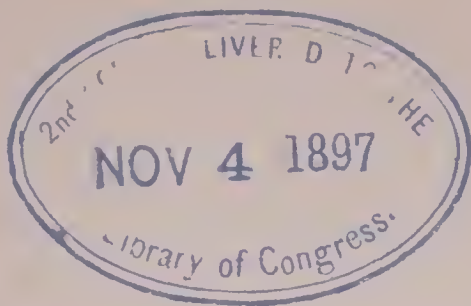


ELIJAH TONE,
CITIZEN

BY AMOS R. WELLS





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“How would you like to be the editor of *The Danford Citizen*?”

See page 7.

ELIJAH TONE, CITIZEN.

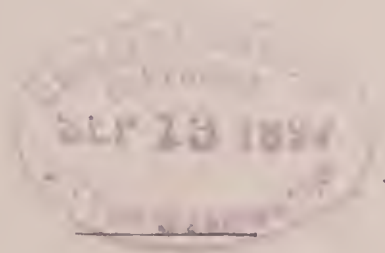
A Story of Christian Citizenship.

BY

AMOS R. WELLS,

AUTHOR OF "FOREMAN JENNIE," ETC.

"I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong."



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BOSTON AND CHICAGO:
THE UNITED SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.
1897.

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WAGLE

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P R E F A C E.

THIS tale originally appeared as a serial in *The Golden Rule*. During its publication I received a large number of letters from young men in widely separated portions of the country, telling me how accurately the story pictured the condition of their own towns, and also, in cases not a few, detailing the noble efforts toward civic redemption made by the young men of their communities. So I have come to believe most heartily in my hero, Elijah Tone, — not only because most features of his story are drawn from personal observation, but also because innumerable Elijah Tones seem ready to spring up in our many Danfords. Grit and grace to you, young men! This dear country deserves all the manhood we can give her, all the courage, all the unselfish devotion. Let no man count his Christianity complete until he becomes a Christian *citizen*.

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ELIJAH TONE, CITIZEN.

CHAPTER I.

A LAWN-MOWER, A POEM, AND A PROPOSITION.

I ALWAYS like to have some notion of what I am going to eat before I begin my dinner. Maybe other folks are like me ; and so I will say at the outset that this is going to be the story of a young man who was very absurdly put together. He actually thought that his duty to his town was not done when he used its schools and post-office, walked on its sidewalks, and grumbled at its wretched officers and accursed saloons. He really set to work, in his own original way, to put things in better shape. The story is going to relate the predicaments in which our hero found himself because of this meddlesome interference with things as they were, and will give a veracious account of how he got out of his difficulties, — *if* he got out of them at all.

Now, if you like that kind of story, this is just the kind of story you will like ; and if you don't

enjoy that sort of thing, the less you read of the following chapters, the better you and I will get along.

And finally, — for I abhor a tedious introduction, — this is a story for all voters, and for all that expect to be voters some day. Let no one say, therefore, that this is merely a story for masculine readers!

The young man who passed through the adventures I am about to relate, was running a mower over his front lawn one warm day in July. His name was Elijah Tone, he was just past his twenty-first birthday, and he had black hair. Those are as many facts about him as you can expect to remember at one time.

Now, it is not the most amusing thing in the world to run a lawn-mower under any circumstances, least of all on a warm July day, and when the turf has got a good start of one.

“Too bad the grass is so long,” brightly sung out Florence Tone, as, in fresh, light dress, she left the house to give a music-lesson.

“Can’t help it, sis. A fellow can’t graduate from college and run a lawn-mower the same fortnight.”

“But you should have let us get a man to cut it.”

For answer, Elijah only laughed. Everybody in town knew that he never let any one else do the work that belonged to him.

Florence shut the gate behind her with a smart little click, and Elijah's mower pushed on through the matted grass, chewing it off as best it could, and often getting so clogged as to require a halt and a fresh start. Notwithstanding this, and notwithstanding the hot sun that poured down through the openings in the overhanging elms, you could see by the far-away look in his eyes that the young man's thoughts were not on his difficult task.

Do you believe it possible to run a lawn-mower and write poetry at the same time? At any rate, that is just what Elijah was doing. Let us peep over his shoulder as he stops his clattering machine for an instant, takes a blank book from his pocket, and begins to scribble. It is in shorthand, but I can translate it for you:—

FAME.

Fame is the mint-mark stamped upon our gold,
Sign manual of the ages to our worth,
That sends brave souls to noble toiling forth,
For struggles, fears, and fightings manifold.
Fame is that mystic talisman of old
Which —

But here Elijah evidently sticks, being temporarily at a loss for another rhyme to "worth."

Crude, stilted, and artificial? Certainly. But Elijah's own heart is fired by his poem, and there shines in his eye the light of that same heroism whereof he is happily writing. And really, crude

as it is, I would rather be the author of that sonnet which he is hammering out with the aid of his lawn-mower, than of the scores of malarial novels over which the world has gone daft these recent years.

But Elijah was not allowed much longer thus to combine poetry and lawn-mowing that summer afternoon. As our rhymester put his sonnet back into his pocket with a sigh, an appropriate mate for his "worth" still undiscovered, he heard the gate open cautiously, and saw a stranger standing half inside, while he asked, "Does Elijah Tone live here?"

"I am Elijah Tone."

"Well, then, guess I might 's well come in, eh?" said the stranger, in a squeaky voice that went well with his short, dapper body, his snapping black eyes, and his fringe of black whiskers, which stuck bushily out all around his shaven chin.

"Certainly. Walk in," said Elijah politely, leading the way to a rustic seat that stood by the tennis-ground at one side of the roomy yard.

"Nice place y' have here," ventured the black-eyed man with a comprehensive glance around; and then, without waiting for an answer, he jerked out:—

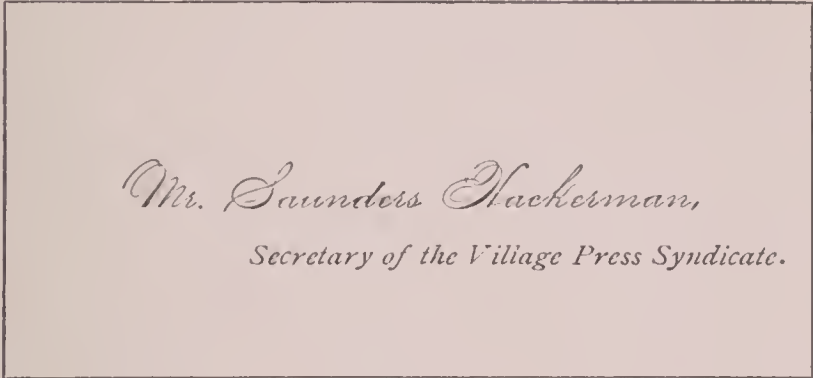
"Tell you who I am. I am Saunders Hackerman, the newspaper man. I'm in the newspaper business. Folks call me the Great Starter, be-

cause I have started more newspapers than any other man in the country. And I guess I have. Proud of it. Eh?"

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Hack——," began Elijah, but he was cut short by his impetuous visitor.

"My card. And a letter of introduction."

This was the card:—



Mr. Saunders Hackerman,
Secretary of the Village Press Syndicate.

The letter of introduction was from an old friend of Elijah's father, a man of wealth and character in a neighboring town, and simply said that the writer was financially interested in the matter Mr. Hackerman had to present, and believed that it offered a good opening for a young man of Elijah's tastes, provided he had not already found occupation.

"You see, it's just this," said Saunders Hackerman, as soon as Elijah, having finished reading, turned to him with manifest interest and expectation; "I've a big thing on hand. There is no

town paper in Spring Valley. There is no town paper in Rockford. There is none in Branchville. There are only two in Milton, and a county-seat could stand three. Now my plan is to set up a paper in Milton that will do for all these surrounding towns. See? Great scheme."

"But I don't quite see," said Elijah.

"Why, it's this way. There's Tom Walters, — know Tom? Well, never mind; — Tom Walters, over in Spring Valley, he's going to be the editor of *The Spring Valley Times*. He will run a job printing-office there, and get the local news, and set it up, and ship the type to me at Milton, say two columns a week. In the same way there will be *The Barton Breeze* and *The Rockford Eagle* and *The Branchville Sentinel* and *The Milton Monitor*. They will all be printed by me in Milton, and they will all be the same paper with different heads on and the matter put in different positions. See?"

"But would n't that be a sort of humbug?" bluntly asked Elijah, who was not accustomed to mince things.

"Not at all. The people of Barton would get their own news, all there is of it, and in addition the news of all the other towns in the county; don't you see?"

Yes, Elijah saw.

"It's just a method of editorial co-operation,

you see. Eh? A great literary combine. It's a labor-saving machine. And the beauty of it is that each community gets a better paper than it would without such a combine. See?"

"Yes, sir. I think it might work."

"Well, then." And here Mr. Hackerman slapped Elijah on the knee. "How would you like to be the editor of the *The Danford Citizen*?"

"The *editor*!" With what a marvellously pleasant sound did that word fall on Elijah's ears! As far back as he could remember, literature had been his passion. Scarcely a journal of repute in the country but had received one or more of his neat typewritten manuscripts, in prose or verse. Scarcely a journal in the country of whose printed form of editorial rejection Elijah had not a specimen, preserved in a certain box "to keep him humble." An occasional acceptance, and a kind word or helpful criticism now and then from some editor with a heart and a few minutes to spare, had kept up his enthusiasm in spite of all his failures, so that there was no young man in Danford to whom Mr. Hackerman's proposition would have been more alluring.

But Elijah looked on both sides of everything.

"Why, Mr. Hackerman," said he, "we already have a paper here in Danford."

"But such a paper!" exclaimed that gentleman, in a tone of supreme contempt, at the same time

drawing from his pocket a copy of *The Danford Bee*.

“I know it is an abominable sheet,” Elijah made haste to say.

“Abominable? I should think so. Listen to this: ‘Mrs. Bill Malony’ (who, I understand, is the keeper of one of your worst saloons? Yes? Thought so.) ‘Mrs. Bill Malony entertained at her house last night two dozen of the *élite* of Danford with her usual charming hospitality assisted by the Misses Bill Malony in cream-colored silk.’”

Elijah nodded his head. “Yes, that is from *The Danford Bee*. No doubt about it.”

“Or this,” continued Mr. Hackerman. “‘Our esteemed fellow-citizen, Karl Fainstein, put up a little too much on the favorite at the county fair last Saturday and had to shove up his watch to get home so we are informed. Better luck next trip Karl.’”

“Shameful, is n’t it?” was Elijah’s comment.

“Or this,” persisted Mr. Hackerman. “‘The beautiful and petite daughters of Mike Calahan went to Milton last Friday, and to judge from the bundles they brought home with them Mike’s purse must have felt as if a cyclone had struck it.’”

“Every one despises *The Bee*,” said Elijah. “It is a disgrace to the town. Its editor is on the side of all that is low and degrading in the place, and

gets his support from the very worst element. But we have stood it so long that we take it as a matter of course."

"But it *is* n't a matter of course," urged Mr. Hackerman, his black eyes sparkling; "and don't you think all the decent people in town would rally around *The Danford Citizen*, and around Mr. Elijah Tone, its editor?"

"Yes, I really think that Danford would be glad to support a respectable paper," admitted Elijah; "but I don't see how I could edit it. You see, Mr. Hackerman, I have just graduated from our college here, and I have n't got into any regular business yet; but I have taken the teachers' examinations, and got a good certificate, and I am looking around for a position in the public schools. I think I even have a chance at the superintendency of our Danford schools."

"Never mind. Never mind," briskly answered he of the black eyes. "You try it for the summer, and then if you get your school you can drop the paper, you know, or we can get some one else to run the job department, while you turn out the copy of evenings. Do it in 'odd minutes, you know. Eh?"

"And that job-work is another thing," went on Elijah stoutly, though he was almost persuaded. "You see, I don't know anything about printing except what I picked up when a small boy work-

ing with a little toy press of mine. It would be absurd for me to try to run a printing-office."

"Nothing about it that a graduate of Colestone College could n't learn in a week," snapped out Mr. Hackerman. "But I have thought of that part of it, too. Got a practical printer already engaged for you. Trained in the printing department of the Milton Orphans' Home. Be here at an hour's notice. Come now. Eh?"

Well, there is no need of giving you the rest of the conversation. You may be sure what the result would be. Visions of poems ranked in neatly ordered lines flitted through Elijah's head; visions, too, of dainty little essays that would go from Maine to California credited to "the brilliant and versatile editor of *The Danford Citizen*." Best of all, a delectable vision of himself sitting at a spacious desk, calmly rejecting and accepting manuscripts at his will. He himself would send out rejection blanks! But they would be very kind ones.

Such thoughts danced through his head while he listened to Saunders Hackerman's closely clipped sentences; and it did not require much argument from that worthy to gain from Elijah a definite promise to enter upon the task as soon as Mr. Hackerman could rent a suitable office and fit it up. The Village Press Syndicate needed only Danford to make its circle complete, and the first

paper was to be issued, on the co-operative plan, within a few days. Elijah's eyes shone. This was business.

As "the Great Starter" passed out of the gate, Florence Tone came in, returning from her music-lesson.

She looked curiously at the black-eyed little man. "Who is he?" she asked. And then Elijah drew her to the seat that Mr. Hackerman had just vacated, and with eager voice told her the whole wonderful story.

When he got through, Florence inquired, "But what are you to get for all this, Elijah?"

Our hero slapped his knee and gave a low whistle. "Well, if that is n't just like me!" he exclaimed; "I never thought to ask!"

CHAPTER II.

“STACKED.”

WHEN Elijah came to talk over his new plans with his mother and father, he met, as he knew he would, but slight opposition. Indeed, they had been accustomed for many years to letting their dutiful but self-reliant boy do about as he pleased.

“I am afraid, Elijah, you will make some enemies,” feebly said Mrs. Tone from her pillowed rocking-chair, in which, with her pale-blue wrapper, she spent much of her semi-invalid life. “I shall worry all the time for fear that horrid Caspar Griffith will do something to you.”

“Don’t be afraid of the editor of *The Bee*, mother,” cheerily said Elijah. “He buzzes a great deal, but he has lost his sting, — if he ever had any.”

“Well, of course, Elijah, it will be nice to have a decent paper, that is n’t filled up with the O’Learys and the Fainsteins; but do be careful, and don’t say anything that will offend any one.”

Elijah’s interview with his father was different. Mr. Tone was an elegant gentleman, who, in

the early part of his business career, made an investment in railroad stock so fortunate that he immediately retired from active life, to devote himself for the rest of his days to his meerschaum pipe and his slippers. To be sure, the dividends had wofully decreased of recent years, and they had had all they could do to maintain Elijah even at the cheap little Colestone College right there in town, and Elijah had been compelled to stay out of college one year and teach district school, while Florence eked out the family funds with her music-lessons; but then, here was Elijah grown up a young man, and he would soon restore the shrunken dividends to their former fat proportions. On the strength of this, Mr. Tone indulged in a box of especially expensive cigars.

Naturally, when Elijah unfolded his editorial prospects, Mr. Tone's first query was, “What are you going to get for it?”

“Oh, Mr. Hackerman will make that all right,” answered Elijah lightly.

“But this is an uncertainty, and your school is a sure thing, — as sure as the taxes, and they are mighty sure,” said Mr. Tone, with a faint smile at his own pleasantry.

“I do not give up my school,” Elijah went on to explain; reminding his father, besides, that his gaining a school appointment was still uncertain.

“Well, anyway,” pettishly declared Mr. Tone,

after a few minutes of argument, "I don't see why you can't let well enough alone. What difference does it make to you, after all, what sort of a town paper we have?"

"Casper Griffith's paper, father, does infinite harm. It lowers the whole tone of our village life. It fills the minds of all the young people with gossip and vile slanders. It gives countenance to the saloon-keepers and toughs, and it helps to keep in office a set of men who are the disgrace of the community."

"Well, all that does n't hurt *you*, does it?"

"Why, yes, sir. As a citizen of the town, I think that anything that hurts the town hurts me. I am only a young man, to be sure, but I know how to use my pen, and I can get up a paper that a Christian family need not be ashamed to take. I think it is every one's duty to do what he can to make his own town better."

"Duty fiddlesticks! If every one attended to his own business, the world would get on well enough, I guess."

After this petulant remark Elijah saw it was useless to pursue the conversation further. There was true love between father and son, but on such matters as this they were as far apart as the north from the south.

Our would-be editor got, on the whole, more comfort from his sister than from any one else.

“It ’s a splendid chance, bub, dear, to wriggle your pen to some account. If you can reform *The Bee*, — or cut off its head, — the whole town will rise up and call you blessed.”

“All but Karl Fainstein and a few others,” interrupted Elijah.

“Yes, all but the loafers and the drunkards. But, Elijah! I don’t like the looks of Mr. Saunders Hackerman one bit.”

“He is n’t prepossessing, I agree; but he is evidently a good business man, and he wants the paper to appeal to the respectable people, and he will remain in Milton, anyway, and let me run things here as I please; so it does n’t much matter about him, Flo.”

“Oh, and Elijah, you will let me help fix up the office, won’t you? I ’d dearly love to.”

Florence had her wish within a very few days; for, with a promptness that proved him to possess at least one element of a good business man, Mr. Hackerman sent at once to Danford, in Elijah’s care, an imposing array of boxes, which were straightway deposited in the little empty room which was to serve *The Danford Citizen* as composing-room, pressroom, mailing-room, and editorial sanctum all in one.

It was a one-story, one-room building, that stood by itself a short distance from the main street, yet near enough to be accessible if any farmer wanted

to trade a barrel of apples for a subscription, or any tradesman wanted a new handbill. Its one room was well lighted, having served in former years as a barber-shop. Florence had swept it out and washed the windows and cleaned the sooty walls as best she could the day before the boxes arrived; and you may be sure she was on hand to watch them opened, for this brother and sister did not propose to let their lives drift apart on currents of diverse interests.

The first box unpacked contained the press — a brand-new affair, of a size large enough for ordinary job-work. How it shone in the morning sun, with its fresh green paint and its brightly polished steel! Florence put her foot upon the treadle, and was delighted to see how smoothly the rollers glided over the ink-plate and down where the type would be, and how the platen moved rhythmically up just as the rollers got out of the way.

“Let 's hurry,” she cried, “and get out the ink and set up some type and put it to work! Oh, I can hardly wait!”

Elijah laughed at her enthusiasm, and attacked the next box with a vim which showed that he himself was no less eager.

In this box were the type-cases, and dozens of strongly made little boxes, heavy with the wonderful bits of lead that were to make *The Danford*

Citizen a name of power. The main type was “long primer,” bright and clear-cut, just from the foundry, though of course there was some “brevier,” and even “agate.” Besides, there was a most interesting assortment of fancy type and other type for job-work, with borders, and “ornaments,” and “rules,” and “leads,” and all the many bewildering little sticks of metal that go to stock a first-class printing-office. While Elijah set up, by the side of the largest window, the frame for the type-cases, Florence was busied emptying the “sorts” or bundles of different letters into their proper compartments of the type-cases. It was fascinating work, even if it did dirty her fingers.

They were so busy that neither of them noticed a head stuck in at the open window—a curly brown head, with merry eyes, and a mouth that, when you knew Ben Jarvis, seemed always seeking an excuse for a smile.

“Bees, anyway, if you are not *The Danford Bee!*”

“Why, Ben!” cried Elijah, dropping his screw-driver; and, “Why, Mr. Jarvis!” cried Florence, “pieing” a whole handful of letters. “When did you get home?” “How glad we are to see you!” “How does it feel to be a Yale B.A.?”

“I am glad to see *you*, and I got home last night at midnight, and I bear up under the B.A. as well as could be expected, and I can answer six questions at once as well as three.”

With this, Ben jumped easily through the window, and shook hands heartily with his old cronies.

“They told me I would find you here; but this is the last place in the world where I should have looked for you — especially *you*,” said Ben, turning to Florence.

“Why not?” spoke up that young lady defiantly.

“Oh, no reason at all,” Ben hastened to add, “now I see what a typographical paradise you are making here. But is n’t this a queer move, old fellow? Do you expect to smoke out *The Bee*? Take care, or it will sting *you* out. I hear that our worthy friend Griffith is fighting mad.”

“Well, let him be,” said Elijah, stoutly. “If he had turned out a respectable paper, he would have had no opposition.”

“You see, Mr. Jarvis,” said Florence earnestly, “we are really civic reformers, — or hoping to be. Why, Elijah does n’t even know whether he is to get a cent out of it, nor does he much care. But he wants to do something to elevate the life of this town.”

“What ’s the use,” said Elijah, taking up the argument, “for you and me to have a college training, if we don’t help people with it to a higher plane? They taught you that at Yale, I am sure, if I learned it at little Colestone College.”

“Oh, I surrender! I kiss the dust! Long live reform! Why, you are Elijah Parkhurst; and *you*

are — Miss Parkhurst. And in remorse for my suggestion of scepticism I 'm going to help you. Yes, you must let me, for I have n't a thing to do; not a thing. Moreover, I have n't any prospect of having anything to do.” And as Ben held the frame for Elijah to bore holes, or assisted Florence at her rapidly filled cases, he chattered on about his plans — or lack of them.

For Ben Jarvis was unfortunately the son of a rich man. Not compelled by necessity to choose an occupation, he had passed through Yale, ranking high in his class, to be sure, but without forming any life plans — or, rather, forming a hundred, each carelessly adopted, and as carelessly thrust aside in a few weeks. And now, at the end of his course, he was quite as undecided as at the beginning. To-day, certainly, he seemed to wish nothing better in life than to aid neat-handed Florence at her bright task.

There were many other visitors during the morning, for the new enterprise was much talked about in gossipy Danford. There was good old Mrs. Barton, who wore her white ribbon as a royal decoration, — which, indeed, it was, — and who came in to urge Elijah to place the new organ on strong temperance ground from the start. There was brisk little Miss Fessenden, a jolly old maid, who popped in her head as she passed, merely to warn the new editor not to put any faith in what-

ever rumors he might hear of her getting married. There was Farmer Jackson, with the story of a phenomenal yield of strawberries from an eighth of an acre, an account that would render forever illustrious the first number of the new journal. And — not to mention others — there was the town poet, who came with a roll of ludicrous verses, which he had composed “a-pu’pus for the first number o’ the *new* paper;” and he could furnish a poem a week, if desired, and if Elijah would tell him how many “stanzys” he wanted in each.

It was after a hard, though delightful, day’s work, that Elijah and Florence and Ben looked about them with pride as they were on the point of leaving for supper. The heaped-up type-cases glistened in the last rays of the setting sun. The smooth, white expanse of the imposing-stone seemed smiling in anticipation of the important burdens it was to carry. The press was inked, and stood ready for a job. Elijah’s desk — brought from his own home — was stocked with paper and pens, with mucilage-bottle and the editorial shears. “This is my busy day,” Ben had scrawled on a sheet of paper, and stuck up on the wall above it. Outside, over the door, hung the glittering new sign : —

THE DANFORD CITIZEN.

“Our humble salaams, Editor Tone,” cried Ben and Florence, bowing low before the new dignitary. Then they went home to supper.

Early the next morning Elijah visited the office, for it was to be a busy day for him.

As he came within sight of the little building, he saw something that made him hasten his steps, while a hot flush reddened his cheeks. The bright new sign had been torn down, and lay in splinters on the ground before the door! A window was open, and it was with a hand that trembled from excitement that Elijah used his office-key. Flinging wide the door, he saw a sight that made the very blood in his veins boil with righteous indignation. The place had been “stacked!”

CHAPTER III.

ORGANIZING VICTORY OUT OF DEFEAT.

“STACKED!” Possibly that word, from the vocabulary of college slang, may be new to you. Well, at any rate, this is what it meant for poor Elijah:—

In the middle of the little room lay a pile of type—evidently every bit of the type that Florence’s careful fingers had placed in their myriad compartments the day before; and now all was in a jumble on the floor. There was the large job-type, the long primer, the brevier, the nonpareil, the agate, “caps” and “small caps” and “lower case,” “Roman” and italic, fancy letters and plain borders and rules, spaces and “quads,” “leads” and figures,—all in a heartbreaking heap. It would need days of profitless work to bring order out of that chaos.

But that was by no means all.

Over the white walls the ink had been smooched till they were fantastic in their grime. The type-cases had been thrown in a rough heap, and many of the compartments were broken. The frame for

the cases was overturned and wrenched apart. Elijah's desk was upside down, while all its neatly arranged contents littered the room. On top of the upturned desk had been thrown the office chairs. Below Ben Jarvis's joking sign, "This is my busy day," was printed, in a bold, black letter: "WE'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO BE BUSY ABOUT."

Elijah's college football had given him a pretty good control of his temper, but this was almost too much for him.

"Oh, that scoundrel of a Caspar Griffith!" he cried out between his set teeth. "This is his work. The war is on, now; and it shall be war to the knife."

Not the spirit of "turning the other cheek"? I grant that; but you should have seen that room!

Elijah flung a chair right side up, and sat down to glower around him. The chair — a new one — collapsed with a broken leg, and he barely saved himself from a fall. Then he sat down on the overturned desk, and gazed about him with bitterness in his soul.

"Need enough," said he to himself, "of a decent town paper and a decent man to run it." Then he fell into a deep meditation as to his next step.

From this brown study he was roused by a prolonged "Whee-e-e-ew!" and looking up he saw Ben Jarvis at the open door, his face the picture of disgust as he viewed the ruins.

“ Well, I know who did *that!* ” declared Ben. “ I ’d have the law on ’em, Elijah, before I was an hour older.”

“ So would I, if I could ; but what evidence have I ? ” answered Elijah stolidly.

“ Just look at the walls, Elijah ! And all that new type Miss Florence put away so carefully ! ”

“ And look what they added to your notice, Ben.”

Ben read it. “ I wish they had *written* it. That might have given evidence against them ; but they were too sly for that.”

Ben continued his investigations, while Elijah sat moodily on the desk. The silence was unbroken, except by Ben’s indignant groans as he discovered some new enormity.

Suddenly Elijah rose, speaking with decision.

“ Do you know what I ’m going to do with this room, Ben ? ”

“ What ? ”

“ Nothing at all.”

“ Nothing at all ? ”

“ Absolutely nothing. I am going to leave the place open, and invite the whole town in to see what has been done. Of course I shall not say who did it. They can easily guess that.”

“ But the time you will lose ” — began Ben.

“ I shall not lose any time. The first number of *The Citizen* comes this morning, and I mean to

put in the time canvassing for subscribers. I did n't intend to do any such thing, but this affair has given me grit enough to do it."

"Good!" cried Ben, clapping his hands. "I'm with you! Give me a bundle of papers, and I'll visit half the town before night. If any one hesitates, I'll picture this scene. I'll use it as a parable of the condition of our town under the leadership of *The Bee*! Give me a pen."

With that, Ben fumbled around among the *débris* from the desk, found a large pen, a sheet of crumpled paper, and a half-empty bottle of ink, with which materials he speedily prepared this notice:—

STEP IN EVERYBODY!

AND SEE THE RESULT OF AN ATTEMPT TO ESTABLISH A REFORM PAPER IN DANFORD!

What do you think of it?

On which side are you?

WITH THE HELP OF THE MEN OF DANFORD WHO BELIEVE IN UPRIGHTNESS,

THE DANFORD CITIZEN

WILL SOON BE ON ITS FEET—AND KICKING.

This notice they tacked by the side of the door, where every one could see it, and then, leaving the door wide open, they went to the express office after the first number of *The Citizen*.

At the express office, to be sure, a big brown paper bundle was awaiting them. Elijah opened it with eagerness. Yes, there it was, "*The Danford Citizen*, Vol. 1., No. 1;" and there, in clear type on the second page, at the head of the first column, were these magical words: "Elijah Tone, Editor"!

It was a neatly printed, four-page affair. Naturally, at this stage of the game, there were few advertisements, and the space not occupied by local news was largely filled with interesting "plate" matter — short articles, that is, sent out in electrotype plates, by a great central concern, for small papers all over the land. There were full columns of news from all the towns included in Saunders Hackerman's Village Press Syndicate; but Elijah looked with especial interest for the items he himself had contributed. Hereafter they were to be put into type in his own office; but the first week, in order to get things started, he had sent them on to Milton in manuscript.

The joy of seeing one's own words — on however commonplace a matter — arrayed in the trimly marshalled glory of type! Does there ever come a time to the newspaper hack whose quill has kept most ploddingly at it, when this delight has utterly lost its zest? At any rate, Elijah was in the first glow of this experience, and his intense pride and pleasure made him forget, for a moment, the scene of wretched destruction he had just left.

“What you got there?” asked Sam Dawson, the old express agent, unable to restrain his curiosity.

