

doing?" For the moment nobody answered him. "You are disturbing us," he continued angrily. "Mrs. Stollard wished to speak to me. She had sent for the child." The doctor turned from the bed, a rough man, uncouth. "She will never speak to you again, Mr. Stollard," he said.

The husband made one great stride forward. "Liar!" he said, and pushed back the meddling physician, not, certainly, intending to hurt him, pushed him back over a stool or a cushion, on to a couch. "Oh, Mr. Stollard, oh sir, come away!" exclaimed the sick nurse: he bent over the dead woman and suddenly lifted her high in the air. He faced them with his burden enwrapped in clinging linens: he saw, through the twilight, the vulgar, frightened expressions around him; he saw the child sobbing, half hidden in her nurse's lap. Without a word he passed from them, bearing his burden, through the door, and the long passage, downstairs.