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glance at me, he turned round and stared into the fire. I never saw reproach so clearly drawn in the outline of a dog's back before.

"This is just a foretaste," thought I, "of what we shall get from Moxon," and I rang the bell.

When I turned round, she was looking all about the room with a silent wonder in her eyes. It is comfortable, I know. I have been told that. But no one has ever surveyed it with such an expression in their eyes as she had then. I felt almost ashamed of myself for calling it my own; for in that look I seemed to see all the dull, cheap finery of her own squalid little rooms in Bloomsbury.

"The world is hard on women," I said to myself, and again the name of Clarissa came like an echo into my thoughts. Clarissa in her little gown of canary-coloured satin.

I was just going to ask her more about herself when she forestalled me.

"Do you live here alone?" she asked.

I nodded my head.

"All this to yourself?"

I nodded again.

"Aren't you lonely?"

I felt quite grateful for Moxon's entrance. He opened the door, and the look of astonishment that leapt into his face was ludicrous to behold.

"I beg pardon, sir," he said quickly.

"I rang," said I. "I want you to whistle for a 'taxi' for this lady. She's been caught in the rain outside."