“What! The new town paper? Sho! I want ter know! So yer reely goin’ ter run op’ sition to *The Bee*? Well, good fer you! If there ’s a pesky mean paper on this footstool it ’s that. Well, you ’ve got my best wishes, boys.”

“Can’t we have your dollar, too?” spoke up Ben.

“Haw! haw! haw! that ’s business! You ’ll make it go, I see. Yes, here ’s my subscription. Dawson ’s always ready to back up his word.”

“Good! You ’re my first subscriber, Mr. Dawson,” said Elijah, as he wrote out a receipt for the dollar; “and I ’ll need a good many to repair the damage done last night.” Then he went on, telling to sympathetic ears the plight in which the office of *The Citizen* then was.

“Time somepin was done! time somepin was done!” growled the old man. “This town is going to the dogs, and I know the curs that are sending it there. Well, good luck to ye, Editor Tone. Pitch in, and see ’f you can’t improve things.”

“I ’ll do that,” promised Elijah heartily, starting out with his bundle of papers. First, however, by Mr. Dawson’s invitation, he tacked a sample *Citizen* on the railroad bulletin-board, where all day it was the centre of an animated company of talkers, some ardently approving it, but the majority — for

it was about the railroad station that the village loafers congregated—as hotly condemning it as “a dudish, stuck-up paper, and *The Bee* could lick it with its little finger.”

But while the village loafers were making their unfavorable comments on the new journal, its editor, together with Ben Jarvis, was systematically visiting every house in town. They took street after street in the most dogged fashion imaginable, not even omitting the most pronounced friend of *The Bee* and of the state of things *The Bee* represented, but, as Ben said, “giving them all a chance to be good.” Ben took one side of each street and Elijah the other, and frequent were their meetings at corners for mutual comfort or for mutual exultation.

“Poor old Widow Groton wanted to take it,” said Elijah, on one of these occasions, “but that wretched drunken son of hers leaves her with scarcely enough money to get things to eat. It made the tears come to my eyes to talk with her. She pleaded with me to condemn the saloons in *The Citizen*. I guess I don’t need any urging!”

“Had a funny time with Cap’n Galway,” reported Ben. “You know that smart account of his slipping down on the ice *The Bee* printed last winter?”

“Yes, indeed. Making fun of a one-legged soldier!”

“Well, the Cap’n is still as mad as fire over it. He stumped back and forth through his parlor, and swore all the oaths in his vocabulary, and it’s a large one, as he went over the story and read the *Bee’s* paragraph. He’d carefully clipped it, and keeps it by him to read whenever his wrath’s in danger of cooling. *He* would have subscribed, if the price had been ten dollars a year.”

Thus they went on, getting a subscription from Parson Holworthy, who insisted on Elijah’s kneeling right down then and there, while he prayed for God’s blessing on the new venture, and sending the young editor away richer by many times the value of his subscription ; getting a dollar, too, from Deacon Symonds, whose fine grape-vines, hung with great clusters all ready for the county fair, had been robbed last year, and *The Bee* had treated the matter as a good joke ; failing to get one from rich Miss Dewey, who squeezed her dollars so tight that the eagle screamed, as Ben declared, and who told Ben that he might leave a paper, if it did n’t cost anything for a sample copy, and she would think about it ; being roundly abused by some, and actually turned away by others, and received by still others with an effervescence of praise but no money, — altogether, it was a day full of experience, and, as Elijah said, brought them more knowledge of human nature

than a whole year of psychology under Professor Wilcomb.

In the afternoon their success was greater than in the morning, for by that time the story of the "stacking" had become well known, and many in the town had themselves become eye-witnesses of the mischief wrought. Elijah and Ben kept away from the scene, though occasionally, looking down the long street toward the place, they could see that a crowd was there, manufacturing sentiment for *The Citizen*; and they went on their way rejoicing. So thoroughly was the spirit of the community aroused, and so well did they make their plea, that when night came, and they returned to supper, they had \$223.00 to show as the first day's earnings of the new paper. And, besides this, they had many promises of adherence, some of which would be sure to bear financial fruit.

Elijah was on the point of bursting out with this good news as soon as he reached home, when he was checked by the sight of a strange figure waiting for him in the sitting-room.

In size it seemed a little boy, but the face was pinched and wrinkled and sallow as an old man's. The arms were disproportionately long, but the hands at the end of the arms were finely shaped, and as white and delicate as a girl's. A great hump on the back showed Elijah at once that he was in the presence of a dwarf.

The hunchback rose upon his little legs, the hat he held in his hand almost touching the floor.

“I am sent from the Milton Orphans’ Home,” said he simply. “I am to be the foreman of your printing-office.”

CHAPTER IV.

THE BEE HAS A RED-HOT STING.

ELIJAH was filled with astonishment and disgust. This, then, was the efficient foreman he had been promised! His face must have expressed something of his feelings, for the dwarf, looking knowingly up at him, said, "You think I am no good? Well, you just try me once. That 's all I 've got to ask."

"Oh, you certainly know your business," said Elijah hastily; "that is, if you have been trained in the printing-office of the Milton Orphans' Home."

"Been there all my life," sadly replied the little fellow; "that is, except lately, when they have been sending me off on jobs like this. Good thing for *them!*"

"And for you, too, is n't it?"

"Why, no. *I* don't get nothing out of it — not even as good board an' lodging as I get at the Home."

That put a new thought in Elijah's head.

"Where did Mr. Hackerman arrange for you to stay?"

“Mr. Hackerman? Who 's he?”

“Did n't Mr. Hackerman employ you?”

“Course not. Nobody hires me. The Home just rents me out; an' will, till I 'm of age. He saw Cap'n Bulfinch, I s'pose.”

“Well, Mr. Hackerman should have attended to that matter,” said Elijah, greatly annoyed.

“Guess I 'm on your hands,” muttered the dwarf bitterly. “Always *am* on somebody's hands.”

Elijah shook off his displeasure, and addressed the newcomer more cordially, —

“Well, it is n't your fault, anyway, Mr. ——, Mr. ——, what is your name?”

“My name? Oh, Phillips. P. T. Phillips.”

“But your first name? I ought to call you by your first name.”

“Have n't any first name. Just 'P. T.'”

“Just 'P. T.'?”

“Yes, just 'P. T.' Looks as if my parents, when they had n't anything else to give me, might as well have given me a name; but they did n't, because they could n't think of any except 'P. T.,' an' they said I could fill it up for myself. But it never got filled up.”

“Well, 'P. T.,'” said Elijah, laughing, “I don't know about *you*, but *I* am hungry. Let 's go out to supper.”

At the supper-table P. T. was plainly ill at ease. His fine white hands quivered in their nervousness.

Mr. and Mrs. Tone had given him a cold and entirely disapproving reception, and though Florence greeted him with all the kindness of her beautiful soul, the dwarf was ill at ease. No wonder that, when the discussion turned on the disposal of him for the night, he proposed that he should sleep in the office.

He had heard of the "stacking." "If I had been sleeping there," said he, "it would n't have happened."

"But would n't you be afraid?" asked Florence.

"Afraid?" and the dwarf turned on her a mournful pair of eyes that spoke of a life so gloomy that it was past fear for itself. "And yet," thought Florence, "I don't believe he is more than sixteen years old."

And finally, after much discussion, and strong declarations from P. T. that this was just what he would prefer, it was settled that the office should be his home, — for the present, at least; a decision from which came important results.

After supper Elijah and the dwarf wheeled a barrow full of bedclothes over to the office, which was only two squares away. They carried also a small mattress, and whatever Florence could think of as necessary for the little fellow's comfort. "You are taking lots of trouble, Miss Tone," said P. T. gratefully.

It was dark when they arrived, but Elijah lighted

the small lamp he had brought, pulled down the curtains, and showed his foreman what ruin had been wrought the night before.

P. T. was full of indignation.

“The mean sneaks!” cried he. “I ’d like to make them eat that type, every letter of it.”

“And wash it down with the printer’s ink they put on the wall!” added Elijah, laughing.

The mattress was spread, and the bed neatly made, with the help of P. T., who had learned to make beds well under the strict training of the Orphans’ Home.

“Good-night, P. T.,” said Elijah, when all was done. “Good-night, and I hope *The Bee* won’t sting to-night.”

“I hope he will try to,” answered P. T. fiercely; “I just do.”

But for that night the wrecked establishment was left alone, and P. T. appeared at Elijah’s breakfast-table with no news to tell.

The next day was a busy one; and in its business P. T. was a lively factor. His delicate hands darted above the type-cases like swallows, and the types fell in a continuous patter into their proper receptacles. Surrounded by an array of cases, he sat cross-legged on the floor, and it was wonderful to see him distribute from the complex pile, turning in a flash from an italic case to one of fancy type, then to one of Roman, to “caps,” to brevier, to

long primer, to agate, making no mistake, never getting flurried, but with the quiet ease of a master who knows his skill and rejoices in it.

Away from his work, P. T. was gloomy, taciturn, and shrinking. At his task, however, he was a different being. His eye sparkled, his face grew animated, and he began to whistle like a mocking-bird. Elijah, who was engaged in the heavier work of putting together the wrecked frame and other office furniture, often stopped his labor to gaze at the dwarf, to admire his skill, and inwardly to resolve that he himself would become equally master of his own branch of the business,—the editing.

Something of that editing had to be done at once, if Elijah was to be in time with his next week's copy. Our college graduate had not been very proud of his first work on *The Citizen*, when he came to read it over. It sounded heavy and dull. It was respectable enough; there was no bad grammar; but Elijah was enough of a journalist to know that, unless writing is attractive, it matters not how respectable it is. The *highest* characteristic of a good writer is to write what people *ought* to read; but his *first* characteristic must be to write what they will *want* to read. Then let him put the two together.

Elijah tried to apply this truth.

In his first number, for instance, he had written:—

“While playing with the family hatchet last Wednesday, Charles, the eight-year-old son of Mr. Samuel Fanshaw, had the misfortune to bring it down upon his thumb in such a way as to cut off the nail, inflicting a painful, though happily not a serious, wound, which was dressed by Dr. Aldrich.”

“Now, that will never do,” declared Elijah in self-contempt, when he read this in merciless type. “All in one sentence! And *such* a sentence! *The Citizen* will never oust *The Bee* after that fashion.”

As it happened, our editor had to chronicle this week another juvenile accident; but this time he wrote it up in the following way:—

“Friday was indeed an unlucky day for Archie Kingman. He was coasting down Colton Hill on his new Columbia, when a puppy, as yet untaught in the matter of bicycles, disputed his right of way. Archie, who is a very polite little fellow, turned out; but he also turned over. Reuben Jameson patched up the wheel, and Dr. Seaver patched up Archie.”

“That is too long,” said Elijah, on reading it over, “but it is better.”

Here, too, is one of the Colestone College items that Elijah had inserted in the first number of *The Citizen*:—

“The learned and deservedly popular head of the department of physics and chemistry, Profes-

sor Barton, has just received a new spectroscope, which will add greatly to the efficiency of his already efficient courses. The instrument is of the very best make, and was imported from Germany."

"Now, how many readers of *The Citizen*," asked Elijah, criticising his work to himself, "will know what a spectroscope is? Probably not one in ten. Another journalistic error."

So he went to work and wrote a second item for the next week's paper:—

"A spectroscope is a set of lenses so placed as to separate white light into the colors that make it up. It sorts the colors as a man would sort a pile of greenbacks, throwing the rapid light rays—the fifteens and twenties—to one side, and the slower rays—the fives and twos and dollar bills—to the other side. The students are getting lots of instruction from Professor Barton's new instrument. The freshmen are thinking of patterning after the hydrogen spectrum for their class colors."

"That might be shorter, too," said Elijah, reviewing his paragraph, "but it's an improvement. I begin to see why there are said to be only four or five good paragraphers in the United States."

Of course, the next number was to contain an account of the "stacking" of *The Citizen* office. Elijah wrote of the matter in a tone of the most bitter wrath.

“How doth the little busy Bee
Improve its midnight hours,”

he quoted for the introduction. But, on reflection, and especially after he had shown the editorial to Ben and Florence, he decided that he had taken the wrong course.

“You can’t prove your insinuations,” urged Florence, “and, without proof, they would lay you open to the charge of libel.”

“Yes, and anyway,” added Ben, “you seem to take it too much to heart. The public likes to have an editor take everything brightly. All the fiery indignation in the world won’t burn out *The Bee*; but just you poke a little fun at him, if you want to see him swarm.”

Elijah thought this was good advice, and took it. By this he showed that he had at least one first-rate qualification for a good editor, — he was n’t pig-headed. His second editorial was lively reading. It treated the whole affair as a huge joke, but turned the joke on the perpetrators of it. The “stacker” was doubtless some kind friend, he said, that wanted to treat *The Citizen* to “pi.” How thoughtful in him to carry out his generous intentions at the only time when they could have been carried out without demolishing some masterly editorial, some witty paragraph, some brilliant essay, or some glowing poem! “Whoever it bee,” the editorial concluded, — and

Elijah could not deny himself this little innuendo, "that has thus played the *rôle* of midnight philanthropist, if he will call at our reconstructed sanctum during office hours, — which do *not* extend to 12 P.M., — we shall be very happy, in return for his 'pi,' to treat him to 'pizen.' 'Rough on rats' would be most suitable."

"Well, that 's not so bad," commented Ben. "At least, you are not tearing your hair in it, and you give the impression that *The Citizen* could stand any number of little things like that."

Having completed his two columns of Danford items, Elijah was compelled to send the manuscript once more to Milton to be put in type, for P. T.'s distributing was not far enough advanced to admit of typesetting. In the letter, Elijah gave Mr. Hackerman a vivid account of the raid upon the office, told of his success in the canvass for subscriptions, and at the same time intimated very plainly that Mr. Hackerman should be providing board and lodging for P. T. This Mr. Hackerman, by return mail, agreed to do very soon.

It was fortunate, however, that P. T. was where he was.

Things went on in this way for several days, the dwarf keeping steadily at his swift distributing, Elijah and Ben completing their canvass of the town and meeting with rich success, and the newspaper constantly growing in the good graces

of the best people because of what Elijah told them of his plans and purposes. Orders for job-work began to come in, and Elijah soon saw that he and P. T. would both have their hands full.

At length, one evening, exactly a week after the "stacking," the office of *The Citizen* was in good trim again, every type in its place, the walls cleaned and whitewashed, the furniture mended, and a new sign hung out in front even smarter than the first one.

Elijah was very tired that night, and slept soundly; so soundly that it was Florence that first heard a shout outside, and ran to awaken him.

"Fire! Fire! Oh, hurry!" a voice was crying, out in the yard.

Elijah rushed to the window. "Who is it?" he called. "Who is it?"

"Me! P. T.!" was the answer. "They've set your office on fire! Come quick!"

CHAPTER V.

ELIJAH'S THOUGHTS TAKE A NEW TURN.

YOU may be sure that Elijah lost no time in hurrying on his clothes, though his hands trembled so that he could scarcely fasten a button. He shouted to P. T. below, "Cry 'Fire' at the top of your voice! Raise the town!"

The neighborhood was already aroused. Windows were thrown open, and excited questions shouted out. P. T. did not remain to answer any of them. Screaming "Fire!" with all his might, he scurried off down the street as fast as his short legs could carry him.

"Do be careful, Elijah!" cried Mrs. Tone, as our editor plunged out of the house.

"Don't worry, mother," he found time to shout back at her cheerily.

On turning the corner he came in full sight of the office, and saw that one side was all ablaze. Two or three men were already there, however, and he heard the sharp squeak of a pump-handle energetically worked. Running nearer, he saw that the little hunchback was urging on the workers

with shrill voice and with frenzied gestures. The quick clatter of many running feet sounded on the still night air.

“Form a line! Form a line!” shouted Elijah, running up almost out of breath.

Next door was a pump, from which the few men were carrying water to dash up against the side of the building; but that was plainly too slow a process. By the time Elijah and P. T. had marshalled in a line the men on hand and those that came running swiftly to re-enforce them, the fire was burning fiercely, and roaring with a rage that made Elijah's heart sink.

Nevertheless, they went at it with a will, the faces of the men set and determined in the glare. They relieved one another at the pump. Buckets were passed so eagerly that half their contents was spilled before they reached the fire. A second line was formed to pass the empty buckets back again. “Keep it up, friends! Keep it up, friends!” cried Elijah.

But evidently they were not all friends. By this time a crowd of “toughs” had collected, from whom rose hoots of derision. One of these ran boldly up with an axe. He was just about to smash in a window, when Elijah saw him and struck him back. The fellow slunk away with an oath.

Ben Jarvis came puffing up to Elijah. His

house was on the very outskirts of the town, and he had run all the way. "Go inside," said Elijah, "and see if it is coming through."

Ben found the office already filled with half a dozen men, blunderingly bustling about by the light that came around the corner from outside. His quick eye saw one fellow jerk out a case of type and empty it on the floor. At the same moment, another, as if by accident, overthrew the desk. Ben seized the latter with a grip born of the Yale gymnasium, pulled him struggling to the door, and kicked him out. Then he turned to serve in the same way his fellow rascal, when the entire room flashed into light. The fire had broken through the wall.

"Hurry out the furniture and the type, men!" shouted Ben; but at the same moment Elijah from the door countermanded the order. "No, no! Let it alone. They are getting the better of the fire."

And indeed they were. Seeing that one side of the building was surely doomed, strong men had begun to work with axes, and swung them in the face of the scorching heat with such a will as, aided by the flames, entirely to detach that side from the remainder of the house. What the axes did not do, a few vigorous pulls on a long rail thrust into one corner succeeded in completing. Just as the fire burst clear through into the interior, the

entire wall fell, while the crowd of toilers raised a shout of triumph.

The rest was easy work. The fire had caught on the roof here and there, and had spread part way down the walls next to that which was cut away ; but the deluges of water soon put out these smaller flames. Nothing was left but to extinguish the still blazing posts and beams which alone were left of the wall that had been consumed.

It was almost in the dark, therefore, that Elijah, from the roof of the building, where he had been applying the final buckets of water, called out, "A thousand thanks, neighbors and friends. *The Danford Citizen* is passing through the fiery furnace just now, but he 's only a little singed. We 'll put on a poultice to-morrow, and he 'll be all right again. Of course this fire was incendiary. If I can find out who set it, you will all help me to bring them to punishment, I am sure."

"Yes! yes!" came in angry tones from a hundred throats.

"We can guess who did it," shouted out one ; "and if he 's wise, he 'd better make tracks at once."

"That 's right! That 's so!" came in a deep growl from many a man ; and the "toughs," who now were thickly mingled with the crowd, did not dare to let themselves be heard in opposition.

"Three cheers for *The Danford Citizen!*" pro-

posed Ben, as the impromptu fire brigade began to disperse. And the cheers were given with a will.

When every one else had gone, Elijah, Ben, and P. T. drew together within the three remaining sides of *The Citizen* office. Elijah and P. T. decided to stay on guard the rest of the night. As soon as the fire was out, Florence and her father had gone home, to relieve the anxiety of Mrs. Tone.

“And now, P. T.,” said Elijah, “what do you know about it?”

“Only this. I woke up with hearing a kind of s-s-wash against the side of the house. They must have been pouring on kerosene. I did n’t take it in, though, an’ I lay low for a minute. And then all of a sudden came a big light and a roaring, and I got into my clothes as quick as I could, and ran for you. And as I opened the door I guess I surprised them, rather, for I heard one chap call to another, ‘Light out, Caspar!’ and then two men jumped away from the blaze, and ran down street lickity-cut.”

“‘Caspar’!” cried Ben and Elijah, greatly excited. “Are you sure you heard that name called?”

“As sure as my name is P. T. The fellow who called it was so scared he did n’t even try to whisper it. Now do you know any one named Caspar?”

“*Do* we? I guess we do! Why, that ’s the name of Griffith, the editor of *The Bee*, and I ’ll warrant the other fellow was that hangdog of a foreman he has, Ned Record. You did n’t hear Ned’s name, did you?”

“No, nothing but ‘Caspar.’”

“Well, that ’s enough. Ben, I am going to have him arrested the first thing to-morrow morning.”

It may well be imagined that no sleep came to the eyes of P. T. or Elijah the rest of that night. On the first glimpse of daylight Elijah left P. T., in order to bring from his house an immense cotton flag and several old sheets. With these he speedily constructed a temporary covering for the unprotected side of his sanctum — one that would answer finely till the carpenters could get to work. Elijah did not want to leave P. T. without some barricade against the curious throng that he knew would soon crowd about the scene of last night’s excitement.

He himself, however, after a hasty breakfast, posted off after the mayor; the *mayor*, I say, for, small as the village was, after the prevalent Western fashion it had the city form of government, with all the city officers.

Now the mayor of the “city” of Danford was Bill Downs, a lazy, pettifogging lawyer, who spent most of his time loafing in his shirt-sleeves in front of the village post-office, whose occupant was his

particular crony. He would plant a cane-bottomed chair on the sidewalk, and, tilted back against the building, he would argue by the hour about free trade and protection, the money question and the labor question, — matters about which his information was as scanty as the red mustache, whose straggling bristles stuck out irregularly from his upper lip. It was in this place, and already thus engaged, that Elijah found him.

“Mr. Mayor,” said the editor of *The Citizen* at once, “I want you to have your marshal arrest the men who set fire to my office last night.”

“O, you do, eh?” coolly remarked the mayor, at the same time squirting a stream of tobacco juice on the sidewalk, and winking at the loafers who surrounded him.

“Yes, I do,” answered Elijah hotly.

“Wa-all, 'f you want 'em arrested, guess you 'll have to pint 'em out.”

At this sally the courtiers around the village magnate raised a loud guffaw.

“I can do that, sir. At any rate, I can point out the leader. It is Caspar Griffith.”

“It is, eh?” drawled Mayor Bill Downs, shifting his quid to the other side of his mouth. “S'pose you saw him do it, eh?”

“No, but my foreman saw two men running away from the fire just after it started, and one of them called the other ‘Caspar.’”

“That all yer evidence? Then you go hang.”

Chuckles of delight from the bystanders.

“Do you mean that you refuse to have Caspar Griffith arrested?”

For answer the mayor merely gazed insolently around the circle of listeners, quirking up his eye.

Elijah repeated his question with emphasis.

“Yes, that 's just what I mean,” said Mayor Downs, bringing his chair to a horizontal position, and slapping his knee to make his remark sound the fiercer. “And, young feller, you 'll get yourself into trouble, the first thing you know, bringing a charge like that against a respectable citizen just because your half-witted dwarf heard a man called by a given name that happens to be the same as his'n. D' ye hear?”

Elijah walked off in supreme disgust. His indignation was not because the mayor refused to order Griffith's arrest, for he began to see that his evidence, after all, was not strong enough to prove his case in a court of law, however satisfactory it might be to himself and his friends; but what enraged him was the mayor's attitude, so outrageously and boldly on the side of wickedness.

“And to think that this town, this college town, must be presided over by such a man!” spluttered Elijah to himself as he went along.

“But *why* must it?” he suddenly asked himself. “Yes, *why* must it? Is n't that one of the very

things *The Citizen* must include in its mission, to change public sentiment, to arouse it so as to make the rule of a Mayor Downs forever impossible in a community like this? Why, it is only the lethargy of the best citizens that permits him to continue in office, year after year.

“And his term expires this year, and he has to stand for election again this very fall,” thought Elijah suddenly.

Our editor’s face flushed, and he quickened his pace. A new thought had come into his head. It was something that caused his blood to beat quickly, and brightened his eyes.

“I ’ll do it!” said he. “I ’ll ask him, and urge it till he consents. And then *The Citizen* will have a battle to fight that will be worthy of its steel.”

With an eager, swinging step, Elijah walked rapidly through the town till he came to the outskirts, and stopped in front of the large and comfortable home of Mr. Jarvis. Hurrying up the broad stone walk, and entering, as usual, without ringing, he went straightway — not to Ben’s room, but to the study, where he knew he would find Ben’s father.

“Come in,” called a full, rich voice in answer to Elijah’s knock, and Elijah entered.

At a library table, surrounded with books from which he was evidently making copious extracts, sat a man whom Elijah profoundly revered, Nathan

Jarvis, the well-known writer on sociology, then in the prime of his useful and honored life.

“And what can I do for the editor of *The Citizen*?” he asked pleasantly, as he motioned Elijah to a great leather-covered chair near him. “They tell me you passed through some fiery trials last night.”

“Mr. Jarvis,” said Elijah bluntly, plunging, as was his wont, right into the very midst of his subject, “I have come to see if you will not permit your name to be used at the next election as a candidate for mayor of Danford.”

CHAPTER VI.

P. T. GETS INTO TROUBLE.

“WHY, my boy, what *do* you mean?” exclaimed Mr. Jarvis in the greatest amazement, bending his bushy eyebrows at our audacious hero.

“I want to nominate in *The Citizen* the best man in the town for mayor, and get him elected. And the best man for the place is you, Mr. Jarvis.”

“But the place is a disreputable one; that is, it is held by a worthless man, a man no one respects.”

“All the more need, sir, of putting in the place a man who will restore to it the honor that belongs to it. Why, in the days of our forefathers the headman of the village was always the noblest of them all.”

“Of course, theoretically, the office of mayor is a very honorable one; but degraded as it is—why, it would be absurd! Why, everybody would laugh at me! And besides, I don’t know law.”

“You know ten times as much law as the present incumbent of the office, or any other man that could be found in this village.”

Mr. Jarvis smiled, for he knew Elijah had cornered him there.

“But, my dear boy,” he went on, “I have n’t time. Why, I am occupied night and day with my new treatise on citizenship.”

“Mr. Jarvis,” Elijah pleaded very earnestly, “forgive me if I seem forward and impertinent, but I really believe that the practical test you would give your theories of citizenship by taking up this highest civic office in our community, would add one hundred per cent to the value of your book. I have read your chapter in ‘The Town as an Institution’ on ‘The Ideal Town Government,’ and it is full of delightful possibilities which I should like to see you realize here in Danford.”

“I must confess,” said Mr. Jarvis, “that the notion of such an experiment is not a disagreeable one, by any means, and I can see the practical value of it to my work as a student. More than that, to be honest with you, and to say what your politeness has kept you from saying, my conscience has not always been quiet on this matter, and I have wondered whether it was right for the decent men in this town to permit its government to fall so completely into the hands of the lower elements. But then, I don’t suppose a dozen of the Danford people feel that way. Probably every one is satisfied with things as they

are, and would simply keep right on voting for Bill Downs.”

Then Elijah gave him some account of his canvass of the town in the interests of *The Citizen*; of the discontent with the town life he had heard expressed, the sorrow caused by its villanous saloons, the disgust aroused by its low-lived officers.

Mr. Jarvis listened in silence. He was a man of few words, and sat for some minutes turning the thing over in his mind, Elijah refraining from interrupting his thoughts. At length he spoke with decision.

“It would be easy for me, Elijah, to put you off, or send you to some other man, but I am afraid if I did that I should be rejecting the call I have always held sacred — the call of duty. I see the need. I have seen it a long time, and I am ashamed that I have waited for you to urge it upon me. Some one must be the pioneer in this movement for the rescue of our civic life, and I don't know why it should not be I. My life is one of leisure, and my studies have all been such as to fit me for the work. I will tell you how I will leave the matter. If you can bring to me a call signed by one hundred of the men in Danford, asking me to be their candidate for mayor at the next election, I will stand for that office.”

“Good!” cried Elijah. “I will have that list of names in a few days, and every man who signs

it will rejoice." With that Elijah said good-morning, and went back to the office of *The Citizen* with an exultant spirit.

"*The Citizen* now has a cause to push. May God give us the victory." And right there at the outset of his undertaking Elijah lifted a most earnest prayer to the God of nations, that he would aid this attempt to make one little corner of the nation more pure and noble. He knew well that reform without the help of the great Reformer is a vain and hopeless task.

In front of the office, as Elijah had expected, was a curious crowd gazing at the work of the fire. Elijah had told P. T. where to get a carpenter, who was already there making measurements for the new wall and planning the other repairs necessary. But the sheets were still in position, with the great American flag in the centre. Remembering the lofty import of his morning's work, Elijah's heart gave a bound when he saw that beautiful expanse of red, white, and blue. "May my country's flag always stand alongside my work," he said to himself; for our Elijah was, with his feebler powers, as true a patriot as Elijah of old.

On coming nearer, he saw, in the midst of an animated group discussing the two attacks made upon *The Citizen*, Mr. Saunders Hackerman.

