

premature melting of snow in the fastnesses of the Sierras?"

This phrase did not shock Saterlee. He was amazed at the power of memory which it proved. For three hours earlier he had read a close paraphrase of it in a copy of the Tomb City Picayune which he had bought at that city.

The train ran slower and slower.

"Do you think we shall ever get anywhere?" queried the lady.

"Not when we expect to, ma'am," said Saterlee.

The train gave a jolt. And then, very quietly, the dining-car rolled over on its side down the embankment. There was a subdued smashing of china and glass. A clergyman at one of the rear tables quietly remarked: "Washout," and Saterlee, who had not forgotten the days when he had learned to fall from a bucking broncho, relaxed his great muscles and swore roundly and at great length. The car came to rest at the bottom of the embankment, less on its side than on its top. For a moment—or so it seemed—all was perfectly quiet. Then Saterlee saw the showy lady across the aisle descending upon him through the air.

"Thank you," she murmured, as her impact drove most of the breath out of Saterlee's bull body. "How strong you are!"

"When you are rested, ma'am," said he, with extreme punctilliousness, "I think we may leave the car by climbing over the sides of the seats on this side."

He preceded her over and over the sides of the seats, opened the car door, and helped her to the ground. And then, his heart of a parent having awakened to the situation, he forgot her and forsook her. He pulled a time-table from his pocket, and consulted a mile-post. It was forty miles to Carcasonne—and only two to Grub City—a lovely city of the plain.

"Grub City—hire buggy—drive to Carcasonne," he muttered, and he

moved forward with great strides.

"Where you want to git?" asked the proprietor of the Great City Cafe.

"Carcasonne," said Saterlee. "Not the junction—the resort."

"Well," said the proprietor, "there's just one horse and just one trap in Grub City, and they ain't for hire. We've no use for them," said the great man. "So they're for sale. Now what do you think they'd be worth to you?"

"Fifty dollars," he said, as one accustomed to business.

It was then a panting, female voice was raised behind him. "Sixty dollars!"

His showy acquaintance of the dining-car had followed him along the ties as fast as she could and was just come up!

"I thought you two was a trust," commented the proprietor's wife, who stood near. "But it seems you ain't even a community of interests."

"Seventy dollars," said Saterlee quietly.

The lady advanced to his side, counting the change in her purse.

"Seventy-six dollars and eighty-five cents," she said.

"Eighty dollars," said Saterlee.

"Oh!" cried the lady, "seventy-six eighty-five is every cent I've got with me—and you're no gentleman to bid higher."

"Eighty," repeated Saterlee.

"Eighty dollars," said the son-in-law, "for a horse and buggy that a man's never seen is too good to be true."

"They are yours, sir," said the father-in-law, and he turned to his daughter's husband. "Is that horse in your cellar or in rine?" he asked. "I ain't set eyes on her since February."

Saterlee turned quietly to the angry and tearful vision whom he had so callously outbid.

"Ma'am," he said, "if we come to my stop first or thereabouts, the buggy is yours to go on with. If we