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IS PUBLISHED EVERY
Thursday Morning
—AT—
MILTON, CO. OF HALTON, ONT.

CAMPBELL & PANTON, PROPRIETORS.

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TERMS:—$1 a year in advance, or within one month from the date of subscribing, if not so paid, will be charged.

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—MILTON ONT.—
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THOROUGHLY RENOVATED,
Is prepared to give all guests the best of accommodation. First class board at reasonable rates. The stables are in charge of an attentive hostler.
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And am selling them at Cost.
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GIVE ME A CALL.
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Gold for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer; to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their whole time to the work. Great success absolutely sure Don't delay Start now. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

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And contains more of them than all other Canadian papers combined. It has proved a source of wealth to many readers of the right class.
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AND COUNTY OF HALTON INTELLIGENCER

VOL. 24.] MILTON, COUNTY OF HALTON, THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1884. NO. 1

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WM. SLOAN
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Rings,
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&c.
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The above stock is all new and will be sold at lower prices than ever prevailed in Milton. 49ly

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A permanent sure cure for Diseases, Disorders and Ailments of the Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary Secretive System or attendant complaints—causing pain in small of the back, sides, etc., Gravel, Catarrh of the Bladder and Passages, Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Piles, Nervous Debility, etc., etc.
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SUGAR COATED. PURELY VEGETABLE
Highly recommended for Biliousness, Head-Ache, Constipation, Indigestion, Dizziness, Heartburn, Bad Breath, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Loss of Memory, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, or any illness arising from the Stomach, Bowels or Kidneys. They are safe, mild and thorough in their action. From 1 to 3 pills is a dose. PRICE 25c. PER BOX.

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EXTRACT OF WILD
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CURES
CHOLERA
CHOLERA INFANTUM
DIARRHŒA
AND
ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS
SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

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Patented 1874
Composed largely of powdered Mica or Isinglass, is the BEST and CHEAPEST lubricator, in the world—the BEST because it does not gum, but forms a highly polished surface over the axle, reducing friction and lightening the draft; the CHEAPEST because it costs NO MORE than inferior brands, and one box will do the work of two of any other make. Answers as well for Harvesters, Mill Gearing, Threshing Machines, Corn-Planters, Carriages, Buggies, etc., as for Wagons. GUARANTEED to contain NO Petroleum. Sold by all dealers.
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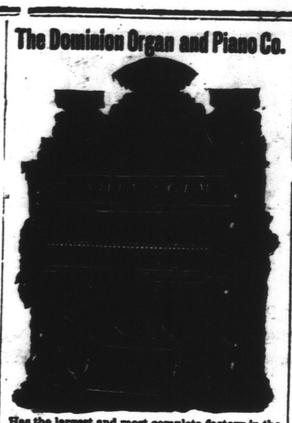
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Highest Honors ever Awarded to any Maker in the World.
Medal and Diploma at Centennial, 1876.
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SQUARE AND UPRIGHT PIANOS.
BEST IN THE MARKET.
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Will be mailed FREE to all applicants and to customers of last year without ordering it. It contains illustrations, prices, descriptions and directions for planting all Vegetable and Flower Seeds, Plants, etc. Invaluable to all.
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Proprietors.
We are prepared to fill orders for all kinds o
HOUSE FURNISHINGS
SUCH AS
SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, MOULDINGS BASE, &C.
BALUSTERS and NEWELLS,
Also all kinds of
SCROLL WORK
done to order.
ALL KINDS OF TURNING DONE TO ORDER.
DEALERS IN
LUMBER, FLOORING, LATH, SHINGLES
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GENERAL BUILDERS AND CONTRACTORS
We are prepared to contract for the erection of all kinds of buildings, either in part or whole.
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Walace House
MAIN ST., MILTON.
Livery AND SALE Stable.