"Aha, Mr. Tone," cried that worthy when he caught sight of Elijah, "feel 's if you were editor

of the *Arizona Bludgeon*, don't ye? or the *Black Hills Seven-Shooter*, eh? Well, this is n't half bad. Not half. 'T ain't every paper gets so much free advertising the first week. Not exactly free, either," he added ruefully, as he eyed the carpenter at work. "But never mind. It 's all in the course of business. Sorry I could n't get up here sooner. Had my hands full with the Village Press Syndicate. Now let 's go in and talk it over."

Jerking out these sentences, the Great Starter led Elijah into the office, where P. T. alone was at work; for the little hunchback had turned a deaf ear to all callers and kept steadily at his task — the first bit of job-work that had come in.

Seated in their little office, Elijah at his desk, and his black-whiskered employer tipped back in a chair opposite him, the story of the week was recited with much vehemence by Elijah, and heard with keen appreciation by the proprietor of *The Citizen*.

When Elijah had finished, "Why," declared Mr. Hackerman, slapping his knees delightedly, "we have a splendid hold on the people now. We must push matters, and we 'll scoop *The Bee's* entire subscription list. That 's it. Push matters."

"But there are two things that ought to be better arranged before we go any further, Mr. Hackerman."

“Eh?”

“Yes, two things. One is P. T.’s room and board.”

“O, the office will support him, and more. That ’s all right. Take it out of his job-work.”

“But until the job-work begins to come in? And where shall he sleep? And where shall he get his meals?”

“Let me sleep here,” put in P. T. at this point; “at least, until *The Bee* is driven away.”

“And as for his eatin’, you can just take it out of the money that comes in, an’ send me the rest,” and Mr. Hackerman began to whistle “Way Down upon the Suwanee River.”

“But where is *my* pay coming in? That ’s the other thing I wanted to have settled,” said Elijah a little shamefacedly, for his mind was so filled with the higher aspects of the matter that to speak of money in connection with it seemed almost a profanation.

“Your pay? O, don’t worry about that. We ’ll do the fair thing by you.” And Mr. Hackerman went on whistling “Suwanee River.”

“I don’t doubt it, sir, but I should like to know what that will be.”

“I can’t tell. How can I tell, when everything is beginning? Don’t know what our resources are a-goin’ to be. Don’t know how the advertising ’s a-goin’ to pan out. Can’t tell. You jest

wait for a month, and we 'll make you a generous proposition. That 's fair now, ain't it? Eh?"

"But the paper has made something already," ventured Elijah. "I sent you two hundred and twenty-three dollars the other day."

"Yes. Good day's work. Noble. Keep it up at that pace and you 'll be worth a big salary to us. A big salary. But all that money was swallowed up in this here plant. An' a good deal more."

And though Elijah made several other attempts, that was all he could get out of Saunders Hacker-
man.

Greatly discomfited, our editor nevertheless went on to tell about his morning's work and his plans regarding the coming election contest. Mr. Hackerman at once stopped whistling "Suwanee River," and woke up to an enthusiasm that immediately won back Elijah's flagging loyalty.

"Splendid! Glorious! My, but you have a head on you! My, but you are jest cut out for a journalist!" were the flattering ejaculations with which he interspersed Elijah's recital.

"Could n't be better," he declared at the close. "This 'll knock out *The Bee*, if anything will. This 'll put *The Citizen* right in the lead. What a magnificent notion! How did it ever strike you? We 'll call it the Citizen's ticket, and so advertise the name of the paper. Eh?"

This strain of hearty congratulation Mr. Hacker-
erman kept up through the remainder of his visit,
which was not prolonged, and Elijah saw no suit-
able opportunity to go back to the unsatisfactory
financial arrangements. "Well, anyway," he con-
soled himself after the Great Starter had gone,
"no one can accuse me of going into this work for
the money there is in it — at least, not for a
month. And it is a very interesting way to spend
one's vacation, anyhow."

That was a very busy afternoon. No sooner
had P. T. finished his first job — some letter-heads
for Goodman and Bailey, grocers — than another
came in. It was for Mr. Hoffman, who was going
off early the next morning on a business trip, and
had discovered that he was out of business cards,
and he wanted some printed at once and taken
down to his house that very evening. And so,
while P. T. worked cheerily away on that job,
Elijah himself took the compositor's stick and pro-
ceeded to "set up" items for next week's *Citizen*.

It was the first typesetting he had done since
his boyhood's playtime, and he had to learn all
over again the position of the letters in the case,
so that his work was exceedingly slow, and the
proofs which he frequently took showed many a
blunder; but everything connected with this "art
beautiful" was so attractive to Elijah that the
afternoon seemed to pass like a few brief minutes,

and he looked up in amazement when P. T., having printed his last bit of pasteboard, asked him whether he should take the cards to Mr. Hoffman after supper or before.

“Why, is it that late? How short the afternoon has been! Yes, P. T., you’d better go with them now, though it is a long walk. But he’s a man who will appreciate promptness, and we can keep your supper waiting for you.” And so he gave P. T. his directions for reaching Mr. Hoffman’s, whose house was just outside of town, and turned again to his fascinating employment.

At last, when the rapidly increasing darkness admonished him that it was getting very late, Elijah laid down his composing-stick with a sigh, and went home to his evening meal. “I’d rather set type than eat, any day,” said he to Florence, as that young lady came to meet him.

“And where is P. T.?” she asked him, after hearing his account of Mr. Hackerman’s visit and listening with sympathetic interest to his story of the call on Mr. Jarvis.

“O, he will be here soon,” answered Elijah. “We’ll not wait supper for him. He went to Mr. Hoffman’s to take him some cards he had just printed.”

But P. T. did not get there soon. Supper was over, and long over, when Elijah thought of him again. It was very dark. Was it possible P. T.

had lost his way? The road to Mr. Hoffman's was not very direct.

While Florence and he were wondering about it, there came a sharp ring at the doorbell and they heard an excited young voice in the hall.

"Yes. *Young* Mr. Tone. Elijah Tone. I must see him right away. Quick!"

And Elijah, going out, found two boys of his own Sunday-school class. Both of them talked at once.

"Hurry up or he 'll be murdered, I 'm afraid —." "— your hunchback —." "We heard him screaming and we ran —." "They were dragging him by one arm and one foot. We saw them go —."

"What! P. T. in trouble? And you know where he is? Come on, boys!"

"You 'll need a lantern, sir. They carried him off down into the glen," cried the two boys.

"I 'll get the lantern, Elijah," said Florence, "and you must have father go with you, too." With that she ran off for the lantern, while Elijah, recognizing the prudence of his sister's advice, made haste to get his father's aid in the dangerous expedition.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CASE OF TEDDY MASON.

IT was not without a little persuasion that Mr. Tone was induced to accompany Elijah.

“Just as I expected,” he grumbled. “This silly newspaper business is getting you into all manner of trouble.” But when he understood the need, he hurried out of his slippers and into his shoes with an alacrity that startled his son.

“The scoundrels!” he exclaimed. “To attack in that way a poor little hunchback! I’d like to get my hands on them.”

“How did you happen to see them, Ned?” asked Elijah of one of the boys, as all four hastened off through the darkness, followed by Mrs. Tone’s pleading, “Now, *do* be careful!”

“Why, Jim and me was coming back from fishing. We’d been down in the glen and had good luck, and I ran so I lost all my bass, and so did Jim, every one of them, and just as we was coming up over the cliff we heard a scream —.”

“No, Ned,” interrupted Jim, “I heard one at the foot of the hill, plain as day, don’t you remem-

ber? and you thought it was an owl or something."

"And we looked over toward the edge of the quarry," continued Ned, disdaining the interruption, "and we saw two men — it was too dark to see who they was —."

"One of 'em was tall, and one was short."

"And they was dragging along your hunchback, and he was screaming and kicking, and his screams got kind of muffled, as if they 'd tied up his mouth, and —."

"And they carried him off down over the cliffs," said Jim, finishing the story, to Ned's intense disgust.

"The scoundrels!" Mr. Tone repeated, his teeth set close together.

"If this town were decently governed," Elijah could not help putting in, though he was getting out of breath with the steady trot they were keeping up, "such a thing would n't happen."

"Governed fiddlesticks!" was his father's answer.

The small boys were puffing and panting, and the pace had to be slackened. Still they kept on at a good smart walk. They were hastening to a long and deep glen cut in the soft limestone by a gentle stream, now evidently greatly shrunk from its dimensions in former ages. This glen was bounded by steep cliffs, down over which there

were only a few practicable paths. The lonely road which P. T. had been compelled to take extended for some distance parallel to the glen and quite near it, and thus the seizure had been easy.

Arrived at the quarry, whose yawning chasm seemed in the starlight to reach down to infinite depths, Ned and Jim, speaking in whispers, directed their course around its farthest end, where, back of an abandoned shanty, a series of narrow steps had been cut down the cliffs to a spring at the base.

"They went down here," whispered Ned, his whisper shaking suspiciously. Indeed, even Elijah and Mr. Tone felt a quiver of fear as they stood there at the edge of the great ledge and gazed blankly into the black depths below, silent except for the frogs that hooted from the marshy banks of the little stream in the bottom, or the solemn call of some lonely owl.

"Shall we shout?" asked Elijah.

"No," whispered his father. "P. T. is probably gagged and cannot answer, even if he was left near here, and our shouting would simply draw attention to us."

They groped their way to the rough stone steps, uneven when new, and now affording no adequate support for the feet. The branches of the bushes, whose tangled mass overarched the path, furnished additional assistance in the descent.

Reaching the foot of the cliff, Elijah's lantern showed the fresh print of feet in the soft mud around the little spring, and the direction next taken by the captors was readily made out. It was to the right, up under the overhanging limestone walls in which the rushing waters of the ancient river that once filled the vast chasm had cut a long groove. The roof of this natural corridor was dripping with moisture from above, and the rocky floor was littered with blocks of stone that had been torn off by the frosts of many a winter. The lantern cast big, jumping shadows on the stone wall, and on the trees and bushes to the left.

Suddenly this corridor ended, and they came out into a square recess in the cliff, running back fully thirty feet, and extending along the cliff for twice as far. It was a natural council-chamber of the glen, open to the sky, but secluded from all intrusion save the starlight. Two low trees grew in the centre, and near them was a huge rock left behind on the recession of the rest of the cliff. Except these, the space was bare.

It was carpeted, however, by a thick turf in which no footprint would leave a visible trace, and Elijah was at a loss. He searched in vain for a clew to guide their further progress, swinging the lantern now in this direction, now in that.

Following its flickering light, Mr. Tone's eyes

caught sight of something, and he sprang to one of the trees in the centre of the open space.

“Here he is!” he said. “And, heavens! is he dead?”

Poor P. T. was tied to the tree by a rope drawn cruelly tight. As its strands were cut, his head dropped forward, and his body fell limp into Elijah’s arms.

Laying him on the ground, Elijah felt with a trembling hand for his heart.

“Thank God, he is not dead!” he said in a low tone.

“He has only fainted,” said Mr. Tone. “Probably the rascals beat him inhumanly. He might easily have died if you boys had not fortunately heard his cries.”

While Mr. Tone removed the foul rag that had been used as a gag, and tenderly chafed the dwarf’s hands and rubbed his chest, Elijah made all haste to the spring after some water. P. T., however, had opened his eyes before Elijah returned, and had even begun to talk a little.

“Yes, they whipped me,” he said feebly. “They called me all sorts of bad names. They put a notice on the tree.”

This Mr. Tone found and deciphered when Elijah came back with the lantern. It was printed in rough, scraggly letters, and read, “This is the way weer goin’ to treet all the medlesum gang you belong to.”

“That means you, Elijah,” said Mr. Tone.

“Could you tell anything about who they were?” asked Elijah, when the bathing seemed to have restored P. T. a little.

“Not a thing, it was so dark, and they had a dark lantern, and they had tied handkerchiefs around the bottoms of their faces. And they did n’t speak to each other at all.”

“Now can you get up? Can you walk?” asked Elijah, after they had used all the water he had brought.

The poor little fellow tried, but he groaned, “O, my back! my back!” and fell again into Mr. Tone’s arms.

“The scoundrels!” Mr. Tone found some relief in exclaiming once more. “The miserable wretches!”

There was nothing for it but to lift the hunchback and carry him back through the rough, slab-strewn, rocky corridor, and up the steep and difficult stone steps, and all the long way home.

It was slow work, and, be careful as they might, still many a groan was forced from the lips of the sufferer. Ned and Jim were eager in their entreaties to be allowed to help, but they could only hold back the bushes and carry the lantern. Once on the road, however, Mr. Tone sent them ahead for the doctor.

It was a long and toilsome way, because, though

the dwarf's weight was slight, he had to be borne with the greatest of care and very slowly, since the least jar gave him a paroxysm of pain. On the road Mr. Tone had little to say, though once in a while Elijah could hear him mutter, "The scoundrels!" But just as they turned the corner of the street on which they lived, Mr. Tone dryly remarked, "On second thoughts, Elijah, I think we had better have a town government that will stop such things as this"; and Elijah saw that *The Citizen* had one more adherent.

When P. T.'s poor humped body was laid on Elijah's bed, his face was almost as white as the clean white sheet, and the doctor looked grave as he examined him. "Even if he had as good a body as the rest of us," said the doctor, "such a beating as he received would have been a severe shock. And as it is—"; he shook his head soberly.

All that night Elijah watched by the side of the suffering hunchback. At first P. T. seemed lost in a stupor, but at midnight a delirium came upon him, and his body twitched, and great drops of perspiration appeared upon his face as, living over again the scene he had just passed through, he cried out for mercy from his assailants. Then Elijah gave him the opiate the physician left, and P. T. fell into a heavy slumber till the morning.

In the morning his condition was such as to

warrant the greatest anxiety, and so for several days he continued quite on the border-line between life and death.

But P. T. was not thus rudely to be snatched from the world that had proved so harsh to him. The doctor said his recovery was due largely to Florence's devoted nursing. Elijah spent all the time he could by the bedside of his foreman, but he had to take that foreman's place and do his work in addition to his own, and that made busy days for him. Florence, however, made all the long hours in the sick-room bright with her cheery presence, and Ben came often, as well, with the sunshine of his merry face. Altogether, they succeeded so well that P. T. declared, one day, "I don't know what those wretches meant to do with me that night, but anyway they have sent me to paradise."

As you may imagine, this whole affair added fresh fuel to the already fierce flame of Elijah's zeal for a better town government and civic life. It came only as the climax of a long series of high-handed deeds, which the mayor and other authorities had allowed to go without investigation or any attempt at punishment. Elijah wrote a burning account of the matter for *The Citizen*. Merely pointing out the evident fact that such an attack on a newcomer was not aimed at *him*, but at the paper with which he was connected, he spent the

entire force of his indignant invectives in holding up to public scorn the inefficiency of a town government which permitted such things to happen without seeking to convict their perpetrators, and upon the sluggishness of a community that permitted itself to be so misgoverned.

Only a day or two after the publication of this number of *The Citizen*, which aroused much comment, the attention of our young reformer was forcibly turned in still another direction, by an event which would appear tragical enough if it were not, alas! so very common.

Teddy Mason was a lad who lived next door to Elijah, and his sister Alice was Florence's "best friend." Now Alice and her widowed mother had one great grief. Therefore Florence had one great grief, too; it was Teddy. For Teddy, though a bright and loving boy, and though he was quite sixteen years of age, was one of those fellows with receding chins. That is, he was weak in will, and ready to go anywhere at the beck of anybody, provided the promise of fun was made in sufficiently extravagant terms.

Now one evening, as Elijah returned to a late supper after a hard day's work (P. T. being still confined to his bed), Florence met him with red eyes, and told a tale of woe. Alice Mason and her mother were in the deepest distress, for Teddy had been reported to them as drunk — something

that for all his wildness had never happened to him before. He had been seen reeling from Hans Doppelheimer's saloon to Bill Malony's, talking maudlin talk, and singing, when he could for the hiccoughs.

"Where are you going, Elijah, without your supper?" asked Mrs. Tone, as her son took up his hat which he had just laid down.

"I am going to get the marshal, and have Bill Malony arrested for selling liquor to minors, and I am going to bring Teddy Mason home to his mother."

CHAPTER VIII.

A VERY EFFICIENT MARSHAL.

BEFORE Elijah, with this purpose hot within him, had gone a square, he met the man of all men he would most like to have met, Mr. Jarvis.

“O Mr. Jarvis!” he cried, “I have on hand a bit of work that needs your help. A neighbor’s boy has got drunk and is in one of the saloons. I am going to get him out and have the saloon-keeper arrested for selling to minors. Will you help me? ’

“Why, how could I refuse?” answered Mr. Jarvis. “But who in this town will arrest a saloon-keeper?”

“The marshal will. The marshal must. I’ll not go to the mayor about it this time, I promise you. Let’s see Marshal Peters, and let’s hurry, for every minute means deadly peril to that poor boy.”

Cal Peters kept a little fruit-store in the centre of the town — that is, his wife kept it, while he, under cover of being “city marshal,” loafed about town. His loafing-place was more uncertain than

that of the mayor, so Mr. Jarvis and Elijah called first at his store.

“No,” said pale, worn-out, and discouraged-looking Mrs. Peters, “he ain’t in, and I reckon he ’s at Hubbard’s grocery. You, Chris, go run and tell your pa two gentlemen want to see him, and hurry now.”

With that a frowzy-headed urchin rose languidly from a game of mumbly-peg he was playing in the side yard with a boy equally frowzy, and took his leisurely way down street to Hubbard’s grocery. In a quarter of an hour he came slowly back with the information that pa would be there d’rec’ly.

Greatly disgusted, Mr. Jarvis and Elijah waited for fifteen minutes longer, and just as they were on the point of going in search of the marshal, that functionary sauntered in. He was a man of about thirty-five, with a heavy red mustache that turned up fiercely over a face always covered with a bristly stubble of the same fierce hue. His hands were large, and were carried loosely at his side. His whole air was that of a rickety chair, the loose ends of cane projecting here and there.

This formidable officer nodded slouchily to his visitors, who, without any preamble, plunged impatiently into their errand.

“Teddy Mason, my neighbor’s boy, has been made drunk by one of the saloons in town, and is this minute getting drink at another,” said Elijah.

“He is much under age. We want you to go with us and arrest the saloon-keeper while we carry home the boy.”

Marshal Peters laughed softly.

“O, they ain’t no saloon-keeper in town that would sell to minors,” he said, sitting down on the counter as if prepared for an argument.

“Mr. Tone has just given you the facts in the case, sir,” answered Mr. Jarvis sharply.

“Well, but law! I know all the saloon-keepers in town,” chuckled Marshal Peters, — and there is no doubt he was speaking the truth, — “and they are law-abiding men. Why, there ’s a law again’ selling to minors.”

“We know there is such a law, and we come to ask you to enforce it,” spoke up Elijah. “Now, will you?”

“Of course I will,” answered Peters, seeing his chance for virtuous indignation. “What do you take me for?”

“Well, then, will you go with us to arrest Bill Malony?” asked Mr. Jarvis.

“Bill Malony, is it? O, I ’ll take care of Bill. Yes. Don’t you worry. I ’ll take care of Bill.”

“We are ready to go, then.”

“I don’t need no help,” surlily said the marshal.

“But we must go along to take Teddy home,” urged Elijah.

“I can’t go now, gentlemen. In fact, I have

an important engagement with Squire Jackson. Ought to be there now," and the marshal looked at his watch with a businesslike air.

"Mr. Peters," said Mr. Jarvis sternly, "you have played with us long enough. Do you intend to go with us and make this arrest, or not?"

"Cal!" spoke up Mrs. Peters, in a warning tone.

"Gentlemen, I must say you are very pushin'," whined the marshal. "I am supposed to know the best time to make an arrest myself, I am. But if you won't be satisfied with nothin' else, I suppose I must suit you. But I must send word to the squire. He will be awful put out."

With that Peters went out into the side yard, carefully closing the door behind him, and said a few words to one of the little frowzy-headed boys. Elijah could see him scamper away at the top of his speed.

"Gentlemen," said the marshal, coming slowly back, "I reckon you will excuse me 'f I wait to load my pistol. I never go to such a place to make an arrest" — Peters spoke as if that were a common occurrence — "without taking a loaded pistol. These saloon men are desprit characters."

"You just now said they were law-abiding citizens," Elijah could not resist saying; but Peters had no ears for the remark.

Marshal Peters seemed to find much difficulty

in loading his pistol. The barrel did not at all please him. He squinted through it long and earnestly, and then began solemnly to clean it with an oily rag. Then he had infinite trouble to find cartridges of the right sort and size.

“Let me help you,” said Elijah impatiently.

“No, you don’t know nothing about this ’ere pistol. This is a queer-fashioned pistol, this is. That’s why it takes me so long to fix it up.”

“But I am afraid we may find Teddy gone, and then we shall have no proof against Malony,” Elijah insisted.

“Don’t you worry. Malony’ll keep,” answered Peters, puffing out his lip with the big red mustache on it.

He was so very deliberate that the frowzy-headed youngster had returned before he had finished. “What did the squire say?” demanded the marshal, sticking his head out into the yard.

“He said, ‘All right’,” answered the boy.

“Well then, gentlemen, now as I have settled my previous engagement, I can go with you,” said Peters, picking up his pistol, sticking it in his pocket, and leading the way with a swagger to Bill Malony’s saloon.

This saloon was on a street near by, and was probably the worst — if there can be any degrees of evil in a thing so vile — of the four wretched saloons supported by the little college town. It

was a front room of a two-story house, the rear portions of which served as Bill Malony's dwelling. A green screen stood before the open door, and it was with a palpitating heart that, even on the holy errand upon which he was bent, Elijah for the first time went back of that screen and into a saloon.

A rough bar occupied one side of the little room, and back of it were a few bottles and kegs on some rickety shelves. There was nothing elegant, or even ordinarily decent, in the furnishings of this "gilded saloon." The entire plant might have cost fifty dollars. It does n't take much of a man, measured financially, — or in any other way, — to start a saloon. The air was thick and choking with tobacco smoke. Standing in front of the counter, or tipping back on the four wooden chairs that surrounded the rough pine table in the corner, was a choice selection of the village loafers and "toughs," — black and white, American, Irish, and German, Protestant and Catholic, — for the devil, at least, is ready to fraternize with all races and nationalities and creeds.

The men around the table were engaged in a game of cards, and sport seemed to be running high, judging from the loud guffaw that burst out as the marshal entered with our two reformers.

Elijah at once looked around anxiously for Teddy. He saw him immediately, among the

group of men at the counter. His face was white and his voice thick. He was mumbling out: "I won't have it. It 'zh baby drink. Gimme s'm whiskey."

"Well, Bill Malony, I guess you are my man," said the marshal in a bold voice, stepping toward that personage, who stood in his shirt-sleeves behind the bar.

"Faith, an' what may the gentleman mane?" suavely inquired Bill Malony.

"He means that you are under arrest for selling liquor to minors," broke in Elijah, unable longer to restrain himself.

"An' begorra, who 's the minor here?" innocently asked the saloon-keeper. "Is it you, Tim Fogarty, an' you nivver tould a body?"

At this sally there was, of course, a roar of laughter from all his customers.

"The minor," broke in Mr. Jarvis sternly, "is that young fellow there," pointing to Teddy, who stood wagging his head from side to side and leering at the ceiling. "He is only sixteen years old, and you shall smart for it — selling liquor to a boy like that — and the son of a widow, too."

"Who 's been selling liquor to Teddy Mason?" cried Malony in a shocked voice. "Sure, he ought to feel the law on him, so he ought. But nary a drop of the drink has he got from Bill Malony the day."

“No drink?” asked Mr. Jarvis. “Why, look at him. Don’t you see he is beastly drunk?”

“O, he ’s jist a leetle pleasant-like,” explained Malony, winking at the group around the card-table; “but he could n’t get drunk on lemonade, you know.”

At this the entire roomful burst into a tumult of cackling laughter, and Mr. Jarvis and Elijah, looking for the first time at the glasses which stood on the bar and the table, saw that their coming was evidently expected.

All those glasses were full of lemonade.

CHAPTER IX.

ELDER JARVIS HAS TROUBLE IN HIS CHURCH.

ELIJAH turned fiercely upon the marshal, who stood grinning at him. The laughter was hushed to hear what he would say.

“This is your doing, Cal Peters,” he said hotly; “you sent word and warned him. *Now* I see why you were so anxious about Squire Jackson. *Now* I see why you waited for your boy to come back. *Now* I see why it took you so long to clean that pistol. Much you expected to use it!”

“Look here, young feller,” drawled out the marshal; “you ’re sayin’ what ’ll get you into trouble ’f you don’t ca’m down a leetle.”

“Keep still, Elijah,” advised Mr. Jarvis. “It won’t do any good. Get Teddy, and we will go. As for you, Malony, don’t think that this is an end of the matter, or that your devilish work will long be tolerated. It makes my blood boil to see the condition of that lad yonder, and to think of the poor mother to whom we must take him. And you men,” — turning to the grinning groups about the card-table and at the bar, — “if the accursed

drink had left a spark of manhood in you, you would n't sit still and see this fiendish work going on ; yes, and help in it the way you do."

In the mean time Elijah was trying to lead Teddy away, and in this effort he succeeded in spite of his drunken protests. Elijah taking one arm and Mr. Jarvis the other, they guided his wavering feet homeward.

I have not the heart to picture the scene as the heartbroken mother and sister received the ruined boy. Scarcely will any one read this story to whom the terrible picture will not be vivid enough without words, since it has already been burned in upon the mind by the bitter experience of their own mother or sister or neighbor or friend.

Just now it concerns us, rather, to note the effect of this incident upon our hero and upon the progress of our story.

The list of signatures to the call inviting Mr. Jarvis to be candidate for the mayoralty had not grown very fast during P. T.'s illness, but that illness itself, and the cause which led to it, and especially his failure with the marshal and the saloon-keeper, had roused Elijah's already fiery indignation against the town officers and their *régime* to a white heat, and he now made it a point to drop his rapidly increasing work for two hours every day, and go from house to house, from store to store, with that paper and with his urgent pleadings.

He was given a varied reception. Some of the best men received him coolly, being piqued that so young a man — one who that fall would cast his first vote — should take the lead in a matter of so great importance. Elijah felt this difficulty, and effaced himself as much as possible wherever he could, getting the townspeople themselves to circulate the paper among their neighbors; but nevertheless there was many an objection which he had to combat in person. “Things have been going on well enough, for all I see,” some declared. “Bill Downs’s poverty-stricken family need the fees he gets,” urged others. “It’s no use; the lower element are in the majority, and they would outvote us,” said still others. There were those who had business interests closely entangled with the firm friends of the present administration. There were those who ridiculed Mr. Jarvis as a book man, who knew nothing about practical politics. There were those who wanted to think it over — indefinitely. There were the out-and-out friends of Bill Downs, who were angry and abusive.

And yet, in spite of all, a very few days of this systematic work rolled up the list of hearty, eager signatures to the call until it numbered more than one hundred and fifty, and Elijah could carry it proudly to Mr. Jarvis and claim his promise.

“Elijah,” said that gentleman, “after our ex-

perience in the saloon the other day, I would have run for mayor whether a single man signed that call or not. My blood is up, I tell you, and I see the need of some man's doing his duty in this town. But I let you go ahead and get your list because of its effect in rousing interest and winning backers. You have done nobly. Good government already has a strong force of friends here, as I knew it had, and as it has everywhere. It only needs a leader; and that, with God's help, and just at this crisis, I will be."

Their experience with Peters had shown them the imperative need of further nominations if Mr. Jarvis was to effect any reform, even if elected. What could a decent mayor do with such a marshal? Therefore it was determined to call a citizens' caucus for the nomination of a complete ticket.

"But the worst element will pack the caucus," objected Elijah.

"If they beat us there, they could beat us at the polls, and we should deserve to be beaten at the polls," was Mr. Jarvis's ready reply.

Of course, all this was reported in *The Danford Citizen*. Faithfully and graphically the entire affair at the saloon was chronicled. Marshal Peters made — to his cronies — a blustering threat of suing *The Citizen* for libel, but Elijah was not afraid, for every word of his editorial had been weighed by

Mr. Jarvis and himself, and nothing had been retained, however great the temptation, which could possibly substantiate a charge of libel. Every statement made or implied was perfectly true.

Of course, also, the biggest of type and the most earnest of words were employed to advertise the desired change in the office of mayor. The call was published with its long list of signatures, each name an argument. The coming caucus soon became the leading topic of public interest.

In Mr. Jarvis's church the comment was animated and varied. Mr. Jarvis and Elijah chanced to belong to the same church, the former being one of the elders, and the latter at that time president of the Christian Endeavor society. It must be confessed that the candidate for mayor had given no thought to the views of his course that might be taken by his church people. He was so certain he was right that it never occurred to him to fear the opposition of good men. Nevertheless, just such opposition came to him.

