

that your kindness will be repaid, every cent and more. You notice my dear aunt expressed a desire to see me and my family. That, of course, is impossible. But Mrs. Martin and I have decided that I should go. My dear aunt's dying wish is sacred. But how to leave Mrs. Martin in her delicate health is a matter that wrings my heart."

Mrs. Burton interrupted.

"Have you received the fifty pounds?"

"Not yet," he said, just a trifle irritably, "but what is a paltry fifty pounds?"

"It's nearly two hundred and fifty dollars," replied Mrs. Burton, "and if applied on your debts would be very welcome to the people who have supplied you with meat and groceries and clothing for the past seven years. I would think that would be your first duty."

Mr. Martin drew himself up stiffly, but the President of the Institute refused to quail.

"All in good time," he said, "they will get their money. . . . I will cable it to them."

"A bank draft is cheaper," I ventured.

"Enough of this," said Mr. Martin, feeling that the meeting was getting out of hand. "I called you in, ladies, to tell you our plans and ask for your endorsation.

"My duty is to be by my aunt's bedside, that is plain. But my wife and little ones! Let no one say I have not provided for them. . . . I could have gone to other societies, but the Women's Institute is my choice. I have had some little experience with service clubs. . . . Before little Tootie was born I asked one of the clubs here to help us. I attended one of their luncheons at considerable inconvenience to myself, and listened to their ghastly songs about gray mares and hard-boiled eggs . . and they sent us books of bread and milk