

Charley owing anything, what with shoeing broken rigs, and a new buggy made after his own get up, the doctor was in Charley's debt, and paid right straight up without another word."

"Is it Doctor Olmsted of whom you are speaking, and were those his horses that ran away?" said Grant, addressing the previous speaker.

"To be sure," and all eyes were turned on the young man. "I guess you'll be a stranger here not to know the doctor."

"I am, and I am going to see him; will you please shew me his house?"

"Over there, sir, on the opposite side; that large square house in among them chestnuts," and the man walked out into the road to shew the place more clearly.

"Thank you; but hasn't any one gone down to see if the doctor is hurt," enquired Richard; "he may be lying by the road for all we know; can't somebody get a horse and ride off down the road."

"Never you fear, sir, he ain't hurt any, he's had more runaways nor any man in these parts, but he always falls right, and he's not afraid to-day of the wildest pair of colts that ever had a pair of lines drawn over them."

"Don't you go down," the first speaker said, as Grant, disgusted with their coolness, was preparing to run off himself, in the direction from which the team had come tearing up the road.

"He'd be mad enough if we was to go down to look after him, but to have a stranger 'speering' at him would almost send him wild. Don't go; his man'll be down there directly with another rig; the doctor will wait for him and drive home as if nothing had happened."

Grant was undecided whether to go on to the house, or to walk down the street again and meet the doctor. He couldn't take the matter so calmly as those who knew the doctor well; but the anxiety which he would have felt in any other case for a man under similar circumstances was moderated now by the quiet manner in which the runaway had been regarded by the villagers and by a recollection of the sketch afforded by Mr. Ogilvie of the doctor's eccentric ways.

He determined, however, to return and meet his future host. He accordingly walked off down the road. He had not gone very far when, at a sudden turn, he came suddenly upon a gentleman, sitting on a low wall which ran along the bank, and, under the shade of a large umbrella, was evidently deeply immersed in a brown study.

He was a man of a little under the medium height; his hat was off and, laid by his side upon the wall, disclosed a head singularly well developed in all those points which form the outward signs of a deep thinker and man of more than ordinary intelligence; the hair that yet remained upon a head rapidly becoming bald was thrown about in wild disorder, the evident consequence of a common habit, in which he was now engaged, of passing the fingers through and through when in deep meditation. A broad, high forehead surmounted a kind and a genial face: the dark blue eyes were now fixed steadfastly upon the road, and the hand not engaged in ruffling up his hair was idly beating a tattoo upon his knee; a firm mouth covered with a light moustache and a darkly tanned cheek and brow completed a face at once attractive and one that would inspire confidence in a stranger.

"Good morning, sir."

"Ah, good morning; good day, sir," answered the doctor, for he it was, as he awoke from his study and fixed his piercing eyes upon the young stranger. "A fine day, sir; do you come for me?"

"Not professionally. I believe I have the pleasure of addressing Doctor Olmsted?"

"That's my name. I see you're a stranger here, sir," returned the doctor, getting slowly down from off the wall and approaching our hero.

Grant handed his card to the doctor, who, reading it, looked up quickly and, holding out his hand, greeted his visitor frankly and cordially, and in his first look and words took his heart by storm.

"I'm glad to see you; I've been expecting you for some days, but I met Mr. Ogilvie yesterday and he told me you were on the boat with him, but from what he said I gathered that you would take some time