

does any one else. My parents went to India, when I was quite a little girl, and I lived there until—until—lately.” She drew her handkerchief out of her sleeve and rubbed it hard across her face. “We are not exactly of the aristocracy, Mrs. Tressidar, but more than just ‘respectable,’ and I was well educated, and brought up.”

Her eyes were a pitiful challenge, and Leslie nodded silently, almost dreading to look full at her.

“When I was eighteen I went into the hospital to train as a nurse, and after a year there, during which I got on far beyond my expectations, we had a bad season, and the wards began to fill appallingly fast with enteric patients. Although I should not have had charge of a patient under ordinary circumstances, owing to the demand for nurses, and my efficiency, I was given the night duty, on a case. The patient was your husband.”

Again that irritating catch in her breath made Leslie move her head from side to side and raise her chin as though she craved more air. Softly the girl spoke.

“You are not surprised?”

“No, I rather expected that was coming. Go on, please.”

“You who know him so well, can imagine him ill, helpless, suffering. Every nurse in the hospital soon got to know him, they had to be reprimanded for neglecting the other patients in order to perform some slight service for him. It was a pleasure to