

ed a few feet up the slippery timber; then I fell back. Again I tried, and again; but it was of no use. Strength does not come of eager desire to be strong. All that I could do was to clasp my arms round the beam, and stand upright, awaiting the coming of the waters.

The water rose, not gradually, but in pulses. Smaller waves came and went, and left no change of level; but every now and then some heavier, fiercer billow would come in with a devouring sweep, covering me with its foam and spray, receding again, but at each recession leaving a greater depth of swaying, life-like water. These attacks, like buffets from the hand of some skilled boxer, left me weaker and weaker at every blow. And it was so treacherous too, the water. It would draw away for a time, leaving me free, almost to my knees; and then as if driven by some sudden impulse, it would gather itself up, and return in a great seething swathe of water that would swallow me up from head to foot.

The end was fast coming now. I had ceased to feel anything. Only a dogged determination to stick to life to the last, kept me clinging to my beam.

But, what was that sound? A long and piercing scream, a roar, and a rumble, and a rattle—it was an engine!

An engine coming along the completed part of the bridge, shrieking and screaming, and dashing out great wafts of white steam into the stormy air. The sound gave me fresh life and vigour. Human creatures were within reach, at all events. If I could make them hear me, I might yet be saved.

The engine came slowly along, and I heard the voices of men shouting to one another. Why, then, should they not hear me? I tried, too, to shout, but my voice stuck in my throat. I couldn't make a sound louder than a whisper, no, not with all the good-will I had to shout like an archangel.

The engine came so near at last that I could see the glow of her fires through the interstices of the flooring of the bridge. And now there were men standing with lanterns at the very extremity of the bridge; and still I could not make them hear.

For an instant the glad thought had struck me that I had been missed and that these men had come to look for me; but the next moment I saw the folly of the idea. Days might elapse before my fate was known. I was not even yet beyond the time I had fixed for reaching home. No; the men were railway workmen, perhaps going to do a night's shift of work on the bridge: and I couldn't make them hear.

Suddenly, I heard a sharp quick bark, and then a growl as of anger or inquiry, and I was conscious that there was a dog with the men above. The dog's faculties were keener than the men's; perhaps it was possible I might make *him* hear; so I barked, a shrill snapping bark, with which I had often deceived my own terrier Jock. The dog acknowledged the challenge, and replied furiously. Then I heard the voice of a man shouting to the dog to be quiet; but the dog barked still more furiously, standing at the very verge of the platform, as though it would throw itself over. Then some men came to the edge of the platform too, and peered over, and then in my extremity I gave a cry—a wild, despairing cry. Then a huge hoarse wave dashed over me.

If it had not been for the consciousness that help was near, I could not have held on against that furious rush of waters; but I did hold on, at least I think so; and when the wave receded, a bright dazzling light shone into my eyes, a light from the bridge, where some one was hold-