

"It will do no harm to step inside," he said; and as the next couple passed in, he followed, seating himself by one of the stoves grateful that chance had placed it in his way to secure shelter from the cold even in this way.

Two men near him were so earnestly engaged in conversation that they hardly noticed him when he took a seat beside them, but they looked up presently as a man and his wife entered the hall and proceeded to the dressing room.

"Well I declare," said one, "If there isn't old Bill Schmidt! When did he return?"

"He is the fellow who went out west to look up a location for the society, isn't he?" replied the other with some contempt.

"Yes, the society sent him out something more than a year ago."

"He has done uncommonly well the past year. Went into the milling business as a speculation and it has turned out better than any of us thought it would."

"If I remember right when he came to this place from Cincinnati, some years ago, he was as poor as most of us. That is the way of the world; the man who makes the money is not always the one who does the work."

"Right you are, and I, for one, would like to see the time when we could all share and share alike. It is getting to be that the poor man has no show with the one who has the money."

"That's just it and that is the reason why I was opposed to sending a man like Schmidt out to look