

a woman that you may possibly have seen before" (with a roguish twinkle in his right eye.)

"Ah! Anna then!" said the Judge, fast losing his circumspect decorum, and becoming as jocose as the Doctor himself, as his mind drifted back to the time when John Bosnell and himself were friends and college chums. "I believe you are in for the cigars on that, Doctor, for, if my memory betrays me not, you wagered the cigars against a new hat that Miss Anna would never become Mrs. John Bosnell."

The Doctor laughed a round, hearty laugh, as he brought out his cigar case. Each of the friends bit of the end of his weed, and placed it at a becoming angle in his mouth. Each struck a match on the drum of the stove, and each turned his nose in the same direction away from it to avoid its sulphurous fumes. Each applied his light, drew some half dozen quick whiffs like a locomotive getting under headway, then settled leisurely back to long puffs and conversation.

They had been talking about twenty minutes when the Doctor rose from his seat and said, "I understand that you are to leave town on the eleven o'clock train.

Will you not step down to the house? I live only a block from here."

"I should be pleased to do so, but there is a gentleman at the Junction whom I should like to see before I leave this part of the country, and so I have ordered an omnibus to take me there. I think that I can get around in time to take the train at the Junction; if not, I shall wait—but here is the 'bus now at the door, and I must be off!"

"Well, Judge, I hope that you may be at D— again soon, when of course you will make us a call," said the Doctor.

"I hope that I may be able soon to avail myself of your invitation," answered the Judge, "meanwhile, give my respects to Mrs. Bosnell. Should you happen at C— call at my office on 6th street, or at my hotel on 11th street. I still live in bachelor freedom."

"And I don't begrudge you the freedom in the least," said the Doctor. "Good evening!"

"Good evening!"

Howard McKee entered the omnibus, and it rattled away over the pavement. This was the first time he had been at D— since he had graduated ten years before, and, although the place had now grown into a small city, still there were many ancient landmarks which served to remind him, at every turn, of his college days, of the four years of his early life which he had spent here. Then his meeting and conversation with the Doctor had called up in his mind such vivid reminiscences of the past that in musing upon them he could almost feel himself a boy again. As he rode rapidly down an old, familiar street, and neared Mr. Raymond's residence, we suspect that he peered with something like boyish curiosity and interest out of the window of the coach, to catch a glimpse, if possible, of some old familiar objects that might remind him of incidents and scenes of "ye olden days."

When in front of the gate which he remembered so well, the horses sheared with a sudden start and the hinder axle-tree of the omnibus broke near one of the hubs. McKee was pitched forward, striking his head and gashing it on some sharp corner or projection. The driver was thrown from his box, but succeeded in clinging to the reins, and stopped the horses, just as McKee, stunned by the blow which he had received, rolled half way out of the open door which had been burst open by the concussion. The driver pulled him out on to the frozen ground, and then uttered the cry for help which was heard by Miss Raymond, as mentioned in the preceding chapter.

Miss Nellie, as has been stated, came running down the walk, and when she had reached the scene of disaster, she found McKee lying on the ground, and groaning as if in great pain. She stooped down, and lifting his head into her lap,