

The girl took a long breath to ease a compound of such sudden half-grasped hope and acute apprehension, it could but issue in some rank temerity.

'We need such a lot still,' she burst out, 'a thousand dollars, Mr Liscard! Oh say—do you know where I could get that lot of money—or anyone who'd give it? You don't know, nobody knows, what that would mean . . . Mrs Anscombe said I should be fortunate to interest you . . . have *you* got a thousand dollars, Mr Liscard?

She stared at him, her lips slightly parted and her eyes burning bright, as though Heaven or Hell depended on his answer. Her utter artlessness if not her desperation made its own appeal.

Something inside seemed to turn head-over-heels with the Real-Estate man. Had *he* got a thousand dollars!

'Why—that's a big sum, Miss Dunn,' he fenced. 'I thought you said the Hospital was finished and open now, and housing patients?'

'So it is,' she cried, 'but it's to be shut up—We can't take in more. There isn't any money to go on with.'

She was trembling violently from head to foot, and it needed much less penetration than Bob Liscard possessed to see she was the prey of some violent agitation or fear. Mrs Anscombe, also, was taken by surprise. She glanced at the man, and her glance went on to the vacant seats about the room.