

THE TRAINING OF SILAS

CHAPTER I

Father Sinclair Unearths a Nefarious Scheme

THE West End of Laurenboro had been deserted all summer. Ever since the first days of July, what with barred doors, closed blinds, awnings raised, and noiseless streets, the aristocratic section of the great metropolis looked like a city of the dead. The urban wealth and fashion had transferred its quarters for the time being either to the Maine coast, with its invigorating salt breezes, or to the cool and inviting regions of the Lower St. Lawrence. Those who were particularly in search of health and diversion had gone to the mountain haunts of the Adirondacks, or found change amid transatlantic scenery and tourist life in the Scotch Highlands or the Continental Alps. Altogether the West End had been vacated, and except for the appearance, here and there, of some solitary gardener aimlessly wandering about the premises, and the undisturbed