

THE PEARL STRINGER

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Rose hardly listened to such details as Challis could give her. Her heart was aching for Nannie Mordaunt. Poor Nannie! Poor little pearl stringer! Henry Rostron was such a dear friend. Rose did not know how dear.

Pity for her old companion, intense gratitude and happiness for herself—such emotion swept away all the barriers of her self-control.

Without saying a word, weakly and helplessly, she broke into a storm of tears and sought the shelter of her husband's arms.