

A ROMANCE OF BILLY-GOAT HILL

Myrtella's pride in this first articulation of her offspring was so great that it rendered her oblivious to the fact that the toast was scorching.

"When will you be able to bring Chick home?" asked Miss Lady, gulping down the hot tea with a watchful eye on the stable door.

"Jes' as soon as the doctor quits foolin' with his throat every day. He's been gittin' on fine ever' since I took him back to Phineas'. Maria's gittin' right stuck on him, now she's got to give him up. Says she always knowed he was smart, but she never dreamed of the things he had bottled up in his head."

"I have n't forgotten about your house," said Miss Lady absently. "Dr. Wyeth knows a nice place down on Chestnut Street, and says you can make a good living letting the rooms to shopgirls. It is n't right for me to keep you out here any longer."

"Well, I ain't goin' 'til spring." Myrtella rattled the pans with unnecessary vehemence. "Me an' Chick's goin' to stay right here 'til we git you settled. Now that Mr. Gooch has got a spell of spendin', an' is sendin' Miss Hattie to college, I guess she's settled fer a spell. Like as not Miss Connie 'll be marryin' some smart-alecky, good-fer-nothin' fellow, then she 'll be settled. But what's goin' to become of you and Bertie?"

Miss Lady leaned impulsively over the child's