

## **The Preparation and the Preaching**

the chairman returned and announced that Mr. Graves had been seriously hurt and that, therefore, the meeting must be ended. Solemnly and quietly the immense throng filed out of the doors, only to break silence when they reached the outer air. And then pandemonium broke loose. Never was heard such acclaim as Graves received that night. No speech of his could ever have received so popular and forceful a demonstration.

Early next morning the people went to the polls. John Graves was lingering at the point of death. Bulletins were posted every few minutes giving particulars of his condition. The Doctors refused to give any definite news. There was no change through all the morning hours. The man was unconscious. He had never moved since the accident. And still the voting went on. It was the quietest election in the city's history.

When the poll closed at five o'clock a bulletin was posted to say that Mr. Graves had regained consciousness and was resting peacefully. Then for the first time that day a subdued cheer rolled through the city. At seven o'clock the news was published that John Graves had been elected by an overwhelming majority. The excitement of the people passed all bounds. Roar upon roar of gladness swept the city.

In a private ward of the hospital that had its location near the tenements, the Doctors watched anxiously over the patient. A slight examination revealed a severe concussion of the brain. There was no chance of recovery.

When the cheers of the crowd penetrated into the death-chamber John Graves temporarily regained consciousness. He asked the cause of the tumult.