

promise of change. A wise administrator could readily ameliorate these evils. Of this he felt sure; and in the vain hope that in time he might be asked to act as intermediary to partially satisfy the people, he was willing to hold back the car of Juggernaut, if he could.

Driving home from his round of professional visits during the afternoon of the storm, his mind was so full of the subject that he gave no heed to the rain, reaching his office earlier than usual. When he heard of the wreck of the canoe he was amazed to learn that his adopted niece, Jessie Stedman, was one of the victims, and that a messenger had arrived to secure his help in her behalf.

"She's awful bad, sir," said the man, "and they're taking her back to Bradley Hall."

Bidding the man jump into his carriage and give an account of her condition, he drove over, arriving in time to direct her removal to the house. She was still unconscious.

"It is all my fault," cried Marie, in a voice of deep contrition, as she noted the cloud upon the doctor's face. "Jessie wouldn't have gone if I hadn't persuaded her."

"It was a foolish escapade, right in the face of a threatening storm," he returned; "but there is no use lamenting now, the deed is done. Tell me how it happened?"

Frankly and graphically she told the story.

"So you saved her life," he commented, reflectively, as she spoke of treading water and holding Jessie up with the one hand.

"I held her until the men came. That was all, they saved her."