

80 moreover, she would persistently thank the parlour-  
maid for everything, till one day, as soon as the girl  
was gone from the room, Henchard broke out with,  
“Good God, why dostn’t leave off thanking that girl  
as if she were a goddess born! Don’t I pay her a dozen  
85 pound a year to do things for ’ee?” Elizabeth shrank  
so visibly at the exclamation that he became sorry a  
few minutes after, and said that he did not mean to be  
rough.

These domestic exhibitions were the small  
protruding needle-rocks which suggested rather than  
90 revealed what was underneath. But his passion had  
less terror for her than his coldness. The increasing  
frequency of the latter mood told her the sad news  
that he disliked her with a growing dislike. The more  
interesting that her appearance and manners became  
95 under the softening influences which she could now  
command, and in her wisdom did command, the more  
she seemed to estrange him.