

The place isn't half good enough for her, the way it is now.'

'I should be delighted to hear a little about it all,' he said abandoning his easy attitude against the bureau, 'if you would be so good—? My name is Liscard: I had the pleasure of making a small contribution to your fund that day Miss—Miss—?'

'This is Miss Dunn,' proffered the Proprietress as Sandra hesitated. She was a good-natured woman. 'Mr Liscard is with Mr Hickman's party here, Miss Dunn. You are fortunate if he is interested in your Hospital at Finlay.'

Held to the spot first by lack of address to extricate herself from the incipient conversation, now fantastic hope gripped at Sandra's heart like a vice and hurt her. She looked from the one to the other, from the self-possessed face of the woman of the world who regarded her so impersonally, to the very live features of the black-haired gentlemanly Liscard.

'Oh—' she breathed, 'I'd be so glad to tell you if I could! It's cost so much—'

He laughed. 'I've no doubt of that—', glancing without regret at the tip of his cigarette which had gone out, 'Hospital always do. I've never heard of one yet which wasn't more or less in difficulties. But I suppose you have all the local support you expected in Finlay and the district? Doesn't this place help any? It ought to join hands with you and avail itself of the benefit.'