he says, in a terrible tone, made up of grief and anguish more intense than words can tell. "You do not think she is in the wrong, do you? You believe her innocent? Speak!—speak!"

"I do," responds Sartoris, and only his own heart knows that he lies. Yet his tone is so unshaken, so unlike his usual one, that he hardly recognizes it himself.

"If Mr. Branscombe were only here," says Annerley in a stricken voice, after a lengthened pause, "he would help me. He has always been a kind friend to me and mine."

Lord Sartoris draws a deep breath, that is almost sob.

"When does he return, my lord?" "On Thursday," he said so, at least, when leaving."

"A long time," murmurs the old man, mournfully. "She will be home before that—if she ever comes at all." His head sinks up on his breast. Then he rouses himself, and, glancing at Lord Sartoris, says entreatingly, "Won't you write to him, my lord? Do, I implore of you, and conjure him to return. If any one can help me it will be Mr. Dorian."

"I shall write to him now,—now,—at once," says Sartoris, mechanically, feeling how hideous is the mockery of this promise, knowing what he thinks he knows. Even yet he clings to the hope that he has been mistaken.

Thus he soothes the old man with vain promises, and so gets rid of him, that he may be left alone with his own thoughts.

Shall he go to Dorian? This is the first engrossing idea. Yet it affords but little consolation. To see him, to hear him, to listen to a denial from his lips; that is what it holds out to him, and it is all insufficient. How shall he believe him, knowing the many things that have occurred? How treat his very most eager denial as anything but a falsehood?

For hours he paces to and fro, pondering on what is the best course to pursue. He is not his father, that he can coerce him. By nature suspicious (though tender-hearted and indulgent in other ways), he comes easily to him to believe that even the man whom he has trusted has been found wanting.

"To doubt is worse than to have lost," says Mastringer; and surely he is right. Sartoris, in deep perplexity, acknowledges the truth of this line, and tells himself that in his old age he has been sorely tried. The whole world seems changed. Sunshine has given place to gloom; and he himself stands alone—

"Stoyade and amaze at his own shade for a bread."

Not until he is thoroughly exhausted, both in mind and body, does he decide on leaving for town by the mid-day train, next day.

In the mean time he will telegraph to Claridge's, some faint remembrance lingering with him of Dorian's having made mention of that hotel as being all any one's fancy could possibly paint it.

But the morrow brings its own tidings. It is almost noon, and Sartoris, sitting in his library, writing some business letters—preparatory to catching the up train to town—is disturbed by a light knock at the door.

"Come in," he calls out, impatiently; and Simon Gale, opening the door, comes slowly in.

He is a very old man, and has been butler in the family for more years than he himself can count. His head is quite white, his form a little bent; there is at this moment, a touch of deep distress upon his face that makes him look even older than he is.

"Are you busy, my lord," asks he, in a somewhat nervous tone.

"Yes; I am very much engaged. I can see no one, Gale. Say I am starting for town immediately."

"It isn't that, my lord. It is something I myself have to say to you. If you could spare me a few minutes—"

"I have," cries Simon, with vengeance. "I am trembling, I am unstrung. How can I be otherwise when I hear such slander put upon the boy I have watched from his cradle?"

"You are speaking of—"

"Mr. Dorian," he says this in a very low tone; and then, that always comes so painfully, and so slowly to the old man in his eyes.

His sad complexion wears grief's mourning-livery. "He covers his face with his hands."

Sartoris, rising from his seat, goes over to the window, and so stands that his face cannot be seen.

"What have you got to say about Mr. Branscombe?" he asks, in a harsh, discordant tone.

"My Lord, it is an impertinence my speaking at all," says Gale.

"Go on," says he, "let me know the worst. I can hardly be more miserable than I am," returns Sartoris.

"It was Annerley, the under-gardener, was telling me," begins Simon, without any further attempt at hesitation. "This morning early, I met him near the Ash Grove."

"Simon," he says, "I want to speak with you. I have a secret on my mind."

"If you have, my man, keep it," says I. "I want none of your secrets." For in truth he is often very troublesome, my Lord, though a well-meaning fellow at bottom.

"But it is on my conscience," says he, "and if I don't tell it to you I shall tell it to some one else, because tell it I must, or bust!"

