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HANNAH.

A *Novel*.

By MRS. CRAIK, (MISS MULOCK), Author of "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

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## CHAPTER IX.

Hannah's waking-up on the morning after her brother-in-law's return was one of the most painful sensations she had ever known, the more so as it was so unusual. To her healthy temperament the morning hour was generally the best of the day. Not Rosie herself, who always woke up as lively as a young linnet in a thorn-bush, enjoyed it more than Aunt Hannah did. But now things seemed changed. She had gone to bed at once, and fallen asleep immediately; for there are times when the brain, worn out by long tension, collapses the instant we lie down—Nature forcing upon it the temporary stupefaction which is its only preservative.

Now even she could not shake off weariness, nor rise as usual to look at one of those glorious winter sunrises which only active people see. She dreaded the dawn—she shrank from the sun. For he brought her her daily duties, and how she should ever fulfil them as heretofore she could not tell.

First, how should she again meet Mr. Rivers? What position should she hold towards him? Had her sister lived, he would have been to her nothing at all; regarded with the sacred indifference with which every pure-minded woman regards every other woman's husband. Now, what was he? Not her brother—except by legal fiction, which he had himself recognised as a fiction. Not her lover; and yet when she recalled his looks and tones, and a certain,