Clifford professed to like Wragby better than London. This country had a grim will of its own, and the people had guts. Connie wondered what else they had: certainly neither eyes nor minds. The people were as haggard, shapeless, and dreary as the countryside, and as unfriendly. Only there was something in their deep−mouthed slurring of the dialect, and the thresh−thresh of their hob−nailed pit−boots as they trailed home in gangs on the asphalt from work, that was terrible and a bit mysterious.

There had been no welcome home for the young squire, no festivities, no deputation, not even a single flower. Only a dank ride in a motor−car up a dark, damp drive, burrowing through gloomy trees, out to the slope of the park where grey damp sheep were feeding, to the knoll where the house spread its dark brown

nonsensical thing.

Vaguely she knew herself that she was going to pieces in some way. Vaguely she knew she was out of connexion: she had lost touch with the substantial and vital world. Only Clifford and his books, which did not exist...which had nothing in them! Void to void. Vaguely she knew. But it was like beating her head against a stone.

Her father warned her again: `Why don't you get yourself a beau, Connie? Do you all the good in the world.'

That winter Michaelis came for a few days. He was a young Irishman who had already made a large fortune

`But why are you such a lonely bird?' Connie asked him; and again he looked at her, with his full, searching, hazel look.

`Some birds *are*

`Why should I?' she asked.

Connie paused. Did she? It was just possible. Yet the unscrupulousness of Michaelis had a certain fascination

you are labelled *Arnold B. Hammond, c/o Mrs Arnold B. Hammond.* Oh, you're quite right, you're quite right! The life of the mind needs a comfortable house and decent cooking. You're quite right. It even needs posterity. But it all hinges on the instinct for success. That is the pivot on which all things turn.'

`If you *have* the proper sort of emotion or sympathy with a woman, you *ought* to sleep with her,' said May.

`Absolutely!' said Tommy. `But also, it seems to me a perfect description of the whole of the industrial ideal.

``mental−lifer''. It would be wonderful to be intelligent: then one would be alive in all the parts mentioned and unmentionable. The penis rouses his head and says: How do you do?−−to any really intelligent person.

Clifford loved the wood; he loved the old oak−trees. He felt they were his own through generations. He

`If some of the old England isn't preserved, there'll be no England at all,' said Clifford. `And we who have

He was a man in dark green velveteens and gaiters...the old style, with a red face and red moustache and distant eyes. He was going quickly downhill.

`Mellors!' called Clifford.

The man faced lightly round, and saluted with a quick little gesture, a soldier!

`A woman wants you to like her and talk to her, and at the same time love her and desire her; and it seems to me the two things are mutually exclusive.'

`I wanted to stop with my Gran,' said the little girl.

`Did you? But where is your Gran?'

The child lifted an arm, pointing down the drive. `At th' cottidge.n?'

`Why, wheer was yer Dad?'

The little girl clung to her grandmother's skirts and simpered.

`He was there,' said Connie, `but he'd shot a poaching cat, and the child was upset.'

`Oh, you'd no right t'ave bothered, Lady Chatterley, I'm sure! I'm sure it was very good of you, but you shouldn't 'ave bothered. Why, did ever you see!'−−and the old woman turned to the child: `Fancy Lady Chatterley takin' all that trouble over yer! Why, she shouldn't 'ave bothered!'

`It was no bother, just a walk,' said Connie smiling.

`Why, I'm sure 'twas very kind of you, I must say! So she was crying! I knew there'd be something afore they

`Only combing my hair, if you don't mind. I'm sorry I hadn't a coat on, but then I had no idea who was

it!

Then, when all the people went, it was no better. She continued plodding on, but exasperation and irritation

`Why, yes, of course, it would wear Lady Chatterley out! It's a mercy she had a sister to come and help her.

pass the porches and the portals.

