

MR. WHITE. So it did. It did move. That I'll swear to

MRS. WHITE (*abstractedly: she is watching something outside*). You thought it did.

MR. WHITE. I say it did. There was no thinking about it. You saw how it upset me, didn't you?

(*She doesn't answer.*)

Didn't you?—Why don't you listen?

(*She turns round.*)

What is it?

MRS. WHITE. Nothing.

MR. WHITE (*turns back to his breakfast*). Do you see Herbert coming?

MRS. WHITE. No.

MR. WHITE. He's about due. What is it?

MRS. WHITE. Nothing. Only a man. Looks like a gentleman. Leastways, he's in black.

MR. WHITE. What about him? (*He is not interested, and goes on eating.*)

MRS. WHITE. He stood at the garden-gate as if he wanted to come in. But he couldn't seem to make up his mind.

MR. WHITE. Oh, go on! You're full o' fancies.

MRS. WHITE. He's going—no; he's coming back.

MR. WHITE. Don't let him see you peeping.

MRS. WHITE (*with increasing excitement*). He's looking at the house. He's got his hand on the latch. No. He turns away again. (*Eagerly.*) John! He looks like a sort of a lawyer.

MR. WHITE. What of it?

MRS. WHITE. Oh, you'll only laugh again. But suppose—suppose he's coming about the two hundred—

MR. WHITE. You're not to mention it again!—You're a foolish old woman.—Come and eat your breakfast. (*Eagerly.*) Where is he now?