

down to the floor on the other side. The next minute he had dashed through the running-shed, and emerged from a whirl of black smoke into the open in front of the turntable, the papers waved aloft in his fist.

It was effective—decidedly effective! A cheer went up, and the men crowded around, while Healy rushed forward and began to pump Speckles' arm up and down like an engine-piston.

"Ut's a hero you are, me bright jool av a lad!" he cried in his delight. "'Tis mesilf, John Healy, that ses ut, an' the bhoys are me witness. Come back to yer job in the mornin' an', by my sowl, Speckles, I'll niver fire you ag'in, niver! An' ut's more I'll do—I'll promote you. Ut's a wiper you are from now on, me son, an' to blazes wid cuttin' down operatin' expinses! Where did you foind the papers?"

"On the floor," said Speckles—and he told the truth.