"So when he went that far, my lord, I saw as how he was real uneasy, and I made up my mind to listen. And then he says—"

"Night before last fether was coming through the copse wood that runs 't'other side of the fence from Master Annerley's, and there, in the thickest part of it, he saw Miss Ruth a standing, and wif her Mr. Branscombe."

"Which Mr. Branscombe?" says I.

"Mr. Dorian," he says. "He seen him as plain as life, though it was dusk, standing wif his back half turned toward him, but not to turned but what he could see his ear and part of his face. He had a hold of Miss Ruth's hands; and was speaking very earnest to her, as though he was persuading her to something she was dead against. And she werc crying very bitter, and trying to draw her hands away; but presently she got quiet like, and then they went away together, slowly at first, but quicker afterward, in the direction of the wood that leads to Langham. He did not stir a peg until they were out of sight, he was afraid of being seen. And now it is on his conscience that he did not speak sooner, even since he saw old Mr. Annerley yesterday, like a mad creature looking for his girl."

"That was his story, my lord. And he told it as though he meant it. I said to him as how Mr. Dorian was in Lunnon, and that I didn't believe one word of it; and then he said—"

"Lunnon or no Lunnon, there is no mistake about it. If, as you say, he did go up to Lunnon, he must have come down again by the Langham train, for he did see him wif his two eyes."

"Mr. Horace is very like Mr. Dorian," I said. (Forgive me, my lord, but there was a moment when I would gladly have believed the blame might fall on Mr. Horace.)

"There are times when one can hardly know them sunder," but he scouted this notion.

"Fether seen him," he said. "He had one of them light overcoats on he is so fond of wearing. It was him, and no other. He noticed the coat most perfiler. And a great shame it is for him! If you don't believe me, I can't help you. I believe it; that is enough for me."

Gale comes speaking. And silence follows that lasts for several minutes. Then he speaks again:

"I ask your pardon, my lord, for having so spoken about any member of the family. But I thought it was only right you should know."

"You have acted very kindly. Even to himself his tone is strained and cold. 'This Andrews must be silenced,' he says, after a little pause, full of bitterness.

"I have seen to that, my lord. After what I said to him, he will hardly speak again to any one on the subject."

"See to it, Simon. Let him fully understand that dismissal will be the result of further talk."

"I will, my lord. Then, very wistfully, 'Not that any one would distrust Mr. Dorian in this matter. I feel—I know, he is innocent.'"

Lord Sartoris looks at him strangely; his lips quiver; he seems old and worn; and as a man might who has just seen his last hope perish.

"I envy you your faith," he says, wearily; "I would give half—nay, all I possess, if I could say that honestly."

Just at this moment there comes an interruption.

"A telegram, my lord," says one of the men, handing in a yellow envelope.

Sartoris, tearing it open, reads hurriedly.

"I shall not go to town, Gale," he says, after a minute or two of thought. "Counter-order the carriage. Mr. Branscombe comes home to-morrow."

CHAPTER XXII.

"When there is a great deal of smoke, and no clear flame, it argues much moisture in the matter, yet it witnesses, certainly, that there is fire there."—Luzarroz.

Looks before the night has set in he comes; and, as he enters the room where his uncle sits awaiting him, Lord Sartoris tells himself that never before has he seen him so handsome, so tall, so good to look at.

"Why, where, what, she have gone?"

"That is exactly what no one knows, except she herself, of course, and one other."

Then, turning impulsively to face his nephew, he thought you could have told me where she is, he says, without giving himself time to think of all the words may convey to Dorian.

"What do you mean?" demands Branscombe, throwing up his head, and smiling dazily. "His eyes flash; his nostrils dilate. 'Am I to infer from your last remark that you suspected me of having something to do with her disappearance?'"

"I do," returns Sartoris, slowly, but with his eyes upon the ground. "How can I do otherwise when I call to mind all the causes you have given me to doubt you?—Have you forgotten that day, now some months ago, when I met you and that unhappy girl together on the road to the village? I, at least, shall never forget the white misery of her face, and the unmistakable confusion in her manner, as I greeted her. Even then the truth began to dawn upon me."

