

A ROMANCE OF BILLY-GOAT HILL

the high narrow corridor except for the footsteps of passing nurses, and the occasional sharp cry of pain, or groan of weariness from some suffering patient.

"That 's him!" cried Myrtella hysterically as one of these cries reached her.

"No, no. He is sound asleep by this time. He won't know anything until it is all over." Then as another cry brought Myrtella to her feet, Miss Lady added, "Please, Myrtella, don't be so frightened. Those cries come from the floor below."

Myrtella shook off her hand impatiently. "How long have they been gone? Why did n't you tell me they was going to keep him hours and hours?"

"It's only been twenty minutes. I know how anxious you are, but you must try to be calm. If you are n't they won't let you go in the room when they bring him down."

"Won't let me in the room!" Myrtella's face blazed with anger. "I'd like to see 'em stop me! Who's got a better right? The doctor? The nurse? You? There ain't none of you got the right to him I have. Ain't I his mother?"

Miss Lady looked at her with amazement, and shrank instinctively from the desperate, defiant woman.

"That's right!" cried Myrtella, almost beside herself. "Snatch your hand off my arm, shrink away from me like I was a leper! Tell everybody,