THE ONLY REPUBLICAN NEWSPAPER AND THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM IN CARROLL COUNTY.

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

JOB WORK OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS BETTER AND CHEAPER THAN ELSEWHERE. —o— ESTIMATES FURNISHED.

$1 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 5, 1906. VOL. 75--NO. 40.

TO THE PUBLIC.

In view of the many inquiries that have been most naturally made during the past week, it becomes our duty to make a frank statement to the public.

Because of the fact that a number of persons are interested in the AMERICAN SENTINEL and job printing office; for the protection of all these interests the undersigned were by the Circuit Court for Carroll County, sitting as a Court of Equity, appointed Receivers, and will continue the publication of the AMERICAN SENTINEL and all the work of the office, under the same business and editorial management that existed before the death of Mrs. E. J. Rippard.

So far as the interests of the public are concerned there is no change whatever in the conduct of the office, and we solicit the continued patronage of subscribers and advertisers, assuring them that they will receive as in the past, faithful and efficient service.

E. O. GRIMES, Jr.,
W. L. SEABROOK,
Receivers.

Chas. E. Fink, Solicitor.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE OF A DESIRABLE FARM,

In Franklin District, Carroll county, Md.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a mortgage from Francis T. Davis and Melissa Davis, his wife, to David E. Stem, and recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county, Maryland, in liber B. F. C. No. 35, folio 420, &c., and by virtue of the assignment thereof, the undersigned will offer at Public Sale, on the premises, on

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 9th, 1906,

at 2 o'clock, P. M., all that parcel of land, containing

102¼ ACRES, more or less,

and being the same land that is described in the said mortgage, and is the land of which the said Francis T. Davis died seized and possessed, and is occupied by the widow and some of his children.

The land is situated in Franklin district, in Carroll county, Md., on the "Davis Road," near Mt. Olive Church, about 2 miles from Daniel Postoffice, adjoining the lands of John C. McKenny and the late Lloyd Bellman, Otto Buckingham, Charles Grimes and others.



The improvements consist of a good and substantial weather-boarded Dwelling House and a good Tenant House; a new Bank Barn and other outbuildings. There is about 20 to 25 acres of good Timber and the rest of the land is in a good state of cultivation. There is a good Orchard of various kinds of fruit trees.

Terms of Sale.—Cash, as prescribed by the mortgage.

J. EZRA STEM,
Assignee of Mortgagee.
sept 14 4t F. A. Crawford, auct.

PUBLIC SALE OF TWO VALUABLE FARMS, AND A SMALL PROPERTY,

Situate in New Windsor District, in Carroll County, Maryland.

The undersigned, by virtue of a power of Attorney from Amanda E. Haines, widow of Samuel A. Haines, late of Carroll county, deceased, and others to them, dated September 4th, 1906, and duly recorded among the land records of Carroll county, and as heirs-at-law of the said Samuel A. Haines, deceased, will sell at Public Sale, to the highest bidders, on the first hereinafter described premises, on

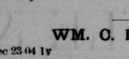
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6th, 1906,

at 1 o'clock, P. M., all those Two Valuable Farms of which the said Samuel A. Haines died seized and possessed, to-wit:

1st All that Farm containing

154 ACRES, 2 ROODS and 30 PERCHES

of Land, more or less, whereon the said Samuel A. Haines resided at the time of his death, and composed of the same lands that were conveyed and are described in the deeds from the following named persons to the said Samuel A. Haines, viz: (a) David Engel, dated October 2nd, 1851, and recorded among the Land Records of Carroll County in Liber J. B. B. No. 12, folio 543 &c.; (b) Thomas Gorsuch, Trustee, dated April 4th, 1861, and recorded among said Land Records in Liber G. E. W. No. 29, folio 107 &c.; (c) Samuel Carr, dated December 31st, 1863, and recorded among said Land Records in Liber G. E. W. No. 20, folio 453 &c.; (d) William H. Bond, dated October 19th, 1874, and recorded as aforesaid in Liber F. T. S. No. 44, folio 300, &c.



