During the winter Jack and I arranged to spend the next summer abroad, and I busied myself during the last few months that remained of my Senior year at Harvard in making preparations for a grand trip. A week before we were to start, I was forced to postpone my departure, and as Jack had made engagements abroad that he felt unable to break, he left on the original date, I intending to follow three weeks later.

I had been very busy for a week, when, one morning, a cable message was handed me at my house. I knew it must be from Jack, and as I was very much aware of his natural proclivities for getting into trouble, I tore the envelope hastily open, expecting any bad news. But it proved to be only a request to make the necessary arrangements for providing him with a new letter of credit, as his had run out. I felt very much relieved after reading it, although I wondered how he had got through five hundred pounds so quickly. I sent him the money, and thought no more about it.

A week later, a few days before I was to sail, came another message, and this time I felt pretty positive that something was up with my friend. Sure enough, the message contained the following:

"B—, Spain, July 10, 1888.
Send me five hundred pounds immediately. Address Juan Gomalez.

JOHN S. AUSTIN."

Five hundred pounds was soon flashing across the Atlantic Cable to "John S. Austin, care Juan Gomalez, B—, Spain," while I despatched what business still remained on my hands that same day, leaving a good deal in the hands of my lawyers, and the next morning stood looking out across the broad Atlantic from the deck of "La Burgoyne." I had been fortunate enough to secure a berth at short notice.

I left the ship at Havre, hurried through France to Spain, and in due season arrived at the office of Juan Gomalez, in B—, and there heard the story of Jack's latest mess.

He had fallen head over ears in love with a Spanish girl, had pushed matters exceedingly hard and was enjoying himself hugely in the sweet society of his inamorata, when he had been pounced upon by the girl's mother, who actually had had the coolness to demand a payment of five hundred dollars, or she would take immediate measures for an action for breach of promise of marriage! As nearly as I could make out from the lawyer's statement, Jack had lost his temper at this point, and had sworn roundly that he would see her ladyship yonder first. Whereupon the old fiend had carried out her threat, and my headstrong friend was now pondering over his folly "behind closed doors," as he had no one to furnish the necessary bail.

I went immediately to the authorities, and had Jack released, and, after I had told him that I thought him about as large a fool as they turned out, we put our heads together, we two and old Juan Gomalez, who took a fatherly interest in the case (I found out later that this girl's mother was his deadliest foe), and carefully discussed the matter.

We decided that the first thing to do was to interview the plaintiff's attorney. I looked up the gentleman, who proved to be a well-known and experienced lawyer, and, on being ushered into his office, I came to the point at once, and almost in so many words asked him what he expected to gain in his case. After we had argued for half an hour, I made the happy discovery that the man was very much enamored of the same girl, and that his pride had been sorely wounded and his anger greatly aroused by Jack's bold advances toward his idol's shrine.

I saw gleams of hope after I had made this discovery, and proceeded carefully to act upon the inspiration which entered my mind. I persuaded the old lawyer, whose weak point was his excessive vanity, that the sole cause of the whole trouble was Jack's discovering the strong rival he had in the field, in the person of the illustrious lawyer. After finding