

She sat up and glanced at the clock on the table by her bed—that little clock ! One of the very last of all her treasures. And it said just after three. Then she'd been asleep—not three hours ! *That* was why she ached . . . and her eyes ached . . . And perhaps why her soul too ached in her like that.

He lay dead downstairs. And she couldn't go and lie beside him because there were other people in the house now, and his sister was sleeping just below. She had to keep it a secret . . . even now. He was dead. She was alone. She had nothing and nobody . . . and there was nothing anywhere, ever any more. And the sun was rising on a new day.

She lay back on her pillows quite still ; and in a moment those incessant pictures began again.

How she had worked at the housekeeping—to please him ! When she had found the Science she had paid to learn quite insufficient for his needs, how she had worked to add to it and bolster it up and turn it into comfort for him ! How he had laughed at some of her first meals . . . and then, how kindly he had told her he would take meals at the club till she had time to learn. And then, what a *furor* of cook-books—and trying ! And that first *good* meal of his at home, that he had liked . . . and praised her for !

She thought how she had loved her work, and how easily it had come to her ; perhaps just because she loved it. To arrange his house ! To choose the meals he liked ! And then to serve them—almost as he might get them at his club ! She had loved it . . . and how she had treasured any scrap he had