

Special last winter? I can scarcely be mistaken—'

His admiration was patent to Mrs Anscombe if not to Sandra, but there was nothing the girl might resent either in it or his manner. She coloured at being spoken to by the stranger. How was she to remember any of those men again, even supposing she had looked at a single one of them at the time?

'I am—I did—' she murmured, 'it was for the Hospital.' And an agony of bashfulness gave her tone a suggestion of defiance.

'Yes, I recollect. Well, how goes the Hospital, is it built yet?'

'Built!' she echoed, 'I should say!'

'That's good. I was awfully interested you know—' 'I have so often wondered,' he went on conversationally, 'if the idea came to anything, but have never been down that way since to find out.'

Mrs Anscombe looked on impartially, as one who has heard a good deal about the subject under discussion, but reserves a judgment. Something in Sandra's exclamation struck her as unusual.

'It's been running some time now, hasn't it?' she put in calmly, 'I believe a case went from here only a week ago.'

'Since March,' Sandra returned.

'It's quite handy for the section men,' the Proprietress observed, 'there's quite a bunch of them here and they're always