Wallace House, Milton.
NEW, STYLISH, AND COMFORTABLE RIGS.
None but first-class horses kept in the stable. 44-

A MAN
WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY THIS WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP THAT THE

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC R'Y
By the central position of its line, connects the East and the West by the shortest route, and the best passenger service between Chicago and Kansas City, Council Bluffs, Leavenworth, Atchison, Minneapolis and St. Paul. It connects in Union Depots with all the principal lines of road between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. Its equipment is second to none, being composed of Wood and Iron Bridges, Steel Rails, Magnificent Horton Reclining Chair Cars, and the Best Line of Dining Cars in the World. Three Trains each way between Chicago and Kansas City. Two Trains between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, via the Famous
"ALBERT LEA ROUTE."
A New and Direct Line, via Seneca and Kankakee, has recently been opened for the traffic between Norfolk, Newport News, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Augusta, Macon, Louisville, Lexington, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Lafayette, and Omaha, Minneapolis and St. Paul and Intermediate points.
All Through Passengers Travel on Fast Express Trains.
Tickets for sale at all principal Ticket Offices in the United States and Canada.
Rates always as low as competitors, and offer less advantages.
For detailed information, get the Maps and Folders of the
GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE,
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E. ST. JOHN, Gen'l Ticket & Pass. Agt.
CHICAGO.

THE BREAD-WINNERS

A SOCIAL STUDY.

III.

THE WIDOW AND HER DAUGHTER.

Mrs. Belding's house was next to that of Mr. Farnham, and the neighbourly custom of Algonquin Avenue was to build no middle walls of partition between adjoining lawns. A minute's walk, therefore, brought the young man to the door of Mrs. Belding's cottage. She called it a cottage, and so we have no excuse for calling it anything else, though it was a big three-storied house, built of the soft creamy stone of the Buffland quarries, and it owed its modest name to an impression in the lady's mind that gothic gables and dormer windows were a necessary adjunct of cottages.

She was a happy woman, though she would have been greatly surprised to hear herself so described. She had not been out of mourning since she was a young girl. Her parents, as she sometimes said, "had put her into black;" and several children had died in infancy, one after the other, until at last her husband, Jairus Belding, the famous bridge-builder had perished of a malarial fever caught in the swamps of the Wabash, and left her with one daughter and a large tin box full of good securities. She never afterward altered the style of her dress, and she took much comfort in feeling free from all further allegiance to milliners. In fact, she had a nature which was predisposed to comfort. She had been fond of her husband, but she had been a little afraid of him, and, when she had wept her grief into tranquility, she felt a certain satisfaction in finding herself the absolute mistress of her income and her bedroom.

Her wealth made her the object of matrimonial ambition once or twice, and she had sufficient beauty to flatter herself that she was loved more for her eyes than her money; but she refused her suitors with an indolent good nature that did not trouble itself with inquiries as to their sincerity. "I have been married once, thank you, and that is enough;" this she said simply without sighing or tears. Perhaps the unlucky aspirant might infer that her heart was buried in the grave of Jairus, but the sober fact was that she liked her breakfast at her own hours. Attached to the spacious sleeping-room occupied in joint tenancy by herself and the bridge-builder were two capacious closets. After the funeral of Mr. Belding she took possession of both of them, hanging her winter wardrobe in one and her summer raiment in the other, and she had never met a man so fascinating as to tempt her to give up to him one of these rooms.

She was by no means a fool. Like many easy-going women, she had an enlightened selfishness which prompted her to take excellent care of her affairs. As long as old Mr. Farnham lived, she took his advice implicitly in regard to her investments, and after his death she transferred the same unquestioning confidence to his grandson and heir, although he was much younger than herself, and comparatively inexperienced in money matters. It seemed to her only natural that some of the Farnham wisdom should have descended with the Farnham millions. There was a grain of good sense in this reasoning, founded as it was upon her knowledge of Arthur's good qualities; for upon a man who is neither a sot nor a gambler, the possession of great wealth almost always exercises a sobering and educating influence. So, whenever Mrs. Belding was in any doubt in any matter of money, she asked Arthur to dine with her, and settle the vexing questions somewhere between the soup and coffee. It was a neighborly service freely asked and willingly rendered.

As Farnham entered the widow's cosey library, he saw a lady sitting by the fire whom he took to be Mrs. Belding; but as she rose and made a step toward him he discovered that she was not in mourning. The quick twilight was thickening into night, and the rich glow of the flaming coal in the grate, deepening the shadows in the room, while it prevented him from distinguishing the features of her face, showed him a large full form with a grace of movement which had something even of majesty in it.

