strange for a workman to be wearing a pair of gold-rimmed glasses," he mused. At this moment the man turned and exchanged a few words with his neighbor, and a broad, frank smile overspread his face; with a start Rogers drew back, and for a moment eyed the man with a doubtful expression.

"Can it be! is it Jack Harrington?" he exclaimed; but before the words were out of his mouth he advanced, and, approaching the stranger, raised his hand and slapped him familiarly on the back, at the same time exclaiming, "Jack Harrington, you here!" The man wheeled around, a deadly pallor covering his face; for a moment he seemed dazed, then, throwing up his arms, staggered back.

For a moment the two men stood gazing at each other; the one, with light and joy written in his eyes; the other, the light of recollection just dawning in his expression.

"Where have you been, Jack, all these years? We have looked for you everywhere, but our search was always fruitless. Don't you remember Priscilla? Come, old man, let us sit down here and you can tell me all about it; but why don't you speak?"

"I remember it all now," murmured Jack, as he sat down by his friend; "yes, it was on my wedding day, and Priscilla, tell me, Dick, how is she?"

"Priscilla? Ah Jack! our sweet Priscilla is much changed, in fact everything seemed to change after that night; but tell me, man, what became of you?"

"I can just remember," answered Harrington, after a few moments' thought, "that I was on my way there to Priscilla's. I was thinking of how lovely my little bride would look in her bridal dress, and how proud I should be of her. Yes, I distinctly remember I was very happy, when suddenly, without any forewarning, I felt my brain snap, and I remember no more, until just now when I heard you call my name I experienced a strange feeling within my head, and now I remember all, thank God, all!"

For a moment silence reigned between the two friends, when all at once Harrington arose, saying eagerly, as though the idea had just come to him,—

"But why sit here, Dick? Come, let us go home, back to Nestledown and Priscilla; we will return together and there shall be another wedding day."

**PART III.**

Again we find ourselves in the village, in the same charming village of Nestledown; with the same green meadows, the same happy brook, elms, and road. A great many changes can be seen in the houses; new ones have sprung up, and the houses vary in color. But there is one house, on a quiet little street, which still retains its white walls and green blinds; the same red barn is to be seen in the back. The only difference to be noted here is that the paint has worn off in some places, and, perhaps, the porch is minus a plank or two.

If we peep in at the window we will see a happy assembly gathered around a radiant couple, one of whom is a slight, frail-looking woman, with lovely blue eyes and hair that is touched with gray; she is dressed as on that wedding day, fifteen years ago, in white muslin and orange blossoms. Her soft hand is linked in that of a tall, strong man at her side, whose eyes are gazing down upon her through a pair of gold-bowed glasses with an expression of fond, true love.

In the corner, Persis Percival, who, by the way, is still Persis Percival, whispers behind her fan,—

"Well, I don't believe it; I don't believe that his mind gave away from overwork at all; I just believe that he didn't want to settle down."

But Priscilla was saying to herself in her fluttering heart,—

"I knew he would come! I knew he would come!"

L. M. BASSETT.