

CHAPTER IV

THE SEARCH

MRS. TOWNSFORD had had to face so many situations of keen anxiety, and apprehension, that she was not so much upset by this new worry as a woman might have been, whose life had fallen in easier places.

So when Elgar told her that it seemed necessary for him to go round the town, making inquiries as to the whereabouts of his uncle, she came quietly out to the store, and in less than half-an-hour had disposed of all the customers, and shut the place up for the night. Then it was, the real trouble of the waiting had come. It was comparatively easy to say there was nothing much the matter, and to believe it, while the store was full of sympathetic customers, but when these had all gone, and the door was shut and locked, a whole host of fears sprang into existence, and she could hardly bear the quiet house, and the sight of the three little girls asleep in their bed.

Meanwhile, Elgar, accompanied by the rough man with the squint, whose name was Dick Blore, made their way to the hospital tent as fast as they could go, and put their question as to who had been brought