

CHAPTER XII

"I MUST go and see Judge Adams this afternoon," thought Mary in her room a few minutes later. "Perhaps if we don't get married till after the first of January, I shall have next year's income."

As you will see from this, Mary had one of those straight-forward minds to which a kiss and a declaration of love mean as much as a written proposal of marriage.

So perhaps it was just as well that she didn't hear the conversation which was going on in the other room.

"Say, doctor," began young Mr. Morgan, "when do you think I'll be able to sit up?"

"Oh, any time now. Better stay in bed another day or two though."

"I see. . . . And say, doctor, I want