She was stronger, she could walk better, and iii the wood the wind would not be so tiring as it was across the bark, flatten against her. She wanted to forget, to forget the world, and all the dreadful, carrion−bodied people. `Ye must be born again! I believe in the resurrection of the body! Except a grain of wheat fall into the earth and die, it shall by no means bring forth. Whoss tv poosscusoulme anrth.  betoo wi byemeet,nd diseehe

`Right across the wood! Look, aren't the little daffodils adorable? To think they should come out of the earth!'

`Just as much out of air and sunshine,' he said.

`Sit 'ere then a bit, and warm yer,' he said.

`No?'

`What did he say?'

`Oh, nothing: just his manner; and he said he knew nothing about keys.'

`Shall I shave you this morning, or would you rather do it yourself?' Always the same soft, caressive,

words, or the occasional phrases in French. She was so thrilled, it was almost a pleasure to instruct her.

Now Connie would sometimes plead a headache as an excuse for going up to her room after dinner.

that happened and that she knew about. She would have run to dozens of volumes.

Connie was fascinated, listening to her. But afterwards always a little ashamed. She ought not to listen with

then when they see all the grand things that's been given, they simply rave: who's she, any better than

`Oh, hang around−−and have tea in some fine tea−place like the Mikado−−and go to the Pally or the pictures

itself, a dead colliery. Why, whatever should we do if Tevershall shut down−−? It doesn't bear thinking of.

But let that be. Let man slide down to general idiocy in the emotional and `human' mind, Clifford did not care. Let all that go hang. He was interested in the technicalities of modern coal−mining, and in pulling Tevershall out of the hole.

He went down to the pit day after day, he studied, he put the general manager, and the overhead manager, and

One evening, guests or no guests, she escaped after tea. It was late, and she fled across the park like one who fears to be called back. The sun was setting rosy as she entered the wood, but she pressed on among the flowers. The light would last long overhead.

She arrived at the clearing flushed and semi−conscious. The keeper was there, in his shirt−sleeves, just

lingers on her knee.

She knew that, when at last he roused and drew away from her. It was like an abandonment. He drew her dress in the darkness down over her knees and stood a few moments, apparently adjusting his own clothing. Then he quietly opened the door and went out.

`But you don't hate me, do you?' she said wistfully.

Linley stayed to dinner, and Connie was the hostess men liked so much, so modest, yet so attentive and

Clifford was very uneasy. He would not let her go after dinner, and she had wanted so much to be alone. She looked at him, but was curiously submissive.

`Shall we play a game, or shall I read to you, or what shall it be?' he asked uneasily.

`You read to me,' said Connie.

`What shall I read−−verse or prose? Or drama?'

But his dread was the nights when he could not sleep. Then it was awful indeed, when annihilation pressed in

And what did the man want? Did he want to rouse the house? What was he standing there for, transfixed, looking up at the house like a love−sick male dog outside the house where the bitch is?

`For how long would you go?'

`Perhaps three weeks.'

There was silence for a time.

`Well,' said Clifford slowly, and a little gloomily. `I suppose I could stand it for three weeks: if I were absolutely sure you'd want to come back.'

*the*

`Me? I suppose I could, if you mean manage to exist on my pension. I could! But I've got to work, or I should die. That is, I've got to have something that keeps me occupied. And I'm not in a good enough temper to work for myself. It's got to be a soroultee to beob selfing body else should

He took her in his arms again and drew her to him, and suddenly she became small in his arms, small and nestling. It was gone, the resistance was gone, and she began to melt in a marvellous peace. And as she melted small and wonderful in his arms, she became infinitely desirable to him, all his blood−vessels seemed to scald with intense yet tender desire, for her, for her softness, for the penetrating beauty of her in his arms,

beauty.

`Yi!' he said.

`Yi!' she repeated.

`An' slaip wi' me,' he said. `It needs that. When sholt come?'

`When sholl I?' she said.

`I hope I can have some repairs done to the old place next year. I think I shall have about a thousand to spare

`I'd like to give something,' she said. `But I'm not allowed. Everything is to be sold and paid for now; and all the things you mention now, Wragby and Shipley *sells*

forth with! Stale men!

`Oh nothing! it left my heart not so strong and the lungs not so elastic. But it always does that.'

