

his former friend, for her parting glance was more expressive to him than words of her true feelings. He could not help but let his mind wander to that far-off western country and think of the one who had so suddenly been torn from him.

Four years passed and George graduated, taking the honors of his class. Two years hence one passing through the town of Milford might have seen this modest sign.

GEORGE WINTERS, — ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
--

His work so occupied his time that little else was thought about. Time and distance had almost effaced the name of Mary Phelps from his memory.

One day as he was going to his office he noticed an unusual excitement a few blocks away. He gazed more attentively and discovered a vehicle coming at break-neck speed. Two policemen attempted to stop the onward course of the runaway horse, but to no avail. Something instantly seemed to tell him of his duty to try to save the endangered ones. Was it the sight of the ladies, or was it the consciousness of a duty to others? He made a sudden spring and placed himself alongside the course of the horse. To miss his grasp meant injury, perhaps death, to himself; to stop the horse meant the saving of two lives. One spring and he had seized the frightened animal's bridle. But alas! the momentum of the horse and his misstep caused him to lose his standing and with a plunge of the horse he was entangled in the harness and dragged along the street. But, with a firm grasp he held to the horse whose strength was beginning to weaken. The strain of excitement, the loss of breath from long running and the tight drawing on the bit finally told on the animal and it was stopped.

The throng pressed to the assistance of the imperiled la-