

quite dark, with sultry summer darkness, he rose to his feet and lighted all the candles in a great porcelain chandelier overhead, lighted all the candles in numerous sconces and Dresden ornaments, against the mirrors and shiny hangings, went on lighting candles, that had never burnt in such abundance before—his hand so shaky that he knocked off bits of flowers and leaves from the brittle china—went on multiplying bright reflections, till the little rounded chamber, all pale silk and porcelain, shone, opalescent, like the inside of a shell. He could draw no blinds, for he had broken the cords: beyond the great window the blue night beat against the blaze. Somebody stealthily tried the door-handle. There were steps on the gravel outside, and once came the sound of carriage-wheels. Single stars crept forth above the distant wall of trees. A blackbird started its loud call, and stopped. Everything was still, expectant, holding its breath. He