

A ROMANCE OF BILLY-GOAT HILL

Suddenly they both started. The elevator descended creakingly and halted beside them. There was a shuffling of feet and the stretcher was wheeled past with a small, white-sheeted form lying motionless upon it.

"It's all over," said Dr. Wyeth, following briskly. "He put up a pretty stiff fight while taking the anesthetic, but we downed him at last. The conditions were less serious than I anticipated. With care and good nursing he ought to get well right away now. Hello! Here's another patient!"

For Myrtella, glaring at him through her steel-rimmed spectacles, had dropped like a log straight across the corridor and lay unconscious with her fly-away hat crushed under one ear.

"Loosen her collar," directed Dr. Wyeth, "and bring me some ice water. There! She'll come around in a minute."

He knelt beside her with his hand on her pulse, looking at her curiously. Then he turned to Miss Lady:

"Queer how faces come back to you. I attended this woman twelve years ago, when I was interne in the maternity ward at the City Hospital."