

the men on the shore, but it was drowned in the roaring of the waters.

Bud never paused to look behind. He knew the danger that threatened him at every step, but somehow he did not feel afraid. He was strong and active and felt equal to the task.

He ran lightly along the raft, and, reaching the end, leaped to a mass of logs beyond. Beneath him the foaming waters were pitching and struggling with a sound like the roll of incessant thunder. The whole mass was swaying and vibrating as if an earthquake was struggling beneath. But he never paused.

He did not know that a number of spectators were watching him from each bank, but kept his eyes on the tangle of logs and congested debris that ran in a long jagged chain across the river.

Every moment the strain on the mass was increasing. The rapid collecting of the driftwood against the jam was fast choking the stream. Plunging beneath the mass, the angry waters thundered and pitched with hoarse detonations as the whirling freight was sucked into the throat of the stream.

An incessant grinding and snapping of timbers ran through the mass, and now and then a piece of broken timber would shoot upward through it to fall crashing back again.

Once one of these had barely missed Bud as he leaped across a wide gap, but he was constantly on the alert and dodged it before it could descend upon him.

He had now reached the middle of the frail bridge, and as he looked ahead he saw, out of the corner of his eye, something that made the blood in his veins leap with sudden energy.

A great tree, which had become uprooted by the flood, was coming rapidly down the current and must soon strike the frail structure the tide had flung across the stream. In an instant he realized the danger, and he leaped forward with all haste that he might pass it before it should strike.

Faintly, above the roar of the water, he could hear the shouts of those on shore warning him of the threatened danger.

The current in which the tree floated was running like a mill race and curling above the jagged rocks below in patches of angry foam. The tree, turning as it came, rolled over and over, churning the water into foam.

When within twenty yards of the bridge the

roots caught in the rocks of the channel. There was a loud grinding sound, and then the tree, forced on by the rush of waters, rose majestically out of the flood, shaking the waters from its mighty branches as it rose. For one moment it stood as if rooted in the stream, then it reeled downward as if struck by a mighty wind, and fell crashing into the quivering bridge.

A cry of horror came from the shore, for some of the spectators fully believed that Bud had been caught in the trap, but the next instant they saw him leap clear of the wreck and speed swiftly on his way.

They took off their hats and cheered him now, but he never heard, for the gravest danger still threatened him. As the tree fell crashing into the mass of driftwood a prolonged roar of breaking timbers arose, and then the bridge parted in twain as the tree ploughed its way through it, and quick as a flash the timbers went tumbling into the rapids below.

Bud felt the logs on which he was running move beneath him as they swung toward the centre of the stream, and he knew that the whole structure was going to pieces. There was not a moment to lose. He knew this, but he also realized that he must keep his wits about him. A single misstep might plunge him into the stream.

He was now nearing the shore, but already that end of the frail bridge had parted from it, and every instant the gap was widening. Bud was quick to see this and prepared himself for the emergency. Gathering all his energy, he sped on. He reached the gap—now a full twelve feet in width—and in an instant he leaped for the shore. He landed at the very edge of the stream, pulled himself firmly on the bank, and stood panting for breath.

A prolonged cheer went up from the crowds on both shores.

Bud, flushed with pleasure, took off his hat, and waving it in response to the cheers turned and ran up the steep bank into the road that led to Dilworth.

An hour later, while Jack, who had returned home, was telling his father the story of Bud's daring and successful trip across the river, the telephone sounded, and Bud announced that the papers had been safely delivered to Bristow, and that he was to remain a guest of the lawyer till it was safe to cross

the river. 'My bridge is washed out, you know,' he added, 'and I sha'n't be able to get back before to-morrow.'

And the next day when he returned the whole family gathered about him to hear the story of his adventure from his own lips, but he declared there was nothing to tell.

'You might have been killed,' said Mr. Kaylor, with emotion. 'I feel proud of your courage, but I would not have you do such a rash thing again for all I am worth.'

'I know you wouldn't, father,' replied Bud, 'but I wanted to take the papers to town, and then—I hated to have you think I was not fit to send on an errand—'

'I shall never think so again,' said the father, fondly placing his arm about Bud.

And he never did.

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'What is the secret of your beautiful work?' asked a friend, looking at an exquisite piece of crochet work wrought by the lady to whom the question was addressed.

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The noblest lives are lived—one moment at a time. No moments carelessly or viciously spent. Be faithful in that which is least.—Selected.

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