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little while both men were rescued almost unhurt. Now all the employees and many passengers gathered about the engineer. The station master held Guerin's head upon his knee, while Moran made a hasty examination of his hurt. There was scarcely a bone in his body that was not broken, but he was still alive. He opened his eyes slowly, and looked about. "I'm cold!" he said distinctly. Patsy held his white light close to the face of the wounded man. His eyes seemed now to be fixed upon something far away. "Mercy, but I'm cold!" he said pathetically. Now all the women were weeping, and there were tears in the eyes of most of the men. "Raise him up a little," said Moran. "It's getting dark," said the dying man, "Oh, *so* dark! It must be the snow—" and he closed his eyes again—"snow—on—the headlight."

THE END