

CYNTHIA WINS

CHAPTER I

The Stranger

It was so early in the season that no great rush of visitors was as yet expected at the Mount George House. Cynthia, in her little office just inside the main entrance, was busy checking invoices, when the cars from the west arrived. She was quite astonished when the crowd of arrivals came thronging into the wide hall.

She had a swollen face to-day. A week ago she took a chill. She had spent her off-duty time in trying to climb the lower slopes of the mountain. This had entailed fording a glacier stream, which had made her damp and given her a violent cold. An abscess had developed in her cheek, and she had packed her face in thermogene, and bandaged it to lessen the pain. Of course she looked a perfect guy; and very conscious she was of it, as the tourists came trooping up to the office window to