

"Well, I wish No. 9, was up as this is just the night for a slide or washout" said May with a worried look.

So the time passed. The college man had forgotten all about his "Math," "Constitutional," and that flunk in "Thermo" and was now busy at work under a new instructor, which however did not bother him like the work he had left behind. Midnight came and went, the trains came closer and closer, while the storm raged unabated. Finally a "through" freight swung around the curve from the South and came to a stop. The conductor stumped up the stairs and entered, bringing with him a part of the storm and a gruff welcome "Good Morning, Miss."

Just then she held her finger up warningly while she listened to the wires. "No. 9, passed "XR" forty minutes late" she said.

The conductor then remembered what he had come for. "Tell the 'Old Man' something tried to yank our cab and the whole string behind it, down here in the narrows. I have my whole train with me. Think it was something down, for sure, but couldn't see anything."

The message was soon going over the wires as the big freight called in the flagman and went puffing away. A moment later "No. 9" was reported in the block from "RV" and just a moment too late was the message sent to "RV" to hold it. Just too late, for scarcely was the message off when all the busy instruments gave a sputter of agony and ceased their "talking". May jumped to the switch board and commenced to shift the plugs. Suddenly she gasped "No. 9—in the river—Phill" and sank into her chair. A second later she opened her eyes and found Grinwal bending over her. "Oh, I am all right" she assured him with a little nervous laugh, and began to call the town in the opposite direction.

No trains were due and the minutes seemed like hours. The girl stood at the big windows and stared down the tracks. Suddenly with a cry she threw the window up,