

ated the girlish freshness of her face. At the nurse's words she turned her eyes upon Cameron and upon her face, pale with long night watches, a faint red appeared. But her eyes were quiet and steady and kind; too quiet and too kind for Cameron, who was looking for other signals. There was no sign of disturbance in that face.

"Come on!" he said impatiently. "We have only one hour."

"Oh, what a glorious day!" cried Nurse Haley, drawing a deep breath and striding out like a man to keep pace with Cameron. "And how good of you to spare me the time!"

"I have been trying to get you alone for the last two weeks," said Cameron.

"Two weeks?"

"Yes, for a month! I wanted to talk to you."

"To talk with me? About what?"

"About—well—about everything—about yourself."

"Me?"

"Yes. I don't understand you. You have changed so tremendously."

"Oh," exclaimed the girl, "I am so glad you have noticed that! Have I changed much?"

"Much? I should say so! I find myself wondering if you are the Mandy I used to know at all."

"Oh," she exclaimed, "I am so glad! You see, I needed to change so much."

"But how has it happened?" exclaimed Cameron. "It is a miracle to me."

"How a miracle?"

For a few moments they walked on in silence, the tote road leading them into the forest. After a time the nurse said softly,

"It was you who began it."