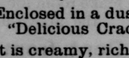
The improvements thereon consist of a large and comfortable log weather-boarded Dwelling House, good Bank Barn, dairy near dwelling house, wagon shed with corn crib attached, carriage house, hog pen, two grain sheds and other necessary outbuildings, and a comfortable log weatherboarded tenant house with necessary outbuildings. There is running water at the dairy, also at the barn, and a pump and well of good water at the tenant house. Two good orchards of apple, pear and other fruit trees are on the premises. The farm is well watered by a running stream. About twenty or twenty-five acres of this farm is covered with a heavy growth of hickory, oak and chestnut timber. There are about ten acres of meadow land, (all can be cultivated), the balance of the land is under a high state of cultivation, and all of it well fenced.

This property is situate on the county road leading from Warfieldsburg to Dennings and about midway between said places, and adjoins the lands of Thomas S. Jones, Albin Duvall and others and the next described property, and is now occupied by the undersigned, David B. Haines.

2nd. All that adjoining Farm, now occupied by Charles E. Haines, containing

33½ ACRES OF LAND, more or less,

and composed of the two parcels of land that were conveyed to the said Samuel A. Haines by Isaac C. Baile, assignee of David Baile of D., by deed dated March 30th, 1886, and recorded among the land records aforesaid in liber W. N. M. No 64, folio 150 &c., and by Ezra B. Garner and wife, by deed dated March 10th, 1 88, and recorded as aforesaid in liber W. N. M. No. 67, folio 289 &c.



The improvements on this farm consist of a comfortable log weatherboarded Dwelling House, Bank Barn, wag on shed and corn crib attached, hen house and other necessary outbuildings. There is a never failing spring of water near the dwelling, and pump and well of water at the barn. There is a fine young orchard of apple, pear and other fruit trees on the premises. About 4 acres of this property is in timber, and the balance of the land is in a high state of cultivation with good fences.

The undersigned will, previous to the day of sale, have about 20 to 25 acres of the first described farm laid off to the second described farm; and will also have laid off to the tenant house, from the first described farm, about one half an acre of land; and will, on the day of sale, first offer the properties as above described, and then offer them with said deductions and additions of land, and the tenant house as a third property, and sell the same as may appear to the best advantage.

Both these farms are convenient to schools, churches and stores, and in a rich agricultural community, and this sale offers a fine opportunity to purchasers.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third cash on the day of sale, one-third in six months and the other one-third in twelve months, the deferred payments to be secured by the notes of the purchaser or purchasers, with security approved by the undersigned, and bearing interest from the day of sale; or other reasonable terms may be made.

JACOB A. HAINES,
NATHAN H. HAINES,
DAVID B. HAINES,
Heirs-at-law and Attorneys in Fact.
John Milton Reifsnider, Solicitor.
F. A. Crawford, auctioneer.

At the same time and place will be offered for sale, on terms to be announced, about 500 good Chestnut Posts, about 300 Chestnut Rails, about 15 tons of good Timothy Hay.

JACOB A. HAINES,
NATHAN H. HAINES,
DAVID B. HAINES,
sept 14 4t Administrators &c.

HERD OF MILCH COWS FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell at Public Sale, near Medford, at 1 o'clock, P. M., on

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13th, 1906,

her herd of Milch Cows. They are 5 to 7 gallons a day milkers, and farmers in need of good cows will do well to see them and attend the sale.

sept 14 5t* MRS. ELLA A. MARTIN.

BABYLON & LIPPY CO.

First Anniversary

We desire to call your attention to the fact that we are entering upon our second year in business and wish to express our gratitude for the considerations you have shared with us, believing as we do you will find us better prepared to sell you greater values than last year, as we had to go on the market at ruling prices, but this year we start with piles of goods **on hand and coming** that were bought in anticipation of a rising market. Hence we can offer you any desirable articles of merchandise as cheap as any reliable house.

Our New Line of Tailored Suits.

The new fall models in Ladies' Tailored Suits, Coats, Waists and Skirts are here and have been carefully selected for your fall and winter wants. Every fashion inspiration is here, carefully executed by our makers. We have the correct spirit of the season in these charming models of style. Our Suits are of

Cheviots, Serges, Plaids, and Fancy Tweed Mixtures.

Look over our Fall and Winter Models of Coats. They are the newest models that can be had regardless of price.

The New Skirts.

Because of the extreme fullness of the Skirt Styles demanded for this season they are rich in beauty, light in weight and the latest of fashions declared.

Solid Black Taffeta Silks.

These are all fine grades of pure silk rustling Taffetas, good wearing and a deep jet black. We are offering them much lower than we could go on the market today and buy them for. For instance, our yard wide at 90c would be cheap at $1.15. COMPARE SAMPLES.

