

only expected nothing, sitting watching in the yellow glare.

All through the night he sat thus, watching. The terrified domestics, alone with the sleeping child, whispered and stared at each other. Far adown the country-side shone the radiance from the terrace-window: the servants, peeping round a corner, discussed it under their breath, sore-troubled, delighted, amazed. The footman, who read books, vaguely mentioned "funereal pyres;" the women-servants thrilled responsive; the under-housemaid slipped upstairs, escorted, to fetch her ear-rings: old nurse brought down her charge, to an improvised bed in the breakfast-room.

They were all of them attached to their employers, within reasonable limits of menial devotion. Their master was an honourable man, a gentleman: they were honestly sorry for him, wondering what changes would come