

and she pushed her hair out of her eyes and strained it back from her brow, and she sat there thinking with her head between her hands.

He was dead and her baby had never been born. She was alone.

The pictures stopped while she sat there thinking. He lay dead downstairs. He was dead. He could never speak to her any more . . . she could never hear him say again: "Hetty, Hetty, if you could only be half-happy——"

He was dead.

She took her hands away from her eyes and she sat there. A ray of sunlight landed on a picture of a child he had given her . . . after: a boy with rings of fine silky hair, and downcast eyes, and a pouting mouth. She had loved it. And now she pushed the very sight of it away from her, passionately, with both her hands, and she turned away from it and sat looking through her window into the sunny world outside.

What if——?

She slipped out of bed, and mechanically she went over to the mirror. She had to see a human face, if it was only the reflection of her own. Could *that* be Hetty Grayson in the mirror?

The face looked at her. It was stern and white, and its cheeks were wet with tears, and its swollen eyes looked at her as if from a great distance. Of what use was life to a face like that? Those days when she felt his arms warm round her . . . and when he had taught her miracles . . . life was worth while then. And afterwards . . . even then! When she had forgotten herself and her sorrow for