Fancy Dress Goods.

Our line of Fancy Wool Plaids and Mixtures of mannish effects, at 50c yd., are remarkably cheap. We feel that you would not be satisfied without seeing our beautiful line before making your purchases.

Trimmings are Fashionable.

Many dresses will depend entirely upon trimmings—Braids and Buttons—for the desired effect. And well they may. We don't remember a season when such trimmings and so many of them were used as this season. Remember we have them in any style, width, color and price you may desire, from the narrow soutache to the very wide applique designs, from 3c yd. up.

Underwear.

We have our fall line of Underwear on sale for fall and winter, including the famous Forest Mills, known to all lovers of strictly well made and long wearing garments to be the real money saving Underwear to buy.

Clothing, Shoes, &c.

More and more are we convinced that the Clothing we display and sell is up to the minute in style, fit, and workmanship and besides all that, we sell it much cheapar than others do. We also carry a large and well selected line of Men's and Boys' Overcoats, Raincoats, Rubber Coats, Pea Jackets, Covert Coats, and Corduroy Coats, as well as Suits to please all.

When in need of Boots of any description, Rubber, Leather or Felt, we have them. Rubbers of every kind and size and Shoes of every description can be supplied here at money saving prices.

Save Money by Dealing With **Babylon & Lippy Co.** Westminster, Maryland.

SEE THE BEACHEY AIRSHIP FLIGHTS AT THE Hagerstown Fair AND Horse Show, Hagerstown, Md.

OCTOBER 9, 10, 11, 12, 1906.

Special Trains and Rates on all Railroads.
For Information, Premium List, Etc., apply to
D. H. STALEY, Secretary.

THE WESTMINSTER FERTILIZER COMPANY, (SUCCESSORS TO CHAS. SCHAEFFER,) OFFER TO THEIR PATRONS THE OLD AND RELIABLE HAND MIXED BRANDS OF BIG GUN, GOVERNOR, LEADER and SUPER A.

Report of State Agricultural Chemist shows all of the above Brands TO BE ABOVE THE GUARANTEED ANALYSIS.

SACKS for Fertilizer furnished in ADVANCE.
Westminster Fertilizer Co.
aug 24 8t

SHOES, HATS AND GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

WE HAVE THE LARGEST STOCKS OF

SHOES, HATS AND GENTS' FURNISHINGS

in Carroll county and invite you to look us up before buying your Fall and Winter Goods.

Special strong lines of boys' and girls' School Shoes; also men's and women's Heavy Shoes. Agents for Walk-Over Shoes for men, $3.50 and $4.00. Dorothy Dodd Shoes for women $3.00 and $3.50.

All the new and up-to-date styles in men's and boys' Hats and Caps. Always the newest things in Shirts, Collars, Neckwear, Gloves, Hosiery and Suspenders. Give us a call.

WM. C. DEVILBISS, 22 W. Main St., Westminster.
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WHITE PALACE GROCERY

embraces the fullest meaning of its name—purity, convenience and home-likeness.

We carry only first-class goods, in a splendid location, with wagon and 'phone services to care for your wants.

Here are a few of our many palatable luxuries:

Fine assortment of "Fancy Cakes."
Enclosed in a dust proof box "Delicious Crackers."
It is creamy, rich and mild "Best American Cheese."
Have you tried It? "Our Dried Beef."

Branded by a reliable high grade canner "Our Canned Goods."
Full line of the celebrated homemade "Heintz Products."
For a pleasing impression try "Whitman's Confections."

With every cash purchase of $1.00 we give a large, refreshing glass of soda. For the best quality, see

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GUY W. STEELE, LAWYER,
No. 21 Court St, Westminster
au19-9

CLAUDE TILDEN SMITH, ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WESTMINSTER, Md.
Office No. 7 Court Street. 12 tf

WM. H. H. ZEPP, Harness Emporium.

CALL AND EXAMINE OUR LINE OF **Summer Goods** SUCH AS FLY NETS, HORSE COVERS, LAP DUSTERS, Ear Tips, Dangles, &c.

We can save you money on FLY NETS as we bought before the advance in price.

OUR STOCK OF BUGGY, SURREY AND TEAM HARNESS is complete and at prices that defy competition.

