

burned on the little table in the window, shedding a very faint glow on the inner room where the bed stood. Alison was in it alone, and when taking a step forward Tibbie saw how sound asleep she was, and how her face had lost its wrung expression, she felt a qualm at waking her.

"Alison, wake up, dear; something is happening," she said, touching her shoulder.

Alison stirred uneasily, then opened her eyes with a start.

"Is that you, Edmund? Surely you are very late. Do come to bed quickly," she said confusedly; then, recognising Tibbie, she raised herself on her elbow.

"It's you, Tibbie. What is it? Can't you sleep? What o'clock is it?"

"Half-past one. I was awakened by a noise outside. There are people on the terrace, a great lot of them, and they seem angry in a quiet sort of way. They have lighted torches in their hands, some of them. Where's Edmund?"

"Edmund hasn't come up yet. I left him in the library. People on the terrace! Are you sure you haven't dreamed it, Tib?"

"No, come back to my room, or to the landing window, then you'll see."

Alison sprang out of bed; Tibbie handed her the dressing-gown from the back of the chair over which it had been thrown, and she thrust her feet into slippers. Then together they went back to the landing window which stood open wide to let the current of the cool night air play through the house. By this time the crowd had scattered, as if they had surrounded the house, and there were only some odd units on the front terrace.

"I must go to Edmund, Tib," said Alison, growing very white. "It looks like the workpeople. I've heard they have been threatening things. We'd better both get some clothes on, in case we have to go outside."