

imagined she saw that high wall of water come roaring, hissing, tumbling, swirling down the narrow gulch, carrying wreck and ruin with it. Then, like a flash, she thought of Jack, far down the gulch, at work and unwarned of his peril. A great lump rose in her throat and threatened to choke her. She must save him at any cost. And with this decision came the conviction that her love for him was more than sisterly.

Without an instant's hesitation she sprang from her seat and started across the hills. Her only hope was to outrace the flood. Familiar with every foot of ground in the neighborhood she knew that by a short cut across the ridge she could save at least a third of the distance. So on and on she sped, her brown hair floating in the wind, breathless, stumbling, yet pressing ever on, maddened almost at the slightest delay. It seemed that the stones beneath her feet tried to trip her up. The long briars seemed to reach out as if to hold her fast. The wind held her back like some dread nightmare, from which she could not escape. Now the top of the ridge was reached, and she could see into the valley below. But even as she gained the summit a dull roar broke upon her ears, and her heart grew faint with fear. It was coming, that terrible demon of death. Down the slope she plunged, torn by the bushes, whose long branches seemed like tentacles held out to grasp her and impede her progress. Where, oh where was he, the object of her search? Down into the bed of the almost dry stream she ran, eagerly calling his name. But no answer replied, except the echoes of her own voice, and the ominous roar grew louder each instant. With one last despairing breath she called again. A faint cry, just loud enough to be heard, answered from below. Swiftly she rushed down the stream and around a bend in its course some distance below. Then she saw him, standing knee-deep in the shallow water, with his washing-pan in his hands, all unconscious of the impending danger.

She saw him look up in a dazed, surprised sort of manner at the wild, beautiful form rushing toward him. Then the pan dropped from his hands and he started forward to meet her. A few steps more and she reached him.

"Jack," she cried, "run, for your life. The flood's coming."

He stood for a moment, as if struck dumb, or else unable to grasp the meaning of her wild words. Then he glanced hopelessly at the high, rocky walls of the gulch.

"We are lost," he cried, in a tone of anguish. "We can