

hours ago, even though they had not started until the sky was entirely clear again, "You forget," she said pitifully, "that it will soon be three o'clock in the morning. Do you know the road to the Schuyler farm, Mr. Maxwell? There is a bridge to cross, about five miles out, over a very ugly stream of water; the embankments there are very high, and the sides of the bridge are not protected; more than that, I think I have heard somebody say that the bridge is unsafe. It is possible that they may have driven over the side,—or the bridge may have fallen and they may all be in peril together."

He made haste to reassure her. Oh, no, indeed; he knew the bridge well; was over it indeed not twelve hours ago; it was perfectly safe; and no driver in his senses would be in danger of driving off the embankment. Had the party not a reliable driver?

Mrs. Edmonds admitted that Mr. Ralph Bramlett was the driver; that he drove his father's horses and was perfectly accustomed to them; but then they were spirited animals and were doubtless afraid of lightning; many horses were; and if nothing had happened to them, why had they not reached home long ago?

Then Mr. Maxwell had another idea. Was not the Schuyler farm the hospitable mansion where so many young people were entertained? He had heard that it was the custom for large parties from town to spend several days there. Un-