

THE LADY OF THE CROSSING

Grab holt ! I've got ye ! Out with ye ! There ye are ! ”

On his knees on the loading platform Sam rolled over and rubbed his legs. He lay on his side, twisted up like a kneeling figure knocked off a plinth. He rubbed and grunted and at last managed to rise from his ignominious position ; and as he rose Marsden, still moving one leg gingerly, held out his hand.

“ Mr. Haig—Sam Haig,” he said, “ put it there. Put it there ! ”

Sam took the hand extended to him and grasped it firmly.