

seemed to be slowing a little.

The station-agent, who had come out on the platform, looked puzzled. Trains which were not scheduled to stop usually whizzed by in a streak of noise and dust. Suddenly an idea was born. The agent looked around for the young lady who had been so eager to travel on the first section. I had withdrawn a little from the crowd so that I might wave to my vanishing fiance and let him know my heart was with him if nothing else.

As the engine passed the station it was going noticeably slower. Car after car dragged by until the last one appeared. I felt a push on my shoulder and heard the station agent say: "Run, girl, run. It's now or never!"

I didn't wait for explanations. I clutched my bags tightly and RAN! Ahead of me I could see Lester hanging over the rail of the last platform in imminent danger of falling off, while beside him with arms outstretched to grab were a mass of helpers and well wishers.

"Hurry, hurry!" I heard them call excitedly. I fairly flew down the track and making a flying leap was clutched by several pairs of arms, dragged ignominiously over the rail and deposited on the crowded platform amid cheers of "Bravo, she made it!" from everyone in sight.

I turned to look at the crowd left behind, as the train immediately picked up speed. Every eye bugged out; every mouth was wide open; every face registered a feeling of complete mystification. I laughed aloud.

When the crowd trooped into the coach, we were greeted like victorious heroes returning from a successful military operation.