"Nathan," said Mrs. Jarvis to him one day at dinner, "old Miss Rummage was here this morning, and she told some of the meanest things she had heard our church people say about you: that it was n't becoming in a ruling elder to engage in politics, and that you were hurting your influence in the church, and stirring up strife among the brethren, and alienating people from the church,

and I don't know what all. I just sat there and ground my teeth."

"Miss Rummage's visits usually are hard on your teeth, mother," laughed Ben.

"And I don't wonder," added Mr. Jarvis, "for she certainly is a mischief-making gossip. But don't worry. You know how things grow under the lens of her imagination. I presume she made it all up."

That very night at prayer meeting, however, Mr. Jarvis had proof that old Miss Rummage had some foundation for her pleasant tittle-tattle.

Probably the matter would never have come up in that staid prayer meeting had it not been for Parson Holworthy's subject, which was, "The Christian and the State." He took for the Scripture passage the scene where Christ calls for a penny and bids his disciples render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's. Mr. Holworthy emphasized the point that Christ's command to do our duty to Cæsar is just as binding upon us as his command to do our duty to God.

"It was while Joseph and Mary were performing a duty they owed to the state," urged Mr. Holworthy, "that they were honored above all mankind in the birth of the Saviour. That Saviour, when a young man, — and, alas! he never became an old man, — wept tears, the grief and bitter anguish of

a patriot, over the city whose doom he saw so clearly written. Yet we call ourselves his followers, though our dry eyes and hard hearts have never been touched by our nation's woe, though the peril of our cities finds us unmoved before the disclosure of it, and though, last and crowning disgrace, we think to perform by proxy those civic duties which no man can honestly delegate to another, and which no other could perform for him if he might delegate them."

There was much more to the same effect, which was listened to with careful attention by the unusually large number of men present. But when the meeting was "thrown open," old Sandy McPherson slowly lifted his six feet of height from the front row of chairs, and turned upon the company a stern and forbidding countenance. Sandy's eyes flashed from the deep hollows back of the square-bowed spectacles, and it was evident that the old Scotchman, who never hesitated to speak all of his mind on any occasion, had a good bit of it to speak on the present one.

"Brithers and sisters," he began, speaking slowly and impressively, with many a leisurely "hem!" "I would na for a' the world contradeect the meenister. He has builded upoun the everlasting foundation of the law and the Gospils. But we have in our meedst the callow youth," — here he looked at Elijah, — "who are na so judeecious in their in-

terpretation of Screepture as the meenister is, and who take an ell whenever they are geeven an inch.

“Noo the Maister that bid us render unto Cæsar those things that be Cæsar’s did also inspire the apostle Paul to exhort us, ‘Come ye out fra’ among them and be ye separate from them, saith the Lord.’ Which does na furnish warrant, according to my exegesis, for a professor to consort with the ungodly or strive with the same for the vain shows of worldly preferment, seeking the uppermost place at the feast and the loftiest office in the veelage. Na, na. We maun pay our taxes, as the Maister bid us, but he did na say that we should go to Rome and try to drive Cæsar fra’ his throne.

“I have yet to hear” — and this was spoken with great sarcasm — “that our Lord and Maister, Jesus Christ, tip-toed into a landau, and, preceded by a brass band and followed by a company of yelling sycophants, drove through the streets o’ Jerusalem preparatory to making a poleetical speech in front of the pretorium.

“I ha’e my doots, mairover, concerning a’ this palaver about our coontry, our coontry, our coontry. We followers of the meek and lowly One are set to seek a better coontry, that is, a heavenly. It does na behoove us, brithren and sisters, us in whose ee should be shining the foregleams of the

city that needs na the licht of the sun nor moon, to be wasting the powers of immortal souls upon these cities where moth and rust do corrupt and where thieves break through and steal. Come ye out fra' among them, and be ye separate from them, saith the Lord." With this triumphant reiteration and a stern glance toward Mr. Jarvis, Sandy McPherson sat down.

A rustle passed through the little company, and many an eye was turned to see how Mr. Jarvis and Elijah received this plain reproof. Mr. Symonds, in whose hands was left the selection of hymns after the minister had opened the meeting, announced "How firm a foundation," but no one found the place, for at the same instant Mr. Jarvis arose.

CHAPTER X.

THE YOUNG FOLKS DON'T PROPOSE TO BE LEFT
OUT.

MR. JARVIS began slowly and gently.

“ I don't rise,” said he, “ to dispute our Brother McPherson's remarks, which contain much truth. The Christian's kingdom, like his Lord's, is not of this world. But, at the same time, that same Lord in his last prayer with his disciples said, ‘ I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil.’ We are to fight Paul's good fight against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

“ Take, for example, the case of the approaching contest in this village, which, it is fair to presume, suggested both to our pastor and to Brother McPherson the remarks we have listened to with so much profit. Certainly no one here will admit that Christ is ruling in the affairs of this town. The very implication would be a blasphemy. But ” — and here Mr. Jarvis's voice grew earnest and his face grew resolute — “ *but He*

should rule. His invisible Spirit should preside at every council meeting. His authority should be regarded at every trial before mayor or justice. Every arrest that is made, or every refraining from making an arrest, should be at his command. What Christian will doubt this?

✓ “If Christ were ruler of this town, think you our four saloons, those open doors of hell, would endure a single night? Think you that lawlessness would go unchecked and goodness be made a mockery in public print and private scoff?

“And who is to set Christ over the affairs of our village? Who but his followers? Certainly if *they* hold back from doing it, the evil-minded will be slow to raise his banner over them and establish his throne.

“And how can we do it save by taking part in village politics? We can set up his altar at our homes and here in the church, but that is not to set it up at the ballot-box. We can write his name upon our hearts, but that is not to inscribe it on the statute-book of this town.

“God knows that I enter with shrinking upon the task I have undertaken. I shall not call out the brass band or let my name be shouted. But I count myself a servant of the Lord, and I believe that he wants me to do this thing.

“To minister to the general interests of a community, presiding over its courts of law and its

public schools, making fair and clean its streets, guarding the health of the village, providing for the common comfort and safety — such offices as these are in their very nature honorable, and should be held, as our fathers held them, next in reverence to the sacred ministry of the gospel. Yet not only in this town, but in thousands upon thousands of communities all over our beloved land, we have for so long relegated these honorable duties to dishonorable men that they have become dishonorable in our eyes, and it has seemed a pollution for a Christian to assume them.

“I know myself, brethren, to be far from the best man for the high post of mayor, but with God’s help I shall, if elected, at least make that post respectable, so that the best men may be willing to take it. And small though my powers are, they shall be yielded up to the all-powerful One, who will then sit in authority over this village.

“And this purpose seems to me to be just and right, and worthy the assistance of all who honor the name of Christ.” 7

A general murmur of approval spread through the room as Mr. Jarvis sat down, and several men sprung to their feet at once. Before indicating any one of them, Parson Holworthy had a word to say himself.

“I trust, brothers and sisters, that no one of you will think me wrong in provoking this discus-

sion and permitting its continuance. This is a meeting for prayer; but until we know that we have a duty, we are not likely to pray over it with much fervor. And I, believing that we have a duty as Christians to this village in which we live, am desirous that all in this church shall be roused to it as thoroughly as is Elder Jarvis. I don't see how any citizen dare undertake his responsible task without being a Christian; but neither do I see how any Christian dare refrain from being an earnest, conscientious, active citizen. I think it high time that we Christians, as Christians, and in the name of our Lord, should bestir ourselves to capture this village for Christ.

“Now you may not agree with me. Brother McPherson here” — turning with a smile to the Scotch worthy, who sat sulkily with his arms folded — “evidently does not agree with me altogether. But certainly this is a matter on which this church should make up its mind, and, having made up its mind, should act. Now, Brother Higgins, what have you to say?”

Well, Brother Higgins had a great deal to say, but he said it very fast, and in sharp, ringing sentences that struck the mark. And so did Brother Green have much to say, and Brother Hosmer, and Brother DeLacy, and Brother Fanshaw. And the voice of each one of them was for Christian citizenship, as opposed to what Mr. Green, remem-

bering the parable of the talents, called Christian napkinship. The monkish theory of Christianity evidently had slight hold upon that church.

And as, one after another, these men arose and pledged themselves to labor hereafter for the common good as well as for the good of individuals and of themselves, to set up Christ's altar on the village green as well as in their private sitting-rooms; and especially as, at the close of the hour, fully a score of voices were lifted to God in earnest prayer for his blessing upon the effort for the redemption of the town, Mr. Jarvis and Elijah sitting there felt fresh courage and confidence come to them, and knew that they were not alone.

"There are seven thousand, Elijah," said Parson Holworthy to our hero after the meeting, "seven thousand who have not bowed the knee to Baal."

Mr. Jarvis went up to Sandy McPherson. "You will be with us yet in this movement," said he, stretching out his hand.

"I 'm wi' ye noo," answered the sturdy Scotchman, "but no' as a Chreestian. Only in my private capacity, mon!" and thus Sandy kept his colors flying.

From this prayer meeting several things resulted; among them this:

It was at a meeting of the executive committee of the Christian Endeavor society. Parson Hol-

worthy was there, of course. They would not have considered it a meeting of the executive committee without their beloved pastor. And after the committee chairmen in turn had told of their work, proposed their new plans, brought forward their perplexities, and asked and received the suggestions of the others, when it came time for the introduction of new business, Mr. Holworthy addressed Elijah.

“Mr. President,” said he, “I have been wondering for some time why our society did not have a Christian citizenship committee.”

“And I,” answered Elijah, “have been waiting for you to suggest it. I knew you would propose it to us if you thought it a good thing.”

“Thank you!” and Mr. Holworthy bowed, with a pleased smile. “And now that I *have* suggested it, I should like to hear what the committee think about it.”

[“What could a Christian citizenship committee do?” asked Susan Walters, chairman of the information committee, who should have been better posted, but was not.

“Well,” said Mr. Holworthy, “the work it could do depends on the work that needs to be done. Here in Danford, for instance, the people, young and old, need to be aroused to the duty and responsibility of Christian citizenship. A great struggle is to be fought out between the forces of

good and the forces of evil in this community. I have been very glad to see the Christian Endeavor movement keep out of partisan politics, but this is not partisan politics; men of all parties will be found on both sides; and I can conceive of no harm that can come from your society's aiding in every way the Christian troops who will fight Christ's battle at the coming election. It remains to be seen just *how* they will need you, but I am sure they *will* need you."

"I can name one way, at once," spoke up Elijah; "that is, in distributing circulars for our citizens' caucus to be held next Tuesday evening."

"Yes," continued Mr. Holworthy, "and countless other ways will suggest themselves. But the main work of the committee will be study and preparation for the duties of Christian citizenship that will come to all of you; to all of you, I say, for the girls, though they may not vote, yet will have the rearing of Christian voters, and I know of no more important work of citizenship than that. 7

"I should say that the first thing for you to study would be the make-up and workings of your own town government. I should advise such a committee to hunt up the men in the town that are most thoroughly acquainted with the different branches of its administration. Then I should set apart one evening each week for a meeting at a private house — you may have my study, if you

wish — to which all the Endeavorers who chose might come, and hear from those men how each part of our town government is, or ought to be, carried on.”

“Ought to be, I guess, in most cases,” interrupted Elijah.

“To these meetings I should invite all the other Endeavor societies in town, for we must not be selfish,” continued Mr. Holworthy, paying no attention to Elijah’s remark, though he smiled his assent.

“If our town officers are so poor,” asked Will Holcomb, “how could they give us much valuable information?”

“In most cases, I fear,” answered Mr. Holworthy, “we should have to call in other men. Superintendent Hosmer, for instance, who is so soon to leave us for the Milton schools, knows all about our school committee and the workings of our school laws. He wōuld be glad to tell us about them, and answer all our questions. Then there is Mr. Bolton, who is especially well informed on our poor laws, and our excellent assessor, Mr. Samson, who can tell us all about taxes, State and municipal. Mrs. Barton, the president of our W. C. T. U., has the temperance laws of the State at her tongue’s end, and I know of no more profitable evening than one we might spend with her. Mr. Jarvis, as you know, is an eminent

specialist on city and village government, and he would tell us all about our charter and how it could be bettered."

"Splendid!" exclaimed Will Holcomb. "I for one am heartily in favor of the plan, and I move that this executive committee recommend to the society the immediate appointment of a Christian citizenship committee, to carry on such a course of study as our pastor has suggested."

"And to further the cause of Christian citizenship in our community," put in Susan Walters; "I second the motion."

"And I want only to add," said Mr. Holworthy, smiling at the manifest enthusiasm, "that the little talks and discussions I spoke of should be but the prelude to more thorough study, by means of books and periodicals, of all the problems that the Christian citizen of our day faces and will be compelled to solve."

Then Elijah put the matter to vote, and the resolution was unanimously carried. The project met with equal favor at the next society business meeting, which occurred on the following day, and a Christian citizenship committee was appointed, whose chairman was Ben Jarvis — a committee which played no slight part in the events I have next to relate.

In the very first place, so vigorously did they advertise the citizens' caucus to be held the next

Tuesday, and so zealously did Elijah push the matter in the columns of *The Citizen* and in personal interviews, that an unprecedented crowd came together that night. The meeting was held in the long "exhibition hall" of the schoolhouse. All that day Ben Jarvis and his committee had been at work distributing handbills which Elijah had printed, and which set forth in strong terms the importance of the meeting, and the need of the presence of all respectable citizens.

Elijah was sure of the attendance of the unrespectable, and his anticipation was more than realized. "Why, where do they all come from?" he whispered to Ben, as by dozens and scores there poured into the hall the men of no shirt-collar and no bathtub.

"They will swamp us," whispered Ben, looking ruefully at the two or three lonely gentlemen in front of the platform, who now and then turned around to gaze in wonder at the pushing, hilarious, dirty crowd of white and black behind them. Probably no one of those gentlemen had ever attended a caucus before, and they looked about ready to back out now:

But Elijah's spirits soon rose, for in a few minutes the business men, who could not arrive as early as the loafers, began to come in. And then it was the turn of the loafers to become chagrined. Such a representation of its best men had never

before been seen at a Danford primary. They, too, came in by dozens and by scores, not slouching like the first arrivals, but with a grave and determined air.

Mr. Kingman, the leading merchant of the town, sat down beside Jake Horton, and Jake's grin vanished from his face, and the vile stories with which he had been regaling his comrades were hushed into an awed silence; for Jake owed Mr. Kingman for a whole quarter's groceries. Professor Fennell came in and sat down beside Ebenezer Shoemaker, and that African brother straightened up in his seat with new dignity. Thus strangely was the audience mingled, and it was hard to tell which side had a majority — the low, or the respectable, element. Bill Downs was there leering at the crowd, and occasionally making the rounds of the hall to thump his followers familiarly on the back. Marshal Peters was there, very important with his brass plate — his badge of office — upon his breast. Caspar Griffith was there in high glee, leading his "crowd" in cat-calls.

It had been agreed among Mr. Jarvis's friends that Dr. Boynton, president of the college, should preside. Accordingly, when the time came to begin, Mr. Kingman quietly arose and said, "Gentlemen, I nominate President Boynton to act as our presiding officer for this evening."

"And I second the nomination," said Elijah.

Instantly Caspar Griffith jumped up. "And I nominate for the presiding officer Mr. Samuel Foster," naming one of the Danford councilmen who kept a drug-store, whose chief revenue, it was more than suspected, was derived from the sale of liquors on the sly.

"Second it!" cried Ned Record, his foreman, amid much applause and many catcalls.

"Well, gentlemen, I will put to vote both names," said Mr. Kingman, proceeding to do so, and appointing Mayor Downs as one of the tellers to count the uplifted hands.

Elijah watched the vote with great anxiety. It was a test of preponderance. He was greatly relieved, therefore, when the tellers, having called for a second vote that they might come to an agreement on their count, reported Dr. Boynton chosen by a majority of thirty-two.

The chairman elect ascended the platform. He was a tall and powerfully built man, with the face and voice of an orator. His dignified bearing, however, did not overawe Caspar Griffith and his minions. They greeted him with a storm of ironical applause, mingled with hisses and loud whistles and hootings vociferous.

The president raised his hand for silence, — and got it.

"Gentlemen," he began, "this meeting has been called —"

But just at that moment Ned Record, who sat in the back of the room beside an open window, waved his hat to some one outside. Instantly there arose, from the playground below, the loud playing of the village band. With the first strains of its blaring music, the "toughs" gained courage, and burst out once more in a round of contemptuous hand-clapping, feet-stamping, and triumphant yells. Ned Record waved his hat again, and the band played more loudly still. President Boynton's goodly voice was completely drowned.

CHAPTER XI.

ELIJAH MAKES HIS MARK IN CHALK.

IT soon became clear that the band outside and the howls within were victorious over the meeting. At that instant Mr. Sandy McPherson, who had come in late and occupied an observant seat near the door, quietly rose and went out. He took the stairs two steps at a time, and in a very few seconds his long form towered up before the musicians in the yard below.

Their flaring torches cast but an uncertain light outside the circle of the band, and each man was intent on making as much noise as he could, cheeks puffed out, and face red with exertion and suppressed laughter. So it was that the first intimation they had of Mr. McPherson's presence was his exclamation, shouted into the ear of Pete Taylor, the leader :

“ Hold your noise, you nidering wratches ! ”

Pete looked up in surprise, and at once meekly took his horn from his mouth. And why ? He was Mr. McPherson's clerk !

The music came to an irregular halt. The

other members of the band began to jeer at Pete.

“What ’s the matter, Pete? Old Man McPherson pulled his apron-strings?”

“O bah! Go on, Pete! It ’s none of his business.”

“Play up, fellows, and let Pete knuckle down if he wants to!”

“Why, I thought, Mr. McPherson,” stammered Pete, “that you were on the other side.”

“On the ither side, mon? D’ye class me wi’ the saloon men, and the corner loungers, and the men o’ wind and drumsticks like yoursels?” And here he glowered around the circle. “I ’m a-thinking, Sam Wood, that you ’d better discover the side your ain maister stands on, for I saw Colonel Ames in the hall the noo, an’ ye may weel ken what gait he gangs. Yes, an’, Tom Burton, ye ’ll be glad to know that Mr. Kenton ’s o’erhead; an’ you, John Conway, that Mr. Munson ’s one o’ those ye’ve been insulting wi’ your obstreperous noise. D’ye hold your poseetions worth na mair ’n the blast o’ a cornet? Yes, swing your hat up there, you Ned Record, shake it weel. Ye ’ll shake na mair noise out this parcel o’ fools.”

The prophecy was a true one. Nearly all of the band was composed of clerks and others similarly dependent upon the well-to-do of the town. Their employers had never before attended a village

caucus. It did not enter the heads of these musical worthies that their masters would be present on this occasion. They simply thought themselves called to assist at one of the strifes between spoils-men that sometimes enlivened the politics of Danford. But this was a very different matter! And so, though Ned Record waved his hat in fury and desperation, Pete Taylor and his comrades dropped away into the darkness, all of them to appear later shamefacedly in the hall above, and to vote with evident eagerness on the side of respectability.

When Sandy McPherson returned to the hall after his doughty exploit, he found matters running more smoothly, at least for the time. President Boynton had made his little introductory speech, and had called upon Mr. Holworthy to state fully the opinions of the citizens who had issued the call for the meeting. This the worthy pastor was doing with force and vigor. Not even in his pulpit had he ever spoken to better purpose.

“This village,” said he, in effect, “has not been governed by the best of its citizens. Of course, then, it has not been governed in its best interests. Criminal acts are permitted to go unpunished, though the perpetrators are well known. Nay, the authorities even connive at evil-doing, as in the case of the saloons.

“Whose fault is it that such men are in power?

The fault of the best citizens. Surely men cannot be blamed for seizing posts of profit and honor that are left within their grasp by the careless indifference of the public. The worst will rule, if the best won't.

“But how do we know that the best can rule in Danford? At least, they can try their strength. Less than an attempt would be cowardice.

“And what is meant by the best citizens?” Mr. Holworthy went on to ask. “The wealthy and well-to-do? No! The college-bred? No! The best men are men of character, though poor, and ignorant of schools; men wise in common sense”; and to all such in his audience Mr. Holworthy appealed, urging them to band together and place in control of the education of their young, in control of the order, safety, and welfare of their community, men of sterling worth and Christian character. 7

That was Parson Holworthy's sermon, spoken with such ardor of intense conviction that it impressed most powerfully all honest men who heard him, and awed even the saloon element to respectful silence.

No sooner, however, had Mr. Holworthy taken his seat than Mayor Bill Downs sprung up and shouted, “Mr. Chairman, I demand my right to the floor!” A ripple of applause was started by Ned Record.

“There is no need to demand it,” replied President Boynton, quietly; “you have the floor.”

“I demand to answer all insinuations. [*More applause.*] I am no canting hypocrite. I have served this town now for six years, boys, while these kid-glove fellows were sitting in their easy chairs. They think they can run things better. Don’t you trust them. They have n’t had no experience. They don’t know nothing about the ordinances. They would get tired of the job in three days. Deliver me from amytoor politicians, I say. [*Loud laughter and catcalls.*] Yes, amytoor politicians; we don’t want none in this here town. We want politicians who know their business. Men of character is all right. I ’m not saying nothin’ again’ that. But what we want is men of experience. Yes, boys, what you want is men of experience; men who take some interest in things, and don’t sit back and loaf in their easy chairs. Why, this hall has seen many a caucus, but when before has it seen Mr. Holworthy at one, or President Boynton, or Mr. Kingman, or Mr. Norcross? [*Much laughter, in which even these gentlemen joined.*] Talk about government! How would this town have been governed the past six years if we had waited for these elegant gentlemen to do it — these amytoors? Parson Holworthy cuts lots of ice as a preacher. I ’m not saying nothing again’ him, nor nobody. But I want to

ask him if he thinks it is right modest for him to come here and preach to a crowd of us fellows who have been doing our political duty all these years while he was writing sermons in his study!"

With this, amid a burst of applause from his satellites, Bill Downs took his seat, a satisfied smile showing itself through his stubby red mustache.

Encouraged by this success, Caspar Griffith rose, and at the same instant Elijah also sprung to his feet. President Boynton recognized Elijah, though Griffith had already begun to speak. Instantly it was as if a thousand dogs had broken loose. Howls and hootings, angry and multitudinous as scores of bitter voices could execute them, filled the room, so that Elijah's sturdy utterance was altogether drowned.

Our hero was a debater practised in many a college fray. He had gained more, he often said, from the Adelpian Society than from any single study of his entire course. He was not easily confused, but here was an emergency he had never met before. He had not intended to say a word, but Bill Downs had roused by his impudent sallies all the indignation that was burning within him, and before he knew it he had leaped to his feet.

He waited a minute, and never had minute seemed so long. There was a lull, and he shouted out, "Mr. Chairman, I protest against —," but

the uproar was redoubled. The president's uplifted hand was useless to stem the tide, and his impetuous pounding on the table equally in vain.

Then there came to Elijah a sudden inspiration.

At the back of the platform was a large blackboard. He could see the chalk lying ready. He sprung upon the rostrum, and, seizing a piece of chalk, began to write in a bold, plain hand:—

“Thank you. I can make a better speech this way than any other.”

The noise was no less, but greater, for now it was mingled with the applause of his friends.

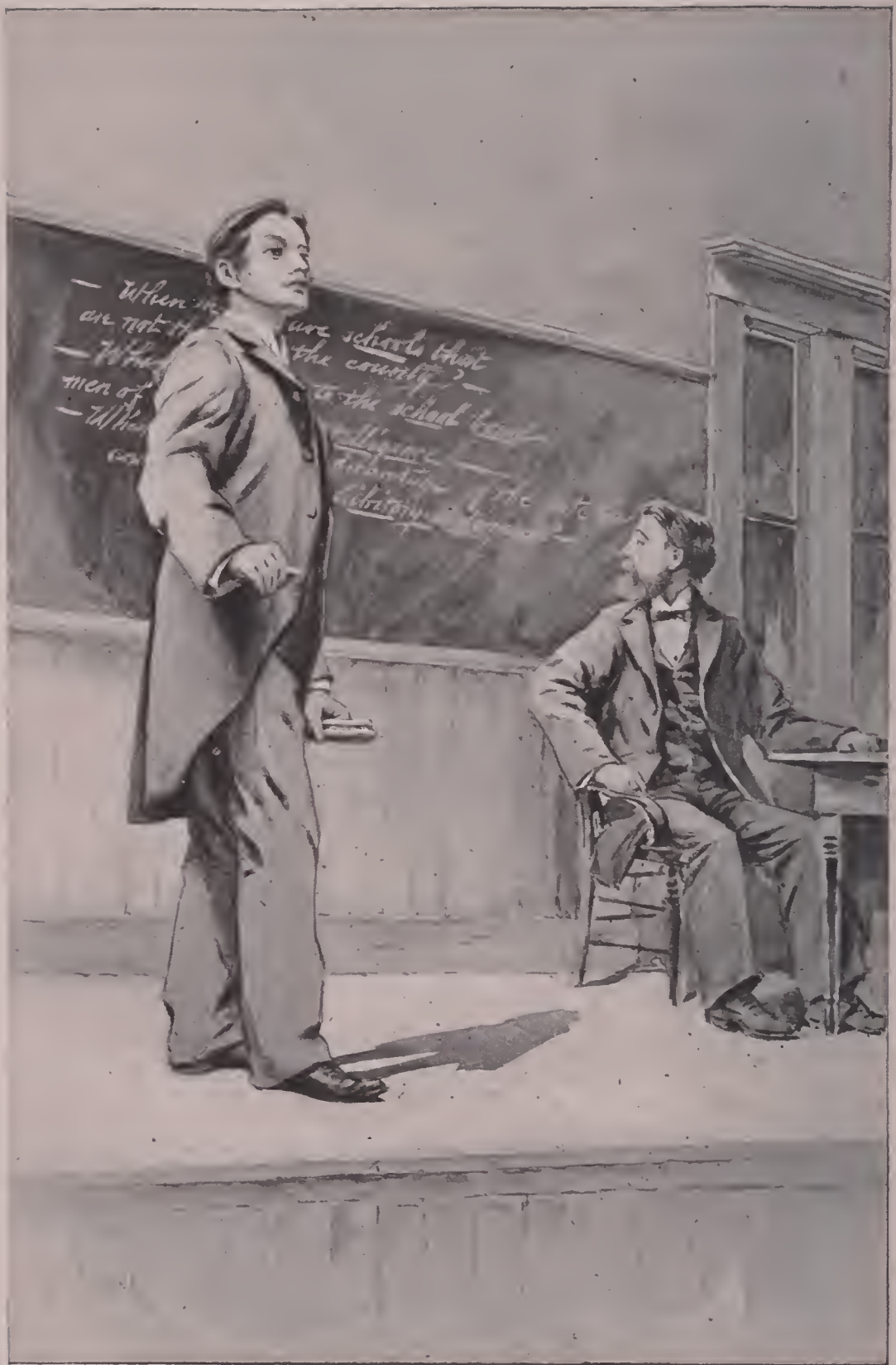
“It is a weak cause,” wrote Elijah, “that will not stand up to a fair debate.”

Then, while the spectators were digesting that sentence, he erased the first.

“It is a disgrace that men of character have kept out of politics,” — delighted and surprised yells from the mayor's crowd, — “but it would be a greater disgrace if they should continue to keep out of politics,” Elijah finished it, not so much to their liking.

“When can we have schools that are not the laugh of the county?” the chalk went on.

“When we elect to the school board men of character and intelligence. When can we take advantage of the State law and pass a prohibitory



Elijah makes his mark in chalk.

ordinance?" Elijah's training in paragraph-writing was standing him in good stead. "When we elect a temperance council. When will the property interests of the town be cared for? When men of property take charge of them."

Thus Elijah continued his telling sentences. Nothing holds the mind with such interest as an appeal through the eye, and even Caspar Griffith forgot to shout and stamp his feet in his desire to see what was coming next. Elijah took advantage of a moment of silence to drop his chalk and speak: "This is the first election in which I have been of age to participate, and I think I can say for a good many other young men of this town—," but the tempest of sound began again, and Elijah found it better to stick to his blackboard.

He wrote only a few paragraphs more, however, and then returned to his seat, rejoiced to know that he had sent at least a handful of bullets into the camp of the foes of good government.

With a pleased smile President Boynton took firm hold upon the reins of the caucus. Deprecating further speech-making, in view of the important business in prospect, he called for nominations to the various offices to be filled at the coming election. To count the uplifted hands, he appointed Mr. Kingman and Mr. Crawford. The appointment of the latter was a shrewd move; for he was owner of *The Bee*, and thus his decision

would be respected by the ringleaders of the opposition ; yet he was a man who could at least be depended on to count straight.

