

so enthusiastic as her husband, and always apprehensive of the possibility of renewed attacks upon his property or life, she was loyally faithful to his views of right and wrong; and, from a sense of duty, did her best to aid and abet his efforts. To-day her face was brighter than usual. There was an appreciative warmth in her look.

"What is it, wife?" he asked.

"Are you particularly hungry?" was her answer.

"I should think I might be, after talking steadily for three hours."

"All the good it'll do you, I fear, won't be much. But that's no matter, there are people in this town who worship the very ground you stand on."

"When the right time comes, I hope they'll show it."

"That's what they are doing—showing it now."

MacKenzie's look was a question.

"You remember the Kenny's, who had smallpox two years ago, when you were Mayor?"

"Yes."

"The mother was here this afternoon, and she says that she and her son owe their lives to you."

"Rather a strong statement."

"She declares that it is true; and as a little token of gratitude she brought over some choice chickens, that she has raised specially for you. And yet, dear heart, you never told me a word about it."