

THE LADY OF THE CROSSING

again "Sit tight, my boy," then carefully looked ahead, and hanging as he was in air, held out beyond the trestles, they did not impede his view. He could see the buckets, depending from the same wire as his, gliding down and down—had an inclination, despite his admonitions to himself to sit tight, to assist the balance of the bucket by moving to the side, as one moves to windward of a sailing-boat, forgetful that the bucket, and his dead-weight, would be plummet enough without any aid from him. Hardly had he reminded himself again that he was to be as impersonal as a sack of potatoes than he saw, down hill, the row of buckets suddenly stop descending and run straight out from the slope.

His eyes followed them. He glared, he stared. There was a man in one of them out there—no doubt about it. That was not a load of groceries going up to the mine. It was a man. He could see the humped position, could see the face; and even as he watched he was drifted suddenly from the downward motion into the horizontal, and his breath came out of his chest in a little "Ugh!" For he looked down on the tops of trees that stood precariously on the almost perpendicular sides of a hideous cleft of the mountains. He was being carried over them. It was here that he was assailed not by one menace alone, but by two, by three. Vertigo, or something akin to vertigo, caught him. He was seized with the urgent need to hold something, to grasp something with his hands, if it were no more than a pole such as tight-