"The truth?" says Branscombe, with a short and bitter laugh.

"At that time I was unwilling to harbor unkind doubts of you in my breast," goes on Sartoris, unmoved, nay, rather confirmed in his suspicions by Branscombe's sneer; "but then came the night of the Hunt ball, when I met you, alone with her, in the most secluded part of the grounds, and when you were unable to give me any reasonable explanation of her presence there; a little later, I find a handkerchief (which you yourself acknowledge having given her) lying on your library floor; about that, too, you were dumb; no excuse was ready to your lips. By your own actions I judge you."

"Your suspicions make you unjust, my lord," says the young man, haughtily. "They overrule your better judgment. Are such paltry evidences as you have just put forward sufficient to condemn me, or have you further proofs?"

"I have—a still stronger one than any other I have mentioned. The last place in which Ruth Annerley was seen in this neighborhood was in Hurston Wood, at eight o'clock, on the evening of her departure, and you were with her?"

"Was I?"

"The man who saw you will swear to this."

"He must be rather a clever fellow. I congratulate you on your man."

"Do you deny it?" "There is something that is almost hope in his tone. 'If not there last Tuesday, at that hour, where were you?'"

"Well, really, it would take me all my time to remember. Probably dining; got to my fish by that time, no doubt. Later on I was at Lady Chetwode's crush; but that—with a sarcastic laugh—"is a very safe thing to say, is it not? One can hardly prove the presence of any one at a gathering together of the class, such as there was at her 'at home.' I wouldn't believe I was there, if I were you."

He laughs again. Sartoris flushed hotly all over his lean earnest face.

"It is needless lying," he says, slowly. "The grey coat you wore—a light overcoat—probably (pointing to it) 'the one you are now wearing—was accurately described.' Dorian starts visibly. 'Do you still hope to brave it out?'"

"A coat like this, do you say?" asks Branscombe, with a nervous attempt at unconcern, laying his hand upon his sleeve.

"A light overcoat. Such was the description. But—with a longing that is terribly pathetic—"many overcoats are alike. And I dare say you have not worn that one for months."

"Yes, I have. I wear it incessantly; I have taken rather a fancy to it," replies Branscombe, in an uncompromising tone. "My persistent admiration for it has driven my tailor to despair. I very seldom (except, perhaps, at midnight revels or afternoon bores) appear in public without it."

"Then you deny nothing?"

"Nothing?"—contemptuously, making a movement as though to depart. "Why should I? After all these years that you have known me, you can imagine me capable of evil such as you describe so graphically, it would give me no pleasure to vindicate myself in your eyes. Think of me as you will; I shall not stoop to justify myself."

"You dare not?" says Sartoris, in a stifled tone, confronting him fully for the first time.

"That is just as you please to think," says Branscombe, turning upon him with flashing eyes. He frowns heavily, and with a little gesture common to him, raises his hand and pushes the end of his fair moustache between his teeth. Then, with a sudden effort, he controls himself, and goes on more quietly. "I shall always feel regret in that you found it so easy a matter to believe me guilty of so monstrous a deed. I think we can have nothing further to say to each other, either now or in the future. I wish you good-evening."

Sartoris, standing with his back almost turned to his nephew, takes no heed of this angry farewell; and Dorian, going out, closes the door calmly behind him.

Passing through the long Hall, as it has been called from time immemorial, he encounters Simon Gale, the old butler, and stops to speak to him, kindly, as is his wont, though in truth his heart is sore.

"Ah! Simon! How warm the weather grows?" he says, genially, brushing his short hair back from his forehead. The attempt is preposterous, as really there is no hair to speak of, his barber having provided against that. He speaks kindly, carelessly—if a little wearily. His pulses are throbbing, and his heart beating hotly with passionate indignation and disappointment.

"Very warm, sir," returns the old man, regarding him wistfully. He is not thinking of the weather, either of its heat or cold. He is only wondering, with a foreboding sadness, whether the man before him—who has been to him as the apple of his eye—is guilty or not of the crime imputed to him. With an effort he recovers himself, and asks, hastily, though almost without purpose. "Have you seen my lord?"

"Yes; I have only just left him."

