

BEWILDERMENT

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Bewilderment by Evelyn Scott

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BY

EVELYN SCOTT

Author of "The Narrow House"



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3 HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.2

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“Nought loves another as itself,
Nor venerates another so,
Nor is it possible to thought
A greater than itself to know.”

WILLIAM BLAKE.

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PART I

AT three o'clock in the afternoon Julia put on her hat. Her dressing-table with its triple mirror stood in an alcove. It was a very fine severe little table. It was Julia's vanity to be very fine and dainty in her toilet. Here was no powder box, but lotions and expensive scents. When she sat before the glass she enjoyed the defiant delicacy which she saw in the lines of her lifted head, and there was a thrill which she could not analyse in the sight of her long white hands lying useless in her lap. They made her in love with herself.

Her hat was of bright brown straw and when she slipped on her fur coat she was pleased with the luxurious incongruity of the effect.

Nellie, the old Negro servant, was away, and Julia's step-children, May and Bobby, were at school. As Julia descended the stairway to the lower hall, her silk dress, brushing the carpet, made a cool hissing sound in the quiet passageway.