

SCENE III

SCENE.—*Night. On the table a candle is flickering at its last gasp. The room looks neglected. MR. WHITE is dozing fitfully in the armchair. MRS. WHITE is in the window peering through the blind towards L. MR. WHITE starts, wakes, looks around him.*

MR. WHITE (*fretfully*). Jenny—Jenny.

MRS. WHITE (*in the window*). Yes.

MR. WHITE. Where are you?

MRS. WHITE. At the window.

MR. WHITE. What are you doing?

MRS. WHITE. Looking up the road.

MR. WHITE (*falling back*). What's the use, Jenny? What's the use?

MRS. WHITE. That's where the cemetery is; that's where we've laid him.

MR. WHITE. Ay—ay—a week to-day—what o'clock is it?

MRS. WHITE. I don't know.

MR. WHITE. We don't take much account of time now, Jenny, do we?

MRS. WHITE. Why should we? He don't come home. He'll never come home again. There's nothing to think about—

MR. WHITE. Or to talk about. (*A pause.*) Come away from the window; you'll get cold.

MRS. WHITE. It's colder where he is.

MR. WHITE. Ay—gone for ever—

MRS. WHITE. And taken all our hopes with him—

MR. WHITE. And all our wishes—

MRS. WHITE. Ay, and all our— (*With a sudden cry.*) John!

(*She comes quickly to him; he rises.*)