"I see you have forgotten me," said a voice as rich and full as the form from which it came. "I am Alice Belding."

"Of course you are, and you have grown as big and beautiful as you threatened to," said Farnham taking both the young girl's hands in his, and turning her until she faced the firelight. It was certainly a bonny face which the red light shone upon, and quite uncommon in its beauty. The outline was very pure and noble; the eyes were dark-brown and the hair was of tawny gold, but the complexion was of that clear and healthy pallor so rarely met with among blonde women. The finest thing about her face was its expression of perfect serenity. Even now, as she stood looking at Farnham, with her hands in his, her cheek flushed a little with the evident pleasure of the meeting, she received his gaze of unchecked admiration with a smile as quiet and unabashed as that of a mother greeting a child.

"Well, well!" said Farnham as they seated themselves, "how long has it taken you to grow to that stature? When did I see you last?"

"Two years ago," she answered in that rich and gentle tone which was a delight to the ear. "I was at home last summer, but you were away—in Germany, I think."

"Yes, and we looked for you in vain at Christmases and Thanksgivings."

"Mamma came so often to New York that there seemed no real necessity of my coming home until I came for good. I had so much to learn, you know. I was quite old and very ignorant when I started away."

"And you have come back quite young and very learned I dare say."

She laughed a little, and her clear and quiet laugh was as pleasant as her speech.

Mrs. Belding came in with gliding footsteps and cap-strings gently fluttering.

"Why, you are all in the dark! Arthur, will you please light that burner nearest you?"

In the bright light Miss Alice looked prettier than ever; the jet of gas above her tinged her crisp hair with a lustre of twisted gold wire, and threw tangled shadows upon her low, smooth forehead.

"We have to thank Madame de Veaudrey for sending us back a fine young woman," said Farnham.

"Yes, she is improved," the widow assented calmly. "I must show you the letter Madame de Veaudrey wrote me. Alice is first in languages, first—"

"In peace, and first in the hearts of her countrywomen," interrupted Miss Alice, not smartly, but with smiling firmness. "Let Mr. Farnham take the rest of my qualities for granted, please."

"There will be time enough for you two to get acquainted. But this evening I wanted to talk to you about something more important. The *Tribune* money article says that the Dan and Beersheba railroad is not really earning its dividends. What am I to do about that, I should like to know?"

"Draw your dividends with a mind conscious of rectitude, though the directors rage and the *Tribune* imagines a vain thing," Farnham answered, and the talk was of stocks and bonds for an hour afterward.

When dinner was over the three were seated again in the library. The financial conversation had run its course, and had perished amid the hard sands of reference to the hard times and the gloomy prospects of real estate. Miss Alice, who took no part in the discussion, was reading the evening paper, and Farnham was gratifying his eyes by gazing at the perfect outline of her face, the rippled hair over the straight brow, and the stout braids that hung close to the graceful neck in the fashion affected by school-girls at that time.

A servant entered and handed a card to Alice. She looked at it and passed it to her mother.

"It is Mr. Furrey," said the widow. "He has called upon you."

"I suppose he may come in here?" Alice said, without rising.

Her mother looked at her with a mute enquiry, but answered in an instant, "Certainly."

When Mr. Furrey entered, he walked past Mrs. Belding to greet her daughter, with profuse expressions of delight at her return, "of which he had just heard this afternoon at the bank; and although he was going to a party this evening, he could not help stopping in to welcome her home." Miss Alice said, "Thank you," and Mr. Furrey turned to shake hands with her mother.

"You know my friend Mr. Farnham?"

"Yes, ma'am—that is, I see him often at the bank, but I am glad to owe the pleasure of his acquaintance to you."

The men shook hands. Mr. Furrey bowed a little more deeply than was absolutely required. He then seated himself near Miss Alice and began talking volubly to her about New York. He was a young man of medium size, dressed with that exaggeration of the prevailing mode which seems necessary to provincial youth. His short fair hair was drenched with pomatum and plastered close to his head. His white cravat was tied with mathematical precision, and his shirt collar was like a wall of white enamel from his shoulders to his ears. He wore white kid gloves, which he secured from spot or blemish as much as possible by keeping the tips of the fingers pressed against each other. His speech was quicker than is customary with Western people, but he had their flat monotone and their uncompromising treatment of the letter R.

