

Ward did not uphold the dignity of Barnsville.

"You'll make a salesman some day," continued the drummer,— "if something drags you away from here. Tell me straight, now, don't you get sick of old man Thomas and the rest of them?"

The Barnsvillian confessed. Then Gorman, progressively carried away by the little incident of the eggs, spoke glowingly of the opportunities awaiting young men of ambition and genius in the big fields of business.

"I certainly would love to get out," said Ward, enthusiastically.

"Would you travel?"

"Sure; I'd love to. My brother Jack's on the road, you know."

"Runs in the family, I guess." Gorman smiled.

"Well, I'll do what I can for you this week-end and write you. I know a firm in Windsor that's looking for young fellows about your speed."

After Ward had fulfilled in part Gorman's prophesy concerning Mrs. Bark, the drummer rallied Thomas in the presence of his clerk.

"I don't like it anyway," said the village merchant.

"You're behind the times," Ward burst out, in the egotism of his excitement over the prospects of going on the road.

Thomas lost his temper, at that, and threatened to discharge the clerk. Gorman gently interfered and was told to mind his own business.

"What are you butting in for anyway?" demanded the merchant. "You come hanging around here in the way when you know I can't possibly take on any more stock at present. Why don't you go over and worry Joe Buryman?"