

sidewalks. The street car line held the center of the street, and there was an up and down car on the track. There was ample space on either side, if the driver could manage to keep his horses straight ahead. They flew past the down car, so close that Hepworth could have touched it with his hand. Evidently, Pat thought that a miss was as good as a mile. The switch curve was just ahead. The horses dashed across the main line to the other side, displaying, as a by-stander remarked to a friend, marked intelligence for a pair of runaways. A fat, middle-aged woman, with a heavy market basket, had just stepped into the street to board the up car. The horses were almost upon her before she saw them. She jumped back, fell, and in her terror, rolled over and over into the gutter. She still clung to her basket, although its contents were scattered in every direction. Once Hepworth ventured to look out. He heard Pat's shout and a child's scream. A little girl of five or six years stood directly in the way. She seemed petrified with terror and unable to move. Hepworth shut his eyes, with a groan, to the awful tragedy, which he was powerless to avert. But some one had already sprung to the rescue; yet the flying horses, with quicker movement, again displaying marked intelligence, had swerved to the right and the carriage wheels barely grazed the child's dress. Would this terrible suspense never cease? This was the thought which was constantly uppermost in his mind. But surely that was the bay to the right; and now and then he could see the black hulls of the ships lying at anchor. All at once, the carriage stopped so suddenly that he was thrown forward upon the next seat. As he recovered himself, Pat was holding open the door.

"Och, shure! an' didn't I mak' it?" he asked, with a broad grin.

The mile had been made in just four minutes. A light dawned upon Hepworth's mind. This mad, headlong speed was only a ruse to clear the street, that he might not forfeit the extra bit of coin he had given him. It was an abominably selfish piece of business, and he felt inclined to give him a good trouncing; but Pat's face glowed with such serene satisfaction and good humor, that he bottled up his indignation, and contented himself with saying, in his severest tone of voice:

"Don't repeat that, my friend, or you will get into trouble."

At that moment, a mounted police officer dashed up, his horse flecked with foam.

"Zounds, Pat! You must control those brutes better than that. Such running in a crowded street is dangerous business."

"Och, your riverence! Isn't it meself that's intirely spent thryin' to howld the b'asts? I couldn't do it at all, at all; they would mak' it," with a sly look at Hepworth.

"Put Mexican bits on them, and I'll guarantee you can hold them," said the officer, as he rode away.

When Hepworth reached the boat, there was plenty of time to spare. Indeed, he might have taken it leisurely all the way through, for a large amount of freight had been sent down that morning for shipment; and when the boat finally backed out of her pier, it was fully half an hour after her appointed time of leaving. She had not gone far, however, when it became evident that she was overloaded. The river was low and she was drawing heavily. Before the distance was half completed, the keel ploughed into a sand-bar and stuck fast, the stern slightly swaying with the motion of the water. Hepworth paced the deck in a fever of impatience. He could brook no delay. He was hungry