

on the night of a good concert, listening to Patti, Sims Reeves, Edward Lloyd, Patey, Foli, and other musical lights ; now reclining in a boat, smoking a cigarette and talking to a dear girl who is steering the boat as they float back with the tide from Richmond ; and crowds of other recollections equally as pleasurable had taken possession of his thoughts. In the midst of all these reflections, he paused to listen to the rich and solemn sounds of Big Ben, whose message was wafted to this northern suburb by the southerly breeze. It was now 3 a.m. Raymond with an effort braced himself together to dispel these idle thoughts. Time waits for no man, and he must be at the office as usual by 9 a.m. He jumped up from the couch, turned the light up, and, walking over to the desk, took out a letter, which he read and re-read.

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