

## CHAPTER EIGHT

the other man, looking about. Then he turned back and again motioned for me to go on.

"I can remember they got me away and quieted down, and then cut in on every wire they could get hold of, trying to save those two trains. I remember Miller, the new night-man. He sat down and bawled like a baby when they wired in it was all right, and number 'A' twelve with her five sleepers was side-tracked at Glencoe."

"And what came after that?" asked one of the men.

I lay there thinking. There was nothing after that. And I was tired.

"What then?" demanded the guttural voice again.

"Then I woke up here," I told him, peevishly. The man was rubbing his hips with the palms of his hands, joyously.

"Won't Bromig wallow in this?" he murmured mysteriously. "Seven whole years—seven years of being *somebody else*—seven years of crawling around with a broken soul that was never properly set, and then to have the thing *broken and reset as straight as a die!*"

I was too tired to listen to his maunderings. I wanted to sleep.

"But which *one* of him is going to live?" asked the thin-noted voice, in what seemed an awed whisper.