

A ROMANCE OF BILLY-GOAT HILL

Then they halted, and Myrtella bent over him wildly. "Chick!" she cried, her face suddenly contorted, "look at me just onct more! Tell me you fergive me, Chicky! Oh, if they kill you —!"

The stretcher was shoved hastily into the elevator and the door closed on everybody but Chick and the nurse and the orderly.

It was about that time that Chick decided to lie down. Where were they taking him? What were they going to do with him? What did Aunt 'Tella mean by those strange words? Where had Mis' Squeerington gone? With sudden quaking terror he looked at the nurse and broke into hoarse interrogatory sounds.

"Here we are!" she cried soothingly, as the elevator came to a halt. "And here's Dr. Wyeth waiting for us."

"Well, my little man," said the large figure in white, taking a small cold hand in his large strong one, "we are going to put you to sleep and when you wake up, it will be all over. You are pretty game, are n't you?"

Chick, trying very hard to keep his knees from shaking the sheet, nodded emphatically.

"I thought so," lied the doctor cheerfully, looking into the terror-stricken eyes. "I can almost always tell when a fellow's made out of the right sort of stuff. You don't wear false teeth, do you?"