

## A ROMANCE OF BILLY-GOAT HILL

career before him, if he gets through this trial. Do you know when it is set for?"

"November the sixth."

"So soon as that? Well, I don't know the young man, but I hope he'll be cleared. I want him to write some more books for me to read. I'm sorry Kinner has charge of the prosecution. He'd rather convict an innocent man than a guilty one. All right, my boy, I guess we are ready."

"Don't try to get up!" admonished the nurse to Chick; "I'll lift you over."

But Chick scorned assistance. Had n't he only last week valiantly bucked the center in a football game between the Bean Alley Busters, and the Shanty Boat Bums, and, covered with mud and blood and glory, been carried from the field? They need n't think because he was little and thin and could n't talk that he was a baby! He got himself on to the wheeled stretcher, but refused to lie down.

"Let him sit up then," said Mrs. Queerington. "He likes to see where he is going, don't you, Chick? Here goes our automobile! Honk! Honk!"

The nurse wheeled him through the tall, gloomy halls, while Myrtella shambled at one side, clinging to his hand, and wiping her eyes. Miss Lady flitted along on the other, telling him about the new football that was going to be on his bed when he woke up.