
CUPID AND THE CANDIDATE

The latter in response raised his stick, made an effort to wave it, shouting as he did so, "The best government on—" His head suddenly fell to one side and the stick dropped from his hand, clattering loudly on the kitchen floor. The doctor sprang from his buggy and ran back. Already Mrs. Pinnock was on her knees supporting Ezra's head and shoulders in her arms. Endearing names mingled with sobs and heart-broken cries smote the stillness which seemed suddenly to have settled on the farmhouse. Ezra was dead, but surely his spirit lingered yet a moment in response to his wife's lamentations, for his thin lips curved into the delicately ironical smile with which he was wont to meet that which he did not believe, but was powerless to combat. For a moment the smile lingered, then passed like breath on a mirror, and peace and rest settled on the tired dead face.

It was night, and Garric Sound was a blaze of electric lights. Crowds thronged the streets and gathered in solid masses before the newspaper offices. The doctor was late in reaching town; he had waited to hear the result of the votes polled in Orran. Orran gave Johnston a majority of forty, the biggest vote the Conservatives had ever polled in the division. They were jubilant. "Why, it is going to be a walk-over!" one of them exclaimed. The doctor shook his head. "We may thank Dick Dollinger for a good bit of it. I only wish I could believe it was going this way all over the county.