

or two with regard to getting the Hospital incorporated, and here and there one or two Mooseberry people had done generous things for the Finlay Hospital. But beyond this Mooseberry had shown the usual spirit of aloofness.

When Sandra Dunn stepped off the cars, and made her way across to the Hanover Hotel, she became aware that something a little unusual was going forward. There were quite a number of people about, and the sidewalk outside the Hanover was livelier than ordinary. It seemed that a Special had recently brought a knot of men to the place for a much advertised municipal meeting. Mooseberry had got growing pains, and was suffering from a self-induced attack of swelled head. A good many Real-Estate men, one or two politicals, and an extremely prominent figure in government circles, had honoured the occasion by their presence.

It conveyed nothing to Sandra. She had made up her mind to find the man she most dreaded to meet in all her circumscribed world, and to tell him she wanted the thousand dollars he had offered her. How she was to go back to the Hospital again—if Ansell, indeed, allowed her to go back, she did not know, nor how or when she must see Liston for the last time. She had parted with him in her heart last night: perhaps the actual parting, prosaic like most of the real tragedies of life, had taken place by the very fact of this little journey. He had gone down