

"Aye, aye, mum," he touched his forelock, and swinging the Chinaman to his feet: "Come along, Sam," he grunted, and hustled him off on duty.

Polly looked up, trusting me with her tawny bloodshot eyes. Her voice was a dreary hoarseness, demanding liquor. But with an open wound to quicken the heart's action might be fatal, and Polly knew well it was no use pleading. Instead of that she pointed at the nurse, and said, "Send *that* away."

I turned upon Nurse Panton who sat forsaken and ostentatious in her corner. "Go," I said, "and make beef tea."

Sniff.

I took her by the shoulders, and marched her out of the room, while Polly grinned approval. I came back and asked where she was wounded. She pointed to the left hip, but I dared not remove a clothing which might have caught and sealed the flow of blood. A sole diet of alcohol and months of neglect had made her condition such that I shrank from touching her.

"So you're Kate," she lay against the bottom log of the wall, head back, eyes nearly shut, looking along her nose at me, "Carrotty Kate."