

group broke up. Edward Aldersey was among the last to remember he had other things to do but stand there staring into the sunset after Walter Hickman's car.

'I suppose,' he admitted regretfully, 'it really was not *quite* a fitting opportunity to mention the organ fund!'

Alma Norway came back after a neck and neck chase with Mr Rogers for her cap, which the prairie wind had torn from her hair and sent soaring like a snowflake after the motorists, as though she had tossed it in the air.

'Say, Doctor,' she panted, 'we mustn't forget this is all Sandra's doing really. Where is Sandra?'

Where indeed?

Sandra was standing by the staircase window irradiated by the level beams of the western sun, as it sank between two purple hills like a ball of gold at the bottom of a chalice.

Her eyes now strained against the sunset glory to follow the motorists careering away over the prairie trail to Mooseberry, now dropped to the figures down there on the hill, and to the two faces which turned and looked up at her.

Liston was coming back: she heard his footstep on the stair and his voice speaking her name.

But she remained where she was and waited, smiling into the unconscious face of the little babe gently rocking on her arm.

THE END