

Violet Hunt

A hand wearing a dark, textured glove, possibly made of leather or a similar material, is shown in a gesture of prayer or pointing upwards. The hand is illuminated from the side, highlighting the texture of the glove and the fingers. The background is a solid, deep black.

The Prayer

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Chapter I

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'It is but giving over of a game.
That must be lost.'--PHILASTER

'Come, Mrs Arne--come, my dear, you must not give way like this! You can't stand it--you really can't! Let Miss Kate take you away--now do!' urged the nurse, with her most motherly of intonations.

'Yes, Alice, Mrs Joyce is right. Come away--do come away--you are only making yourself ill. It is all over; you can do nothing! Oh, oh, do come away!' implored Mrs Arne's sister, shivering with excitement and nervousness.

A few moments ago Dr Graham had relinquished his hold on the pulse of Edward Arne with the hopeless movement of the eyebrows that meant--the end.

The nurse had made the little gesture of resignation that was possibly a matter of form with her. The young sister-in-law had hidden her face in her hands. The wife had screamed a scream that had turned them all hot and cold--and flung herself on the bed over her dead husband. There she lay; her cries were terrible, her sobs shook her whole body.

The three gazed at her pityingly, not knowing what to do next. The nurse, folding her hands, looked towards the doctor for directions, and the doctor drummed with his fingers on the bed-post.

The young girl timidly stroked the shoulder that heaved and writhed under her touch.