The nominations that were made had all, of course, been planned most carefully beforehand. Besides the important office of mayor, two councilmen were to be elected, two members of the school board, and the marshal. For the latter position the friends of good order set forth Anson Garland, a sturdy young tinner, clean of life and brave of heart, who had a good force of assistants, and was willing at some sacrifice to give whatever part of his time was necessary to the duties of marshal for at least one term, that he might do his share toward ushering in the new and better order of things.

Like this young man and Mr. Jarvis, all the other nominations represented self-sacrifice. Professor Allen, of the college, for instance, was placed in nomination for school director, and would accept the post as a public duty, though he knew it meant midnight work for not a few nights of the year. Mr. Jarvis, however, had pleaded with eloquence the cause he now had so much at heart, and all had been eager to uphold his hands in the coming struggle.

No nominating speeches were made, and so there was no pretext for speeches from the opposition ; but they placed in nomination all the old incum-

bents from Bill Downs to Cal Peters, and each name was greeted with a vigorous cheer.

With unvarying uniformity, however, the vote declared by the tellers showed a majority for reform, and the mayor's forces were becoming depressed. Seeing this, as the nominations were nearly at an end, Caspar Griffith collected his energies for a great effort.

"Mr. Chairman!" he shouted, "this is not a free caucus. The citizens—the solid granite masses of the people—are ground down by organized capital. Yes, sir!" and Griffith grew more confident as he proceeded; "the presence of every storekeeper here, what does it mean? What is it but a threat that their clerks and their draymen and the men that owe them for a little bill of goods must vote just as they say? Fellow citizens, has it come to this? Are we to be ground down beneath the heels of these multi-multi-pluti—"—Griffith wanted to say "plutocrats," but could not think of the word,— "of these pocket-book politicians? No! no!" The editor's remarks were buoyed up on a wave of applause. "We are in a slight minority here. Never mind. Don't you fret. We can count on twice as many votes as are needed to re-elect Mayor Downs and the entire ticket. I issue a call for another caucus. It will be held straight off in the office of *The Bee*. Come along, boys, and let 's leave the"—

he had thought of the word — “the plutocrats to their scheming.”

And with a jumble of mocking outcries, the discomfited following of Mayor Downs clattered and shuffled out of the room, to organize by themselves an opposition campaign.

“The fight is on!” muttered Elijah to himself.

CHAPTER XII.

A MATTER OF LIFE OR DEATH.

BUT we must not forget our Christian citizenship committee. Their first work, the canvass for the citizens' caucus, was so abundantly successful that their zeal was fired for new labors. They invited the other young people's societies of the town to join them, and their invitation was accepted. A time was set for the first meeting to study the problems of citizenship, and a speaker was found. He was the superintendent of the Danford schools, Mr. Hosmer, an excellent teacher, who was soon to leave to take charge of the more important schools of Milton. It was his place that Elijah aspired to fill.

Before an interested company of young folks — with some older persons who had asked the privilege of attending — Superintendent Hosmer gave a full account of the public-school system of the State, from the State commissioner of education down to the directors of the smallest districts. He told how the money was obtained for the support of the schools, and how the teachers were paid ;

what were the themes of the teachers' examinations, by whom they were conducted, and what sorts of questions were asked. He told about the grades of certificates that were given, and on what terms each was to be obtained; about the system of superintendence of the schools, the teachers' institutes, the choice of text-books, the laws regarding the use of the Bible in the schools, the laws regarding discipline; in fine, he brought forth for their information a vast store of facts that were perfectly familiar to him but for the most part entirely new to his audience.

The Endeavorers in the mean time were taking notes, and when the time for questions came they were poured upon the speaker in bewildering numbers. "How does it happen that so many incompetent teachers get into the public schools?" was one query of much importance, and a long discussion followed, first as to the fact and then as to the remedy. "Why are not female teachers paid as much as men?" "Why are the text-books changed so often?" "What do you think of the plan of furnishing text-books by the town?" "How far is temperance instruction carried on?" "Why is it that so many young people take up teaching for a few years only, and so few make it a life-work?" Those are samples of the questions asked.

Indeed, so many were the queries, and so im-

portant were the subjects they developed, that Superintendent Hosmer suggested that the most interesting of these matters be referred to committees for investigation and for report at later meetings, and his wise suggestion was carried out.

On the whole, the Endeavorers felt that seldom had they passed so profitable an evening. They went away feeling that on one important branch of a citizen's knowledge they were at least beginning to be informed, and they looked forward eagerly to their next meeting, at which Mrs. Barton was to talk about temperance laws, and the saloon question in general.

Not waiting for that meeting, however, this active Christian citizenship committee set themselves to some practical temperance service under the leadership of the Danford Woman's Christian Temperance Union. The State in which Danford is situated was one of the first to adopt a law giving local option to towns. This was a new law, and no one outside the small circle of temperance workers seemed to know or care much about it. At any rate, Mayor Downs and his attendant worthies had evidently no thought of moving in the matter. But the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, stirred to hopeful action by the new civic impulse in Danford, proposed to set them to thinking.

The plan was to petition the council to bring

the prohibition of saloons for vote before the people at the next election. The circulation of this petition was undertaken by our Christian citizenship committee and their friends. It was Florence Tone who, in her deep sympathy for Mrs. Mason and Alice, had suggested the work to the committee, for Florence was an ardent worker in the W. C. T. U., the "Y's" not yet having reached Danford. Ben Jarvis was glad to put his committee to that service, "especially if they might go out two by two, as in the apostolic age — and he would accompany Miss Tone." But Miss Tone vetoed the latter notion.

This petition having received scores of weighty signatures, lo, a momentous assembly at the next meeting of the town council. The mayor had been notified, but still he was greatly astonished when about thirty of the principal citizens of the place walked into the dingy little room that served as council-chamber of the municipality. Usually the council had it all to themselves, and lounged at ease around the smoky stove, telling foggy stories by the light of an equally foggy coal-oil lamp. Bill Malony, or Hans Doppelheimer, or Cal Peters, or Ned Record, might drop in to pass the time of day and add a gossipy yarn; and indeed those worthies, with a few of their sort, were present on this occasion, but they were quite lost in the flood of respectability.

Mayor Downs speedily brought his chair to its four legs, and awkwardly rose. He did not know what to say, but Mr. Jarvis addressed him cordially: "Good-evening, your honor, and gentlemen of the council. We are here with our petition, which we will present when you are ready for it."

The mayor perceived that Bill Malony and his friends, with the council, were occupying the few chairs in the room, and wondered whether he should offer the ladies his own. But where would be his dignity without a chair? So he thought better of it; and as for the others, the problem did not trouble them at all.

Caspar Griffith leered impudently at Elijah, and Hans Doppelheimer burst out in a loud guffaw as Bill Malony, under his breath, proposed that they treat the newcomers to lemonade.

There was an awkward silence, which was broken by Mayor Downs.

"I s'pose our reg'lar business can be postponed while we listen to the petition. The clerk will read it."

The town clerk was poor old Ebenezer Hawk, kept in his position as a graceful tribute to gray hairs and inoffensiveness. His hand trembled with excitement, and his voice quivered as he felt his way through the document handed him, stumbling fearfully over the longer words, for Ebene-

zer's education had consisted chiefly in the art of setting traps and smoking strong tobacco.

This painful operation being concluded to everybody's manifest relief, Bill Downs remarked,

"Now I s'pose you folks has speeches to make."

At this gracious intimation Mrs. Barton, the president of the W. C. T. U., stepped forward, and with practised eloquence — for she had addressed many a temperance rally throughout the State — she pleaded the cause of a pure life. Even Hans Doppelheimer listened intently. Even Bill Malony wore a serious face as that large-hearted woman of wide and deep experience told over again the old, old story of the pitiful havoc, the terrible ruin, wrought by rum. "And all we ask of you, gentlemen," said she in conclusion, "is that you give the people a chance to vote on the question. Surely, if the saloon is a good thing, it is not afraid of public discussion."

During the latter parts of Mrs. Barton's address, Bill Malony had been engaged in an earnest whispered conversation with Cal Peters and Caspar Griffith. Doubtless it was a result of this that the last-mentioned, as soon as the temperance plea was ended, stepped briskly forward, and said,

"Y' honor, before the council act on this petition, ain't you going to give the other side a show?"

"Why, of course," replied the mayor, greatly

relieved to have it suggested to him what he might do at this awkward juncture. "If Mr. Malony, or Mr. Doppelheimer, or any other gentleman of their occupation are here to-night, they may speak *per contra*." That was the only Latin Bill Downs knew, and he held it quite as good as a legal education.

The two saloon-keepers indicated shuffled uneasily, and pointed to Caspar Griffith with their thumbs.

"Being modest and retiring citizens," said the editor of *The Bee*, "they have asked me to act as their representative on this occasion. That, gentlemen, I will gladly do. For I believe, gentlemen, in personal liberty. Every man has enough to do to reg'late his own conscience. If everybody 'd mind their own business, all the business 'd get minded. 'Nd, furthermore, I ask you gentlemen whether this town can afford to lose the eight hundred dollars a year which we receive from liquor licenses? 'Nd I ask you 'f this town can afford to lose the trade we 'd lose if we closed up the saloons? For the farmers would n't deal no longer with our stores. They 'd go where they could get their nat'ral stimulus, and do their trading where their personal liberty would n't be interfered with. 'Nd taxes 'd be raised, and these very people who are here with their high-flown petition would be the first to howl. I ain't no

theoretical. I 'm plain right down 'nd practical. 'F you shut up the saloons, y' ain't going to stop the liquor-selling. No, sir. 'F men want their drink, they 're going to *get* it, an' don't you forget it. *We* might 's, well have the profit as well 's the neighboring towns. A straight-out, licensed, look-you-in-the-face saloon 's a million times better 'n a speak-easy. Why, you could n't do a more demoralizing thing for this town, gentlemen, than for to set up those low-lived, sneaking, kitchen bar-rooms in place of our respectable, quiet, law-abiding places of refreshment under the eye of our efficient marshal and under the due supervision of the law."

Here, feeling that he had come to a proper oratorical climax, Caspar Griffith sat down, while Bill and Hans slapped him on the knee and all their cronies nodded their heads approvingly.

Mayor Downs saw a chance for a *coup d'état*.

"Now, as both sides have had their say," he remarked hastily, "I don't see the use of no further palaver. I agree with Mr. Griffith. All of you as agrees with me and votes against this petition hold up your hands."

Up went the hands of four out of the six councilmen.

"Contrary minded —," began the mayor exultingly, when a woman's voice broke in. It was Mrs. Mason.

“O Mr. Downs,” she cried. “O gentlemen, don’t! don’t! Listen to a mother pleading for her boy. Hear me just a minute, just a minute, for the love of God. I did n’t come here to say a word. There are many here who can speak better than I. But oh, they have n’t a boy going the downward way! Men, you know my boy, my Teddy. You have watched him grow up. You saw him when he was a baby, an innocent baby, O so beautiful! and when he was a pure-faced little lad just going to school; and you know when his father died, and how he was left to be the stay of my home, and how many prayers went up to heaven for his dear sake. And O men,” — and such a horror seized her voice that all the listeners shuddered, — “do you know how he came home to me the other day, home to me from one of these respectable saloons, these profitable saloons, these law-abiding saloons, that would n’t sell to minors for the world? He was — ah God! I cannot say the word. The drink has ruined his mind. He has no care for books. He has no more ambition. He has — he has — I fear he has no more love for me. O, it is killing me, men. What are a few hundred dollars in license money compared to the thousands of dollars wasted on this poison? And what is all the money in all the world compared to my boy? O men, I plead with you. You have boys, some of you. The

curse may enter your home some day, as it has entered mine. I implore you, grant this petition. For the love of God, gentlemen; for the love of God."

The poor woman's voice choked, the tears ran down her face, and she broke into those low sobs that speak more loudly of bitter woe than the wildest wailing.

"I can't stand this, Bill," said Councilman Gracy, wiping his eyes. "Count my vote on the other side."

"God bless you," said Mrs. Barton fervently; and she looked eagerly at the other councilmen who had voted against the petition; but their faces were stolid and unmoved.

Mr. Jarvis, and the others who were to speak, thought it useless to utter a word after that appeal from a mother.

Mayor Downs broke the silence harshly.

"An' all you in favor of the petition may raise your hands. Three, eh? It's a tie, then, and I cast the deciding vote. I cast it —," here he hesitated, but only for a minute. Catching Caspar Griffith's sarcastic eye, he finished boldly — "I cast it against the petition."

CHAPTER XIII.

ELIJAH INTERVIEWS THE SCHOOL BOARD.

OF course, even in the midst of these more exciting matters, Elijah could not neglect *The Danford Citizen*. To say nothing of the job department, which kept him and P. T. constantly busy, our young journalist spent more and more thought and pains upon his news paragraphs, as he came to see more clearly what a mighty power for good he could exercise through them.

In a small town every item in the weekly paper receives a prodigious amount of attention. No point made is lost, no allusion is allowed to go without full investigation. A preacher for righteousness finds here a most influential pulpit. So also does an advocate of sin.

Elijah did not "preach" in the cant sense of the word. He remembered always that it makes no difference what a man writes, if it is not read. Therefore he sought first of all to be bright and attractive, and then to put into his brightness something helpful and stimulating.

Not a few persons were always ready to assist Elijah in his laudable endeavors. One of the most willing of these was Hiram Smith, the town poet I have already mentioned. Quite regularly once a week Hiram's lank form would appear in the doorway of the little office, and he would step hesitatingly to Elijah's desk, and stammer out, with all the confidence he could muster: "Here's a leetle somepin I've jest scribbled off. You may use it fer nothin' 'f you want to. I have n't saw my last one yet."

"No. I am sorry, Mr. Smith," Elijah would say, "but it was n't quite available."

"Too long? Well, this one is shorter. I left out several stanzys. You can fix the meters 'f you want to. Good-by."

And then Elijah would carefully lay away, in the drawer of curiosities that every editor keeps full, some such poem as the following:—

ODD ON ETERNITY.

O Thou Cow which standing art
 in my nabur Jones barnyard
 You give yure milk to those you love
 and hast one Horn pointing up above
 Into eternity.

O Thou Rooster which standing art
 In my nabur Jones barnyard
 you grub up worms for those you love
 And hast a Comb sticking up above
 into Eternity.

O thou hen which standing Art
In my nabur Jones barnyard
You lay Eggs for those you love
and sends a cackel up above
Into eternity.

There was much more of this poem, and, indeed, there seemed to be no reason why the poem should not go on as long as the eternity it celebrated.

From this barnyard genius and from many other aspects of his work Elijah got lots of fun, he was aware that the steady practice was limbering his pen to skilful power, he rejoiced in the good he knew his work was accomplishing ; but once in a while his father would quizzically ask him, "Well, Elijah, what are you getting out of this?" and our editor could only reply that, so far as money was concerned, he was getting absolutely nothing. Mr. Hackerman permitted him to retain enough of the receipts from subscriptions and the job office to "keep" P. T., and that was all. "The concern is n't on a payin' basis yet," he would reply to Elijah's hints. "But don't you worry. We 'll do well by you yet. Just stick to the ship a while longer and we 'll do the handsome. Yes, we will. Dead sure."

Therefore it was that Elijah's thoughts were often forced to the question of his future livelihood, and to the much desired superintendency of the Danford schools. Before graduation, as soon as he learned that Superintendent Hosmer was to

leave, he had seen the three members of the village school board and obtained from each of them a cordial promise of the place. Now, as the end of summer was not far distant, he set out one morning to push his claims, if possible, to the point of settlement.

The first upon whom Elijah called was old Peter Johnson, a wealthy paper manufacturer who had retired from his business upon a large income, and who had been placed upon the school board for the single and sufficient reason that "he had time enough to attend to it." Elijah found him in an elegantly furnished smoking-room, whose air was thick with the fumes of stale tobacco.

"Thought you 'd give up your notion of teaching school," was Mr. Johnson's response when Elijah unfolded his errand. "Thought you 'd made up your mind you 'd rather run the town."

"Why, sir, if you mean my work on *The Citizen*, it is not paying work, — from a money point of view, — and I have never thought of giving up my application for the superintendency."

"Paying? Naw; I sh'd think not. It never pays to stick yer nose into other people's business, young feller. I don't mean your nonsensical scribbling, though *that* 's not called for, as I take it; but you 're too perky with the chalk to suit *me*, even if you *do* want to be a schoolmaster, an' so I tell you."

A flood of light broke in upon Elijah. It was his luckless sentence about the intelligent school board written on the blackboard at the caucus. In the excitement of the moment he had not stopped to pick out politic phrases, but had written what was honestly in his heart. And now had he spoiled his worldly chances by it?

“Nice example *you* ’d be for the children, teaching them to ridicule the elected authorities of the city!” Mr. Johnson continued, getting up from his leather-covered chair and glowering down on Elijah. “You! a mere boy! The imp’dence of it! Why, I have hired more school-teachers ’n you could shake a stick at, and they ain’t none of ’em dared to use sech language of the school board. An’ if you dare to use it while you ’re jest a cand’date, heaven only knows what sass you ’d give us after you were elected. No, sir! You can jest make up your mind to do without my vote, an’ come down off yer high horse for the future. Barney, show this fellow out.”

Hot with indignation, Elijah went next to the second member of the school board, Anthony Tipton, the barber. This Mr. Tipton was a man in middle life, who thought himself the village oracle. He was the possessor of a large vocabulary, gained by the diligent study of Webster’s Unabridged while waiting for customers. By virtue of this vocabulary he held himself to be vastly learned.

Anthony Tipton had been very gracious to Elijah in his previous interview, so that our hero approached him with considerable confidence.

“As soon as you are through shaving Mr. Gleason,” said Elijah, “may I talk with you about that school matter, Mr. Tipton?”

“You may talk *ex tempore*,” answered the barber, scowling at Elijah and flourishing his razor. “I have nothing clandestine to colloquize about.”

“Well, sir, it is getting near time, I suppose, for the election of the school superintendent to take Mr. Hosmer’s place.”

“We can differentiate the suitable opportunity for that suffrage ourselves, thank you, Mr. Elijah Tone.”

“Certainly, sir. I don’t want to hurry the board. But naturally I should like to know what my chances are.”

“Your chances?” burst out the barber, swabbing Mr. Gleason viciously with the lather-brush, “your chances? Who the canopy told you you had any?” In his wrath he forgot his vocabulary.

“Why, you, sir. When I spoke to you about it last spring, you encouraged me to send in an application, and I did so.”

“That was before your exposition of consummate conceit. You’d like a more intelligent school board, eh?” and his razor narrowly escaped Mr.

Gleason's left ear. "Maybe you 'd like to put the school board in your primary department, eh? You 're an unsophisticated ichthyosaurus, sir. That 's what you are."

"Say, Tipton, ouch!" cried the long-suffering Gleason. "You cut me then, I know you did."

"Clear out!" the barber fiercely exclaimed; and Elijah lost no time in obeying.

The third and last member of the school board was Jacob Grundheim, the druggist. With a majority already against him, Elijah hesitated to expose himself to a fresh rebuff, but thought it well to leave no stone unturned. Besides, the genial German had always been his friend, and he had heard that Mr. Grundheim had declared him to be "the most shmartest young feller dot Danford hat effer ausgeturned."

Jacob Grundheim was found in the little store-room back of his drug-store, cutting panes of glass.

"Unt vot can I do for you a'retty?" he inquired gruffly, scarcely looking up, and with his pencil in his mouth.

"I have come to see about the school superintendency, Mr. Grundheim. You know I applied for the position that Mr. Hosmer will vacate. Have I any chance?"

"You!" and the druggist removed his pencil that he might better express his scorn. "Vy, vot oxpeerience haf you hat?"

“Why, of course you know, Mr. Grundheim, that I left college one year and taught district school, and my labors were satisfactory, I think. You may ask the directors. It was the Blue Creek district.”

“Unt your verk there vas *nod* sateesfactory, Mishter Tone. I vas asking, it was only to-day morgen, Bill Rundel, der fader of one of your poys, unt Bill says you vip him almost det. Unt, pe-sides, you haf not effer peen superintendent any-veres, eh?”

“No, sir, but every teacher must begin somewhere.”

“Den you ’d petter begin vere you haf a school poard *dot is n’t all know-noddings*, eh? Goot-morgen, Mishter Tone.” And the irate German bore down so hard upon his diamond that the glass was splintered, and he threw it angrily into a barrel standing near.

“Goot-morgen, I say. Vy don’t you go? It vas too pad to vaste your dime on a know-nodding like I vas.”

CHAPTER XIV.

IN WHICH SEVERAL DISCOVERIES ARE MADE.

CRAWFORD and Crane were the real-estate dealers of Danford. They were also the Danford insurance men, — fire, life, and accident. They extended their operations over the entire county, and so they managed to make a great deal of money.

Now Mr. Crawford was the proprietor of *The Bee*, but, nevertheless, Mr. Crane patronized *The Citizen* for all his private printing. He did it partly to spite his partner, and partly because *The Citizen* office did better work. Thus it chanced that one day P. T. called at the office of Crawford and Crane to deliver a package of visiting-cards for the junior member of the firm.

No one was visible but the office boy, who sat tipped back in his chair reading *The Bee*.

“You will find Mr. Crane in there,” that functionary vouchsafed, indicating with his thumb a door at the back of the room.

As P. T. opened this door, he heard the office boy behind him. A rough push sent him tum-

bling forward, the door was flung to and locked, and a mocking laugh was heard outside. P. T. was a prisoner.

The little hunchback found himself in absolute darkness, save that a thin ray of light came through the keyhole. Groping around, P. T. found himself to be in the narrowest of quarters, a closet, rendered still more circumscribed by shelves full of books and packages of papers.

“Let me out!” cried P. T., beating on the door.

The only answer was a chuckle from the office boy.

“That ’s what you get for sticking your nose into *The Bee* office. Did n’t you know Mr. Crawford owned *The Bee*?”

“Let me out or I ’ll tell Mr. Crane, and he ’ll discharge you.”

“Huh! Mr. Crane is n’t within fifty miles of here.”

“Well, Mr. Crawford, then. He ’d never permit such doings,” shouted P. T., whose temper was thoroughly aroused.

“Mr. Crawford ’s gone to Milton, and won’t be back till night; so rest easy, honey. *The Bee* ’s got you now. Just look out, or you ’ll get stung. Stop your yelling, honey.” And the office boy chuckled again over the metaphor he had discovered.

P. T. saw that expostulation was useless. He sat down on the floor and began to think.

Taking a bunch of keys from his pocket, he tried one in the door ; but the key from the other side prevented the insertion of his. He tried with his knife-blade to push back the lock, but he broke the blade off short.

These efforts made a noise, and, indeed, P. T. took no pains to be quiet. Suddenly, as the hunchback was bending over, working more cautiously with the remaining knife-blade, a stream of some liquid struck him full in the face and wet his shirt and coat. It was black ink, which the office boy had skilfully squirted through the keyhole, noiselessly removing the key for that purpose.

P. T. guessed what it was, though he could not see, and fairly howled with rage. He flung himself against the door and kicked it in his passion.

“ Let me out this minute, you rascal ! Let me out this minute, or you 'll pay for it ! ”

There was a sound as of gleeful dancing without.

“ O my ! ” cried the office boy, “ if this is n't fun ! I 'd give a nickel to see you now, my beauty ! But you must just stay in there till it dries on. ”

That would not be long, for in the closet it was fearfully hot and stifling. P. T. was all the hotter with his exertions and his wrath. Nevertheless,

he continued to beat upon the door and to shout, though conscious that his muffled outcry could not be heard, probably, beyond the office.

Suddenly the poor boy's head began to whirl. A chill struck his hot face. He grew sick and faint, and then for a time he knew nothing more.

Mr. Crawford's office boy grinned when he perceived how quiet the closet had become. "Found it 's no use, honey!" he remarked. "Might as well get sweet, you know, first as last." And he whistled to himself as he tipped back once more in his chair and took up the newspaper.

Just at that minute Mr. Crawford entered with Caspar Griffith.

Down came the office boy's chair-legs, and down went his heart.

"W-w-why, sir, I thought you went to Milton," he stammered.

"Well, you see I did n't," answered Mr. Crawford shortly. He was a stout, big-whiskered man, and owned the temper that went with the whiskers. "Have you taken Mr. Cole that release of mortgage yet?" asked Mr. Crawford, snappishly.

"Not yet, sir," replied the meek office boy. "You told me to mind the office."

"Well, I tell you now to take that paper to Mr. Cole; so be quick about it."

The reluctant boy obeyed, casting a frightened glance at the closet door.

“Now, Griffith,” said Mr. Crawford, as soon as the office boy was out of hearing, “we might as well come to an understanding. Your interest has been due for more than a year. You have been making one excuse after another, but I have let it go on as long as I am going to. What becomes of the money you make on *The Bee* I cannot comprehend, unless — which I more than suspect — you have taken to gambling.”

“You get your receipts from *The Bee* right along,” grumbled Griffith.

“Yes, but your share of them is plenty large enough to have paid up that note twenty times over if you had a mind to, instead of letting it go on this way. I tell you I won’t stand it, Caspar Griffith.”

“Won’t stand it, eh? What are you going to do about it?” insolently replied Mr. Crawford’s subordinate.

“I ’ll show you, sir. I propose to turn you out of the office and run you out of the town,” answered the proprietor of *The Bee*, in a rage at Griffith’s coolness.

“O ho! you do, eh? Well now, do you know, I think you ’d better go slow, Mr. Crawford. I do, indeed. I know too many of your secrets. It would n’t be quite healthy for you to turn me off, Mr. Crawford. No, it would n’t, sir.”

“I ’m not afraid of you and your secrets.”

“Well, you ’d better be.”

“I ’m not. And what is more, I give you notice right here and now ; if you don’t pay me that interest by to-morrow morning, you may pack up and go. I ’ll find another editor, and I won’t have to look far to find one, either.”

Caspar Griffith almost shouted his reply. “Is this your gratitude, Mark Crawford? I ’ve been doing your dirty jobs now for ten years. I ’ve fairly run my hands into the handcuffs fifty times for you. And this is all I get for it! You know what risks I ran when I hauled that beastly little hunchback off into the glen. And when I stacked their printing-office. Yes, and when I set fire to it, and got in smelling range of the penitentiary. And now what do I get for it?”

“*You* did those things,” said Mr. Crawford coldly ; “*I* did n’t.”

“And I suppose you will say you did n’t tell me to do them, too?”

“I certainly will.”

“Well, now, if that is n’t too much !” and Caspar Griffith uttered a horrid string of oaths. “*You did n’t tell me to?* Well, you did n’t tell me *not* to. You knew just what was going to be done. You chuckled at it. You slapped me on the knee. You called me ‘fine fellow,’ and all that. And now, —” the blasphemy with which Griffith rounded out his sentence was cut short by a queer muffled call.

“Let me out!”

“What’s that?” said the startled pair together.

Then came a pounding, and another muffled cry,

“Let me out, I say.”

“It’s over there,” said Griffith, staring vaguely.

“It comes from the closet,” said Mr. Crawford.

He strode across the room, picked up the key and unlocked the closet door, opened it, and out tumbled the little hunchback.

CHAPTER XV.

CASPAR GRIFFITH IS WANTED.

HE was a pitiful, and yet ridiculous, figure, the little hunchback. His face was very white, and splashed all over with black ink, which his perspiration had caused to run in irregular lines down to his chin. His shirt also was covered with black spots, and his coat was plentifully besprinkled. He tried to stand, but tottered and fell in a heap against the wall.

“Why, what in the world —,” began Mr. Crawford.

“It ’s Elijah Tone’s brat,” interrupted Griffith. “I wonder how much he heard.”

Mr. Crawford looked at his editor sharply. “You are not so bold as you were a minute ago,” he sneered. Then he shook P. T. roughly by the arm. “Come, young feller! wake up! what ’s the matter with ye?”

P. T.’s head hung limp, and his eyes were half closed, but at this command he opened them slowly and stupidly.

“He did n’t hear anything. Don’t you worry,”

said Mr. Crawford to Griffith, evidently relieved at the discovery.

The editor of *The Bee* kicked the hunchback as he lay on the floor. "Get up, you brat! Get out of this!"

The big brown eyes flew open in an instant. "Don't you dare do that again, Caspar Griffith!" P. T. fairly shouted. "Don't you dare do that again!"

The cruel scoundrel shrank back in dismay. He was not at all sure, now, that "Elijah Tone's brat" had not heard.

"How did you get in there?" asked Mr. Crawford angrily.

But P. T.'s face had returned to its stupid look, and the proprietor of *The Bee* was obliged to repeat his question.

