

CHAPTER VI.

On Charley's return to Quebec from Newport he was lionized by his friends, for an account of the accident had preceded him. He resumed his situation in the bank. A similar one was held by his father many years ago. Numerous were the invitations sent to him to attend public and private balls, boat races and various public amusements, but he soon tired of these sports, which a few years ago were his great delight.

One dark afternoon, a drizzly rain was falling, Charley, who was on his way to his lodgings, noticed a young girl on the street going towards her home without an umbrella. He had frequently spoken to her in the store where he was accustomed to lunch. He raised his hat