Mrs. Belding crossed over to where Farnham was seated and began a conversation with him in an undertone.

"You think her really improved?"

"In every way. She has the beauty and stature of a Brunhild; she carries herself like a duchess, I was going to say—but the only duchess I ever knew was at Schwalbach, and she was carried in a wicker hand-cart. But mademoiselle is lovely, and she speaks very pretty English; and knows how to wear her hair, and will be a great comfort to you, if you can keep the boys at bay for awhile."

"No danger there, I imagine; she will keep them at bay herself. Did you notice just now? Mr. Furrey called especially to see her. He was quite attentive to her last summer. Instead of going to the drawing-room to see him, she wants him to come in here, where he is in our way and we are in his. That is one of Madame de Veaudrey's notions."

"I should fancy it was," said Farnham, dryly; "I have heard her spoken of as a lady of excellent principles and manners."

"Now you are going to side against me, are you? I do not believe in importing these European ideas of surveillance into free America. I have confidence in American girls."

"But see where your theories lead to. In Algonquin Avenue, the young ladies are to occupy the drawing-room, while the parents make themselves comfortable in the library. But the houses in Dean Street are not so spacious. Most citizens in that quarter have only two rooms below stairs. I understand the etiquette prevailing there is for parents, when their daughters receive calls, to spend the evening in the kitchen."

"Oh, dear! I see I'm to get no help from you. That's just the way Alice talks. When she came home to-day, there were several invitations for her, and some notes from young gentlemen offering their escort. She told me in that quiet way of hers, that reminds me of Mr. Belding when he was dangerous, that she would be happy to go with me when I cared to go, and happy to stay at home if I stayed. So I imagine I am looked for a gay season."

"Which I am sure you will greatly enjoy. But this Madame de Veaudrey must be a very sensible woman."

"Because I disagree with her? I am greatly obliged. But she is a saint, although you admire her," pursued the good-tempered woman. "She was a Hamilton, you know, and married Veaudrey, who was secretary of legation in Washington. He was afterward minister in Sweden, and died there. She was returning to this country with her three girls, and was shipwrecked, and they all three perished. She was picked up unconscious and recovered only after a long illness. Since then she has gone very little into the world, but has devoted herself to the education of young ladies. She never has more than three or four at a time, and these she selects herself. Alice had heard of her from Mrs. Bowman, and we ventured to write to ask admission to her household, and our request was civilly but peremptorily declined. This was while we were in New York two years ago. But a few days afterward we were at church with Mrs. Bowman, and Madame de Veaudrey saw us. She called the next day upon Mrs. Bowman and inquired who we were, and then came to me and begged to withdraw her letter, and to take Alice at once under her charge. It seems that Alice resembled one of her daughters—at all events, she was completely fascinated by her, and Alice soon came to regard her as the loveliest of created beings. I must admit I found her a little stiff—though she was lovely, and, of course, being a Hamilton, a perfect lady. But still, I cannot help being afraid that she has made Alice a little too particular; you know, the young gentlemen don't like a girl to be too stiff."

Farnham felt his heart grow hot with something like scorn for the worthy woman, as she prattled on in this way. He could hardly trust himself to reply, and soon took his leave. Alice rose and gave him her hand with frank and winning cordiality. As he felt the warm soft pressure of her strong fingers, and the honest glance of her wide young eyes, his irritation died away for a moment, but soon came back with double force.

"Gracious heavens!" he exclaimed, as he closed the door behind him, and stepped into the clear spring starlight, hardly broken as yet by the budding branches of the elms and limes. "What a crazy woman that mother is! Her daughter has come home to her a splendid white swan, and she is waddling and quacking about with anxiety and fear lest the little male ducklings that frequent the pond should find her too white and too stately."

Instead of walking home he turned up the long avenue and went rapidly on, spurred by his angry thoughts.

"What will become of that beautiful girl? She cannot hold out forever against the universal custom. She will be led by her friends and pushed by her mother, until she drops to the level of the rest and becomes a romping flirt: she will go to parties with young Furrey, and to church with young Snevel. I shall see her tramping the streets with one, and waltzing all night with another, and sitting on the stairs with a third. She is too pretty to be let alone, and her mother is against her. She is young, and the force of nature is strong, and women are born for sacrifice—she will marry one of these young shrimps, and do her duty in her sphere whereto she has been called."

