

A ROMANCE OF BILLY-GOAT HILL

"You don't think you are going out in this storm without no lunch, do you?"

"I can't eat anything, I'm not hungry."

"That's what you said at breakfast. I ain't got a bit of patience with people that get themselves sick in bed and be a nuisance to everybody, just for the pleasure of slopping around in the slush on a day like this. I'm going to fix you some toast and a egg, while he's hitchin' up."

"Go on with the story, 'Tella," demanded Bertie, carefully bestowing a nose on the dough man.

"Well," resumed Myrtella, from the stove, casting an anxious glance at Miss Lady who stood at the window impatiently tapping the pane, "everybody was a wonderin' what would be his very first words, an' Dr. Wyeth he sez, 'Don't pester him to talk, jes' let it come natural.' One day me an' the nurse, the stuck-up one I was tellin' you 'bout, was fixin' to spray out his throat, an' he look so curious at all the little rubber tubes, an' fixin's, that she sez, 'You'll know a lot when you leave here, Chick.' And what do you think he up an' answered? Just as smart an' plain as if he'd a been talkin' all his life?"

"What?" demanded Bertie as breathlessly as if he had n't heard the story a dozen times.

"'Shucks,' sez Chick, 'I knowed a lot when I come!'"