"Your boy put me in," was the reply. "I was bringing a package of printing to Mr. Crane," said P. T., pointing to the package still lying on the closet floor; "and your boy said he was in there, and I thought it was another room, and when I opened the door he pushed me in and locked it, and when I was trying to get out he squirted his dirty ink all over me."

P. T.'s voice gained strength as he went on, and fire came to his eyes. Again Griffith trembled for what the hunchback might have heard.

"Why did n't you tell us that you were here long ago?" he asked suspiciously.

“I think I must have fainted away in there,” said the dwarf simply; “it was so hot, and I got so faint, someway, with trying to get out, and I am not very strong, anyway, nowadays,” this last with a look so stern in spite of the ink splashes that both the rascals before him were made uneasy by it.

“And now,” said P. T., lifting himself slowly from the floor, “I guess I will go, seein’ you was kind enough to let me out.”

“We have got to keep him,” whispered Caspar excitedly.

“Why, you fool?” was Crawford’s rough answer.

“Why, because — because —.”

But P. T. was already gone.

Until he reached the corner the dwarf walked slowly enough, but then, turning down it, he began to run. He ran all the way to *The Citizen* office, and burst in upon Elijah while he was in close consultation with three persons who were all deeply interested in the coming election, — Mr. Jarvis, Mr. Holworthy, and President Boynton. It was to this notable audience that he told his tale.

“And then when I come to a little,” said P. T., near the conclusion of his recital, “I heard voices kinder distant-like, and it come to me all of a sudden that they was talking about me and you. So, though I felt awful shaky, I listened with all my

might. And I heard Caspar Griffith tell Mr. Crawford that he was the one who set your office afire, and beat me in the glen, and stacked the office in the first place. And he was quarrelling with Mr. Crawford about something, and he —."

"Did Mr. Crawford know about Griffith's doings? Was he an accomplice?" interrupted Mr. Jarvis, his brows knit.

"He knew all about it, sir. Griffith told him he did, and he did n't deny it, and Griffith threatened him, and he defied him, for he said he had n't done nothing."

This statement, in spite of its confusion of *he's* and *him's*, was clear enough to P. T.'s audience.

"I don't suppose we have a hold on Mr. Crawford," said Elijah slowly, "but as for Caspar Griffith, gentlemen, should n't you think this the time to act, and act quickly? You know what his villany has been, and what his influence is in this town."

"His punishment would be a salutary lesson to a great many others," put in Mr. Holworthy.

"Not a minute ought to be lost," added Mr. Jarvis. "You remember our experience in that saloon affair. Come, gentlemen, let us take P. T. with us and go at once."

"Go where?"

"To do what?"

"In my opinion, we should go at once in a body

to Marshal Peters and compel him to make the arrest."

"I 'd like to see you compel Cal Peters to do something he does n't want to do," objected Mr. Holworthy.

"There are ways," answered Mr. Jarvis. "Let us not waste another instant. Come on," and he hurried out, followed by all the others.

For a wonder Cal Peters was found in his little fruit-store, lying at full length on a rough bench that occupied one side of the room. He held a half-eaten banana in his hand, and it was half-way to his mouth when Elijah stepped up to him.

"Howdy," he murmured, lazily taking a mouthful of the fruit. "What, you, too, Mr. Jarvis?" and he swallowed the mouthful suddenly. "And you, too, Mr. Holworthy?" and he threw down his long legs and sat up. "And you, Dr. Boynton?" and he threw away the half-eaten banana. "Wh-wh-why, what do all you gents want?"

"We want you," said Mr. Jarvis, "to make an arrest."

"Certainly, gents, certainly. That 's my business, gents, an' I 'tends to my business." Peters rubbed his hands smoothly together.

"And the arrest must be made right away— as quick as we can walk three squares," added Mr. Jarvis.

"Certainly, gents, certainly," replied the mar-

shal deliberately. "Certainly, that is, unless they's some legal imped'ment. Some legal imped'ment," he repeated to himself.

"And the man you are to arrest," continued Mr. Jarvis, "is Caspar Griffith."

"Caspar Griffith! O come now, Mr. Jarvis, you know I am always ready to do my duty. I am the city marshal, and consequently —," and here Peters settled himself down for a long argument, his hands in his pockets, one leg thrown easily over the other; "consequently it is my duty to look on both sides of a case an' be *judicial*. Yes, of course. I must be *judicial*."

"Marshal Peters," and President Boynton's deep bass broke in sternly, "we are four citizens of Danford whose word should warrant you in making any arrest at our request, and we tell you that we have positive evidence that this Caspar Griffith has once made burglarious entry into an office in this town, once committed a serious assault, and is guilty, moreover, of the felony of arson."

"O, but, gentlemen, it is easy to make charges. Those things hain't been proved again' him. Why, Mr. Griffith is one of our leadin' cit'zens, the editor of our city paper. Why, it's a ser'ous thing to arrest such a man, a man with such influence as he's got. Why, we had ought to be *judicial*, gentlemen."

"Calvin Peters," put in Mr. Holworthy, "if

these charges are not true, it will be a serious thing for us that make them. But if they *are* true, — and we have positive evidence, remember, — then it will be a tremendously serious thing for *you*, if you refuse to make this arrest. It will land you in the prison from which you are trying to shield Griffith.”

“*Gentlemen!*” protested Peters, uncrossing his legs, his face at once becoming anxious. “*Gentlemen*, I don’t refuse nothing. Don’t understand me to say as how I don’t refuse nothing. And of course, if you have the evidence—,” and he stopped, lost in meditation.

Mr. Jarvis seized the marshal by the arm. His grip was the grip of steel. “Mr. Peters,” said he, “you will come with us and make this arrest, and you will do it without further parley, or we shall at once telegraph for the sheriff of the county, and when he comes there will be more arrests than one.”

“You need n’t be so fierce, sir,” whined the marshal, now thoroughly cowed. “Of course I am going to make the arrest, only you are in such a tarnal hurry. Let me get my pistol first, though. This Griffith is a dangerous character. And I must go and tell my wife to come and mind the store.”

“No, sir,” replied Mr. Jarvis sharply. “You don’t need a pistol if Griffith is the respectable

citizen you just made him out to be, and the store can take care of itself for a few minutes. Or, if you want to tell your wife, we go along with you. You are not going to play us such a trick as you played the other day."

"Well, if I must, then, I suppose I must," said the doughty village officer, "and the consequences be upon your own heads." With that he slouched to the door, Mr. Jarvis and Elijah keeping close by his side, and the others following.

They went first to the office of *The Bee*, as that was nearest. They made inquiry of the inky press-boy. Griffith was not there. Neither was Ned Record.

They hastened to Mr. Crawford's office. That gentleman turned pale at the sight of them.

"No, Caspar Griffith is not here," said he with emphasis. "No, I don't know where he is, and what 's more, I don't care. I have washed my hands of him. I have nothing to do with him," he repeated anxiously. A greatly relieved man was Mr. Crawford when the marshal and his escort passed on.

Next to Griffith's lodgings, which were at some distance. "No," said the landlady, "Mr. Griffith is not here. He came in half an hour ago and went away again —."

"The noon train!" cried Elijah. "He went on the noon train, and Ned Record went with him!"

And this, on investigation, proved to be the fact, nor were either of the precious pair ever seen in Danford again. It is aside from our purpose to follow them in their career of rascality, wretchedness, and final imprisonment.

Three days after this event Ben Jarvis called at the Tones'. Elijah was out, (some way, I half believe Ben ~~knew~~ that Elijah was out!) but he found Florence in the pleasant sitting-room, and Florence was darning stockings.

Now, you young women may think that Florence might have looked prettier if she were crocheting a sky-blue afghan, or painting a red cow on a piece of blue china; but I — and Ben — differ with you. We think — Ben and I — that nothing in the world is quite so dainty and fascinating as a pair of soft, white hands busied over a man's coarse stocking. The bigger the holes, the better. So much the more chance for the white hand to peep through.

Of course Florence did not think of this. She was bent on filling up the yawning gaps as neatly and as speedily as possible, and back and forth her bright needle sped, in and out, in and out, with warp and woof making an intercalary fabric quite as nicely woven as the original itself. O I tell you, girls, if you want to be absolutely irresistible,



Florence was darning stockings.

just throw away your crazy-quilts and go to darning stockings — and forget that you are irresistible, as Florence did.

Now, I am not going to tell you about Ben's conversation. It would not interest you. Such delightful affairs never do interest outsiders, as luckless you and I must count ourselves. Commonplace things enough Ben said, and what Florence said might possibly have been commonplace, were it not for the stockings. But just as Ben rose to go, he bethought him of the great news he had come to tell Elijah — or *thought* he had come to tell Elijah; and it was this:—

“Miss Tone, *The Bee* has a new editor, and you never in the world could guess who.”

“Has Mr. Crawford made his choice? Who is it, pray?”

“It is Mayor Bill Downs.”

CHAPTER XVI.

A BIT OF DETECTIVE WORK.

ALL this while the work of the Christian citizenship committee was going merrily and profitably on. After the interesting evening spent in discussing the public-school system came many other interesting evenings, each devoted to some important phase of the life of the town and the State. At one meeting, for instance, the streets furnished the topic. The head of the Milton street department was obtained for this evening, and all the young people's societies of Danford, with a large number of older people, gathered to hear him.

He brought with him a stereopticon, and threw upon a screen some instructive pictures. There were views, in the first place, of some of the magnificent roads of England, Switzerland, and Norway; then, views showing how these roads were made and kept in repair. Cross-sections of macadamized roads were shown, and the lights were turned up, that the audience might see samples of the different materials used.

Next was exhibited a series of pictures of the

roads of their own country, wagons ploughing along hub-deep in the mud, long ruts stretching out their troublesome and expensive length through frequently used thoroughfares, roads hidden by clouds of dust, roads swimming in puddles, gravel sidewalks pitted deeply all over with the impressions of sinking feet — these were some of the familiar scenes he showed.

In the interesting and valuable discussion that followed, many points were brought out as to the expense attending the better system, the way the Danford roads were paid for, by what system, or lack of system, they were built and maintained, what officers were responsible for their condition, and what steps would need to be taken to bring about a reform. That is merely a sample of the evenings provided by our Christian citizenship committee.

For the fuller study of each problem as it came up, committees of the Endeavorers were detailed, and their reports, presented from time to time, furnished one of the most interesting features of the gatherings. Elijah obtained especially generous space in *The Citizen* for his accounts of these meetings, as they would be of interest, not only to Danford, but also to all the other towns in Mr. Hackerman's Village Press Syndicate.

Nor were the wider aspects of the matter forgotten. Mr. Jarvis selected for the Endeavorers

the best text-book on civics, and they bought a sufficient number of copies for all to have a chance to study it, either singly, or in groups, so that fifteen minutes of each meeting were spent in a brisk recitation upon the chapter read that week. This recitation was wholly made up of short, pointed questions and answers, and was always conducted by Mr. Jarvis himself.

And finally, our Christian citizenship committee, eager to do some practical work for better citizenship, had cast about them and stumbled on — Teddy Mason! Whether poor Teddy would have been thus favored had not his sister been the best friend of Miss Florence Tone and had not Ben Jarvis been chairman of this committee, I leave your own judgment to determine. At any rate, for the best of reasons, though the reasons may have been somewhat mixed, Ben developed an earnest zeal for Teddy's welfare.

I have said that weak-willed young Mason could be led by anybody. The trouble with him hitherto, as with thousands like him, was that the better class of young men had despised him and not taken the trouble to lead him. Satan, however, always finds young men who are ready to take trouble for *him*. It had been so in Teddy's case.

The attention paid Teddy by a young man so popular as Ben Jarvis, a graduate of Yale and the

son of a rich and distinguished father, quite turned the young fellow's head. Arm in arm with Ben, he would walk past the grinning and sneering crowd in front of the saloon or the grocery, holding his head in the air and not condescending to look at them.

He became fascinated with the meetings and the plans of the Christian citizenship committee. Teddy was a boy of bright brain, as well as of weak will. Ben found him very ready to join his Christian Endeavor society as an associate member, on condition that he should be placed upon the Christian citizenship committee; and no one was more zealous in that work than the young fellow who had been lifted home a maudlin drunkard only a few weeks before.

Don't think the lad's appetite for liquor speedily passed away. His sister and his mother kept a constant watch upon him, and often sent for Elijah or Ben, begging them to follow him and prevent his entering the saloon. The boy wanted to do right, he loved his mother and sister, but — the saloons were there!

All this is necessary to explain a conversation between Ben and Teddy — a conversation that led to important results. Ben had been racking his brain for some way to give Teddy a little more permanent and fundamental help. At last he thought he had it.

“Teddy,” said he one day, “how would you like to help our committee do a little detective work?”

Teddy’s eyes shone.

“It is important work, and ought to be done, but we cannot stir a step in it without your help.”

Teddy stood up straighter.

“You know Bill Malony’s saloon is playing the mischief with the college boys.”

“I should say it was!” volunteered Teddy. “Why, it ’s open every night until midnight, anyway, — that little room above the saloon, I mean; and drinking and gambling go on there, and some of the tallest rows I have ever seen. Why —,” but Teddy stopped short, and began to be sorry he had said so much.

“I have heard of that, and Elijah tells me that at least half a dozen of the college boys are there pretty regularly.”

“Half a dozen! I should say so! Why, there ’s —,” but again Teddy’s discretion bridled his tongue.

“I don’t care who they are, but oh, Teddy, my heart bleeds for their poor fathers and mothers! And I want you to lead a midnight raid on that establishment.”

“Me?” Teddy had turned pale.

“Yes, you. You see, no one else knows the ropes. We must get in without surprising them. What I want is to get evidence that I can hold

over Bill Malony's head." Ben did n't say that what he wanted most of all was to commit Teddy to his side and anger the saloon-keepers against him.

Well, it required long persuading, but the adventurousness of the project and the responsibility laid upon himself finally won Teddy's consent, and together they went to lay the plan before the other masculine members of the committee.

In this enthusiastic conference only one objection was raised, and that was made by Will Holcomb.

"Would it be legal?" he asked. "Ought we not to get ourselves appointed special police, or deputies, or something, and have power to make arrests?"

"No, indeed," answered Elijah. "Such work is for our regular officers to do, and it is miserable policy for private citizens, instead of compelling their office-holders to do their duty, to do it for them. What I want is to gather sufficient undoubted evidence of Bill Malony's illegal deeds to force our village authorities to take action, or, if they will not move, to urge the town to put them out of office."

"But would it be quite safe?" continued Will; "there are probably some pretty desperate characters at Bill Malony's at midnight."

For answer Elijah stood up straight with all of

his seventy-three inches. "Most of the town-loafers are cowards," he said, "and the life those midnight men lead does not tend to strengthen the muscles. Besides, when we have added James Arnold and Tom Barnaby we shall have the centre rush of the football team, you know, and the catcher of the nine. Altogether, we shall be a match for as many tipsy men as Bill Malony can crowd into that little up-stairs room of his. But I have been thinking of one thing — we ought to have some older person to go along with us to give weight to our testimony when it is published in *The Citizen*; and, fellows, I have a scheme!"

President Boynton was busy at his desk that afternoon, but he looked up with a hearty smile to greet two visitors, — Ben Jarvis, and Tom Barnaby, the catcher. The latter was one of the president's special favorites, being as sturdy in character as in body, and as quick with his brain as with his hands.

"Dr. Boynton," began Ben, "we have come on a rather strange errand. You know there is a pretty bad saloon in town."

"Four bad saloons — they are all bad," corrected the president.

"Yes, sir, but one of them is particularly bad; I mean Bill Malony's. The town ordinance requires saloons to close at ten o'clock, and so does

his — down-stairs ; but he lives in the building, and he has a little room above his saloon which he keeps open all night. Gambling goes on there, as well as drinking and fighting, and, from what I hear, this up-stairs room leads to worse evils than any of these. Now, Dr. Boynton, some of the students of Colestone College go there regularly.”

The president’s face darkened at once. “The poor boys!” murmured he ; and then aloud : “What you say, Jarvis, is no surprise to me. On more nights than one I have watched by that accursed building to try to save some young man from ruin. I could tell you of many a tragedy that has its seat in that upper room.”

“Well, sir, a few of us young men have taken up the duty of being better citizens of Danford, and we are going to make a raid on that place to-night, if you will go with us.”

The president was taken by surprise.

“Why, Jarvis, what could we do? We are not officers.”

“We could use our eyes, and afterwards tell what we saw. The evidence we should collect would be spread abroad, and would manufacture the sentiment we need to carry the election. Besides, we should discover some young men in there whom we might help.”

“And about that, Mr. President,” spoke up

Tom Barnaby ; “about that, just a word. You see, some of us are students now, and some of us have been students, and we don’t any of us want to go into this thing unless you will let this experience go just as a warning to the boys that are found in there. We don’t want to have these fellows say we play the spy on them, you know, and yet we do want to get them out of such a devil’s den as that is.”

Dr. Boynton frowned ; then he laughed.

“I might stand on my dignity, Barnaby,” he replied, “and say that, having asked for my presence, you ought not to lay down conditions, or imply distrust of the wisdom of the faculty ; and yet I think, if I were in your place, I should speak just as you have spoken. I think I can agree to your terms. If I go along, it shall be not as an avenging fury, but just as you go — as a friend. But I am not by any means certain I shall go along. How do you plan to get in ? Don’t you know that saloon is almost as well fortified as a castle ? ”

Then the two young men told the president all of their plans, and won his entire and hearty consent to them. He suggested a few wise changes, they fixed a place of meeting, and Ben and Tom Barnaby hurried away to report their success to the waiting committee.

Rapidly indeed sped the hours, to those excited

young reformers, and it seemed scarcely a minute before the evening came. Elijah's home was the meeting-place of the band, as being the nearest to the objective point. Mr. Tone had entered into the plot with quite as much eagerness as his son, the picture of that journey to the glen still fresh in his memory. He had even half a mind to offer himself as a member of the expedition.

It was half-past ten o'clock when the first of the amateur detectives appeared. Florence hardly recognized Ben in his rough suit of paint-bespattered clothes, a dirty slouch hat pulled down over his face.

A motley company soon filled the parlor, for all the young men had donned the worst-looking clothes they could obtain, to throw the watchers off their guard. Teddy had visited each member of the band that afternoon, and inspected their costume with the eye of a professional detective.

Dr. Boynton was not late, but he was the last arrival; and his attire excited a merry shout, for his Herculean form was robed in some garments that had actually done service, he explained, as a scarecrow in his strawberry patch.

It was the president who proposed that such an expedition as theirs should begin with prayer, and it was his own strong and earnest voice that invoked God's blessing upon their undertaking and upon the young men they were going to meet.

In their hearts, if not with their voices, all his followers added earnest "Amens."

It was fifteen minutes after eleven when the company set forth, eight in all, and with quiet, steady tread marched along the deserted village streets.

CHAPTER XVII.

A PITCHED BATTLE.

OUR party of amateur detectives were upon an errand which even by daylight would have held sufficient excitement, and at this lonely hour abroad, amid these sleeping houses, no wonder their hearts beat high and their breath came quick. They talked in brief whispers, standing together in the darkness just across the street from the suspected saloon.

No ray of light gleamed from its lower windows, but from the closely curtained front of the upper story shone a stray glimmer.

“They are in that right-hand room,” whispered Teddy, with a queer shake in his voice. “We turn to the right, back of the bar, go along a long hallway and up a steep pair of stairs, — look out for bumping your heads, — and go right in by the door at the head of the stairs.”

“And don’t hesitate a second, boys,” said Dr. Boynton. “Just march right on briskly, as if it were Lookout Mountain and you had a redoubt to capture.”

“And keep close together, fellows,” whispered Ben.

“And, by the way,” spoke up the president sharply, “there are no pistols here, I hope?”

“Not one,” answered Elijah; “why should there be?”

But Will Holcomb stammered: “Why, yes, I have one. Why not?”

“Then let me have it,” answered President Boynton. “You might use it, in some excitement, and ruin your whole life. We are on a peaceable errand, boys”; and the president put the weapon carefully away in an inside pocket.

All were familiar with the plan. While five of them remained behind in the dense shadows, Teddy, Tom Barnaby, and James Arnold walked rapidly and boldly across the street, and Teddy knocked on the saloon door, at the same time giving a peculiar whistle. An up-stairs window was raised, and a husky voice asked who was there.

“Teddy Mason and a couple of the boys. Hurry up, Mikey. Come now, stir your pegs.”

The window was softly lowered, and straightway five others were added to the waiting group. There was a fumbling at the lock, a cautious opening of the door, and a tow-headed Irish boy appeared, carrying a kerosene lamp.

His light prevented his seeing distinctly into

the darkness, but he cried in surprise: "Sure, Teddy, ye can't count. There are more than three of ye the night."

"Yes, we 're quite a gang. Go ahead with the lamp, Mikey, there 's a good boy, and show us the way. And step lively, now, for we 're late for the fun."

Elijah and Ben, and the others known to the Irish lad, had pulled their hats well down and stood in the shadow of the college boys. A glance at their rough clothes seemed to satisfy young Mikey, and he turned and led the way up-stairs.

The eight behind him walked quietly, some of them on tiptoe, and it was not until he reached the turn at the top of the narrow stairs that their guide realized what a long row of men he was conducting. The lad's sharp eye fell upon Dr. Boynton's tall form, and a quick glance told him the whole story.

"Dad! Dad!" he screamed, "they 're on us! they 're on us!" and he scampered into a room to the right.

"Don't follow him!" shouted Teddy. "In here!" and he burst open a door that fronted the stairs, his eager band at his heels.

A fierce, loud volley of oaths greeted them, and a rush of men from the little room to oppose their entrance. Against the angry efforts of the quicker of these they forced their way in.

The den was small, foul with tobacco smoke and the smell of whiskey, and it held about a dozen men. Two or three of these were scarcely roused from their drunken stupor by all the outcry, and merely looked around them in a silly way and wagged their heads to and fro.

Two greasy tables were covered with cards, bottles, and coarse glasses. A shelf was well stocked with liquors.

“Dhrive ’em out, boys!” yelled Bill Malony, springing upon James Arnold like a tiger. But he speedily found his arms pinioned to his sides with the vise-like clasp of the young athlete.

At the same moment one of the foremost of those that had rushed up and intercepted the invaders, a man crazed by drink, drew out of his hip-pocket a revolver that glittered in the lamp-light. Elijah quickly snatched it from his hand.

One young fellow, at sight of the president, made a plunge with averted face to get by the intruders and away, without being seen. But Dr. Boynton was too quick for him, and seized him around the neck.

“Why, Edgar Alton!” he exclaimed in great surprise and sorrow; “who would have dreamed of seeing *you* here? My poor boy! how could you?”

A flood of villanous curses from Malony.

“Lemme go! Lemme go, I tell you! What are you doing here in a man’s house without his

permission? You threspaspers! you burglars! you sneaks! I'll take the law on ye, sure 's my name 's Bill Malony."

"This seems to be a public enough place, Malony," answered the president.

"Ye forced yer way in. I was enthertainin' a party o' my friends, and ye forced yerself in. I'll jail ye, iv'ry wan o' ye!" spluttered the irate saloon-keeper, as he struggled in vain to free himself.

"And we will have the law on *you*, Malony," said the president sternly, "for selling liquor after ten o'clock and for keeping a gambling-house." With this he coolly proceeded to fill a small bottle he had brought with him, taking a sample from one of the half-drained glasses. "And here 's ten cents, Malony," he added, "to pay for what I take. It is the first drink I ever bought in my life."

"I am not a-sellin' dhrinks the noight, Mishter Boynton, I'd have you to know. If I choose to treat my friends to a glass or two, whose business is it? And there 's no gambling going on here. Only just a quiet game o' cards."

"It *was* gambling!" burst out Edgar Alton, the student whose escape the president had prevented; "and they have got all the money I had to carry me through this term. O my poor mother!" and the wretched fellow broke down. Throwing himself on a bench, he buried his head in his arm and sobbed hysterically.

“I ’ve got it in for *you*, Jim Arnold, you sneak, you spy, you tittle-tattle!” cried a half-drunken student.

“An’ I ’ve got it in for *you*, Ted Mason!” roared Malony, whereat Teddy swelled up with importance, and Elijah chuckled.

All this had occurred in a flash of time. There were four students in the room, besides Alton. Two of them sat with white, despairing faces, staring gloomily at the floor. The other two were muttering angrily, now to each other and now to the knot of brutal men, partly colored, who were gathered at the farther end of the room, casting dark glances in the direction of Malony, and evidently intending a rush for his benefit.

But President Boynton, in a few decisive words, ended the matter.

“Malony, I hold evidence enough against you to throw you into jail. I will use it, if you don’t stop this night business and quit selling liquor to college students and minors. Mathews, these young men come here openly, as your friends. They stipulated that I should not punish you for to-night’s proceedings, only warn you. You will see, some day, that you have n’t in all this world any better friends than these young men. But oh, boys! boys! I am so sorry for you!” and the president, his massive form dignified in spite of his scarecrow garments, reached out his arms as if he

would enfold the culprits. "I don't want to punish you, boys; I want to help you. For the sake of your loving fathers and mothers, for the sake of the strong manhood that is possible for you, and the world that needs pure and true men, I want to help you out of these temptations and besotting sins and into your better selves again. And won't you let me? Alton, you have one of the best intellects in the college. Will you drag it down to the level of a brute? Mathews, your mother is living a life of poverty and toil to send you to school. Is this your gratitude to her? Carter, I saw your beautiful sister the other day. Are you going to make her the sister of a drunkard? White, your family is one of the noblest in the annals of the State. Will you pull its proud name into the mire? Hunter, when your good father brought you to college, and left you in my hands, he told me that three times a day he would kneel to God in prayer for his dear son. Oh, what if he could see you now! I want to talk this matter over with each of you some time to-morrow. I shall be in my study at three o'clock in the afternoon. Till then, look at your lives seriously, and pray as you never have prayed before, and make up your minds to become men. If any of you" — addressing himself to the entire roomful — "have won money from Edgar Alton, I warn you that your safest plan will be to return it to him as soon as possible.

And now I want to see this room cleared. Stand aside, boys, and let those men out. Home with you, men, to your poor wives and children, and I hope you will have the grace to be ashamed of yourselves. Now march !”

The president looked like a general giving his orders, and those village loafers were not the men to disobey him. Sullenly they slouched from the room, some of them pulled along by their comrades, all of them growling and muttering, — a foul and brutal rabble.

“Faugh !” exclaimed the president ; “that college men should choose such company ! Let Malony go, Arnold ; and I advise you, sir, to get into a decent business. Now boys, fall in, and let ’s to bed. I am sure it is high time.”

With that, the students and the village lads filed down the narrow stairs, lighted by the lamp which Teddy had taken from the room above ; made their way past the bar, not without a wild desire on Elijah’s part to propose emptying its entire contents into the gutter ; closed the door behind them, and breathed once more the pure air of heaven.

The five guilty students slunk along behind, nor did any one try to draw them into conversation. Indeed, every one’s head and heart were too full for talk. Only after the college contingent had turned off toward the dormitories, and Ben and Elijah and Teddy were left alone, did the latter

give vent to his emotions : “ I tell you, fellows, I never realized before to-night what a mean, low-down set that saloon crowd is. But oh, was n't the president a rouser, though ? ”

With which conclusion of the evening's work, if with nothing else, Elijah was abundantly satisfied.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BEN MAKES TWO ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THERE was one meeting in the series of Christian Endeavor studies in citizenship that I wish I could report fully. It was the meeting that discussed the temperance laws.

After the brisk questioning on the evening's section of the text-book, conducted by Mr. Jarvis, Mrs. Barton took charge of affairs. Now Mrs. Barton was an enthusiast and not a crank, and there is as much difference between the two as between a windmill buzzing alone and a windmill hitched on to something; for a human crank, strange to say, goes spinning around perpetually on the same centre, and never turns anything except himself.

This temperance worker was familiar with the practical, and not merely the theoretical, side of the vast temperance problem. As a convenient way of beginning at the beginning, she took up first the temperance education, at last compulsory in the public schools; told how much time was spent in the study, showed the text-books and

charts that were used, and went through a few simple experiments ; exhibited some specimen examination papers in this subject ; outlined the probable effect of all this upon the character of the coming citizens.

Next Mrs. Barton discussed the State laws concerning the sale of liquor, and the local laws regulating saloons ; showed how far the people were empowered to abolish the dreadful traffic, what sets of officers were responsible for the enforcement of the laws, and how the laws could be improved. She gave interesting facts regarding licenses, their number, their cost, their increase, and the apparent results of the license policy. She compared the condition of their State with others that had different liquor laws.

Finally, she spoke of the effects of the drink evil, showing, by figures from their own county institutions, the connection between strong drink and prisons, poorhouses, and insane asylums.