A full and complete line of **TURF AND BaseballGoods** constantly on hand at lowest prices. We have a full line of Collars, Saddles, Whips, Fly Nets, Halters, Chains, Traces, Hames, Oil Soap and Dressing, in fact everything to be found in a first-class Harness Store.

We make a specialty of Hand Work. Repairing promptly done. Give us a call.

WM. H. H. ZEPP,
opposite the Forks, 113 W. Main St.,
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Regular Dinner 25 cts.

STEAKS AND CHOPS TO ORDER.

OYSTERS.

THE CARROLL DINING AND QUICK LUNCH ROOM,
WALTER R. DEVILBISS,
formerly of Carroll County,
118 PARK AVENUE, near Lexington St.,
Baltimore, Md.

DAIRY LUNCH. oct 28 6 mo

SALE BILLS printed on short notice and at reasonable rates.

OCTOBER.

—o—

Gone now is the droway summer
In her place, the latest comer,
With fresh color in her glowing cheeks, in beauteous strength, is here,
Demanding reign, not suing,
In all nature health renewing,
October, loveliest of the months, Queen regnant of the year.
In the air is new life ringing,
A new song the birds are singing,
Mellow skies of gorgeous color are the signals of her reign:
After summer heat's prostration,
And its languid enervation,
Comes the stirring of October's crisp and cooling airs again.
With her heavy-laden mission,
Of the year's full rich fruition,
The month of fruits and harvests comes, the rarest of them all:
And Nature's voice is loudest,
And its ringing accents proudest,
When upon October, Queen of all the year, they call.

FIGHT: A STORY.

—:o:—

(Richard Washburn Child, in the American Illustrated Magazine.)

The darkness produced a horrible effect upon Frances; it was void and pulsing. So as she came out of the room, where the quiet light was burning, shutting the door with infinite caution she groped for the matches and found relief as the candle flame arose into its sharp appointed bloom. The light showed the pallor of the girl's face under its mask of wholesome summer. Beneath the parting of her hair were eyes vainly pleading for lost sleep and lips that had been repeating a mechanical prayer over and over again these twenty-four hours. One sound alone invaded the night stillness of the chamber in which she had entered, the familiar, unfamiliar, real and unreal room, which had been her dressing room during their first season at the Harbor. The room was now the nursery. The sound was slight but powerful in the peace of its monotony. It was the breathing of her first-born. She stepped softly across the carpet to the crib, holding the candle so that she might look long and well upon her little son. And then as the ever-increasing power of her agony bent her, she gave a cry like a tree cracking before a rising wind, and she went to her knees, burying her face in the comfort of the warm, fat little body.

'What shall we do now?' she cried softly. 'What shall we do? And good God, what shall we do then?'

The baby awoke cheerfully, not being the sort of baby which looks likes grub and hates the world. He had been born into a link of such unspeakable love that he could only be this sort of a laughing, scrambling thing, content in his wisdom. 'Hoo-gug-gug' said the baby, and the feeble caress of his hand wandered knowingly over his mother's face. Courage flowed out at the end of each nonsensical fingertip.

'Hi-boy,' she whispered brokenly, using the name that Edward had invented for informal occasions. 'Do you understand it all, little Hi-boy? You know there is going to be no 'then,' little Hi-boy, don't you? You know he isn't going to die! He can't, little Hi-boy!'

The baby spoke once more, cheerfully, and in his own language. He seemed to be sleepy; for a long time she knelt there with aching knees and the terror of possibilities gripping her heart like a powerful astringent. Then at last came the measured tread of the yearling's breath. She got up and went to the window.

The first whiff of light had blown up above the horizon; the night was now gray and not black. Below the cottage and the sand cliffs the beach was receiving the swash of a calm yesterday and the tide, streaked with the delay of outer sand-bars and squall-bitten, was hurrying in across the inlet before a sunshiny tomorrow. Far out a single sail crept in its groove along the northward tack. That was the boat from the Point that had landed the specialist from the city. That was the water and those the morning mists that had chilled the body more dear to her than all other things, and had driven into it during the cold hours on a becalmed craft the disease that had made the body gasping, delirious and helpless. Womanlike she lashed herself with her own torments that she had not made him carry a sweater.

