

"You air correct, sir."

"When you came to your senses you were lying in the creek?"

"The cold would have waked a corpse."

"And you lay half conscious."

"Waking up gradual."

"How far were you from the wrecked train?"

"A car-length. On the nigh side I could just make out this here brakesman caught at the feet by a brake-beam."

"His name?"

"Haraldson—young Brand Haraldson."

"What else could you see?"

"The lights of your train. It looked like a snake writhing down the loops from the Pass. Haraldson seen it too. He was moving around. I seen him strike a match. Then he got some waste from his pocket, set it alight, put it on the brake-beam which pinned his feet to the ground, and began piling on kindlings and sticks. I knew the boy would make good. That light would warn your train."

"But the risk?"

"He was burning himself to death. I seen him lie on his back, his arms reached out——"

"Making the figure of the Cross!"

"I reckon. The lad's face was turned towards the Pass, and I seen the light of the fire glint on his eyes until he put up his hands to stave off the heat."

"Go on," said the President, who held the brakesman's hand.

"It was then I seen the wrecker: a young, stout, fair man, but his head was turned away, and I saw no face. He had sprung sudden out of the dark into the glare. He was beating out the flames."

"To save the lad?"