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out of the opposite window, pull himself in.

"Sakes alive!" he said.
"Hush! Hush!" cried the Lady Noggs, clasping her hands. "Please don't say anything! The baby's swallowed a pin; and I stopped the train to take it to a London hospital!"
"Jee-rusalem!" said the stranger, dropping into a seat.
The Lady Noggs slipped past him, thrust her head out of the window, cried, "Run, William! Run!" and drew it in again.

William gave a hoarse shout, wrenched the handkerchiefs off the broomstick, flung it from him and bolted up the steep bank. The guard, who was within thirty yards of him, bolted up after him, but the bootless William gained at every step, and was over the hedge and on the level ground with a good fifty yards start. The Lady Noggs and the stranger watched the guard gallantly breast the ascent and come to the top. There he stopped suddenly and put up his hand to shade his eyes. His head turned this way and that, he shook his fist at the landscape, turned, and came running back. Plainly, William had disappeared. The guard reached the bottom just beneath their window; the stranger put his head out of it and cried, "Hello, conductor; what's the matter?"

"Some—yokel playing a joke!" said the guard; very red with rage and exercise.

"Curious notion of humor you Britishers have," drawled the stranger.

"The company'll humor him when it gets the detective down here," snorted the guard; and he ran along to his van. "I reckon we've shook him," said the stranger, smiling at the Lady Noggs. "Thank you very much," she said; and her grateful eyes shone on him.

"Say, now," said the stranger, feasting his eyes on her, "you flagged a British express—a British express!"
"Flagged it?" said the Lady Noggs in some doubt. "Oh, yes, I made William stop it with a flag. I had to. The doctor said it was the only chance of getting the pin out of the baby's throat, to take him to a London hospital."

"Sand," said the stranger with evident extreme enjoyment—"sand up to the brim, and they told me this decayed old country was played out. Who are you, young lady?"

"I'm Lady Felicia Grandison."
"Lady Felicia Grandison?" said the stranger, and his eyes opened wider. "This beats the Dutch!—a scion of corrupt and effete aristocracy. Well, travelin' teaches. I'm John P. Cooper, of New York City."

The train started with a little jerk; the tension suddenly relaxed, and the Lady Noggs threw up her hands over her face and burst into a fit of tearless sobbing. John Cooper let her sob for three minutes, then he said sharply, "Take a pull, Lady Grandison, take a pull! You've got to look after the youngster!"

The Lady Noggs choked down her sobs, though her mouth went on twitching, and turned to the baby. The stranger moved down to the seat opposite him and took a careful look at him. "He's a fearful sic—" he said, "and I have had a sick child of my own, a very sick child. It's my notion that brandy is what he wants. It'll keep him going."

With that he took from his gripsack a flask of brandy and water, poured some on to his little finger, and let a single drop trickle from it into the baby's mouth. He did this at intervals of about two minutes till the baby had had ten drops.

"Seventy-five more minutes," he said looking at his watch. "He'll do for another hour." And truly the baby's face looked a little less drawn, though the little choking cough and the moan came at the same interval.

They sat watching him in a strained silence only broken by an occasional question from John Cooper, and the oft-repeated cry of the Lady Noggs, "Oh, I do wish the train would go quicker!"

In about an hour John Cooper gave the baby some more brandy and the train was running through the suburbs as he finished.

"Now," he said, "what about tickets? I guess we've no time to waste. Micklesfield was the last stop before you flagged

this excited bathing-machine; and we'll have the money ready."

He took a time-table from his gripsack, looked up at the list of fares, and said, "Sixteen and eightpence." Then he pulled out a handful of money from his pocket and looked at it ruefully. "I don't seem to get ahead with this money of ours," he said. "How many of these coins go to sixteen and eightpence?"

"Oh, I must pay!" said the Lady Noggs. "William is my uncle's tenant, and I really must pay."

John Cooper gave her a quaint look and said: "I reckon that's the feudal spirit, and it's got to be humored. Have you got the money?"

"Yes," said the Lady Noggs, pulling it out of her pocket. "I—I broke open my missionary-box."

John Cooper held out his hand, crying, "You robbed the heathen to play this game? Shake!"

The Lady Noggs shook hands and said, "I had to."

"You bet you had," said John Cooper. After some arithmetic the Lady Noggs gave him a sovereign and two half-crowns, the price of a ticket and a half. The train ran into the terminus, and he said cheerfully, "Now it's up to John P. Cooper."

It was: he had them through the crowd, past the ticket-barriers, and into a hansom in eighty seconds, and they were off to the Charing Cross Hospital as fast as the horse could get through the traffic. John Cooper had them out of the hansom and into the hospital hall before they realized that they had reached it and was saying to the receiving nurse: "This is Lady Felicia Grandison. She's brought up a tenant's baby with a pin in its throat. If you're going to put it through it's got to be done straight!"

His briskness seemed catching, for a smart young house-surgeon and another nurse were on the spot in a moment; he took a look at the baby, said sharply, "Bring it along quick! Number three!" and hurried on ahead.

The nurse took the baby, and they followed her along a corridor to the door of number three. She said, "Wait here, please," went in with the baby and shut the door.

John Cooper made them sit down on a bench beside the door, and there they waited, the Lady Noggs holding Mrs. Cotteril's hand. Now and again the poor woman said feverishly, "Oh, I hope they won't hurt him! I hope they won't hurt him!"

Always John Cooper said cheerily, "You bet they won't—no, ma'am."

The minutes dragged: it was worse than waiting for the Northern Star. But at last the nurse came out with the baby in her arms.

"It's all right," she said triumphantly. "It's out. Seven minutes: almost a record. I'm taking him up to the children's ward to give him restoratives. Come back in an hour; we shall know then how he's stood it."

"God bless your little Ladyship!" cried Mrs. Cotteril, and burst out crying and sobbing.

When they had soothed her she would by no means leave the hospital till she had learned that the baby was out of danger. They left her in the hall; and John Cooper arranged with the receiving nurse that she should have some tea.

Outside the hospital John Cooper said: "You look as if you wanted restoratives, too, Lady Grandison—a square meal."

"Well, I missed my dinner, of course," said the Lady Noggs, who was looking a little pale after the strain. "But I mustn't spend much of this missionary money."

"This is my shout," said John Cooper firmly.

They wired to William Cotteril, drove to the Carlton, and over the meal improved their acquaintance at a great rate. By the time they had done, indeed, the Lady Noggs reckoned John Cooper one of her intimate and most amusing friends. When they went back to the hospital they learned that the baby was doing well after the operation; and the Lady Noggs was taken to see him sleeping in his cot. When she came down she learned that he was to be kept at least three days in the hospital, and that Mrs. Cotteril wanted to stay in London, and a nurse had offered to find her a room near the hospital. At once the Lady

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