At the close of her straightforward talk, to which every one had listened eagerly, the questioner — (a regular official ; Sarah Parsons held the post for her ready wits, retentive memory, and quick tongue) — the questioner spent five minutes in a breezy “quiz” on the entire ground covered by Mrs. Barton ; and then came the discussion.

I cannot report this discussion. Suffice it to say that it was very earnest, and that its chief interest

seemed to centre about one provision of the State law, abolishing saloons within two miles of a college. To most of the young people present this was news. "Who should enforce this law?" they asked.

"The council."

"Has any one tried to get them to enforce it?"

"Yes, President Boynton, and many others."

"What excuse do they give?"

"They call for a definite charge, with evidence. They speak of the expense and uncertainty and risks of a trial. These excuses all mean that they will have nothing to do with the matter."

"But we can make them do it," spoke up Elijah; "if that is the law, we can compel them to do it. What is the first step to take, do you think, Mrs. Barton?"

"Would n't it be better," asked Mr. Jarvis, "since this matter affects the college so vitally, for the first move to come from the faculty and the students?"

This was agreed to, and Ben, the chairman of the Christian citizenship committee, was deputed to get, if possible, a meeting of the students, and lay the whole matter before them, that the petition might come from the persons themselves for whose protection the law had been passed.

Ben went to work at once.

President Boynton gladly agreed to the proposed

meeting, and, after consulting several of the professors, fixed a time for it on the very next day.

Unfortunately Dr. Boynton was called away from the chapel exercises that morning. The members of the faculty took turns in leading in morning prayers, which all the students were compelled to attend. The leader for that morning was Professor Graham, who had taken his degree of doctor of philosophy in a German university, and had imbibed in that country not only large quantities of the native beer, but also the loosest sort of notions on the entire question of drinking. He was quite proud of these "liberal ideas," as he called them, and considered them no small part of the distinction won by Continental training. It was very unfortunate, therefore, that it was to Professor Graham that Ben handed for reading his carefully worded call for the meeting of students, merely telling him that it had received the president's approval.

After the hymn and before the Scripture lesson, Professor Graham adjusted his eye-glasses, and read the notice to himself, frowning as he did so. Then he said aloud: "A notice somewhat fanatically worded has been handed to me to read. It calls for a temperance meeting of the students of this college, to be held in this room at one o'clock. President Boynton has given his permission for this meeting, and so I suppose it will be held, pro-

vided there are enough narrow-minded students to constitute a meeting." Whereupon he proceeded to read the account of the miracle at Cana.

During this proceeding Ben was raging in his seat. He determined quickly on a bold step. His thoughts were so occupied with it that I fear he paid no attention whatever to Professor Graham's formal prayer. The "Amen" at the close, however, sent him promptly to his feet before the professor had bowed to dismiss the assembly. His clear voice rung out sharply and distinctly.

"Professor Collins," said he, addressing the senior member of the faculty, who sat in the faculty seats facing the students, "Professor Collins, may I say a few words in regard to that notice?"

At once the students' hum, premonitory of departure, was hushed.

Professor Collins was one that had been consulted by the president on the preceding evening, and he had been indignant at Professor Graham's unfair and unrighteous treatment of Ben's notice; but he was a very easy-going man, and had let things take their course.

"Why, yes," said he, with some hesitation, "if you have anything to add, and if you will be brief."

Whereupon Ben, who was to address so many crowded audiences in later life, launched forth into his first real speech. For though the young man

had spoken in many a Yale debate, yet never before had his oratory sprung from life to be directed toward life, and that is what makes true oratory.

His words were simple, but they were spoken with fire: "I saw something a few nights ago that has remained in my mind ever since. It was at midnight. A company of us had made an unexpected entrance into one of the town saloons. The lower part was dark and closed, as the law requires for that time of night; but above it there was a room fit to be one of the chambers of hell. There we found men, the most vile of the community, men out of whom the accursed liquor had driven their intellect, their manliness, and all kindness of heart. The air was stifling with tobacco, the tables were foul with whiskey splashes, the fever called gambling had taken equal steps with the frenzy of drunkenness. And there, amid this degradation and a part of it, sinking in it as low as the lowest, we found young men of this college. They were freely yielding up, at the flip of a card, their fathers' hard-earned money. That devil's gymnasium was softening their muscles and poisoning their lungs and weakening their hearts. In that Satanic school they were unlearning all that is noble, and fast making it impossible to learn even what is useful. Oh! young men, it was awful, that midnight scene, awful in its very stupidity, and in the fact that men who came here to

rise so high could be dragged down so low. And yet this is going on year after year, and we are doing nothing to stop it. And this, though we could do everything to stop it. There is a law in this State that looks to the abolition of all saloons within two miles of a college. To this law we should appeal. It is to make that appeal that the meeting is called for this afternoon. Let every one come to that meeting. If he thinks the plan fanatical and foolish, let him come to oppose it. But if he thinks these saloons hurtful in the highest degree to the reputation of this college, a constant, crafty menace to the young men here brought together, then let him come determined to do what he can for their destruction."

This outburst, delivered with all of Ben's vigor and with a flash in his eye and a manly, upright bearing, won from the students a round of hearty applause. "Good!" cried Professor Collins aloud, at the same time slapping his knee. Professor Graham dismissed the young men with a curt nod, and without saying another word. Ben was quickly surrounded by a group of students making eager inquiries concerning the law he had mentioned, and promising their earnest support in whatever measures he might wish adopted. Ben saw that the afternoon meeting would be a grand success.

And indeed it was. I will not describe it, but

rather will tell you of a very important decision to which Ben Jarvis was led by these events.

He was walking home with Florence Tone from the next evening meeting of the citizenship series. It had been occupied with a very interesting study of the poor laws and the county charities ; but that is neither here nor there. Elijah had remained behind to attend a meeting of some subcommittee, and Ben was seeing Florence home. Why *Ben*? Well, never mind.

Florence's sweet face was doubly sweet in the moonlight, and Ben was moved by its seriousness to speak seriously of some ideas that had lately come into his head.

"Do you know, Miss Tone," said he, "I really believe, after trying about twenty trades and professions, I have found my calling at last."

Florence's voice was not bantering, but heartily congratulatory, as she answered : "I am very glad, for I know what a trial it must be not to be able to find one's niche in life. What is yours?"

"Well, now, don't laugh," Ben entreated ; "but I really think I ought — and want — to be a politician."

"Mr. Jarvis!" cried Florence, in great surprise.

"I thought so. And that is the way every one will speak about it. But of course I don't mean what is ordinarily meant by 'politician.' I mean

the word in its old sense — a man that does for cities what a statesman does for states ; a man that makes citizenship his business, his one occupation.”

“ You mean holding offices, like councilman and marshal and mayor ? ” asked Florence, wrinkling her pretty brows.

“ Yes, ” replied Ben stoutly, “ but in the first place preparing myself to hold office, learning more than any other citizen knows about the office and its duties, finding what will better the life of others, make it more comfortable, safer, and happier, learning how to persuade them to accept what they need and not merely what they want. The pay for such work is small, so far as money goes ; but I don’t need money ; I am rich. I want to do something I am fitted to do and something that is greatly needed, and I am sure this is it. I had no heart to force my way into the overcrowded professions, but here is a call that most men of training and character shun ; and I think it the noblest of all, next to the minister’s. I want to study and get all kinds of practical knowledge, and work my way up from small posts to the largest I can reach, — the legislature, or the governor’s chair, if possible, — because these places give the widest opportunity to do good. It is not through ambition. If it were, the way would be full of snares. But, if I know myself, I shall be a politician for the good of

my fellow men and the glory of God. Would n't you like to see me such a man?"

Ben's words were spoken most eagerly, but very low. Yet lower still was Florence's reply.

"I think it is a noble aim, Mr. Jarvis. May God lead you in it."

"Good!" said Ben. "I knew you would approve, when you understood my purpose. Yes, may God lead me in it. For I think I shall go out on an errand as holy as that of the first disciples. It also will be an errand to men's souls as well as to their minds and bodies. And oh, Miss Florence," — Ben's voice quivered in its earnestness, — "I do not want to enter on my life-work alone. I want —."

Ah, tut! tut! what am I doing? How I have let my gossiping pen run on! What right have we to listen here, I should like to know? I hope I understand my business better than to report a conversation and a scene like that. Was it not moonlight? Did not the vine over the Tone porch cast a beautiful shadow? And what more could you — or Ben — desire?

CHAPTER XIX.

MR. HACKERMAN IN HIS TRUE COLORS.

OF course, during all the events I have been relating the battle of the papers was carried on. So lively did Elijah make it that even the bitterest foes of reform in Danford had to buy or borrow *The Citizen* to see what he had to say. The sneering sarcasm of Caspar Griffith and of his successor, Bill Downs, together with Elijah's strong and cutting replies, were a lasting town topic.

For Bill Downs was a worthy successor to Caspar Griffith. Indeed, he made *The Bee* more despicable and at the same time more dangerous than ever before. All the low gossip was there, and this flattery of people who should not have been noticed was doubly flattering because it was the mayor who wrote it. In addition, however, Downs possessed a craftiness that Griffith lacked.

For instance, he made the most of the contrast between his own "practical experience" and the "theory" of Mr. Jarvis — an innuendo very effective with the populace in such reform campaigns. "The city," he would write, "is building a new

culvert across Water Street — another proof of the enterprise of the present administration. Suppose Mr. Moonshine were Mayor Moonshine, as he wants to be? We should all have to go around up to our necks in mud while he was getting up in his library a plan to boil the mud and extract the water and use the dry dirt to make bricks of. Do you catch on, you voters?"

In response to this, Elijah wrote a sly little letter from an imaginary visitor in Danford to his home folks, graphically describing the streets of that city, telling how he lost his overshoes in the mud-hole in front of the post-office, cut a hole in his shoes on the sharp stones left in front of the Presbyterian Church, got his best clothes covered with dirt by slipping on a dark night into the culvert on Walnut Street, one of whose stones had been missing for more than a year, and finally broke his leg by a fall over one of the stones for the new culvert on Water Street, the stone aforesaid being left on a dark night in the middle of the sidewalk. He begged his relatives to get him, as soon as possible, out of a town so wretchedly managed, and he was their unfortunate cousin, Jedidiah Commonsense.

If I had space here for extended quotations, you would see that Elijah put his whole soul into his work on *The Citizen*. His love for the art of writing — that most difficult of all arts — grew with

its exercise. He made its every feature a careful study. For instance, ever after his critical scanning of that first number, he had set himself to learning how to write effective paragraphs. "People," he reasoned, "do not go to a newspaper for extended arguments, long descriptions, and the like. The readers have not time for them, nor has the paper space for them, — such a paper, at least, as mine. I must make my points in flashes. The task is to brighten the flashes."

So he turned out arrowlike, slim little paragraphs such as these : —

"Recipe for a model school director : First, take a political pull in Danford ; second — but that 's all that is needed."

"What is the difference between our citizens' ticket and the decrepit fence around the city hall and town jail? Answer : The first is going upward and the second Down(s)ward."

"*Mayor* is from the Latin for *greater*. Let's translate that etymology into fact."

"The way to hell is paved with good intentions. Giving our street commissioner credit for all the good intentions in the world, yet we would remind him that Main Street is in Danford and not in the other place."

Pretty rough specimens of the paragrapher's art Elijah recognized these to be, in the later days when he won fame as an author and editor ; but

they were a deal better than anything in that line Danford had before received. Nor did Elijah confine his pen to paragraphs. Though greatly cramped in the space placed at his disposal by the Village Press Syndicate plan, yet he contrived to find room for occasional essays and poems; yes, poems, for not all his varied and exciting experiences had driven the poetry out of his soul, and he still found rhyming as great a delight as on the day when we made his acquaintance, the day of the lawn-mower poem and of Mr. Hackerman.

Only, his poems were no longer concerned with "fame" and similar ambitious themes. Indeed, they were often merely the light and pleasant chronicling of village events, and sometimes they were only such squibs as the following:—

There 's a saying full of mettle,
Shot at gabbling girls and boys,
Which declares the empty kettle
Is the one that makes the noise.

Bah! a kettle, when it 's empty,
Is invariably dumb,
Till some urchin, to torment ye,
Kicks or beats it like a drum.

Do you want to change the stupid
From a tongue-tied, numskull thing?
Put him on a red-hot stove-lid,
Fill him up, and hear him sing!

Ah, the world has drums a plenty—
Men of vacancy and sound,
Men whose heads and words are empty,
And who speak when others pound.

But if you would have a talker
That can get up steam apace,
Pour into him truths like water,
Put him in a red-hot place!

Rhymes like these, and bright little essays on topics of the times, began to be copied into *The Citizen's* exchanges. They were written anonymously, which was a wise plan for a young author just learning his art, but every quotation of them pleased our editor extremely, because it showed him that he was making progress in his well-loved work.

It would be a pleasure, if I had time, to describe more in detail Elijah's journalistic triumphs, to tell you how he made his paper the recognized medium for church and religious news, the chronicle of noble and kindly deeds, the repository of all that was bright, funny, and helpful in the town life, and how thus Elijah brought to a marked issue, in opposition to *The Bee*, the question of vulgarity and gossip *versus* purity and manliness. And that *The Citizen* grew daily in the number of subscribers and the favor of the advertisers is only what might have been expected.

Our young reformer had been compelled to look a little on the money side of things. After his repulse by the town school board, and their selection of an utterly incompetent superintendent, he had made vigorous attempts to obtain one of the

district schools near by, but without success. For all that were vacant there were many applicants, and the farmers who made up the district "school committee" had in each case picked out their man or their woman — often influenced by some personal pique or favoritism, I am sorry to say — before Elijah put in his application. He had been compelled, therefore, to bring Mr. Hackerman to terms, and, after much evasion and sputtering, that worthy had agreed that Elijah might retain for his share ten per cent of all receipts from subscriptions, job-work, and advertising. With this, by dint of the most persistent toil, Elijah was making a fair living from *The Citizen*, and he was gloriously happy in his work.

One day Mr. Hackerman came blustering into Elijah's office, dropping in unexpectedly "between trains," as was his wont.

"Well, making it go, eh? making it go?" he said, after Elijah had presented his report, and handed over quite a large sum to the secretary of the Village Press Syndicate.

"Yes, sir," answered Elijah, beaming. "I really think we will elect Mr. Jarvis mayor. And that will be a glorious victory for better citizenship."

Mr. Hackerman's brow darkened.

"Now, that is one of the things I wanted to talk to you about. First-rate gag at the start, this reform racket. Worked like a charm. Great thing,

and I compliment you on it. But don't you think it has gone far enough now, eh?"

"Why," stammered Elijah, "what do you mean?"

"Mean? Why, we 've bagged the reformers, got the best element. Now what 's the matter with trying for the other set, eh? Scoop the whole thing."

"Do you mean that we are to truckle to the very men we have been fighting, and adopt their spirit?"

"O no, no, no! You don't get me at all! Don't truckle, don't give in, keep a stiff upper lip, you know. But get down off your high horse a little. These saloon-keepers ain't wholly bad. Bill Downs has his good points. Get down among the masses. Would it not be a good thing for all the loafers in town to read *The Citizen* instead of *The Bee*, eh?"

"I see your idea, Mr. Hackerman," said Elijah, hot with indignation. "You want me to insist less on reform, now that it has accomplished the low end of winning you a subscription list, and you want me to curry favor with the baser elements. I tell you right away, sir, that I will never do it, *never!* And what is more, sir, if such a step were taken —."

"O, tut, tut, tut, tut! How quick you fire up! Of course we won't do nothing to pull the sky

down, don't you worry. You just keep ca'm. Run your reform business 'f you want to. I won't say a word. I've got a little deal on hand I thought it might help along, that 's all. But I guess I'm sure enough of making it go, anyway. I must skip now to get that 2 : 35. Be good to yourself. Ta-ta." And Mr. Hackerman ran lightly out of the office, leaving behind him a greatly disgusted subordinate.

With dampened ardor, yet none the less, Elijah went on with his plans for a final grand campaign number of *The Citizen*. The number would appear two days before election, and he proposed for once to omit all news items, and convert it into a political broadside. In that number all the strong points he had made were to be made over again with renewed emphasis. All the arguments he could muster were to be used, and a whole battery of facts, indictments, and common sense was to open up on the enemy. Every voter in town was to receive a copy. It was to be a *magnum opus*.

Just two days before this proposed climax of the campaign, Elijah's morning mail contained the following brief note:—

“MR. ELIJAH TONE

“*Sir, etc* — Having to inform you that I have sold to Mr. Crawford, prop'r of the Bee the good will, stock etc of the Citizen I advise you that your services as editor will be no longer needed by me maybe Mr. Downs cd use you for assistant. In haste

“Yrs rspy

“S. HACKERMAN.”

CHAPTER XX.

THE CITIZEN AND THE EMERGENCY.

ELIJAH'S surprise, disgust, and dismay were inexpressible. Thus to be betrayed, and at such a crisis! When he told P. T., the little fellow's eyes flashed, and his white hands clinched fiercely.

"A mean trick! A nasty, mean trick!" he cried.

Elijah hurried off to tell the news to Ben, and on the way he stopped to pour his woes into Florence's sympathizing ears.

"Poor bubby!" exclaimed his sister; "you have made your plans so well and set so much store by them. But never mind; you have done your best."

"Yes, sis, but that is scant comfort when one's best is brought up with such a turn as this," and Elijah hastened to consult with Ben.

That young man was as vigorous as P. T. in his expressions of wrath. Indeed, his passion was so exuberant that it set Elijah to laughing, which was the best thing he could have done, with his nerves so tensely strung as they were.

"Ben," said he, "I don't give up yet. *The Citi-*

zen must get up an election number, in spite of everything."

"But how?" was Ben's doubtful reply.

"Print it ourselves."

"Why, have we time? Election's only two days off, you know."

"Yes, if all hands go at it, and if we sit up nights, I think it might be done."

"Good!" and Ben clapped his hands in his zeal. "Good! I am your obedient apprentice, Foreman Tone. Give me a stick, and set me before a case right away! It will be great fun to turn Crawford's new job-press against him, and change his own type into ammunition against *The Bee*."

"Yes, it would only serve him right," was Elijah's answer. Then a sudden thought struck him. "But, Ben, Crawford is likely to take possession any minute. He would be sure to clear out the office just in the midst of our work. No, we've got to find some other way. Dear me!" and there was a depressed silence.

Again it was Elijah that spoke.

"Ben, you remember my little press?"

"That small affair? Why, it's only a toy."

"No, I did some good work on it when I was a boy. Don't you remember my amateur paper, *The Enterprise*?"

"But have you type enough?"

"Yes, enough for a page at a time, and possibly

a little more, so that while one of us was working off a page, the rest could be setting up the next."

"Elijah, we 'll do it! All our own selves, we 'll do it! And Hackerman and *The Bee* may do their worst, we 'll get out our broadside. Won't it be a lark, though!"

And a lark it proved indeed.

Our two young man betook themselves straight-way to Elijah's attic to inspect the dusty little press. Screws were loose here and there, the ink-roller was shrivelled and useless, the platen was rusty; but no essential parts were lacking, and Elijah was happy.

"Ben," said he, "while you and Florence are oiling this and putting it in order, I will run down to the office and send P. T. to Milton for a new ink-roller and some ink and paper. He can get them at the Orphans' Home printing-office, if nowhere else."

"Yes," added Ben, "and have him borrow a line of big type for the title. You have none, of course."

"Shall it be *The Danford Citizen*?" asked Florence.

"No," said Ben, "that paper has been betrayed. It is now a prisoner in the hands of the enemy."

"*The Danford Emergency*, then," suggested Elijah; "how will that do?"

"Good!" "Capital!" was the prompt verdict,

and Elijah hastened off to speed P. T. on his way.

He soon returned, his forehead in a frown.

“What ’s the matter, Elijah?” asked Florence, looking up from the case into which she was distributing some pied type, while Ben, who had not let her touch the more unpleasant task, was cleaning and oiling the rusty little press. “What ’s the matter? Has *The Bee* stung you again?”

“Why, I have been thinking about all that copy I sent to Mr. Hackerman yesterday! I wonder what he has done with it. It would be just like him to put it right into Bill Downs’s hands.”

“And give him all the points you meant to make against him!” groaned Ben.

“Well,” said Florence thoughtfully, “if the arguments were good ones, and the points were true, he could not answer them, could he? What harm would it do for him to have them?”

“You know,” answered Elijah, “how he twists things and misstates them. He would misquote, and ridicule, and pull wool over the eyes of all the ignorant men in town.”

An idea came to Ben. “Did you send P. T. after the manuscript?”

“No, I thought it would be of no use, and I don’t want to have anything more to do with Hackerman.”

“I don’t blame you. Well, then, you can’t re-

produce exactly what you wrote, so let 's write something entirely different, and then, if the copy does get into Bill Downs's hands, it will simply throw him off the scent."

But Elijah saw objections. "I made the strongest points I could."

"But did you make them in the only way you could?" Ben asked.

"No, I suppose not. And, for one thing, I wrote the whole myself. Now we might get something from your father for this emergency number. Or — I tell you!" and Elijah in sudden enthusiasm jumped up from the old trunk where he had been sitting dejectedly bent over. "I 'll tell you!" he shouted. Then he stopped to think. "I 'll tell you!" he cried again.

Ben and Florence laughed merrily. "A comforting promise, anyway," said the latter.

"Well, this is it," said Elijah, his face beaming. "I propose that we turn this emergency number into a symposium. Get a few sentences each from all the respectable men in town. Print a declaration of political independence, and get as many as possible to sign it. I see my way to a grand effect!"

The two auditors clapped their hands.

"That is being an editor," said Ben. "Who is it? — Dr. Trumbull, I think — that says it is a misfortune for an editor to want to write himself.

Why, you will have a paper with half Danford responsible for it."

"But how will you gather these contributions in so short a time?" queried Florence.

"There is Ben's Christian citizenship committee."

"Yes, and spoiling for work," put in Ben. "I will go at once and bring them around here, and as many other Endeavorers as I can find."

"Summon them as Christian Endeavor minute-men!" Elijah sung out, as Ben leaped down the attic stairs.

Leaving Florence to finish the distributing of the type, Elijah hurried to his own room, where, with a brain that fairly whirled, he pushed his pen steadily until the first arrival of the committeemen. To make a beginning, he drew up the following brief statement for all to sign whom his messengers could persuade to do so. It read:—

"We, the undersigned, citizens and voters of Danford, believe that the interests of our town, as of all towns, require that the best-qualified members of the community should be placed in charge of its government. We are grateful to Mr. Nathan Jarvis and the other public-spirited men who have permitted the use of their names upon the Citizens' Ticket as candidates for the various city offices. We not only pledge them our hearty support, but call upon all the voters of Danford to

join with us as thus we cast our ballots for a pure, intelligent, and manly administration of our public affairs."

Elijah made several copies of this upon large sheets of paper ; then he turned to write his leading editorial upon the betrayal of *The Citizen*, and the reasons for the publication of *The Emergency*. Mindful of the lesson he had learned on a former event, not even under his great provocation did he permit himself to write passionately. "*The Danford Citizen*," he declared, "is for the present in the hands of the foe. Around one foot is a chain of gold, around the other a chain of silver. Its mouth is gagged with greenbacks. Alas for *The Danford Citizen* ! But the citizens of Danford are not bound." And with this Elijah launched into an earnest plea for righteous voting on election day.

Before he was through with this editorial, the first of the Christian citizenship committee arrived. Elijah gave his manuscript to Florence, who proceeded to put it into type as fast as her pretty white fingers could travel, while Elijah gave instructions to his committeeman.

It chanced to be Teddy Mason. "Good !" cried Elijah, "I knew you would be on hand in an emergency," and Teddy beamed his delight.

Hastily penning a note to Mr. Jarvis, Elijah explained to him the situation, and besought him for

a short article for the sheet he was preparing in such haste — “not more than three hundred words, please,” ran Elijah’s note, “because we have scant time and scanted type. And let it be a regular slogan.” So Teddy hurried off, proud of his commission.

By this time two more had come, and for an hour Elijah was busy merely sending out these and the other Endeavorers whom Ben had pressed into service. They were all young people whose zeal for reform had been fired by the studies in citizenship that had been so wisely conducted, and they were glad to be of some practical service. Elijah provided each of them with a copy of his carefully written statement, that they might get as many signatures as possible. “Give everybody a chance to sign,” said he, “even those you are quite sure are on the other side. You might be mistaken, and anyway it may set them to thinking.”

To about a dozen men he sent urgent requests for pithy little articles suitable to the present crisis. These articles were sought from all the ministers in the town, not forgetting the Catholic priest, from Dr. Boynton and the leading college professors, and from the most influential merchants. Each messenger was instructed to find out just how soon these little articles — only fifty or one hundred words were asked for — would be

ready, and to call for them then and bring them to the office of *The Emergency*.

Finally, a set of streets was marked out for each, so that the canvassing for names might go on with system, and the Christian citizenship skirmishers sped away on their manly — and womanly — errands.

By the time Ben had returned, flushed with his rapid walking and with the proud consciousness of having done well for his country, Florence had finished putting Elijah's leader into type. It was so long that, with the title, for which they must wait P. T.'s return, it would quite fill the small "chase" of the little press, and so they could put no more on the first page. P. T. would be back on the one o'clock train.

"In the mean time," Florence said, "we must be eating, for Millie's dinner is spoiling for us, I am afraid, and mother has been good enough not to call me from my fascinating task. You will stay to dinner, won't you?" looking at Ben.

And of course Ben would.

Mr. Tone, when they were well through with the meal, suddenly put his hand in his pocket and brought out a letter. "This rather portentous affair came for you this morning, Elijah," said he, "and I almost forgot to give it to you. From a Milton firm of lawyers, I observe," looking at the upper corner, as he handed it across the table.

Elijah opened it, glanced over it, grew red, then white, and threw it down on the table. It was a formal communication from "Chase and Small, attorneys-at-law," declaring that their client, Saunders Hackerman, stood ready to prosecute a claim for \$600 on account of moneys for subscriptions and job-work received by him, Elijah Tone, over and above the sums of which he had rendered due account, the said sum of \$600 being unlawfully retained by him. Three days would be given for payment, in default of which suit would at once be brought. And they "begged to remain his very obedient servants to command, Chase and Small, per F. S."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE DAY OF FREEMEN — AND OF SLAVES.

THERE was an astonished silence at that dinner-table.

“Why, Elijah, what does it mean?” cried Mrs. Tone.

Elijah found his voice. “I am sure I don’t know, mother, except that it is more of Saunders Hackerman’s knavery.”

“Have you any money of his at all?” asked Florence, her face white with anxiety.

“Yes, a little that came in yesterday afternoon, but less than five dollars. Of the rest I have given him every cent, deducting my ten per cent, of course, and P. T.’s board, together with the necessary running expenses of the office. I have kept full accounts of everything, and given him copies of these.”

“How did you give him the money, Elijah?” asked Mr. Tone.

“Nearly all of it I handed over to him when he came up on his weekly visits. Most of it was in money. Why, altogether it was n’t much more than six hundred dollars!”

“But you took receipts, of course?” Ben inquired.

“No, I did n’t,” Elijah answered, his face dark with gloom. “I trusted the man. I did n’t once think of asking him for a receipt.”

“O Elijah, Elijah,” moaned Florence, “if that is n’t just like you!”

The faces around that table were downcast indeed.

“Six hundred dollars!” and Mr. Tone’s voice was unsteady; “why, it would pinch us for years to pay that, and all for nothing but your quixotism, Elijah.”

“Oh, I knew something awful would come of it, I knew it, I knew it!” and Mrs. Tone put her handkerchief to her eyes.

“Elijah sha’ n’t pay a cent of it,” blurted out Ben. “I have money enough of my own. I shall pay it myself.”

“As if I would ever let you, old fellow,” said Elijah, giving Ben a grateful smile. “But don’t let’s worry about it, mother, father. I don’t believe it is anything but a bold piece of impudent blackmail. My word ought to be as good as Saunders Hackerman’s, and I have lots of influential friends. I am just going ahead with my present duty, and let this matter worry me as little as possible. I don’t believe Hackerman will ever dare to bring suit, and if he does, then we will see what we can do about it.”

This brave way of looking at it cheered them all, though throughout the rest of the meal conversation came constantly back to the great topic, how to outwit Saunders Hackerman and prove him the rascal he undoubtedly was.

After dinner the little articles began to arrive. First came Teddy with Mr. Jarvis's. The more ready writers to whom Elijah had applied sent in their paragraphs next, — the preachers and the professors. All of these were heard from promptly. The business men required more persuasion and more time.

Here was abundant material for *The Emergency*. P. T. returned early in the afternoon with the new ink-roller, with fresh ink, the type for the heading, and a great bundle of paper cut to the proper size. The little foreman had to borrow a wheelbarrow to get them all up from the station.

