

ing at the time Larry was passing. Some friend had called to him, and he was leaning out of his buggy answering back when his horse took fright at something, he didn't know what, and got away from him, he couldn't tell how; but anyhow, before he knew it, the horse was tearing down the street and carriages and hacks were getting out of the way. But even at this Larry thought he would have had him under control, only that a drunken hackman tried to drive across the street in front of his. At this, another cabman threw his reins to somebody and jumped down in front of Larry's horse, and swung on to the reins with such a grip that he nearly stopped them. But the crash came—only not half so bad as it would have been if Larry's horses had not been held back. My husband's arm and leg were lamed, and the cabman was picked up bleeding at the mouth and with his ribs broken.

"Where is he?" I asked.

"We sent him to the hospital in the ambulance."

"I wish I could go and look after him myself," said Larry, and he wanted to go anyway.

One of our doctors promised to go. He was on the hospital staff, and we owed it to him that the ambulance was on the scene so quickly. It had been stopping in front of his office, which was in sight of the accident, and a policeman had gone there for it.

Next morning Larry was unable to rise and he had a high fever. The doctors said he would be all—right in a week or ten days, and I was to keep him quiet.

I don't know how that accident really happened. I have described it as clearly as I could from the comprehension I got of it. But one thing I had come to understand clearly: the driver who threw himself in front of my husband's horse had saved my husband's life. Whatever he did was so foolhardy that he was the first cabman who had been spoken of as "drunk," when I was making my way to the scene of the accident.

The doctors gave Larry something to make him rest.