

This was done by holding the ends of the wire together to form the dash, then separating them and striking quickly three times to form the Morse letter B. Placing the ends to my tongue, the circuit closed, but I felt no signals. I again repeated the call, and, placing the ends again in position, distinctly felt the shocks, which said plainly, "I. I. B."

Taking hold of the wires again, I sent the following message slowly, and not without blunders: "Send help to roof of —Hotel. Madman trying to get on roof. Am in great danger. Work quick!"

Telegraphists are generally quick of perception, and the operator grasped the situation at once.

Placing the wires again to my tongue I felt him answer slowly, and several times over: "O.K." "O.K."

I wrote back "O.K." that he might know I understood. And, now my message was sent, I hastily dropped the wires, and ran to the trap-door.

I was none too soon. The slender rope was giving way under the powerful strain, and I threw myself upon the door just in time to prevent its snapping.

I could hear the man below breathing heavily, as though he were putting forth great exertion.

He soon renewed his pushing.

I could see the rope was giving way under the strain; some of the strands were broken, and the door creaked and groaned.

I bore down with all my might, and succeeded in keeping the door down. He paused a moment, and then pressed upward again.

For several minutes I succeeded in keeping the door in its place, but finally, after a long and hard push, the rope broke, and the door flew up a short distance, but I managed to slam it down again.

I could not help to hold it, however, and I felt it gradually rise, and I was pushed up bodily, while the madman got his head and shoulders above the aperture.

His face was flushed, and he looked wilder than ever.

With an exultant cry he cleared the stairs and sprang upon me.

I was indeed in a desperate position, for I felt I was no match for my antagonist.

Would help never come?

I warded him off as best I could, but he clutched me with a grip like iron. I struggled fiercely, but I fear this story would never have been written had not help arrived at this moment.

I heard shouts from below, and the next instant several men came quickly up the stairway and gained the roof. Taking in the situation, they quickly seized my assailant, who, though making a desperate resistance, was overcome and held down by superior numbers.

I almost fell into the arms of one of my deliverers, and for a short time seemed to have entirely lost my strength, while great cold beads of perspiration appeared on my face.

I was besieged with questions for several minutes, but as soon as I could make myself heard, I told them briefly all that had happened.

In a short time I felt as vigorous as ever, with the exception that I could not taste anything, the electric shock having for a time interfered with that sense. After several days, however, it began to come gradually back, and in a few weeks I was as well as ever, and none the worse for having called the lightning to aid in saving my life — *Woman's Life*.

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### The Snowshoer's Song.

Tighten the toggle, and gudge the sash,  
Lads and lasses, the snowshoes lash;  
Ring the chorus, and start the bow,  
The air is crisp and the night is fine,  
Crystal snow, dazzling glow  
Of diamond moon, the clicking shoon,  
The echoing night—Yo, ho!

Sprinkling spire and silver fan—  
Half the journey and home again  
Stride we, never a tired limb,  
But breasts afire and brain a-swim  
Crystal snow, dazzling glow  
Of diamond moon, the clicking shoon,  
The echoing night—Yo, ho!

Home at last! The moonbeams white  
We soon shall leave, for the golden light  
Of crackling hearth, but with a sigh,  
For our souls are full of the night and sky.

Crystal snow, dazzling glow  
Of diamond moon, the clicking shoon,  
The echoing night—Yo, ho!

Joseph Nevin Doyle.

