

from the brink I found Raymond and several men talking hurriedly together, while one of them was pointing across the river, to where I could see a light glimmering on the other side. Then I heard the engineer say, as he slipped off his jacket :

"Well, boys ! its the only way it can be done," and he turned towards the bank.

As he was passing me he stopped and took my hand.

"I say, old man," he said—I couldn't see his face in the dark, but his voice was husky, and as he pressed my hand I felt his tremble—"I say old man if you get back to Ontario again, and it happens I don't, there is a girl down there that I wish you'd tell"—he hesitated for an instant, and then said quickly, "No, never mind, its all right as it is, perhaps its better," and the next moment he had caught hold of part of the bridge and swung himself over the bank.

"I hadn't a thought till that moment of what he intended, but as I saw him sink down into the blackness of that chasm I knew it all. I threw myself on my breast and clinging to the timbers gazed down into the night and listened as though my own life depended on it. I think the other men did the same, but I don't know. The windswept through the gorge beneath with a roar that was awful, and every now and again there was a deafening crash as a tree was torn from the bank below and carried down by the flood. It was terrible. I listened and strained to listen, but there was nothing save the wind and the waters. Once only I thought I heard faintly a cry as of one in agony, but after that if any human sound were there it never reached the brink, but was lost in the thunder below.

"After a time I was roused by the sound of voices and creeping back from the edge of the bank, I joined the men. They were gazing across the river, and as I followed their gaze I saw lights moving, then there was a long shrill whistle followed by a shorter one then the lights stopped moving, and the men said she was safe."

As he ceased speaking there was no sound save the low hum of voices beyond the evergreens then he exclaimed quickly:

"Why Miss Ashley, you're as white as a sheet ! really I didn't mean to do that. Here drink this claret ;" as he handed her a glass, "now you'll be all right again in a moment. Why, I wouldn't have told you

for the world if I had thought it would affect you like that."

Her face was still very white, and her breath came quickly, though she was evidently trying her best to look indifferent as she asked :

"Did he escape ?"

But the reply was interrupted by a laugh from Merton who had approached the group unnoticed.

"Did he escape ?" he echoed, as he laughed again. "Well, by Jove ! I should say my being here to-night was pretty doosed clevah thing, you know, if I hadn't escaped. But look here, Travers, see what a state you've got these poor girls into. By Jove ! I really believe Maud would like to faint or something, you know, and all from your telling that blooming ungentlemanly yarn of yours. Really now its too bad of you, old fellah, don't you know. But come Maud, its our dance next, and I'll wager that one good round will knock all Travers' nonsense out of your head, By Jove ! I will now, I'll wager it."

She made a motion to rise, but remained seated and turning to Travers said slowly :

"You haven't answered me yet Mr. Travers, did the engineer escape ?"

"Well as to that, Miss Ashley, I really don't know much about it further. You see we were on this side and couldn't get over, so the best we could do was to go back to the hotel, and wait till morning. As to what took place on the other side, why Merton here was on the spot and knows more about that a good deal than I do. He can tell you if he wants to."

"Aw," said Merton, "It's did the engineer escape you want to know. Well by Jove ! I really cawn't say that he did, don't you know ; that is to say, we saw what they said was his grave on the side of a hill as we passed through the town on our way back. Doosed pretty place for that sort of thing too, gentle green slope, willows, vines, and all that sort you know ; as I say, a doosed nice place for that sort of thing. The worst of it was though, there was no widow or family to take up a subscription for, you know, or something like that. Its always the proper thing on such occasions, its the gentlemanly thing to do you know. But when you come to think of it," turning to Travers, "its how the fellah managed to get through the blooming stream with that gash in his head that I cawn't think, but then you know," turning again