The first page had been carefully "proved" and all mistakes corrected. It needed only the title, "*The Danford Emergency*," to be placed on the press and worked off. While Elijah was preparing the copy that had come in, and getting up a series of pointed paragraphs to sandwich in among the articles and brighten the paper, and while P. T. was swiftly putting these articles and paragraphs into type, Ben and Florence presided together over the printing-press, "for we two," said Ben slyly, "should be learning to work together," whereat

Florence blushed furiously, Elijah laughed happily, and P. T. opened his eyes wide.

Thus merrily during that autumn afternoon progressed the printing of *The Emergency*. So zealously did the four labor that, as the autumn twilight began to gather, Florence triumphantly waved over her head the last impression of the second page. They had decided to print one thousand copies, and to have four pages. Elijah had instructed P. T. to have the paper cut to fit that plan. The type for the third page was ready. That page was made up of Elijah's final thrusts, aided by Ben's keen wit, and also of a few brief and plain, but no less pointed and telling, contributions from prominent business men. The fourth page was reserved for the grand appeal and for the signatures to it which the eager Christian Endeavor skirmishers were collecting.

These skirmishers began to come in as it grew dark. Each was all aglow with excitement. Each had a well-filled paper to show, and a piquant story to tell.

"Old Pete Lemons," said one, "insisted on hunting up a bottle of red ink to sign his name with. He said it stood for his own heart's blood."

"Mr. McPherson," said another, "wouldn't sign it unless we let him put a note after his name." This was the note: "I cannot subscribe to the exact wording of the above, which is loose and ill-

considered, but to the intent and purpose thereof I put my hand."

"Is n't that just like the old Scotchman?" asked Florence.

Of course all had not been smooth sailing. Some had driven away the Endeavorers with curses. Some had called them impudent and upstart. Some had dallied with them and pretended to wish time to consider. On the whole, however, they had had remarkable success; and their canvass had been so vigorous and thorough, aided by Elijah's systematic plans, that the list of signers of the statement and appeal included quite one-third of the voters of the town and well-nigh all of the leading citizens. Elijah scanned it with a brightening eye. "My, but that will look grand in type!" said he.

Into type the four proceeded to put it immediately after supper — that is, P. T. and Elijah worked at the typesetting, while Ben and Florence labored at the press on page three. Their lamps cast mysterious shadows through the attic, and now and then a mouse could be heard in the wall. The novelty of the situation, and — to two of them, at least — the novelty of the task, kept them wide awake, though it drew near midnight before the thousandth copy of page three was triumphantly whirled from the little press and its type released for the completion of page four. Then came

cheery good-nights ; and the proprietors, editors, compositors, proof-readers, and pressmen of *The Emergency* separated for the brief rest they had so well earned.

At it again after breakfast the next morning, part of them distributing the type while the rest used the composing-stick, and they found it difficult to keep out of one another's way. Rapidly grew the long list of names, each of which meant at least one vote for the good cause. At length the page was finished, locked up in the chase, "proved" and corrected, placed finally in the press and "made ready," and the first copy of the completed *Emergency* lay spread out before eight admiring eyes.

Yes, before more than eight, for several members of the Christian citizenship committee had found their way to the attic, and Mr. Tone, also, was looking on with great interest and with secret delight in his boy's pluck, and Mr. Jarvis, too, had dropped in to give a word of cheer and hearty approval.

The first hundred copies went to the post-office addressed to farmers and other out-of-town folks difficult of access in any other way, and then, as fast as the supplies could be printed, the Endeavorers were sent out with them over the town, so that, by the evening before the eventful election day, every home and every store in the village was in possession of *The Emergency*.

And what a sensation it created ! Every argu-

ment was discussed, every name was debated, every sly shot enjoyed. The grit of the performance under so great difficulties was everywhere acknowledged. The election number of *The Bee*, which reached its subscribers the same afternoon, though Bill Downs had put into it all his coarse sarcasm, and though, as Elijah quickly perceived, the treacherous Hackerman had given him the advantage of seeing the manuscript intended for that number of *The Citizen*, — yet it seemed very tame in comparison. Probably very few votes, if any, were *changed* by *The Emergency*; but many a man whose sympathies were sluggishly with Mr. Jarvis was moved thereby to express them to his neighbors and at the polls, and not a few men who had decided to vote for the old *régime*, after scanning the list of influential names ranged in opposition made up their minds that it would be judicious for them to remain away from the polls on the morrow.

That morrow dawned clear and bright, a model election day. It would be hard to describe Elijah's feelings as he awoke and remembered that on that day he was to cast his first vote. It was no trifling matter with him, this entrance into the formal duties and responsibilities of citizenship — duties and responsibilities which in noble reality he had been bearing all summer and fall. It was a sacred day, and he entered upon it with a swelling heart.

Elijah was at the polls before six o'clock. Just

as the hour of fate arrived, Mayor Downs mounted the steps of the little building that served as jail and court-house and city hall combined, and made bold proclamation, "Oyez, oyez, oyez, the polls are now open." Thus the wheels of fate were set moving.

A window opening upon the street was partly raised. Inside was a table upon which the ballot-box was placed. At the table sat the three judges of election. Standing in the street outside, the voter handed his ballot to one of these august officials, at the same time announcing his name. The judge that received the ballot repeated the name; another judge, who held the registration-book, looked for the name in the alphabetical list. On finding it, he called it out in his turn, at the same time checking it off. Then the ballot was deposited in the ballot-box.

Within the court-room — for it was this notable chamber that had become a polling-booth — stood the mayor with a knot of his cronies. Outside, close about the window, were two groups, one containing the friends of Mr. Jarvis and reform, the other the supporters of Bill Downs. In the first group were Elijah, Ben, Mr. Holworthy, and, of course, Teddy Mason, the latter with his chosen ticket boldly pinned upon his coat, that all might see it. In the second group were Malony and Cal Peters, and others of their feather. In former

elections these had formed the only body of workers at the polls. To-day things were to be different.

Elijah was one of the first to vote. "Elijah Tone," he cried, as he passed in the little piece of paper. The judge was a bottle-nosed farmer, one of Malony's best customers. His name was Silas Pardee.

"Eh? What name?" looking at Elijah as if he had never seen him before.

"Elijah Tone," and our hero flushed.

"*You* of age!" this with a sneer.

Malony and his comrades burst into a loud guffaw and slapped their sides in glee.

By this time the judge with the registration-book, Martin Rowe, a well-meaning but a slow and stupid man, had found Elijah's name and called it off.

"Well, who 'd ha' thought it!" exclaimed Silas Pardee, as he dropped Elijah's ballot into the box.

The young citizen turned away from the window hot with anger, all the more angry because he was conscious how foolish it was to be angry at such buffoonery. "They will see I am a man before the day is out," said he to himself. And, indeed, they did.

CHAPTER XXII.

AT HIS POST.

GRADUALLY the crowd about the polling-place grew greater. Many that had to begin work at seven came hurrying up, laborers with tin dinner-pails, section-hands on the railroad, clerks, quarrymen, sawmill-men, and the like. As each man approached, from whatever direction, he was met by at least two men, one of them armed with the Citizens' ticket and the other with the ticket of the "regulars."

It is needless to say that by this time all of Ben's Christian citizenship committee were present. Half a dozen business men had also decided that in no way could they put in a better day's work for their business than by laboring at the polls for a clean and progressive town government. Whenever a voter was descried in the distance, therefore, Elijah, if he did not know already, could learn at once from some of the thorough canvassers on Ben's committee, or from some of these business men, just where the approaching voter stood, and what chance there was of converting him if he was on the wrong side.

Ben had a list compiled with much painstaking, and containing the names of all that were likely to vote for reform. This list numbered a large majority of the townspeople; but, as Ben said, "you can't always tell from the way a man talks how he 's going to vote. There 's many a slip 'twixt the lip and the ballot-box." As each man voted, Ben marked him upon this list, indicating how he voted, if he knew; and he generally did know, for party spirit was running high, and most of the men were bold enough in proclaiming their affiliations.

Just after their breakfast, and before their chapel exercises, the college folks marched down. This was a bit of the spectacular that Elijah had arranged, with the consent of President Boynton.

"Whar 's dat musickin'?" asked Uncle Dick Miner, whose quick African ear caught the first strains of a brass band.

"A procession! A procession! sure 's fate!" and a dozen small boys made a frantic plunge in the direction of the magic sounds.

They made a brave sight turning the corner in the distance, and filing into the main street of the village. At the head proudly paced the student band of the college, back of which two young men bore the American flag and the college colors. Then came a dignified body — no less than the entire faculty, with the single exception of Professor

Graham. Dr. Boynton and Professor Collins were at the head, and the rest followed two by two.

Behind them came the students, in a lengthening row. They were ordered according to their classes, the staid seniors leading and the merry freshmen bringing up the rear, with here and there a tin horn to mark the time and add to the enthusiasm. Among these students Elijah was delighted to see nearly every one of the lads caught in Malony's saloon that fateful night, and he recognized their presence as the result of President Boynton's manly and kindly counsel. "Sambo," the college janitor, closed the procession, his white teeth gleaming in the midst of his shining black face.

Malony strode fiercely up to Elijah.

"Y' ain't a-goin' to vote all of that gang in, not 'f I know it," he blustered. "Why, most of them are minors."

Elijah paid no attention to the angry Irishman.

"Hurrah!" he cried, swinging his cap at the approaching procession. "Colestone College and good government! Hurrah!"

The procession made a grand sensation as it marched down Main Street. Houses and stores were emptied to see it pass. "What is it?" "What does it mean?" "What is it for?" Such questions were heard on all sides. And always

there was some one to answer, "It 's the college going down to vote the Citizens' ticket."

Having reached the town hall, the procession came to a halt, with a good cheer from the students and a final blare from the brass band. At once the professors and the students that were of age broke ranks and went toward the voting-place, while the younger ones looked on in admiring and envious groups.

"Never 'n all creation was sech a thing hap-pened before," truthfully remarked a colored man ; for, indeed, up to that eventful campaign the dis-reputable politics of Danford had not been inter-fered with by many votes from the college. This fact will account for the scene that followed ; for no 'sooner had all the faculty deposited their ballots than, with the very first ballot offered by a student, Bill Malony stepped smartly forward and said : "Hould on there. Mishter jedges, I challenge that vote, so I do."

"Why?" asked the student indignantly. "I am of age and I have voted here before." It chanced that he was one of the few that could say this.

"That may all be, but ye don't live here at all at all," quickly replied Bill Malony.

"Is this your residence, young man?" asked Silas Pardee through the window.

"Why — why — I get my mail here —," stam-mered the student.



“ Mishter jedges, I challenge that vote.”

“But is this your home? Do you live here?” sharply proceeded the judge.

“I have no home,” the student declared. “When I get through college, I shall find work somewhere. I don’t intend to live at home any more.”

“To live *at home!* Why, is n’t that the same thing as saying that Danford is not your home? *You* can’t vote, young man. Stand out o’ the way.”

Much discomfited, the student turned aside to consult with Elijah and President Boynton, and in the mean time another student made an attempt to vote, which was checkmated in the same way. He was followed by a third, and he by still another.

The point had never been raised before. So few students had wished to vote that no one had cared to raise it. “Mr. Tone,” the president acknowledged, “I am afraid they have us. They have probably looked up the law on the matter, if there is a law. I suppose these young men have undoubted right to vote at their own homes, and if they could vote here also, it would give them a double franchise.”

“But we need them,” Elijah protested, with a rigid face; “we need them to make a sure majority.”

“I fear we do,” Dr. Boynton assented, “but the reform party must not oppose the law. I wish we

had thought of the matter and looked it up. But as it is, I do not see but this is the best we can do." With that, the president stepped to the half-open window and thus addressed the judges:—

"Gentlemen, in behalf of these students I make formal protest against your decision. I shall get the proper authorities to pass upon the point you raise. In the mean time, I call upon you to accept these votes, marking them with the names of the young men that present them; and then, if they affect the result, you can throw them out, pending decision. That is fair, is it not?"

To this proposition the judges could not but agree, and so all the students except those that had homes in Danford cast ballots plainly marked with their own names.

As may be imagined, the band did not strike up to conduct the college folks back, nor was the procession re-formed, but students and professors returned somewhat demoralized, in straggling groups. "It is a lesson in practical politics, Elijah," said President Boynton. "To accomplish political results, I see, we must not take anything for granted."

Our hero's heart, already heavy at this great and unexpected loss to the majority on which he had been confidently reckoning, fell still further as the morning wore on. "Why, how little a *man* counts here!" he exclaimed, as he watched the crowds of dirty, ignorant, besotted creatures, each holding in

his grimy hand a ballot that counted as much toward the result as President Boynton's or Mr. Holworthy's. There were Africans, — some of them, of course, bright and intelligent, but most of them still chained with the shackles of a slavery from which it will need another and a mightier crusade to ransom them. There were men from the Old World, turning into license their new-found freedom, and having no loftier conception of the high duty of that day than that there was a fight on hand, free for all. Brains befuddled by drink, eyes blinded by passion and prejudice, souls puffed up with the emptiness of ignorance — ah, what a disheartening procession is that to be seen at any ballot-box! One must have courage of steel, and the largest faith in our common humanity, to look on such a scene without losing hope.⁷

To help in the work among the colored people Elijah had their preachers — the Baptist and the Methodist Zion. These kept a sharp eye on their flocks. With great directness they labored. "Here, sir. I b'lieve yo' votin' wrong, sir," would be the challenge, followed by a discussion very much to the point, in which the pastor was generally victorious.

These ministerial brethren were valiantly assisted by Aunt Jennie Wilson, a stout, shining-faced colored woman, a prime favorite with the male portion of the African community. This personage

believed in no half-way measures. Arm in arm she marched up with the men of her acquaintance, and looked accurately to the depositing of the ballot she had given him. "It 's to keep yo' son from de pen'tentiary!" she argues with one. "It 's to put decent clo'es on de back of yo' wife!" she says solemnly to another. "His first vote, and a righteous one!" is her proud exclamation as her own son steps away from the window. "Next Sunday 's communion, Mr. Bill Barnes. You vote dat ticket you 's got in yo' hand, and I 'll have you 'spelled de church. I will, shore 's my name 's Jane Wilson!"

On one occasion Aunt Jennie's zeal went too far. She stood in front of Jake Collins, the blacksmith, as he stepped up to the window, and opposed him with form as Herculean as his own. "You Jake! let me see dat ticket! I b'lieve dat 's an evil ticket! You let me see it!" She warded off Jake as he tried laughingly to hand in the ticket over her head, and after a brief mock struggle, suddenly, to every one's surprise, Jake retreated.

"Come, that won't do," said Elijah. "They will charge us with intimidation. Call Jake back, even if he does vote wrong."

Jake, however, would not come back, but went guffawing down the street, showing his ticket to the crowd. It was the Citizens' ticket!

Just before noon there came swaggering up to

the polls a number of rough specimens of manhood, led by Malony. Some of them were evidently fresh — or rather, stale — from his saloon. Several of them were colored men.

Aunt Jennie scanned the latter with a sharp eye. "Joe Bond. Ain't no use tryin' to do nothing with him," she soliloquized. "Obstanter 'n a mule, specially when he 's been drinkin'. Ner that Zach Simmons. He 's half-witted, anyway. Might a million times better let *me* vote 'n let him. But who 's dat little nigger in de middle? Never sot eyes on *him* afore."

"Dat little nigger" gave his name in a voice too low for Aunt Jennie to hear, whereupon she pressed boldly in among the group.

"W'at 's dat man's name?" she asked of the judge.

"Get out of that!" snapped out Silas Pardee. "Get away from the window. You 've no business here."

"Brudder Johnson," cried Aunt Jennie, "come heah. *You* got some business heah, you man. Ax dat man his name."

At this Mr. Johnson, the pastor of the African Methodist Zion church, bustled up. He was a new-comer from Canada and could not vote, but he was "takin' holt right smart," Aunt Jennie said.

"Eh, Mrs. Wilson, trouble here?" he asked; and then, after she had repeated her demand, he

turned to the judge : " I demand to know the name of that man who just voted, sir," he said.

" None of yer business," snarled Bill Malony, elbowing his way up to the colored preacher ; but before he could reach the window the judge snapped out : " That was William Scott, and he 's regularly registered. Now you shut up."

" Will'm Scott !" cried Aunt Jennie ; " why, dat ain't no more Will'm Scott ner I am. Will'm Scott moved to Whitinsville more 'n a month ago."

Here Elijah, who had been listening with great interest, broke in. He saw that the judge still held in his hand the disputed ballot. " Mr. Pardee," he said firmly, " I challenge that man's vote. Don't you deposit it. Marshal Peters, I call on you to arrest him for fraudulent voting."

Malony turned white with rage. A torrent of oaths burst from him. " You Elijah Tone, you," he screamed ; " I owe ye one already. I 'll teach ye a lesson."

Quick as thought the fiery Irishman pulled out a revolver. He flashed it upon Elijah. There was a sharp report, and Elijah Tone fell to the ground.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE END — WHICH IS ONLY THE BEGINNING.

“SEIZE him!” “Stop him!” “Don’t let him go!” shouted a dozen voices.

Bill Malony, cursing deeply, backed off, threatening with his still smoking revolver the men that bore down upon him.

Marshal Peters turned white. What was the coward to do in this emergency? He did the safest thing; he did nothing.

Suddenly a shout went up. Quick as a flash Aunt Jennie had darted around behind the raging saloon-keeper and seized him in her great arms.

The little colored man who had been trying to vote slunk away. Malony’s “toughs” shrank back to a proper distance. The Irishman struggled, with oath upon oath; but he was a close prisoner.

“You murderer! You murderer!” screamed Aunt Jennie. “Drop dat revolver, you! Hurry up, you men. I can’t hold him much longer. You murderer, you!”

Marshal Peters saw his chance. “Bill Malony,”

said he, in a shaky voice, "in the name of the city of Danford, I arrest you. You are my prisoner, sir. Hold on to him, Aunt Jennie."

In the mean time an anxious group had gathered around the prostrate Elijah. He had fainted. Some ran for water. Others tore off his coat and his shirt. Ben sent half a dozen running for a doctor. The blood was slowly oozing from a wound in his side. They carried him out of the sun into the building.

Aunt Jennie had released her hold. A dozen men were ready to snatch the pistol from the saloon-keeper and to push him, in spite of his frantic resistance, through the barred door of the jail, that opened just around the corner from the court-room.

"Oh, this is awful! this is awful!" cried Ben; and more than one man was at his prayers as they worked over the still form.

Before the doctor came, Elijah had recovered from his swoon, had tried to rise, and had swooned again. The doctor looked serious as he made a quick examination. "A fraction of an inch to the left," said he, "and it would have been all over with him."

"Will he live?" "Will he live?" was the question from all sides. But the doctor would not answer.

They carried Elijah into an inner room. He

could not be taken home, the doctor said. They brought in a mattress, sheets, and pillow from a neighboring house, and speedily prepared a bed. The doctor succeeded in reviving him only after several efforts. To the great relief of all it was found that the ball was not embedded in Elijah's side, but had passed out. Still, it was a severe and dangerous wound that had to be dressed.

Elijah's mind turned at once to the election. "Don't leave the polls," he begged, turning his white face toward Ben and Mr. Holworthy and the other friends who were waiting anxiously for the doctor's verdict. "Don't leave the polls. The election will be so close. You are needed there, I'm sure. Please go back. Just send for my folks, and stick to the polls."

"Word has gone to your folks already," said Ben, "and I could n't go myself till I heard from the doctor. May I reassure them, doctor?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes," was all the doctor would answer, and Ben hurried off to meet Florence and her father and mother, as with pallid faces they were running from their house, the news having just reached them.

"He will live!" cried Ben, "I'm sure he will live, God won't let him die"; and as they hurried to the city hall he told them the tragic story.

In the mean time Elijah had insisted that the

workers return to their posts at the polls, and he was evidently so worried and excited that the doctor added his orders to the young man's entreaties, so that Elijah was almost alone when the four entered.

"O my dear, dear boy!" cried Mrs. Tone hysterically. "I always said something awful would come of this business, and now it has!" But Mr. Tone took his son's hand in a loving grasp without saying a word, and Florence sank by Elijah's side, whispering, "God bless you, my brave brother."

Outside the building where Elijah lay suffering, a hushed crowd had quickly gathered.

The news had spread rapidly, and in forms most various. Elijah had been killed. He had merely received a flesh-wound. He had been carried home. He could not be lifted from the ground where he had fallen. It was Malony that had shot him. It was Bill Downs. It was one of the negroes.

Everybody in the little town that could do so hastened to the voting-place. Men and women stood in groups talking eagerly and softly. The first to come from the city hall were questioned from all sides. A lane was made silently for Ben with Elijah's father, mother, and sister. No one, not even the judges, not even Mayor Downs, had a thought of the business of voting. The entire town held its breath in fear of the news that might come.

So that when at length Mr. Holworthy appeared in the door of the court-room, he found before him a large audience, filling the little yard in front and extending from sidewalk to sidewalk across the street. Raising his hand to command attention, and reminding them that the news he had to tell must be received in quietness, he announced the probability of Elijah's recovery.

At once a great sigh of relief came from the crowd, and then every man's hat came off and was waved noiselessly in the air, together with the handkerchiefs of the women. "Thank God!" "Bress de Lord!" were heard on all sides, and from white and black. Then Mr. Holworthy went on to say:—

"Elijah Tone will not die, but he is just as much a hero as if he had died. He was shot while standing at the post of duty, while manfully doing the work of a Christian citizen. There can be no better way to show our honor for him than by attending to that same duty ourselves. He is in great pain, and the doctor has given him an opiate, but his anxiety for this election prevents his sleep. He has worked so long and so earnestly for the betterment of this town, and he fears from the way things have been going here to-day that all his efforts were in vain.

"Men, shall this be? Shall not the ballots that remain to be cast to-day redeem the town? You

know well enough the curse of incompetent and ignorant government. You know well enough the fearful curse of rum. Here from this spot, sacred in the eyes of all patriots; from this spot, where a citizen seals his honor or his infamy; by the side of the ballot-box, I beseech all of you that have not yet voted to vote at once for honesty and intelligence, for manliness and purity. No better message than that this is happening could be sent to the sufferer within. Shall we not send it, men?"

Then, in the spirit of the old saying that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church," it was made manifest what can be accomplished by sacrifice in these modern days. Not all of Elijah's words and deeds together wrought so powerfully as his sufferings.

The forces of good citizenship toiled with tenfold energy. They sent out carriages for the old and infirm. They pleaded with every man that approached the polls. What arguments were ready to their tongues! "The spirit of the saloon has shown itself to-day." "Do you stand for such deeds as this shooting?" "Are you on Malony's side?" "Does that vote mean more whiskey and more bloodshed?"

But really, not much urging was needed. A change in public sentiment that was instant and marvellous had been wrought by that pistol-shot.

“I have thrown away that dirty ticket. Gimme a clean one,” said a brawny voter.

“Nivver another wet vote for Dennis,” declared another.

“Mr. Holworthy, won’t yo’ please go in, sar, an’ tell Mars ’Lijah as how as Tom Grimes voted dry? That ’ll s’prise him, ’cause I swore at him on’y day befo’ yestiddy w’en he asked me to vote de Cit’zen ticket.”

Such were the eager testimonies to the convincing force of a single brave deed. And many a man insisted on sending word to the quiet sick-room that he had changed his mind and was voting “right,” messages that did more than the opiate to ease Elijah’s pain.

Thus all that afternoon a noble work of citizenship went on outside the room where lay the young reformer. Men that seemed too brutal to be moved by any heroism were touched to better feelings and to righteous action. It might not last; indeed, nothing but a long course of persistent, popular education in better citizenship would make it last; but that afternoon, at least, the little community, for years given over to the most outrageous misrule, was of one heart and mind in favor of the best. Even Cal Peters looked serious. Even Mayor Downs lost the sneer from his face, and seemed to delight in corners. And some of the reddest-nosed men in town cast their vote

for health and wealth, for purity and godliness, and then went home to boast of it to their wives, who, poor things! knew all too well how brief their new virtue would prove.

Promptly at six o'clock the mayor stood in the door and proclaimed, in a voice that had quite lost its morning bombast, "Hear ye, hear ye, the polls are now closed."

Scores of eager men and women waited in the street for the counting of the ballots and the announcement of the result. It was supper-time, but what matter? Danford's blood was up. This affair must be seen clear through.

By seven o'clock the counting was completed, and swiftly the news spread from the little knot around the door. It was received quietly, so as not to awaken the sleeper within; quietly, but with great exultation, for it ran: "Good! 120 majority for Jarvis!" "Hurrah! Victory for the Citizens' ticket!" "120 majority! O my!" "And without counting the students, too!" "A good day's work!" "The Lord was in it all!" Such were the hearty comments as the crowd dispersed.

And the great battle had been won.

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Now here am I at the end of my story, and with so much more that I want to tell! About Mr. Jarvis, and what capital work he did as mayor

of Danford ; how the reforms he introduced made his town a model, to which came the thinking men of scores of cities to learn useful lessons in municipal government. About the Christian citizenship committee, and how it prosecuted its studies, and trained up by its discussions and investigations a body of intelligent, conscientious citizens that ensured the perpetuity of reform. About Florence and her children and her happy home. About Ben, her lucky husband, and his struggles and triumphs as a very practical politician. About P. T.'s life of usefulness, surrounded by loving and tender friends. About Teddy Mason, and how he conquered that receding chin of his. About the Great Starter and the collapse of his Village Press Syndicate, and his forced withdrawal of the claim against Elijah. About Sandy McPherson, and what a valiant aid to Mayor Jarvis the old Scotchman proved. About Elijah's father and mother, and how they rejoiced in their son's noble career. About Elijah himself, and how his sincerity and brave patriotism, his skilful pen and warm heart, are winning him an influence that reaches far beyond the bounds of his own State. About — but there ! I shall never get through at this rate. One more scene, and I am done.

It is the office of Mr. Crawford, proprietor of *The Bee*. The time is two weeks after the momentous election. The good news has been

given out that Elijah is surely and rapidly recovering.

There is present, besides Crawford and Crane, the new Mayor Jarvis, attended by ten of the leading men of Danford — clergymen, merchants, college professors. Mr. Crawford is astonished and confused. He stammers an incoherent greeting. Mr. Crane, however, is in the secret, and welcomes them cordially. The new mayor is the spokesman.

“Mr. Crawford,” he begins abruptly, “you got an idea at the last election how strong is the reform sentiment in Danford. We propose to see to it that it shall increase rather than diminish. Now, much of this gain for the public welfare has come through *The Citizen*, that paper which was so traitorously sold out to you in the crisis of the campaign. We all recognize the importance of newspapers, their vast influence for good or evil; and our purpose here this morning is to set on foot negotiations for the purchase of *The Bee*.”

Here Mr. Crawford’s brow darkens ominously, but Mayor Jarvis goes serenely on.

“Of course we are not sure that you will part with the property, but we are prepared to make you a reasonable offer, and to show you that it will be much to your interest to sell out. We have formed a publication company, in which the solid business men of this place are all interested. If

you will sell to us, we shall simply bury *The Bee* and resurrect *The Citizen*. If you refuse to sell, *The Citizen* will be re-established anyway. With all the advertising patronage of the town turning elsewhere, together with the leading citizens, I think you would not find *The Bee* a paying piece of property."

This frank and bold statement puts matters in a very different light. Mr. Crawford becomes more cordial at once.

"Gentlemen," he replies, "I am sorry I have n't chairs for you all. Sam," — he turns to P. T.'s old foe, the office boy, — "Sam, go bring in some more chairs. Gentlemen, I am a man of business, and when a point is made, I see it. I shouldn't wonder if you were too many for me. Anyway, I am willing to talk the matter over. Only, gentlemen, you must give me my price, you must give me my price."

The conference is protracted. It is followed by a visit, *en masse*, to the office of *The Bee*, to inspect the stock. Bill Downs, as they enter, sheepishly takes his feet from his desk, sets his chair on its four legs, and improves the first opportunity to slip away. After much bickering the bargain is concluded, with the exception of the legal formalities, and *The Danford Citizen* is on its feet once more, never again to be overthrown.

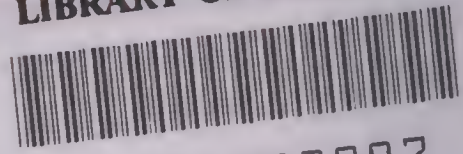
"And of course, gentlemen," remarks Mr. Craw-

ford in parting, "there 's no need to ask you who your editor is to be."

"No, indeed," replies Mayor Jarvis; "why, who could it be but that manly young man, Elijah Tone, citizen?"

THE END.

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