The ghastly dream-painted days that had just gone were remembered in a hopeless chaos of events a country doctor's face, fearful in its own expression of kindly helplessness, the stoic, raw-boned nurse moving about in silent tread, the errands, the telegrams. Edward's smiles, his delirium, his fading voice, the torture of advances, retreats, marches, countermarches, of the pneumonia, all beset Frances in miserable alternation with the torment of the future. Then came this man of skill from the city. She had looked at his hands as she had welcomed him an hour before and noticed that they were powerful hands with heavy fingers and heavy veins across the back, suggestive of physical strength, just as the calm blue of his eyes and the purpose of his mouth were comforting in their show of mental power. 'Let me see him,' he had said. It sounded like the command of a great warrior going into the fight.

Frances crept back to the door between the two rooms, pressing her ear and hot cheek against the cool surface. She could hear the soft movement of the voiceless nurse and then the tense, savage whispers of the doctor: 'It's the delirium again. Heart's weaker. Strychnine. That's good. Give it to me. Heart's weaker. That's bad. If I'd only had a few hours more—no oxygen yet, no oxygen yet. Why don't it come? Give us that hypordermic!' The words gradually relapsed into a necklace of fierce, whispered oaths around which went his tongue, touching at each one with vicious emphasis, and after a moment, there arose the orders again: 'Look! Look! Quiet now. We've gained. Driving it back, eh?' There was exultation in his voice. Frances straightened, her arms pressed tight down at her sides. She had heard of surgeons who ate their souls over the operating table; this was the same thing. The rasp of the doctor's voice beyond the door told the story. For him at this moment there was the battle and nothing more in the universe.

'Listen! There's a falling off! Keep his carcass going till the oxygen comes. Pretty stiff. It's up or down. Watch now! A matter of minutes. Ah, three o'clock. That's when they grow cold. Strychnine in the whiskey! See the air—fog's blown off. That's great. Where's that rally? There's got to be that rally. The last ditch. Neck and neck, you devils. The bugs, the bugs eh!' He was talking into his own ears, but Frances behind the door beat her forehead with her knuckles. There was a hush in the next room, and she heard the sick man call her name hoarsely; she sped back to the window that looked out upon the dim white trail of the road that led to the village. It was empty—a speckless white tape through the beach-grass and sweet-fern.

'The tanks—the oxygen!' she cried. 'Why can't it come? Why can't they bring it?' The picture of some baggageman rolling one of the blue steel tanks leisurely across a platform at some junction came to her. She could see him set it down with a careless sigh of relief. Not a thought would he have that in that tank was a life and her happiness! He would look at the tag with a sauntering eye and kick a ringing vibration out of it and light his pipe contentedly.

The nurse, mistaking the door for the closet, opened it a crack before she knew her mistake. The doctor's words came in like individual fiends: 'It's now or never. Fight, fight, fight, eh? But it's now—in these minutes. Take that! Take that! The extremity! He's unconscious. Rally! Come on! Come on! If he don't—he's gone. I'll lose him, eh? Here, nurse, take this syringe—we're at the finish.'

Frances sickened. Her lips were white. She blew out the candle, making her way to the window through the gray sparse light of the promised dawn. A tern rose from its fishing on the shallows and, wheeling, flew to the wind-break of the sand-dunes.

She remembered the portents that the Romans inferred from the flight of birds. Was it to the right or the left which boded evil? Her baby stirred as if he felt the influence of the augury and moved uneasily, hearing the drums of the new day, already upon the march. Frances quietly left the room and went into the hall. It was the only other place where she could be near at hand should the one eternal, indispensable moment come.

The breeze from the sea swept in from the open door below bringing the sound of the monotonous tread of her husband's older brother up and down the porch. Two other women sat nerve-taut and carstrained somewhere beneath, but even they could not understand; Edward's sister loved him, but Edward was not to his sister the all of living. She stood there, her muscles strained in a pathetic attempt to bring the tears to her dry eyes, until the door of the awful chamber opened, exposing the hushed yellow light and the doctor dragging his feet heavily out of the room.

In the darkness that followed the closing she heard the doctor's breath and did not dare to speak.

'I lose,' said he, softly, with a startling break in his voice. There was no sorrow in it; it was merely the despair of a beaten man. He struck a match for his cigarette and the light showed the drawn lines of his face and the beads of perspiration standing upon the breadth of his forehead. 'I lose,' said he.

The words thrust Frances back against the bannisters, clutching at the thickness of the dark. At the noise he looked up quickly and, recovering himself, leaned forward. 'Stop!' he exclaimed, with purposeful harshness. 'He is not dead.'

