

The baby came on a bad, stormy night. Sandford Morley they called him. The Forge doctor, travelling up The Way, stopped at the Morley cabin for a bite of supper and found how things were. Sally Taber was in command, and Martin, frightened and awed, crouched by the chimney corner in the living-room, while his girl-wife (she was much younger than he) made her desperate fight.

"There's only a broken head or two up at Teale's Blind Tiger," the doctor said grimly; "they can wait, I reckon, while I steer this youngster into port." The doctor had come from the coast on account of his lungs and his speech still held the flavour of the sea.

Sandy Morley made a difficult mooring with more vigour and determination than one would have expected, but the cost was great. All night the battle waged. The doctor, with coat off and haggard face, fought with the little mother inch by inch, but at sunrise, just two hours after Sandy lustily announced his arrival, she let go the hand of her husband who knelt by her hard, narrow bed, and whispered in the dialect of her hills, "Youcurn!" — which meant that Morley must come to her some where, some how, some time, for she no longer could bide with him.

After that Martin stayed on in the cabin with the baby. One woman after another lent her aid in an hour of need, but on the whole Sandy and his father