

tools," panted Keatcham weakly; but the brandy revived him; and his lips curled in a faint smile as Janet Smith struck a match to heat the teaspoonful of water for her hypodermic. "Make it good and strong, give me time to say something to Mercer and Winter—there he comes; good runners those boys are!"

Tracy and Arnold, acting on a common unspoken impulse, had dashed after Winter and were pushing him forward between them. Keatcham was nearly spent, but he rallied to say the words in his mind. He kept death at bay by the sheer force of his will. When Winter knelt down beside him, with a poignant memory of another time in the same place when he had knelt beside a seemingly dying man, and gently touched the unmarred right hand lying on the carriage-robe, he could still form a smile with his stiff lips and mutter: "Only thing about me isn't in tatters; of course you touched it and didn't try to lift me where I'm all in pieces. You always understood. Listen! You, too, Mercer. Winter knows the things I'm bound to have go through. I've explained them to him. You'll be my executors and trustees? A hundred thousand a year; not too big a salary for the work—you can do it. It's a