

planted her feet like a rock, and refused to stir an inch.

In vain Fayette coaxed and urged, for she dared not strike, even if she had had a whip. Phœbe was immovable as a horse of bronze; but at last she began to pull at her bridle, as though she meant to turn homeward.

Just then the moon came out, and Fayette, looking eagerly forward, saw, to her horror, that the bridge was gone. A post and a rail only remained, and beyond was a chasm where the furious waters had not even left a wreck behind.

Had Phœbe's senses not been more acute than her own, two steps more would have plunged horse and rider into the flood.

Fayette turned sick, and felt as if she should fall from the saddle. She rallied, however, for she knew she must. Her senses came back in thankfulness to God,

refuse to follow this path to the stream's edge, where Fayette checked her, afraid to face the passage.

Fayette refused to think of the water-kelpie, who just then obtruded himself on her mind. She bent from the saddle and scanned the road.

Judging from the traces on the gravel, she thought that a wagon must have passed not many hours before. Her courage rose, and she set her will to the task before her.

"If Phœbe thinks it safe, I'll try it," she said; and as the rein hung loose Phœbe stepped cautiously in. She seemed doubtful at first, but she went on, and the water rose and rose.

The moon cast an uncertain, wavering light on the dancing stream; the roar filled Fayette's ears like a threatening voice; the waves, as they plunged toward her, seemed hands raised to pull

she reached the shore but a little below the usual landing. The bank came down to the stream with a somewhat steep incline; but mountain-bred Phœbe planted her fore feet firmly, scrambled cat-like up the incline; shook the clinging water from hide and mane, and with a joyous whinny, rushed like an arrow on the track.

The way was plain before her, and in a minute or two more Fayette, with some trouble, checked Phœbe's gallop at Dr. Ward's gate. A light was burning over the office door.

Fayette slipped from the saddle, but before she turned to the house, she put her arms round Phœbe's neck, and kissed the white star on her forehead. As she ran up the walk, she felt, for the first time, that she was wet nearly to her knees, and the wind made her shiver.

She rang the bell sharply, and

till to-morrow, for my old gig can't swim the creek, whatever you and the mare can do. We must go by the upper bridge."

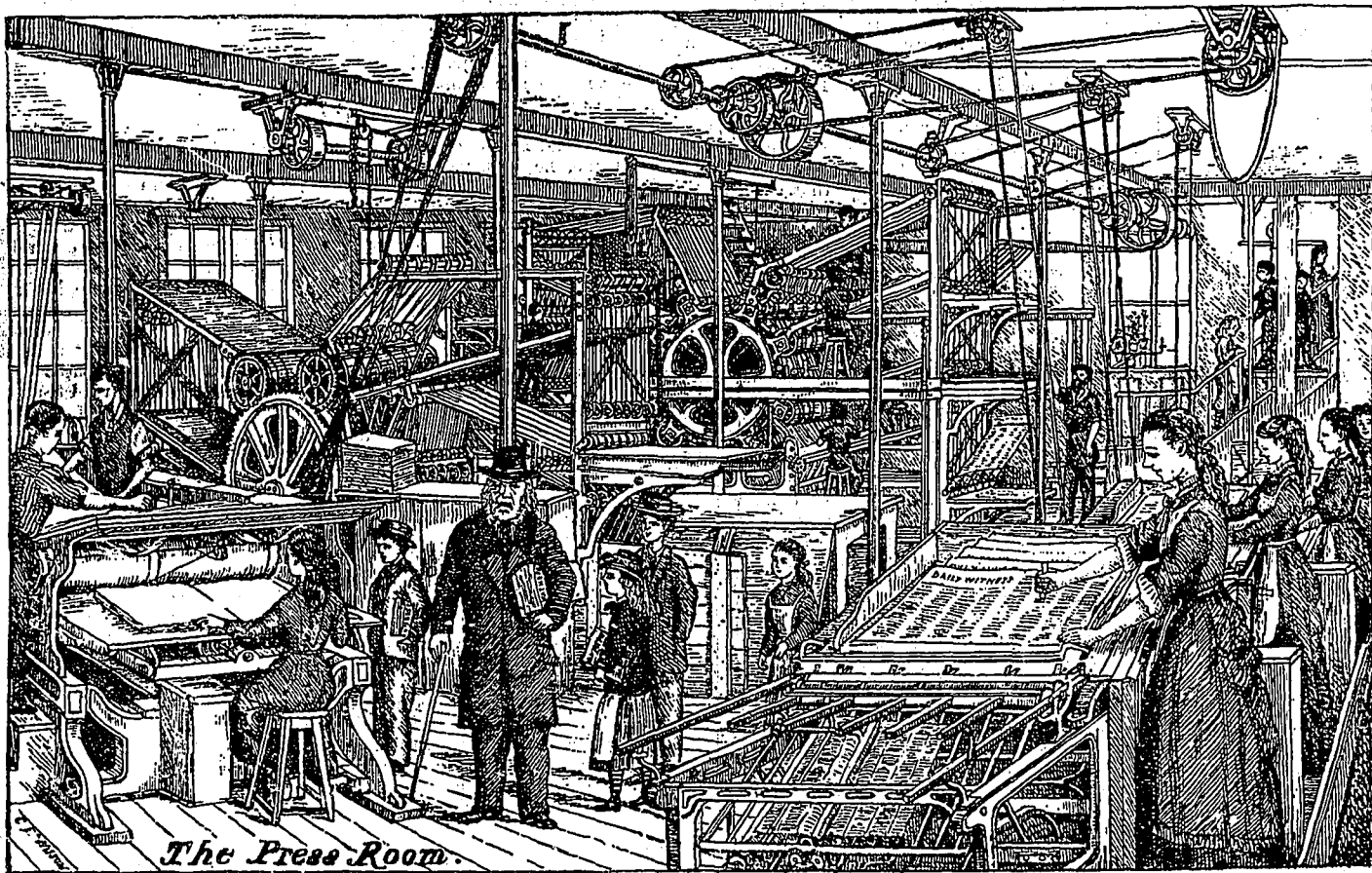
Mrs. Ford, called out of bed, supplied Fayette with dry things, and Phœbe was consigned to the doctor's admiring colored man, to be well cared for before she took possession of her bed in the warm stable.

