

The girl said nothing, but grew hotter in the face frying the bacon. There would be no question whence her expenses and her return fare would be forthcoming. The boiling fat spat in her face, making the tears start in her eyes.

Down at the Post-Office she had learned that Ansell Carter had hauled a load of grain to Mooseberry only the day before, to be ground at the mills there. She was in a fever to see and speak to him without delay. That would be the best place to meet—the only way. She longed to get out of Liston's reach.

The west-bound train went through at mid-day, and less than an hour's run brought it to Mooseberry, the divisional point, a straggling growing place of some two thousand inhabitants. When the little Hospital had first been projected Liston had written to the Secretary of the Board of Trade there offering the accomodation of its wards to the Mooseberry folk, if they cared to take some interest in its progress, until such time as that town might see its way to a Hospital of its own. He certainly counted on the section men on the line there appreciating the ten dollar ticket plan. As a matter of fact Glover, one of the patients at this moment, came from there. He had had two fingers amputated. The local paper had spoken appreciatively of the effort; it was a Mooseberry lawyer who had given Liston advice gratis now and again on a legal point