At this thought so sharp a pang of disgust shot through him that he started with surprise.

"Oh, no, this is not jealousy; it is a protest against what is probable in the name of the eternal fitness of things."

Nevertheless, he went on thinking very disagreeably about Mr. Furrey.

"How can a nice girl endure a fellow who pomatums his hair in that fashion, and sounds his R's in that way, and talks about Theodore Thommus and Cinsunnatta? Still, they do it, and Providence must be on the side of that sort of men. But what business is all this of mine? I have half a mind to go to Europe again."

He stopped, lighted a cigar, and walked briskly homeward. As he passed by the Belding cottage he saw that the lower story was in darkness, and in the windows above the light was glowing behind the shades.

"So Furrey is gone, and the tired young traveller is going early to rest."

He went into his library and sat down by the dying embers of the grate. His mind had been full of Alice and her prospects during his long walk in the moonlight; and now, as he sat there, the image of Maud Matchin suddenly obtruded itself upon him, and he began to compare and contrast the two girls, both so beautiful and so utterly unlike; and then his thoughts shifted all at once back to his own early life.

He thought of his childhood, of his parents removed from him so early that their memory was scarcely more than a dream; he wondered what life would have been to him if they had been spared. Then his school-days came up before him; his journey to France with his grandfather; his studies at St. Cyr; his return to America during the great war, his enlistment as a private in the regular cavalry, his promotion to a lieutenancy three days afterward, his service through the terrible campaign of the Peninsula, his wounds at Gettysburg, and at last the grand review of the veterans in front of the White House when the war was over.

But this swift and brilliant panorama did not long delay his musing fancy. A dull smart like that of a healing wound drew his mind to a succession of scenes on the frontier.

He dwelt with that strange fascination which belongs to the memory of hardships—and which we are all too apt to mistake for regret—upon his life of toil and danger in the wild desolation of the West. There he met, one horrible winter, the sister-in-law of a brother captain, a tall, languid, ill-nourished girl of mature years, with tender blue eyes and a taste for Byron. She had no home and no relatives in the world except her sister, Mrs. Keefe, whom she had followed into the wilderness. She was a heavy burden on the scanty resources of poor Keefe, but he made her cordially welcome like the hearty soldier that he was. She was the only unmarried white woman within a hundred miles, and the mercury ranged from zero to 20° all winter.

In the spring she and Farnham were married; he seemed to have lost the sense of there being any other women in the world, and he took her, as one instinctively takes to dinner the last lady remaining in a drawing-room, without special orders. He had had the consolation of reflecting that he had made her perfectly proud and happy every day of her life that was left. Before the autumn ended, she died, on a forced march one day, when the air was glittering with alkali, and the fierce sun seemed to wither the dismal plain like the vengeance of heaven. Though Farnham was even then one of the richest men in the army, so rigid are the rules imposed upon our service, by the economy of an ignorant demagogy, that no transportation could be had to supply this sick lady with the ordinary conveniences of life, and she died in his arms, on the hot prairie, in the shade of an overloaded baggage waggon. He mourned her with the passing grief one gives to a comrade fallen on the field of honor.

Often since he left the army he reproached himself for not having grieved for her more deeply. "Poor Nellie," he would sometimes say, "how she would have enjoyed this house, if she had lived to possess it." But he never had that feeling of widowhood known to those whose lives have been torn in two.

IV.

PROTECTOR AND PROTEGEE.

A few days later Mr. Farnham attended a meeting of the library board, and presented the name of Miss Matchin as a candidate for a subordinate place in the library. There were several such positions, requiring no special education or training, the duties of which could be as well filled by Miss Maud as by any one else. She had sent several strong letters of recommendation to the board, from prominent citizens who knew and respected her father, for when Maud informed him of her new ambition, Matchin entered heartily into the affair, and bestirred himself to use what credit he had in the ward to assist her.

Maud had not exaggerated the effect of her blandishments upon Doctor Buchlieber. The old gentleman spoke in her favor with great fluency; "she was young, healthy, active, intelligent, a graduate of the high school."

