

more abruptly than usual, 'can I go up to Mooseberry to-day?' She was busily frying bacon.

Never before had she asked to go anywhere. Alma looked across at her in astonishment.

'Gee! what's in the wind at Mooseberry?' she exclaimed. 'Why, Sandra, I wish you would. You stay around much too much. And you could fetch me those inhalers—' she doubled up comically and shot a glance at Liston, 'but what about the petty cash? I have exactly five cents left.'

George put his hand in his pocket dubiously.

'I'm not wanting money,' Sandra said, flushing, 'I've got quite enough for that.'

'How much is it,' he reflected, 'return first? You mustn't come back by the night train, Sandra. You must stop at the Hanover.'

'Well, I've got enough,' she protested, 'Ma don't keep me that short.'

'The Hospital would be owing you quite a bit, Sandra, if only you'd take it,' Alma remarked, 'why you should do all you are doing here for nothing just because of the Doctor, I don't see. It's letting the Committee take too much for granted. I don't like it.'

'As long as Sandra does it for nothing there won't be any kick coming from that direction,' the Doctor observed, reserving to himself the comment that the Committee would find themselves more up a tree than ever confronted with any claims of his fiancée's, now.