

"Yes, especially me, and—Nurse Haley."

"Nurse Haley?"

"Yes. You are disturbing her peace of mind."

"Disturbing her? Me?"

A certain satisfaction crept into Cameron's voice. Nothing is so calculated to restore the poise of the male mind as a consciousness of power to disturb the equilibrium of one of the imperious sex.

"And you must not do it!" continued the little nurse. "She has far too much to bear now."

"And haven't I been just telling you that?" said Cameron savagely. "She never gets off. Night and day she is on the job. I tell you, I won't—it should not be allowed." Cameron was conscious of a fine glow of fraternal interest in this young girl. "For instance, a day like this! Look at these white mountains, and that glorious sky, and this wonderful air, and not a breath of wind! What a day for a walk! It would do her—it would do you all a world of good."

"Wait!" cried the little nurse, who had been on duty all night. "I'll tell her what you say."

Apparently it took some telling, for it was a full precious quarter of an hour before they appeared again.

"There, now, you see the effect of your authority. She would not budge for me, but—well—there she is! Look at her!"

There was no need for this injunction. Cameron's eyes were already fastened upon her. And she was worth any man's while to look at in her tramping costume of toque and blanket coat. Tall, she looked, beside the little nurse, lithe and strong, her close-fitting Hudson Bay blanket coat revealing the swelling lines of her budding womanhood. The dainty white toque perched upon the masses of gold-brown hair accentu-