

gazing out to where the lake and sky appeared to meet. Never before had that stern face appeared to me so noble and so saintly. His countenance was lightened up with a faint smile, and the breeze ruffled his silvery hair. I said to myself, "Why lives this man such a mysterious life?"

In a few minutes I had my boat in readiness and was carried by the breeze out into the lake. After having gone a mile or more from shore I changed my tack and began to run toward the shore again. The sailing was good, and I was in high spirits. My attention was drawn to a large white gull which swooped and sailed close by. In an instant, a gust of wind struck my sails, and I was plunged headforemost into the water. When I arose, my boat had completely capsized; and, as it was impossible for me to right her or to swim ashore, I grabbed her by the keel and clung on in hopes that some one on the shore would see me and come to my rescue. In a few minutes, a row-boat put out from the "Retreat." I said to myself, surely it cannot be Dr. Hambly, for never had any of us seen the Doctor using his boats. In a short time, the rower had pulled close enough so that I could distinguish his features, and it was the Doctor. He pulled close up to me; and, without the exchange of a word, I climed dripping wet into his boat. Having made fast the rope of my sail-boat, I picked up the second pair of oars and together we towed my capsized boat into the shore. Having landed, the Doctor helped me turn the water out of my boat and to spread my sails upon the sands of the beach. Not a word had passed between us. I

walked up to the Doctor and said, "I am very grateful to you indeed for having come to my assistance. Had it not been for you, I most certainly would have drowned." He replied, "You are not the first man I have saved." He then became silent, and I feared lest he would lapse into the mysterious silence which characterized him. A light suddenly came into his eyes, and he said, "It is a long time ago, and it is a long story, but my end is now not far distant, thank God, and as I need the services of a friend, to you I shall confide the secret of my life."

He took me by the arm and led me toward his house. I was filled with expectation; for, from my childhood, I had wondered what that house contained. I went with him into a well furnished parlor. He raised his hand and pointed toward a picture. It was of a handsome girl not more than twenty years of age. After having gazed at this for what appeared to me many minutes he uttered the one word "Marguerite," and led me back again to the rustic seat which looked out over the lake. In passing through the hall, my eyes peeped into the opposite room, and much to my surprise I saw a library with shelves filled with books, and the tables strewn with papers. Once seated, the Doctor's eyes wandered out over the lake, and I was spell-bound in his presence, for I read in the lines of his face that he was undergoing great mental excitement. Without turning his eyes toward me he said:

"I was once young like you and filled with hope and ambition, but things have changed and I live but for the end. Many years ago, I oc-