

having one sort of mishap or another. It's high time we had a Hospital in Mooseberry.' A thought occurred to Sandra. Over and over again Glover had told Miss Norway she ought to 'get after' the gang of railway workers at Mooseberry, and rope them all in as subscribers.

'Where does the Section Boss live?' she asked faintly. To be told, and to have to act on the suggestion nothing but the desperation of affairs at Finlay would have put into her mind, took the strength out of her knees.

'Oh, over there,' said Mrs Anscombe carelessly, nodding in the direction of the Depôt, 'just across the line.'

But the man with the soft hat had no intention of seeing this conversation cut short. He watched the colour ebb and flow in this extraordinarily arresting face, and wondered why the girl palpitated with emotion. Robert Liscard was as straight a fellow as ever stepped, but with him the sheer joy of talking to a beautiful woman never gave way without a struggle to his sense of the privilege.

'How many Nurses have you got?' he enquired, wondering how a girl with a face, and eyes and lips like that could be unaware that he, or any man must want to talk to her.

'Just two,' she said. Her expression kindling, then melting, piqued his interest still further. 'And the Matron's that fine!