

There is a telegraph office at the foot of St. James's Street. Balfour walked right down there, and sent a message to his friend Jewsbury at Oxford: '*Come down at once to the "Green Fox," Englebury. Some fun going on.*' Then, finding he could just catch the afternoon train, he jumped into a Hansom, and drove to Paddington Station. He arrived at Englebury without even a tooth-brush; but he had his check-book in his pocket.

The Rev. Mr. Jewsbury arrived the next day, and the business of the election began at once. Jewsbury was in the secret, and roared with laughter as he heightened the pungency of the paragraphs which called on the electors of Englebury to free themselves from political slavery. And Balfour laughed as heartily when he found himself lashed and torn to pieces every morning by the *Englebury Mercury*, because he looked forward to the time when the editor of that important organ might have to change his tune, in asking the sitting member to obtain the government advertisements for him.

It was a fierce fight, to be sure; and Mr. and Mrs. Chorley had such faith in their time-honored representative that they called on their fellow townsmen to raise a note to defray Mr. Harnden's expenses. Then, on the night before the election, the thunder-bolt fell. Mr. Harnden attended a meeting of his friends and supporters. He thanked them most cordially for all they had done on his behalf. The weight of years, he said, was beginning to tell on him; nevertheless he had been loath to take his hand from the plough; now, however, at the last moment, he felt it would be a mistake to task their kindness and forbearance longer. But he felt it a privilege to be able to resign in favor of an opponent who had throughout treated him with the greatest courtesy—an opponent who had already made some mark in the House—who would do credit to the borough. That the constituency was not divided in its opinions they would prove by voting for Mr. Balfour like one man. He called for three cheers for his antagonist; and the meeting, startled, bewildered, but at the same time vaguely enthusiastic, positively roared. Whether Mr. Chorley, who was on the platform, joined in that outburst could not well be made out. Next day, as a matter of

course, Mr. Hugh Balfour was elected member of Parliament for the borough of Englebury; and he straightway telegraphed off this fact to his wife. Perhaps she was not looking at the newspapers.

Well, he was only a young man, and he was no doubt proud of his success as he hastened down to Surrey again. Then everything promised him a glad home-coming; for he had learned, in passing through London, that the charge against Lord Willoby and his fellow-speculators had been withdrawn—he supposed the richer merchants had joined to buy the man off. And as he drove over to The Lilacs he was full of eager schemes. Lady Sylvia would come at once to London, and the house in Piccadilly would be got ready for the opening of Parliament. It would be complimentary if she went down with him to Englebury, and called on one or two people whose acquaintance he had made down there. Surely she would be glad to welcome him after his notable victory?

But what was his surprise and chagrin to find that Lady Sylvia's congratulations were of a distinctly formal and correct character, and that she did not at all enter into his plans for leaving The Lilacs.

'Why, Sylvia,' said he, 'surely you don't hate Englebury simply because you disliked the Chorleys? Chorley has been my sworn enemy all through this fight, and I have smote him hip and thigh.'

'I scarcely remember anything about the Chorleys,' she said, indifferently.

'But why would you rather live down here?' said he, in amazement.

'You know you will be every night at the House,' she said.

'Not more than other members,' he remonstrated. 'I shall have three nights a week free.'

'And then you will be going out among people who are altogether strangers to me—who will talk about things of which I know nothing.'

'My dear child,' said he, 'you don't mean to say you intend to live down here all by yourself during the time Parliament is sitting? You will go mad.'

'I have told you before, Hugh,' said she, 'that I can not leave papa while he is so poorly as he is at present. You will have plenty of occupation and amusement in London without me; I must remain here.'