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She panted at great drafts of sun-
ny mountain air as Rocket's wiry legs
stretched and bounded under her.
With every stride her mind cleared.
With this, her courage mounted. It
was, after all, no more than a smart
dash for her to attain for everyone
safety. The bridge was a difficulty,
but Rocket, who could thread a lava
bed without bruising a fetlock, or
cross a prairie-dog town at full speed
and hold his mistress as steady as if
she were sitting a rocking horse, was
not likely to balk at galloping over
mere ties—besides, she would give
him his time. At the worst, any
bridge, she said to herself, must be
reached before it can be crossed, and
her eyes were already fixed hard on
the one she must cross, when she
thought she saw the great jack-knife
span ahead moving mysteriously on
its balanced bed. Urging her horse
to his best, centering all of her facul-
ties on mastering the ticklish task
ahead, Helen's eyes set in a stare on
the jack-knife, to determine whether
it was moving or tricking her strain-
ing senses. In almost an instant her
doubt was resolved; to her consterna-
tion she saw the huge knife draw
moving unmistakably upward. Her
eyes sought the bridge tower—the
bridge tender was standing at the
open window. Her glance swept the
stretch of river; then she remem-
bered, then she understood, then she
knew, all—a river tug was bearing
rapidly downstream; she could see
the pilot and the captain in the wheel-
house; the bridge was lifting for the
boat's passage. She had heard its
loud whistle at the moment she rushed
from the station.

The balked girl drove her little
spurs into Rocket. The horse sprang
infructuously, to greater effort. If she
could make the draw in time she
would jump it—a slight rise—nothing
should keep her back. She wildly
waved her free hand at the bridge-
tender. He was watching the boat and
the span was slowly rising; but a
few strides closer and she would have
risked making the jack-knife—she
realized now she was too late.

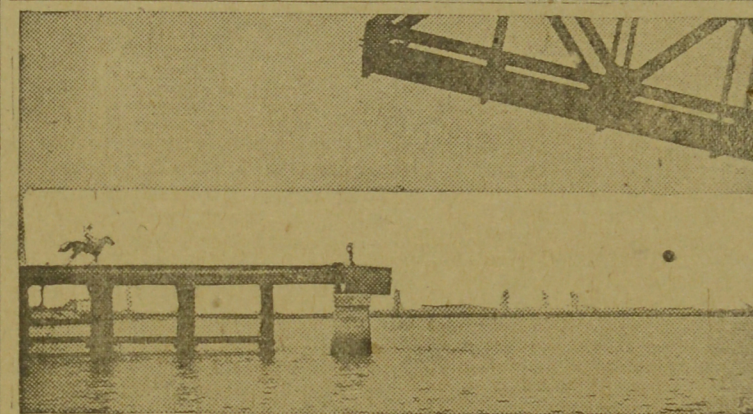
Without swerving for an instant
from her purpose; without shrinking
from her single alternative, and only
praying for time still to make good
her endeavor, Helen headed Rocket
straight for the open draw. His feet
struck the pier. She gave the horse
his head. The wiry beast saw what
yawned ahead. He heard his mis-
tress' quick word. As his feet touched
the brink of the abutment the horse
coiled like a spring, and for an in-
stant quivered. His mistress with a
sharp cry of command rose in her
stirrups, then launching himself and
his burden, like an arrow far out, the
hunter sprang with Helen cleanly into
the river. There was a great splash
and the parted water closed over their
heads.

A pilot, captain and bridgetender
stood as men dazed, looking on. The
river captain, yelling the crew to quar-
ters, hurried forward to throw out
lines as soon as the tug should come
within reach of the imperiled girl.
The bridgetender, in the window,
glued to the scene, watched the cir-
cling bubbles where horse and rider
had plunged down, waiting for them
to reappear. For an interminable in-
stant the onlookers waited. It seemed
as if the two would never come up.
Then a girlish head of soaked curls
rose among the ripples, a young face
emerged from the troubled pool, and
Helen, throwing herself free from
Rocket, shook the water from her
eyes and nose with a swimmer's quick
certain puff and struck out for shore.
Rocket was not far away. With a few
powerful strokes his mistress caught
his mane and recovered him. The
tide, running heavily through the
channel, carried the two together be-
low the pier on the opposite bank.
But Rocket, scrambling in a moment
from the water, bore his charge un-
hurt up the steep bank, and under
her urging ran up the track to the
tower.

The bridgetender, at the door, con-
fronted her. The dripping girl, seated
on her quivering horse, told the as-
tonished man in a few hurried words
what had happened, and as he hur-
ried into the tower again to lower
the draw Helen urged Rocket at a
run down the track. It seemed as if
her ears bubbled and rang with the
rumble of the two approaching trains,
but her brain had ceased to take
note of anything beyond her one stub-
born resolve to reach the passing-
track switch—she could see it plainly
ahead. The bridgetender was hastily
lowering the knife for the freight. De-
termined, while in the river, to leave
the bridge open and wreck the freight,
Helen believed she could avoid even
that, and had given the tender his
orders accordingly. The tug, which
had been whistling wildly, low heeled
violently toward the wharf, where the
captain, a game sport, had resolved to
make fact and see the excitement

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Helen Headed Rocket Straight for the Open Draw.

the wreck—some pany strength ex-
erted to drag his heavy body to great-
er safety. With a breath, the first
he had been able to draw, he opened
his eyes. A young woman was bend-
ing over him.

He was a forbidding sight. Blood,
dust and gravel hung in half a dozen
cuts on his forehead—hardly a feature
of his face, except his eyes, had es-
caped the smash of the cinders. Some-
one with a very little and very wet
handkerchief wiped his eyes and he
could see more clearly when he opened
them again. He could see the face
bent over him and two eyes fixed
anxiously on his—a girl's face, strange
and yet—what could it be of recollec-
tion that struggled through his whirl-
ing senses?

Nor had Helen, as she knelt and
worked over the injured man, dreamed
of seeing any face she had ever
looked into before. Even had it been
uninjured she would hardly have re-
called it under ordinary conditions.
But two people, a young man, now,
and a young woman, were meeting
under extraordinary circumstances
and their eyes were very close to-
gether. The man caught at her hand
as it passed his forehead, stopped it,
and looked keenly into Helen's eyes.
With that look, a vision swept across
their memories.

"I surely know you," he said, not
taking his eyes from hers. Unequal
to releasing her gaze, she stared at
him without speaking. "I'm sure I
know you," he exclaimed, perplexed.

He rose of a sudden to his feet—so
easily it surprised her. "It was the
beach," he went on, slowly. "You
were hurt—the miniature railroad!"

She regarded him a moment in si-
lence. Then she spoke: "Is it possi-
ble?" she murmured. "You are—?"

"I'm the little boy," he smiled
grimly. "Till now, I've never seen the
little girl since."

A sense of confusion assailed her;
she wanted to escape his look. "You
are hurt," she said, dismissing with
an effort all consciousness of their
strange meeting.

He hesitated; then he saw, and he

"You Are Hurt," She Said.

scene. Her father, his friend Rhine-
lander, young Seagrave, the Signal sta-
tion operator, the tug captain and the
train passengers crowded the observa-
tion platform looking at her and the
shaken-up fireman.

The flagman could hardly raise the
step cover quick enough to release
Holmes so that he might get down to
his daughter. He knew all—the oper-
ator had told the story. He caught
his daughter in his arms with a show-
er of misty reproaches. "What!" he
cried. "Have you lost your mind?
Are you mad?" Helen's eyes fell be-
fore her father's anger. She was a
dutiful girl. "Don't you know what
danger is? Have you no sense of

(To be continued.)

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