"And very pretty, is she not?" asked a member of the board, maliciously.

The Doctor colored, but was not abashed. He gazed steadily at the interrupter through his round glasses, and said:

"Yes, she is very fine looking—but I do not see that that should stand in her way."

Not another word was said against her, and a ballot was taken to decide the question. There were five members of the board, three besides Farnham and Buchlieber. Maud had two votes, and a young woman whose name had not been mentioned received the other three. Buchlieber counted the ballots, and announced the vote. Farnham flushed with anger. Not only had no attention been paid to his recommendation, but he had not even been informed that there was another candidate. In a few sarcastic words he referred to the furtive understanding existing among the majority, and apologized for having made such a mistake as to suppose they cared to hear the merits of appointees discussed.

The three colleagues sat silent. At last, one of them crossed his legs anew and said:

"I'm sure nobody meant any offence. We agreed on this lady several days ago. I know nothing about her, but her father used to be one of our best workers in the seventh ward. He is in the penitentiary now, and the family is down to bedrock. The reason we didn't take part in the discussion was we wanted to avoid hard feelings."

The other two crossed their legs the other way, and said they "concurred."

Their immovable phlegm, their long, expressionless faces, the dull, monotonous twang of their voices, the oscillation of the three large feet hung over the bony knees had now, as often before, a singular effect upon Farnham's irritation. He felt he could not irritate them in return; they could not appreciate his motives, and thought too little of his opinion to be angry at his contempt. He was thrown back upon himself now as before. It was purely a matter of conscience whether he should stay and do what good he could, or resign and shake the dust of the city hall from his feet. Whatever he recommended in regard to the administration of the library was always adopted without comment; but, whenever a question of the sort which the three politicians called "practical" arose, involving personal patronage in any form, they always arranged it for themselves, without even pretending to ask his or Buchlieber's opinion.

The very fact of his holding the position of chairman of the board was wounding to his self-love, as soon as he began to appreciate the purpose with which the place had been given him. He and some of his friends had attempted a movement the year before, to rescue the city from what they considered a corrupt combination of politicians. They had begun, as men always do, too late, and without any adequate organization, and the regular workers had beaten them with ridiculous ease.

In Farnham's own ward, where he possessed two-thirds of the real estate, the candidates favored by him and his friends received not quite one-tenth of the votes cast. The leader of the opposing forces was a butcher, one Jacob Metzger, who had managed the politics of the ward for years. He was not a bad man so far as his lights extended. He sold meat on business principles, so as to get the most out of a carcass; and he conducted his political operations in the same way. He made his bargains with aspirants and office-holders, and kept them religiously. He had been a little alarmed at the sudden irruption of such men as Farnham and his associates into the field of ward politics; he dreaded the combined effect of their money and their influence. But he soon found he had nothing to fear—they would not use their money, and they did not know how to use their influence. They hired halls, opened committee-rooms, made speeches, and thundered against municipal iniquities in the daily press; but Jacob Metzger, when he discovered this was all, possessed his soul in peace, and even got a good deal of quiet fun out of the canvass. He did not take the trouble to be angry at the men who were denouncing him, and supplied Farnham with beef-steaks unusually tender and juicy, while the young reformer was seeking his political life.

"Lord love you," he said to Budsey, as he handed him a delicious rib-roast the day before the election, "there's nothing I like so much as to see young men o' property go into politics. We need 'em. Of course, I wishes the Cap'n was on my side; but anyhow, I'm glad to see him takin' an interest."

He knew well enough the way the votes would run; that every grog-shop in the ward was his recruiting station; that all Farnham's tenants would vote against their landlord; that even the respectable Budsey and the prim Scotch gardener were sure for him against their employer. Farnham's conscience which had roused him to this effort against Metzger's corrupt rule, would not permit him to ask for the votes of his own servants and tenants, and he would have regarded it as simply infamous to spend money to secure the floating crowd of publicans and sinners who formed the strength of Jacob.

His failure was so complete and unexpected that there seemed to him something of degradation in it, and in a fit of uncontrollable disgust he sailed for Europe the week afterward. Metzger took his victory good-naturedly as a matter of course, and gave his explanation of it to a reporter of the "Bale-Fire" who called to interview him.

