

began to brush the snow from it, and to wipe off the blood with her handkerchief.

Mr. Raymond soon made his appearance, and others, also, who had heard the driver's halloo, and after a word of consultation together, it was decided that the wounded man should be carried into the house. Three or four men who were standing around then took him up and bore him into the same room which Nellie had left a moment before, and placed him upon the sofa.

Dr. Bosnell was then called in, not a little surprised that his old friend should have met with such an accident so soon after parting with him at the hotel. After examining his patient, however, he informed the frightened lookers-on that McKee had only received a severe cut on the side of his head—a flesh wound that would soon heal, leaving no farther injury than a bad scar.

But the Doctor's prediction did not exactly prove true. The wound, together with a cold taken from lying in the snow on the evening of the accident, brought on a slow fever from which the Judge did not recover until three weeks had come and gone.

Dr. Bosnell visited his patient daily. At first, because his services were actually needed that often, and afterwards, when the sufferer had begun to convalesce, because he found opportunity to chat for awhile over by-gone college days. Aunt Jemima had told the Doctor secretly all about that "fellow McKee" and his "desperate flirtation with Nell" some ten years before, or, that is to say, about the time her daughter Susan's first child, little Jimmy, died. But inasmuch as the Doctor had been of old a classmate and chum, we may infer that he was not entirely ignorant of the matter.

The jovial Doctor, too, seemed to be scheming at something, and perhaps this will account in part for his very frequent calls at the Raymonds'—calls for which I am positive he never charged half pay. When opportunity permitted he never

failed to hint to Miss Nellie in his sly way of the good qualities of the Judge, whom he had known for years, and hence his opinions in the matter must be taken as infallible. Once he even went so far as to exclaim when no one else but Miss Nellie was in hearing, that it was a great pity, a great shame, that a man of the Judge's worth should be obliged to pass through life as a forlorn old bachelor. Why, he actually didn't believe he could exist a week without Anna. It would bring on dyspepsia as quick as old cheese, and he would soon become so crusty that "the tartness of his face would sour ripe grapes."

Miss Nellie had heard the Doctor talk before, and it is not to be supposed that she could see through all this scheming, or that she payed much attention to what she probably considered as only the Doctor's interest in his patient's welfare. It is a little singular, though, that Miss Nellie should have taken so much pains every morning in arranging her raven tresses, which had long been kept imprisoned, into long glossy curls. One morning, too, at the breakfast table, her father, observing a red blossom—probably from some house-plant—among these same curls, inquired whether the fashion had changed, that she should wear flowers in mid-winter. But then people's tastes are continually changing, and these little innovations are not to be wondered at.

As for the Judge, we do believe that the Doctor kept him at Mr. Raymond's a week longer than there was any call for. He would not permit him to go until he was perfectly well, for fear of a relapse of the fever, or lest some worse evil than that perhaps might befall him. But at the end of the third week the Doctor could no longer persuade the Judge that he was not well enough to go back to C—, and resume his professional labors.

"I have," said the Judge, "spent the greater part of this week like one grand holiday, sleigh-riding, skating, and every other amusement that the boys generally