"You will stay to dinner, Mr. Dorian?" He has been "Mr. Dorian" to him for so many years that now the more formal Mr. Branscombe is impossible.

"Not to-night. Some other time, when my uncle—" He pauses.

"You think him looking well?" asks the old man, anxiously, mistaking his hesitation.

"Well! Oh, that doesn't describe him," says Branscombe, with a shrug and a somewhat ironically laugh. "He struck me as being unusually lively—in fact, strong as Boreas on the main." I thought him very well indeed."

"Ay, he is so! A godly youth brings a peaceful age; and his was that. He has lived a good life and now is reaping his reward."

"Is he?" says Dorian, with a badly-suppressed yawn. "Of course I was mistaken, but really it occurred to me that he was in an abominable temper. As a desire to insult every one part of the reward?"

"You make light of what I say," returns

Simon, reproachfully—"yet, it is the very truth I speak. He has no special aim to repent, no fasting, indeed, to haunt him, as years creep on—It were well to think of it, says Simon, with a trembling voice, while youth is still with you. To you it yet belongs, if you have done amiss, I entreat you to confess, and make amends for it, whilst there is time!"

Dorian laying his hands upon the old servant's shoulders, pushes him gently backward, so that he may look the more readily into his face.

"Why, Simon?—How absolutely in earnest you are!" he says, lightly.

"I have committed, that I should spend the rest of my days in sack cloth and ashes?"

"I know nothing," says old Gale, sadly. "How should I be wiser than my masters? All I feel is that youth is careless and headstrong, and things once done are difficult of undoing. If you would go to your grave happy, keep yourself from causing misery to those who love you and—trust in you."

His voice stinks, and grows tremulous; Dorian, taking his hands from his shoulders, moves back from the old man, and regards him meditatively, stroking his fair moustache slowly, in a rather mechanical fashion, as he does so.

"The whole world seems dyspeptic to-day," he says, ironically. Then, "It would be such a horrid bore to make any one miserable that I dare say I shan't try it. If, however, I do commit the mysterious serious offence at which you broadly hint, and of which you plainly believe me fully capable, I'll let you know about it."

He smiles again—a jarring sort of smile, that hardly accords with the beauty of the dying day—and, moving away from the old man, crosses the oaken flooring to the glass door that lies at the further end of the room, and that opens on to a gravelled-path outside, on which lilies are flinging broadcast their rich purple bloom. As he moves, with a pale face and set lips (for the bitter smile has faded), he tramples ruthlessly, and without thought for their beauty, upon the deep soft patches of coloring that are strewn upon the flooring from the stained-glass windows above.

Throwing open the door, he welcomes gladly the cool evening air that seems to meet him.

"Fah!" he says, almost aloud, as he strides onward beneath the budding elms. "To think, after all these years, they should so readily condemn me! Even that old man, who has known me from my infancy, believes me guilty!"

Then a change sweeps over him. Insults to himself are forgotten, and his thoughts travel onward to a fear that for many days has been growing and gaining strength.

Can Horace have committed this base deed? This fear usurps all other considerations. Going back upon what he has just heard, he examines in his mind each little detail of the wretched history imparted to him by his uncle. All the suspicions—killed so rest through lack of matter wherewith to feed them—now come to life again, and grow in size and importance, in spite of his intense desire to suppress them.

On Tuesday night the girl had left her home. On Tuesday morning he had been to Horace's rooms, had found him there, had sat and conversed with him for upward of an hour on different subjects—chiefly, he now remembers, of Clarissa Peyton.

The day had been warm, and he had taken off his coat (the light overcoat he had affected for the past month), and had thrown it on a chair, and—left it there when going!

The next morning he had called again, and found the coat in the very self-same place where he had thrown it. But in the mean time, during all the hours that intervened between the afternoon of one day and the forenoon of another, where had it been?

"The very coat you wore was minutely described."—The words come back upon him with a sudden rush, causing him a keener pang than any he has ever yet known. Must he indeed bring himself to believe that his own brother had made use of the coat with the deliberate intention (should chance fling any intruder in the way) of casting suspicion upon him—Dorian?

In the dusk of the evening any one might easily mistake one brother for the other. They are the same height; the likeness between them is remarkable. He almost hates himself for the readiness with which he pieces his story together, making doubt merge with such certainty into conviction.