The doctor kept a trotter for emergencies, and in an hour and a half from the time she left home Fayette came back.

Sue came to meet them, white and scared; and as she came, Fayette heard a cry of anguish, which she knew that nothing but the direst extremity could have wrung from her strong, self-controlled aunt.

The doctor took out his ether flask and sponge, and hurried to the bed-side.

Before long the minstering



*The Press Room.*

and she confessed humbly enough to Phœbe that she had known best; and Phœbe, looking over her shoulder, said, "I told you so," as plainly as a horse could.

Fayette was at a loss. A mile further up the stream was another and much better bridge than the rickety old plank structure that was missing; but to reach it she must turn back and make a long detour, that would nearly double her journey, while every minute lessened the chances of the sufferer at home.

She knew that just below the bridge was a ford easily passable in summer; and she remembered her uncle saying that once, when the bridge was down, he had crossed this ford on horseback. It might be that even now she and Phœbe could make their way across.

A waggon track led down to the water's edge, and Phœbe

her down; and still Phœbe stepped steadily on, and the stream came higher and higher. Fayette drew up her feet as far as she could, and glanced back to the shore, half minded to turn; but it was now as far to one bank as to the other. The water touched her feet; it flowed over them.

To her relief she saw that Phœbe had not lost her wits, but was keeping straight across the creek. She let the mare take her own way, only helping her as far as she could by keeping her head in the way she wished to go. She thought of nothing but the minute's need; and of all the possibilities before her, the only fear that shaped itself in her mind was one for her horse.

It was but a minute, though it

seemed an hour to Fayette, before she touched bottom.

The water sank rapidly, and

to her relief the door was opened by Dr. Ward himself, who had just come in.

Hurriedly, but clearly, Fayette told her story.

"Yes, I understand," said Dr. Ward. "But, dear me," he added, as the light fell on her more clearly, "where have you been to get so wet?"

"In the water," said Fayette. "The creek is so high, and the bridge is down."

"Child! You did not ride that ford to-night."

"Not all the way, sir. Phœbe swam."

"Phœbe indeed. A pretty pair are you and Phœbe to race for and the country at midnight. Go to Mrs. Ward, and get some dry clothes, while my man gets out the gig."

"O, sir, please be quick."

"Yes, yes; only get off those wet things. Let Phœbe stay here."

spirit did its good office, the tortured nerves relaxed, and the patient slept.

Fayette put on her wrapper and curled herself up on the sofa, leaving Sue and the doctor watching by the fire.

When she awoke it was broad day-light. All seemed quiet about the house. She stole across the floor and looked into her aunt's room. Mrs. Ford was awake, and held out her hand.

"Is the pain gone, aunt?" asked Fayette, kissing her, and feeling a new love rising in her heart.

"Yes, child; but I am very weak."

"It was ether saved your life, I really think," said Fayette, to whom the past night seemed like a dream.

"No, my dear," said Mrs. Ford. "It was you."—*Wide Awake.*

THE END.