"Mr. Farnham, who led the opposition to our organization, is a young gentleman of fine talents and high character. I ain't got a word to say against him. The only trouble is, he lacks practical experience, and he ain't got no personal magnetism. Now, I'm one of the people, I know what they want, and on that line I carried the ward against a combination of all the wealth and aristocracy of Algonkin Avenue."

Jacob's magnanimity did not rest with merely a verbal acknowledgment of Farnham's merits. While he was abroad some of the city departments were reorganized, and Farnham on his return found himself, through Metzger's intervention, chairman of the library board. With characteristic sagacity the butcher kept himself in the background, and the committee who waited upon Farnham to ask him to accept the appointment placed it entirely upon considerations of the public good. His sensitive conscience would not permit him to refuse a duty thus imposed, and so with many inward qualms he assumed a chair in the vile municipal government he had so signally failed to overthrow. He had not long occupied it, when he saw to what his selection was attributable. He was a figure-head and he knew it, but he saw no decent escape from the position. As long as they followed him and the librarian (who was also a member of the board), to regulate the library to their liking, he could not inquire into their motives or decline association with them. He was perfectly free to furnish what mental food he chose to two hundred thousand people, and he felt it would be cowardice to surrender that important duty on any plea of susceptibility.

So once more he stifled the impulse to resign his post, and the meeting adjourned without further incident. As he walked home, he was conscious of a disagreeable foreboding of something in the future which he would like to avoid. Bringing his mind to bear upon it, he resolved itself into nothing more formidable than the coming interview with Miss Matchin. It would certainly be unpleasant to tell her that her hopes were frustrated, when she had seemed so confident. At this thought he felt the awakening of a sense of protectorship; she had trusted in him, he ought to do something for her, if nothing else, to show that he was independent upon those ostrogoths. What could be done for such a girl, pretty, so uncultivated, so vulgarly fantastic? Above all, what could be done for her by a young and unmarried man? Providence and society made it very hard for single men to show kindness to single women in any way but one.

At his door he found Sam Sleeny with a kit of tools; he had just rung the bell. He turned as Farnham mounted the steps, and said:

"I come from Matchin's—somethin' about the greenhouse."

"Yes," answered Farnham. "The gardener is over yonder at the corner of the lawn. He will tell you what is to be done."

Sam walked away in the direction indicated, and Farnham returned to the house. Some letters were lying on the table in the library. He had just begun to read them when Budsey entered and announced:

"That young person."

Maud came in flushed with fresh air and rapid walking. Farnham saw that she wore no glasses, and she gained more by that fact in his good will than even by the brilliancy of her fine eyes, which seemed to exult in their liberation. She began with nervous haste:

"I knew you had a meeting to-day, and I could not wait. I might as well own up that I followed you home."

Farnham handed her a chair, and took her hand with a kindly earnestness, saying:

"I am very glad to see you."

"Yes, yes," she continued; "but have you any good news for me?"

The anxious eagerness which spoke in her sparkling eyes and open lips touched Farnham to the heart. "I am sorry I have not. The board appointed another person."

The tears sprang to her eyes.

"I really expected it. I hoped you would interest yourself."

"I really did all I possibly could," said Farnham. "I never tried so hard for anybody before, but a majority were already pledged to the other applicant."

She seemed so dejected and hopeless that Farnham, forgetting how hard it was for a young man to assist a young woman, said two or three fatal words. "We must try something else."

The pronoun sounded ominous to her as soon as he had uttered it. But he acted like magic upon Maud. She lifted a bright glance through her tears, and said, like a happy child to whom a new game has been proposed, "What shall we try?"

Simple as the words were, both felt them seemed to feel that a certain relation—a certain responsibility—had been established between them. The thought exhilarated Maud; it seemed the beginning of her long-expected romance; while the glow of kind feeling about the heart of Farnham, could not keep him from suspecting that he was taking a very imprudent step. But they sat a good while, discussing various plans for Maud's advantage, and arriving at nothing definite; for her own ideas were based upon a dime-novel theory of the world, and Farnham at last concluded that he would be forced finally to choose some way of life for his protegee, and then persuade her to accept it.

He grew silent and thoughtful with this reflection, and the conversation languished.