

some profit about keeping hens there ! And half a dollar—that's more than two shillings, you know—a pound for table-fowls."

"Very nice, I'm sure ! Alberta, I do implore you not to be so silly !"

Kingsway grabbed his cap, and took his leave abruptly. Alberta watched his departing figure from the window with some bewilderment. There was indignation and disapproval in every line of his back.

"How ridiculously conservative one's elders are !" she reflected. "I think he must be in love with Aunt Mary. He seems quite upset."

She picked up the *Publicity Number*, which he had thrown on the floor, and folded it carefully.

"Aunt Mary will have to look at that. Thank goodness, *she* will be easy enough to manage—provided, that is, that she doesn't let *him* lead her by the nose."

She returned to the task which Captain Kingsway's call had interrupted, of totting up the list of expenses entailed by the big step that lay ahead of the adventurous family. It was a fascinating, if somewhat alarming calculation. A month ago, Alberta would have carefully considered the expenditure of as many pence, almost, as the pounds she was now methodically turning into dollars.

It was Uncle Richard's legacy that had wrought this change in her. For the second time this roving uncle—her mother's elder brother, and one time *mauvais sujet*—had flitted across her life.

The first time, before Alberta was of an age to appreciate the honour done her, Uncle Richard had