

DISCORDS

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Discords by George Egerton

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GEORGE EGERTON

DISCORDS

Bright, Mary Chavetta Dunne



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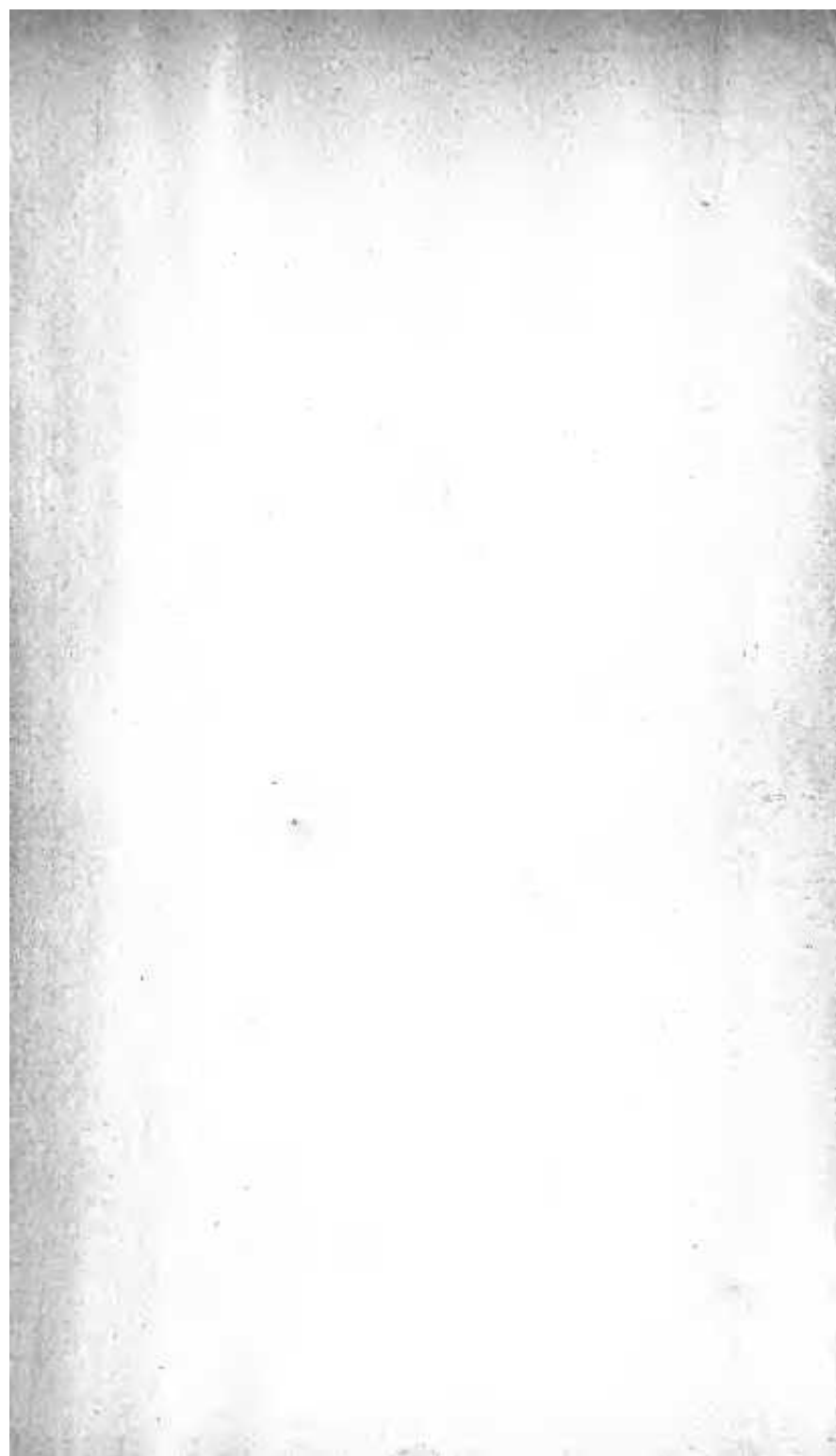
TO
T. P. GILL

'Here carry this to my Gossip'

'Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile.'

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A PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT AT THREE PERIODS

I.—THE CHILD

THE lamp on the nursery table is yet unlit, and the waning daylight of the early spring throws the part of the room near the window into cold grey shadow. The fire burns with a dull red glow in the lower bars; it has been slacked; just one little bubble of gas seethes like a ball of molten jet and flickers into a bluish flame.

The quick patter of little feet, and the sound of quarrelling child voices, broken by the deeper note of a woman's voice raised in gentle chiding, comes up from below stairs.

A child is crouched on the old hearthrug, holding a book to the firelight. Her eyes run greedily along the lines, one little red hand holds the top of the right-hand page in eager readiness to turn it over; her long, tangled elf-locks catch a ruddy glint each time her head moves.

A bit of coal drops, and the flamelet goes out; she lifts her head and draws a deep breath; she is trembling with excitement, for she has been holding it unconsciously. She makes a move to