

## *THE LOST DESPATCH*

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thoughts. For forty-eight hours she had heard nothing from the outside world. She had not closed her eyes the night before, and Friday found her weary and unstrung by her long vigil.

She wondered dully when the sentence would be carried out. She hoped soon. She pushed her hair back from her forehead nervously. Her thoughts turned to her aunt and then to Goddard. Surely she would be permitted to see them; they would not let her face the end alone.

She had never thanked Senator Warren for all his kindness; all that he had tried to do for her, and all that he had accomplished. At least she was not branded as a murderess. And yet Goddard had thought her capable of such an act!

Nancy's eyes burned with hot, scalding tears that fell one by one; bravely her white lips hushed their moan. She must not lose her self-control. Resolutely she turned and straightened her few belongings. She was so absorbed in trying to forget painful thoughts that she did not hear the sentry open the door, nor a hesitating footstep that crossed the threshold.

"Nancy," said a pleading voice. The girl wheeled around, the carmine mounting her bloodless cheeks. Without a word she stepped forward and was clasped in Goddard's strong em-