'You lose, you lose, you lose,' she choked.

He gently took the candle from her hand and lit it, and examined her face to know how much he might tell her.

'You lose, you lose, you lose!' cried she.

'Listen,' he answered firmly; 'I wanted to get him out of danger during the time before we get the oxygen. I lost. He is still in danger—much danger. I think he may live.'

'You lie!' They were new words to her lips.

Once more he raised the candle, studying her face, noting the lines beneath her brown eyes, her pallor, the rise and fall of her breathing. Finally he spoke to her softly:

'You are a brave woman—a strong girl. Your body will stand much and your mind—that will stand more than your body. I have done what I could—the nurse will do what she can. But it's a thin thread an—' She lifted her head courageously high, as he paused. The pause was like the pause when an executioner's axe hangs back—and your husband has stopped fighting against it. He won't even take food. That's always the way. He may not live.'

'Stopped fighting?' she cried. 'And what are the chances if he lives till we get oxygen?'

'If he should happen to live until then—good, good.'

'Stopped fighting against it,' she repeated. 'Watch me. I will make him fight.'

The doctor's blue eyes narrowed for an instant; his lips moved. 'Send the nurse out when you go in,' he then said, briskly. He was a good actor. 'I have some directions for her.'

'My hair,' said she, catching her breath. 'Just see, and this gown. I must look well—I must look well when I go to him.'

'The minutes,'—he began.

'Yes, yes, the minutes,' she answered and slipped away.

Presently she went back. The doctor had once seen a shot-torn seagull trying to clean the blood from its white breast. There was a comparison.

'The delirium is intermittent,' he said. 'You understand that. Watch for the heart. I can hear you if you call.'

The big raw-boned nurse, with colorless eyes gazing through spectacles, stood up and faced her as she entered.

'Oh, I thought you were the doctor,' she whispered.

'He wants to see you out there,' returned Frances. 'I will stay until—'

'He's better,' finished the nurse softly, nodding at the bed. She was a big-framed woman, but a woman. 'Your husband is quiet now. He has been delirious. Soon he will open his eyes and he will know you—that will be your chance.'

'Yes, yes, my chance,' answered Frances, totally misunderstanding the other. 'Then we'll fight against it. He will fight.'

The sick man's face was drawn, silky yellow, like molasses candy after pulling. Frances leaned over him, listening to the labor of his body and kissed him upon the forehead. 'God help us, Edward,' she breathed. Far out across the rosy waters the sun had appeared out of its clot in the horizon; the new day had begun.

When she turned, his eyes were opening slowly. Then when he had seen her they shut again and a smile did its best at the stiff white lips.

'Edward, Edward!' she cried, dropping to her knees.

'Frances,' he whispered.

'I have come to tell you, you will not die. Do you understand?'

'I'm—I'm dy—I'm dy—' He could not spare the effort of the word and with the strain his eyes were opening again. She looked into them steadily, 'Sand! Sand! Sand!' she said. 'Fight! Fight!'

'Sand!' he repeated, his brain clearing for the moment; 'I think I lost my grip. Poor girl, poor girl—our boy. Yes, sand!'

'We've got to fight!'

'We've got to fight,' he repeated dully. 'Must we fight?'. A new flash of intelligence came into his eyes; his hand wandered with creeping fingers like beetles' legs over the sheet. 'Food—give us fuel! More fuel!'

Frances reached for the coffee jelly on the table. She knew that she had won the first step of the way. After the torment of the spoonful the eyes closed once more for a moment. 'Come on now!' he gasped. 'They can't kill me. I understand, dear girl. We're going to fight this out. I mustn't die. I mustn't die. I mustn't die.'

'The oxygen!' wailed a voice within her, but the little strip of the white road, which she could see still, winded its way through the low shrubbery, speckless. His fingers had reached her hand after their long journey and rested upon hers. At the touch they strengthened. 'The doctor gave it up,' he whispered. 'He—thought—it—was—all—over. Fight! You can't kill me!'

The man of skill had opened the door softly, closed it, and once more Frances was looking steadily into the eyes of her husband. They were foggy again with unreason.

'Get up, get up,' he groaned. 'My wind! Ah—that's better. No sooner, no sooner! Frances, oh I say. The baby. Get off my chest, will you? Fight! Sand! Eh?'

