

Nannie did not dream that night. She slept the heavy, blank sleep of exhaustion.

On the second morning after her return she rose early. Miss Grey found her in the workroom before breakfast, poring over the newspaper.

"They are going to bury Mr. Rostron this afternoon," said Nannie. "They have brought him to his brother's house in Mayfair."

"Well, well, dearie!" said the quiet aunt.

The girl folded the newspaper neatly, and laid it on the table. She sat still for several minutes, while Miss Grey dusted and arranged the room.

"Aunt!" she exclaimed, with sudden determination, "I must see him. I can't believe, even now, that he is dead. I shall never believe it unless I see him."

"My dear Nan, it is impossible."

Nannie took no notice of Miss Grey's protest. As soon as breakfast was over she dressed herself, very carefully, in a white silk blouse and grey skirt. Rostron had always disliked black. Her coat was also grey, and she wore a plain straw hat. She looked more like a humble bride than a woman who mourned.

She had often been to Lady Rostron's house, to string pearls. It was there she had first met Henry Rostron.

It was not until she reached the end of her short journey, and her hand was on the bell, that Nannie realised the boldness of the thing that she meant to do. It was such a big house, with its drawn blinds, so grand, gloomy, and formidable.

She had never felt nervous, or even very shy,