`And you ought not to make violent physical efforts?'

`Not often.'

`Never mind!' she said, taking his hand as he sat silent and remote. `One does one's best.'

`Ay!' He sighed, with a twist of a smile.

Ay, an' tha comes up smilin'.−−Ax 'er then! Ax lady Jane! Say: Lift up your heads, O ye gates, that the king of glory may come in. Ay, th' cheek on thee! Cunt, that's what tha're after. Tell lady Jane tha wants cunt. John Thomas, an' th' cunt O' lady Jane!−−'

So! He was a reader after all.

She looked up at him.

`Oh, I do, terribly!' she said.

`Because when I feel the human world is doomed, has doomed itself by its own mingy beastliness, then I feel

`Yes!' she said. `Yes! You're Sir Pestle and I'm Lady Mortar.'

`All right, then I'm knighted. John Thomas is Sir John, to your Lady Jane.'

`You mustn't mind me coming to look for you, my Lady! But Sir Clifford worked himself up into such a state. He made sure you were struck by lightning, or killed by a falling tree. And he was determined to send

But really!' she said, milder. `Anyone would think I'd been I don't know where! I just sat in the hut during all

Connie became insistent.

Hilda bent her Minerva−like head in silence. Then she looked up.

`How old?'

`I don't know. Older than me.'

He strode over the low brambles and bracken, leaving a trail through the fern. For a minute or two he was gone. Then he came striding back.

`Car's not there yet,' he said. `But there's the baker's cart on t' road.'

He seemed anxious and troubled.

`Hark!'

They heard a car softly hoot as it came nearer. It slowed up on the bridge.

`I hope at least I haven't a slave nature,' said Hilda.

`But perhaps you have! Perhaps you are a slave to your own idea of yourself.'

Hilda drove in silence for some time after this piece of unheard of insolence from that chit Connie.

knew even less of tenderness. Dry, with the endless dry tension of will, they too were wearing out. The human world was just getting worn out. Perhaps it would turn fiercely destructive. A sort of anarchy! Clifford and his conservative anarchy! Perhaps it wouldn't be conservative much longer. Perhaps it would develop into a very radical anarchy.

Connie found herself shrinking and afraid of the world. Sometimes she was happy for a little while in the Boulevards or in the Bois or the Luxembourg Gardens. But already Paris was full of Americans and English, strange Americans in the oddest uniforms, and the usual dreary English that are so hopeless abroad.

Enjoyment! Enjoyment!

it is cheering you up and preparing you for our sufficiently awful winter. Even today, it rains.

always had a strange avidity for unusual sexual postures, and if a man likes to use his wife, as Benvenuto Cellini says, `in the Italian way', well that is a matter of taste. But I had hardly expected our game−keeper to be up to so many tricks. No doubt Bertha Coutts herself first put him up to them. In any case, it is a matter of

`Not for six months or so. But I think my divorce will go through in September; then till March.'

`But the baby will probably be born at the end of February,' she said.

He was silent.

Then he dropped back in the chair, gasping and looking up at the ceiling.

At length he sat up.

`I must say good−bye to you, Mrs Bolton, you know why. But I can trust you not to talk.'

`Oh, you can trust me, your Ladyship, though it's a sad blow for us here, indeed. But I hope you'll be happy with the other gentleman.'

`The other gentleman! It's Mr Mellors, and I care for him. Sir Clifford knobs. But don't say anything to anybody. And if one day you think Sir Clifford may be willing to divorce me, let me know, will you? I should like to be properly married to the man I care for.'

`I'm sure you would, my Lady. Oh, you can trust me. I'll be faithful to Sir Clifford, and I'll be faithful to you, for I can see you're both right in your own ways.'

are. They talk about putting coal to new uses, like Sir Clifford is trying to do. It may work here and there, but not as a general thing. I doubt. Whatever you make you've got to sell it. The men are very apathetic. They feel the whole damned thing is doomed, and I believe it is. And they are doomed along with it. Some of the