

The little model shook her head.

Baffled by this dumb grief, the landlady was silent ; then, with the stolidity of those whose lives are one long wrestling with fortune, she muttered :

' I don't like to see *anyone* cry like that !'

And finding that the girl remained obstinately withdrawn from sight or sympathy, she moved towards the door.

' Well,' she said, with ironical compassion, ' if you want me, I'll be in the kitchen.'

The little model remained lying on her bed. Every now and then she gulped, like a child flung down on the grass apart from its comrades, trying to swallow down its rage, trying to bury in the earth its little black moment of despair. Slowly those gulps grew fewer, feebler, and at last died away. She sat up, sweeping Hilary's bundle of notes, on which she had been lying, to the floor.

At sight of that bundle she broke out afresh, flinging herself down sideways with her cheek on the wet bolster ; and for some time after her sobs had ceased again still lay there. At last she rose and dragged herself over to the looking-glass, scrutinizing her streaked, discoloured face, the stains in the cheeks, the swollen eyelids, the marks beneath her eyes ; and listlessly she tidied herself. Then, sitting down on the brown tin trunk, she picked the bundle of notes off the floor. They gave forth a dry peculiar crackle. Fifteen ten-pound notes—all Hilary's travelling money. Her eyes opened wider and wider as she counted ; and tears, quite suddenly, rolled down on to those thin slips of paper.

Then slowly she undid her dress, and forced them down till they rested, with nothing but her vest between them and the quivering warm flesh which hid her heart.