

DICK DURDLLE'S PHANTOM.

By Thomas Swift.

(CONCLUDED).

BUT man's ways are not God's ways.

There was a sound of hurrying wheels and the thud of flying horses' feet, and round a bend in the road came a buggy tearing down the hill towards the river. In it were two persons, Miss Moorland and her visitor, who had lost all control over the horses. They were rushing on to certain destruction. For on the opposite side of the bridge the road turned at an angle to the right and the buggy would be sure to swerve or collapse. In either case its occupants would be hurled headlong down a steep escarpment cut off from the road by a flimsy railing, which, as often is the case, had been put up more as a sign of danger than as a preventive of accident.

Dick took in the situation in a moment, and nerved himself for the risky feat he had to attempt. He met the rushing horses about fifty yards from the bridge. With a well-timed spring, he managed to grasp the back harness of the nearest horse with his left hand and the straining rein with his right, and thus he was carried along, his feet now and again touching the ground. But his weight and voice told, and by the time they reached the bridge, their speed was greatly checked. It was further diminished, when the restrained animal stumbled over a loose plank, tottered and plunged on and then fell, crushing Dick with its weight against the unyielding rails of the

bridge. The occupants managed to hold on to their places in the vehicle, and in a moment the man was in the road-way at the heads of the struggling animals. The fallen horse rose quickly to its feet, but Dick Durdle lay pale and motionless. His waning eyes fixed themselves for a few brief moments on the horrified countenance of Miss Moorland and then closed.

All trembling she clambered out of the vehicle and knelt by the side of her unconscious pupil; whilst her companion drove on to Dick's home to bring assistance. Left to herself, Maimie's fortitude gave way utterly.

"My poor Dick!" she cried as she raised his lifeless head on her arm. "Look at me, I am here, and I love you, Dick. I have loved you all the time. Speak to me, my love."

The tones and words were enough to bring him back from the grave itself; but he heard her not. Five minutes before and Heaven's harmonies would not have been more sweet to Dick than these words that came too late.

She ran down to the river, saturated her handkerchief and bathed his brow and temples; but in vain.

They found her sitting in the dust with Dick's head upon her lap and her tearful face bent upon his.

They bore the poor fellow home. The doctor came and pronounced judgment. Several of the middle