

of any sort has to stand in the middle of a congested stream of city traffic, and advertise itself with a megaphone, for that! I doubt if you were wise to attempt the things you have attempted here in so small a centre of population, but—as you say—you were thinking of the *district*, and that, I conclude is settled up enough to have warranted it. Of course, if the farmers were to pull out in anything like numbers——'

He rose, and glanced out of the window. It seemed a contradiction to all the smiling promise of the land outspread before him, to take such an upshot into serious consideration. A loaded waggon crept slowly over the northward trail towards the village.

'—but I should hope,' he expostulated, 'that's not a very likely contingency?'

George held the thing that meant salvation between his thumb and finger: his eyes almost refused to take in the meaning of the value written there: only Sandra's query of last night, the query he had answered with such seeming harshness, beat in his brain. '*Would a thousand dollars help any?*' Sandra, the girl upon whom he had said he would rely when the bottom of the world fell out, had found and brought him this man, his quick mind and warm heart, and here was the thousand dollars—dropped from heaven! He crushed down a rising emotion that threatened to take from the common everyday sense of the thing, and