"The evening is passing fair, yet it brings no comfort to his soul; the trees towering upward he heavily against the sky; the breath of many flowers make rich the air. Already the faint moon, arising, throws her silver light o'er half the world, and make more blue the azure depths above."

"Star follows star, though yet day's golden light Upon the hills and headlands faintly shrouds."

The far-off grating sound of the conch-like can be heard; the cuckoo's tuneless note, incessant and unmusical, tires the early night.

The faint sweet chirrup of many insects come from far and near, and break upon the sense with a soft and soothing harmony.

"There is no stir, nor breath of air; the plains lie slumbering in the cold embrace of night."

All nature seems sinking into one grand repose, wherein strife and misery and death appear to have no part.

To Dorian the tender solemnity of the scene brings no balm. To go again to town by the night mail—to confront Horace and learn from him the worst—is his one settled thought, among the multitude of disordered ones; and upon it he determines to set.

But what if he shall prove innocent or deny all knowledge of the affair? What then can clear Dorian in his uncle's eyes? And even should he acknowledge the fact that he had enticed the girl from her home, how can it benefit Dorian? He is scarcely the one to defend himself at another's expense; and to betray Horace to clear himself would be impossible to him.

He grows bewildered and heart sick. Reaching home, he orders his dog-cart to be brought round, and, by taking it a good deal out of his good stay, manages to catch the evening train to town.

Lord Sartoris, sitting brooding over miserable thoughts in the library at Hythe, has tidings brought him of his nephew's speedy return to London, and endures one stab the more, as he feels more than ever convinced of his duplicity.

Arrived in town, Branscombe drives to Horace's rooms, hoping against hope that he may find him at home. To his surprise he does so find him—in the midst of papers, and apparently up to his eyes in business.

"Working so late?" says Dorian, involuntarily, being accustomed to think of Horace, at this hour, as one of a chosen band brought together to discuss the lighter topics of the day over soup and fish and flesh. In truth, now he is on the spot and face to face with his brother, the enormity of his errand makes itself felt, and he hardly knows what to say to him.

"You, Dorian?" "Horace, showing his eyes, smiles upon him his usual slow impenetrable smile. "Working? Yes; we others, the moneyless one, must work 'ard' and death is unpopular nowadays. Still, law is dry

work when all is confessed." He presses his hand to his forehead, with affected languor, and for an instant looks into his face. "By the bye, it is rather good of you to break in so unexpectedly upon my monotony. Any thing I can do for you?" says Dorian impulsively, laying his hand upon his arm. "I am wronging you in my thoughts I shall never forgive myself, and you, in all probability, will never forgive me either; yet I must get it off my mind."

"My dear fellow, how you have done away undoubted talent! Your tone out-irving Irving; it is ultra-tragic. Positively, you make my blood-run cold. Don't stand staring at me in that awful attitude, but tell me, as briefly as you can, what I have done."

He laughs lightly.

Dorian regards him fixedly. Has he wronged him? Has he instigated his fall? "Where is Ruth Annerley?" he asks awkwardly, as though getting rid of the question at any price and without preamble. He has still his hand upon his brother's arm, and his eyes upon his face.

"Ruth Annerley?" reiterates Horace, the most perfect amassment in his tone. If purposely done, the surprise is very excellent indeed. "Why? What has happened to her?"

"Have you heard nothing?"

"My dear fellow, how could I? I have not been near Pullingham for a full month; and its small gossip fails to interest our big city. What has happened?"

"The girl has left her home; has not been heard of since last Tuesday. They fear she has willingly flung up happiness and honor to gain—misery."

"What a charitable place is a small village!" says Horace with a shrug. "Why should the estimable Pullinghoms imagine so much evil? Perhaps, finding life in that stagnant hole unendurable, Ruth threw up the whole concern, and is now seeking a subsistence honorably. Perhaps, too, she has married. Perhaps—"

"Who do you not suppose her dead?" says Dorian, tapping the table with his forefinger, his eyes fixed moodily on the pattern of the maroon-colored cloth. "All such speculations are equally absurd. I hardly can get to London to listen to such vain imaginings!"