

When she returned, accompanied by Lady Rostron, Nannie was standing in the same position, waiting.

Lady Rostron, in black, filmy draperies, with her string of perfect pearls round her neck, and her pale, fluffy hair simply, but most carefully, arranged, looked very fragile and pathetic.

She looked at the pearl stringer very much as the secretary had looked at her, and held out her pretty, limp hand.

"My dear Miss"—she hesitated as usual for the right name—"Miss Mordaunt, it is very good of you to come to see me, but I don't understand—I really do not understand the extraordinary request you have made to Miss Beverley."

She glanced at her secretary, and touched her eyes with her handkerchief. "Dearest Hal!" she murmured to herself.

"I implore you to let me see him, Lady Rostron!" said Nannie. "He was so kind to me. We have known each other for years."

"I have heard him speak of you," said Lady Rostron, sinking into a chair and again brushing the ready tears from her eyelashes, "but I didn't know you were really friends. It is so extraordinary. Dear Alice, advise me!"

She fondled her secretary's hand, frowning a little as if to give the cue for her answer. Miss Beverley slightly nodded her head, but did not commit herself to an opinion.

"Frankly, Miss—er—Morley, I do not know whether I ought to grant your request. If only Sir John were here, Alice! My poor brother-in-