

## **The Preparation and the Preaching**

port of John Graves. Desperate measures must be used or the day would be lost. And Archibald Kresus was not the sort of man to turn squeamish over questionable methods.

He possessed a trusted secretary who loved him with a quenchless affection. There was the closest confidence between the two. Many were the schemes that the secretary had put through, and he was unfailingly discreet regarding procedures.

Kresus sat in his spacious, richly-furnished office on the morning before the election, when his secretary entered. There was a whispered consultation.

"Ten thousand dollars would do it," said the secretary, "and I think I know the man. It can be arranged at the big meeting to-night in such a way that no one will question the accident. This foul creature has hoodwinked the people long enough."

Without a protest Kresus paid over the money.

The meeting in the Arena that night was the largest ever held in the city. Long hours before eight the hall was packed to suffocation. The night was warm and all the windows of the building were thrown sky-high. Dense crowds girdled the edifice in the hope of catching a glimpse of "The Children's Candidate." A high platform was erected in the centre of the Arena in order that the immense crowd in the amphitheatre might hear the address. A small desk covered by the Union Jack was set upon a dais near the edge. Below there was a large orchestra playing popular tunes. When Graves appeared a fierce demonstration shook the building. He looked pale and worn but round the corners of his mouth there played the winning smile which had captured so many hearts. His eyes burned with tense, controlled passion. The man's body seemed to be consumed by the white heat