'Fight,' she whispered in his ear, with her hand on his pulse, which caught, choked, flung itself loose and was tip-toeing on its way again. Frances tore the collar from her soft neck. He was loving life now like a waterless fish; the droop of his mouth had straightened.

'My slide goes hard' he choked. 'Starboard, I think. The pistol! Now! Now! Now! Thunder, they have got us at the very start. That back. See his back with the cussed muscles on it. He clips the stroke. Oh, I say, he clips the—Now! what's the matter with you, cox? You're a disgrace to the university!'

'Fight!' she screamed, then froze with terror that excitement might kill him, but beneath her fingers she imagined that she felt the flicker of his heart gather strength.

'Now! Now! Now!' he called. 'See the swing of that cussed back. The catch! The—Oh, Frances. Oh, I say, Frances, I must have been asleep. Tired—very, very tired.' He closed his eyes.

'Fight!' said she. A first ray of light caught, for a second, on the top of the window frame, then snapped into the room. 'Come on, warm sun!' she cried. 'Come on! Come on!'

'Fight!' gasped the man on the bed. 'Fight! For you, Frances! Fight! And Hi-boy. Fight!'

Far away across the dunes a church clock recognized the hour with four times a mellow vibration; Frances turned toward the bed and saw that the thread of life was snapping. There was no manner of telling this, but by the sense of nature and the cold that gleamed icily upon his skin. She was insane, putting her warm hands beneath his ears and whispering, 'Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight now, Edward! Fight! Fight, Edward! Fight! Fight!' When he did not answer she did not faint or cry out. She thrashed her own heart that through her hands it might warm his; she repeated the exhortation in violent, savage whispers. The idea of calling help did not occur to her. They were at the edge of the world together and together it was natural and right that they should be alone. A point of light had risen to swim upon his forehead. 'Back into the body, soul,' she said, softly.

Finally he writhed in the pain of a new breath; his neck warmed with the feeble tune of the blood. 'Fight!' she said, the world being real again. 'Life belongs to us. Fight!'

'Frances—I hear you. More—food more—food.'

She fed him with a steady hand, her eyes shining with the triumph of his courage. One of the maids stirring below slammed a door. The noise seemed to shatter the truth of existence, but her hand was still firm. A grotesque shadow slid away along the base-board of the room, crawling stealthily upon its belly. 'Fight!' she breathed.

When he had closed his eyes again, she was up on her feet again at the window, gazing down the vacancy of road. Birds were singing morning songs from the scrub oaks. 'How long, how long!' she cried to herself.

'Not at all,' her husband was saying; 'my client will not allow that sort of settlement. The company will not—The finish! The finish!' he cried, the years slipping back to the river and the crew. 'Look at the cussed muscles on that stroke's back. Now! Now! Now!'

Frances felt dizzy for a single moment, but the pain of her clenched hands cleared her eyes, the possibilities thrashed her back into the battle like the beating of an officer's sword. She dropped on her knees beside him. The sunlight was warm upon her back and she moved so that it might fall upon him.

'Edward,' she whispered.

'Yes—I'm—fighting—I—will—not die. I—helloa, are you back again, you devil? Let go! Let go! Rush him! Throw him now! Fall on that, you duffer! Let 'em have it!' He opened his eyes unblinkingly at the light. 'Why, it's day. How long have I been asleep? The pain in my —. Yes—the doctor—gave—me—up didn't he? I knew. The pain—'

'Fight!' said she, reaching for his pulse. It was marching timidly, but in it was a mild persistence which made her own pulse ring.

'You are beautiful, my girl. I have been so happy with you. And the boy—how is my son? I must live for him—for—you and for him.

Frances ran to the nursery. The doctor was dejectedly gazing out across the waters, the rawboned nurse was working up some embroidery, but the baby, having been awakened, was rolling merrily, his little hands reaching for imaginary caresses. She hurried toward him, and snatched him up into her arms. The doctor started to say something, but she had run back to the door, whispering into her little son's ear: Fight—fight!'

'Hoo-gug-gug,' cried the baby, stretching out his arms to the sick man, who seemed to grow warm at the sign. 'Now,' said the latter hoarsely, but with great conviction, 'I cannot die.'

The nurse had followed Frances. 'The doctor says—let me take him back?' She opened her arms; Frances gave up the baby to them and leaned

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