

Mickey retreated to Peaches' neck again, and she smiled over and comforted him.

"Mickey, I knew you'd be crazy," she said. "I knew you'd be glad, but I didn't know you could be so——"

Mickey took her in his arms a second, then slowly recovered his feet and a small amount of self-possession. Again he turned to the surgeons.

"*Are you sure?* Will it hurt her? Will it last?"

"Quite sure," said Dr. Carrel. "Calm yourself, lad. Her case is not so unusual; only more aggravated than usual. I've examined her from crown to sole, and she's straight and sound. You have started her permanent cure; all you need is to keep on exactly as you are going, and limit her activities so that in her joy she doesn't overdo and tire herself. You are her doctor. I congratulate you!"

Dr. Carrel came forward, holding out his hand, and Mickey took it with the one of his that was not gripping Peaches and said, "Aw-a-ah!" but he was a radiant boy, and the white light on his forehead shone never so brightly.

"Thank you sir," he said. "Thank everybody. But thank you especial, over and over. I don't know how I'll ever square up with you, but I'll pay you all I have to start on. I've some money I've saved from my wages, and I'll be working harder and earning more all the time."

"But Mickey," protested the surgeon, "you don't owe me anything. I didn't operate! You had the work done before I arrived. I would have come sooner, but I knew