

"Why should I? I took good care not to carry the infection; and it would have been foolish to make you timid."

"And that coat of yours that disappeared was kept in the bushes back of the house, just to visit them in?"

"Yes, and after two got well and the other two died, the coat was put in their stove and burned."

"That wasn't all," said Mrs. MacKenzie, shaking her head. "Their cases were so bad that people wouldn't go near the house. So you engaged a woman to act as nurse, and set the example, by going twice a day yourself to see that your orders were carried out. Why did you run such a risk?"

"What was I Mayor for?"

"Not to do the people's work."

"No, but a Mayor of a city is father to the folk in it. It's his duty to see that the sick are cared for. The well can take care of themselves."

"It was the Doctors' duty, not yours."

"Yes and no. Theirs to prescribe—mine to see that their directions were carried out. If I hadn't, many more people would have died."

"And suppose you had died yourself?"

"It might have been as well," he muttered, reflectively; "the present troublous times would have been postponed—only postponed, mark you, until some other dare-devil soul arose to fill my shoes—the coming rebellion would not even be thought of; and the oligarchy that curses our land with its tyranny