

should experience less pain whenever I see you or hear your name mentioned," he sadly replied. "Every mistake is a nail driven; we may withdraw the nail, but we cannot efface the mark it leaves."

A very handsome and elegantly dressed young woman standing near seemed to be waiting for the conversation to end, seeing which both men paused.

"I must apologize for interrupting you," she said, addressing Don, "yet I cannot refrain from speaking to you, for I am the eldest daughter of that family you saved from freezing and starving to death during the great snow storm. Thanks for your timely aid and subsequent fidelity we have prospered ever since. This is my husband, who is with me, and he wishes me to introduce him to you."

McElwin, the husband, a delegate to the convention, and a fine looking fellow, joined his wife in her acknowledgements, and begged him to make their house his home while he was in Providence.

Doctor Lovejoy could not but hear the conversation; and that which was the occasion of supreme satisfaction to Don, was a painful reminder to himself. Don was finding the bread he had cast upon the waters in his youth, while the Doctor, having sown so sparingly, was reaping nothing but the thistles of regret.

The three days Don spent with the McElwins in no wise diminished the satisfaction he experienced when they first acknowledged their indebtedness to him, although he took good care to let them know that but for the noble people who stood back of him he could not have rendered the substantial aid he did.

"But," said Mrs. McElwin, "if you had not braved that storm, I should not be here to-day, for when you entered our