

From the Azores Strom drove. He changed at once into full power and the speed sign rose to two hundred and ninety-five miles an hour. The engineers became restless, but Strom, who may have lost his hair in the hot galleries, had kept his nerves and did not allow anyone to interfere.

"It would be a shame if we arrived late," he said. The train flew so fast that it seemed to be standing still; the lights passed by like sparks.

Finisterre!

It was night again in New York. The hotels were filled. Enthusiasm raged as the telegram told of the extraordinary speed. The betting became mad.

Allan drove for the last fifty miles. He had not slept for twenty-five hours' but the excitement kept him up. He looked pale and exhausted, absorbed rather than elated: many things passed through his head——

In a few minutes they would arrive! The signal lamps dashed past, the train flew——

Suddenly their eyes were dazzled by glaring light. The day broke in. Allan stopped.

They had arrived in Europe twelve minutes late.

THE END