

toast in the rack and the tea caddy under one pretty elbow, explained that Sandra had run down to the post-office for the mail, and guessed they wouldn't have long to wait.

'Suppose you time the eggs,' she said. 'I wonder if I can trust you to do that?'

It was a phrase he invariably used in turning over to her the odds and ends of surgical jobs he should have seen to himself. 'I do believe you'll get me to do your operations next,' she protested one day, secretly flattered at his confidence in her, and Liston had replied more dryly and more seriously than ever, 'Why not, Miss Norway?'

The door opened, and Sandra struggled to close it against the wind. The glorious early-winter morning had erased all traces of late hours and mental crises on a face unaccustomed to them. She had a pile of envelopes in her hand. There was a deeper look than ever in the shy brown eyes, like a beautiful dog's with lights of gold and purple in them, though neither Alma nor Liston had anything but commonplaces to remark, just then, about the event of the night upstairs. Before each other they met her interest with correctly professional reserve.

A letter from home, and one of particular interest apparently from across the line, engrossed the Matron: Liston thrust out a lower lip over a couple of bills, an invoice, and a firm's regret at not being able further to extend the time limit of their account.

'Say — you two,' Sandra remarked, no