

around something. Side streets and alleys were emptying into the main thoroughfare, policemen were running.

My house is on the principal street that leads from the Central Depot, past several hotels to the residence part of the city. It was train time, when the Aragon 'bus and hacks innumerable always thundered by on their way to the station. When I looked out the 'bus was in front of my door and hacks blocked the street, their drivers looking back.

"What's the matter?" I asked of the nearest driver.

"Runaway."

"Drunken hackman let his horses get away from him and they smashed a doctor's buggy."

"The doctor isn't hurt, ma'am" kindly said some who knew me.

I hobbled out into the street on my crutch and tried to make my way among the hacks and horses to the spot where I saw the people collected.

"Ting-a-ling! ting-a-ling!" the ambulance was coming.

And then I saw my husband moving toward me where I was trying to work my way through the crowd of people and vehicles. He walked badly and was pale. I never even thought to look at the tangled mass of buggy and hack that lay crushed together on the street. I got him into the house and went to heating water and doctoring his bruises, and to stirring Carrie around more than it pleased her to be stirred, until she realized that it was Larry, and that he was hurt, when she was willing enough.

What had become of the horses or the buggy or the hack, I never thought to ask. My only thought was of Larry.

After we had got him to bed, and his leg and arm into hot compresses, and he seemed pretty comfortable and had a good color in his cheeks, I began to catch the drift of the talk about the accident that was going on around me. Two doctors and several of Larry's friends had come in with us.

"Bus and carriages had been starting off from the Aragon and also from the Grand Opera-House, which was empty-