

feverish energy with the restorative measures prescribed by the physician for just this emergency. All worked to reanimate the flagging functions. The nurse came in and gave him a powder; and for a while he was quiet again: but they noted with chilling fear that the pulse fluttered and faltered now, the beats coming so lightly as to be almost imperceptible.

"Morgan," said he presently, "come here! Raise me up, old fellow, and put something under my shoulders—there! Morgan, you look after my people. Don't let Jack Enright drift away again. He's a good man at heart—help him to be so really, until his disease ends his life. It won't be so very long, Morgan. . . . Tell John Bloodgood for me . . . that I'd like to have shaken hands with him before I—I died, and found out why—why he killed me. . . . There must be something—I don't understand. . . . No, I don't understand it, at all. . . . Bid good-by to Tim and Mollie for me, Morgan, and—"

He seemed to stop speaking rather from the crowding of ideas, than from weakness.

"My arms are so heavy, dearie," said he presently. "I can't lift them. . . . Put them around you, won't you—once more. . . . There, there, sweetheart! It's all right! . . . I couldn't have made you perfectly happy much longer, anyhow. . . . I was just a preacher . . . nothing but that . . . and they wouldn't let me—preach the truth; but we—you and I—were perfectly happy, for as long as was best. . . . Now lay me down again, Morgan. Won't you sing to me a little, dear? Just a little. . . . Sing *The New Kingdom*."

Sweet and soft as a flute, tremulous with the agony