

A FAIR EMIGRANT

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CHAPTER XIV

FAIR

Pastures of dewy green, hills of
buttercups and daisies, flocks of water
with heaven in their depths, and red
and black cattle grazing amongst
sedges and yellow lilies, streaks of
dark bogland fringed with tawny
weeds, soft, violet ridges of far away
mountains, all wreathed in shifting
sunshine and shimmering mist,
passed swiftly before Bawn's eyes as
she whirled through the butterfields
of Erin. Could anything be more
different from the lofty solemnity of
the dark pine forests, the far stretching
flatness of the prairie lines?

There was a long day's travelling
before she stepped out of the train,
and was conscious in the clear dark-
ness of rugged hills, a bay with dusky
shipping, twinkling lights, and a
small of fish and tar.

Arrived at the little hotel recom-
mended to her by Dr. Ackroyd,
she was conducted by the honest
woman who owned it to a tiny room
with space just sufficient for herself
and her trunk.

As she sat at breakfast the next
morning in the little hotel parlour,
with her hat and shawl beside her,
the door opened and a gentleman
came in. Then she noticed that
breakfast was laid for a second person
at the other end of the table, and the
man, whose tea and toast were placed
opposite to hers, sat down in the
place that was prepared for him and
stared at her.

She reflected that farmers' daugh-
ters cannot expect to have every
thing as ladies would wish, and
serenely went on with her breakfast
as if no one had come into the room.

"Would you like to see yesterday's
paper?" said the man; and then
Bawn had to look at him for a
moment. He was a stoutish, pom-
pous-looking person, holding himself
very erect, his eyes of a light watery
blue with a puffiness under them,
head a little bald, with a fringe of
light coloured hair, a heavy mouth
shaded by a heavier moustache, and
hands that were fat and unnatu-
rally white.

"Thank you," said Bawn; and,
taking the paper, she held it so as to
screen herself from his scrutiny.

"Ye didn't mind the major, did ye?"
said the landlady apologetically
afterwards. "He's a fine man an' a
rich gentleman; but he's a good
hand at startin', isn't he? My Mary
complains of it when she has to wait
on him, and she isn't as handsome
as you, mem. If it had 'a' been one
of the Fingalls, now, ye'd 'a' been
quite at home with him; but Major
Batt isn't so nice for a young woman
that does her travellin' all her lone."

One of the Fingalls! Bawn's heart
gave a sudden throb as the name fell
on her ear. That strange, long week
at sea dropped suddenly out of her
life, and she was her father's daugh-
ter again, with his good name in her
hands.

She had hardly taken her seat on
the long car when Major Batt came
out of the inn, looking larger than
ever in a huge ulster and soft hat
crushed down over his puffy eyes.

He approached the little green car
with the silver harness, but instead
of mounting it, said a few words to
his servant and then, coming up to
the public conveyance, hoisted himself
with some difficulty into a place by
Bawn's side.

"She thought regretfully of how his
burly figure would probably shut out
her view of the coast scenery. To
try to see beyond him would be as
bad as looking over the shoulders of
a crowd. Travellers round the
Antrim coast are few, and no one
else appeared to claim a seat on the
conveyance. The driver cracked his
whip and the car rattled out of the
town.

"You see," remarked the major, "I
could not think of letting you travel
all alone on this beastly car."

"Thank you," said Bawn; "but it
was quite an unnecessary attention.
We Americans are accustomed to
take care of ourselves."

"I may say, in the words of the
poet: 'Lady, dost thou not fear to
stray, so lone and lovely along this
bleak way?'"

A sudden turn in the road brought
the wide ocean to their feet—a mag-
nificent sheet of shifting silver
guarded by shining white limestone
cliffs, stretching away in curve after
curve into a fairylike distance.
Major Batt sat with his broad back
squared against the scenery, and his
little watery blue eyes fixed upon all
of Bawn's face that was visible
through the thickest of gauze veils.

"I am a stranger," she said, "and
this kind of scenery is new to me.
Have you any objection to letting me
see it?"

"I was just going to advise you to
lift your veil," was the reply.

"It is one of our American inven-
tions—the newest fad to the eyes.
I can enjoy my view better with it
than without it."

"With such admirable assistance,
you ought to be able to see through
me."

"Perhaps I can," said Bawn, quietly,
"but I am none the less anxious to
change seats with you."

"Think what an unpleasant move
for me. The view would engage all
your attention, and I should have
none of it."

Bawn was silent for a few moments
and then, finding the major's eyes
still relentlessly fixed on her, she
leaned back and said to the driver:
"Will you be good enough to stop a
moment? I wish to change my seat."

The driver was at her service in an
instant; the major laughed a little

and muttered something, but offered
his assistance, which was not accept-
ed, and Bawn, placed at the upper
end of the car, where she could keep
her face turned away towards the
scenery, felt herself victorious over
her obtuse fellow traveller.

Nevertheless the major still con-
tinued to make himself as objection-
able as he could, following her up
the slightly sloping side of the car as
far as possible, though invariably
getting shaken by reason of his own
considerable weight.

"I never could see anything in
scenery myself," he said presently.
"The only view I care about is the
view of a pretty face. And you," he
continued, as Bawn made no reply,
intent on watching the shifting
curves of the silver cliffs folding and
unfolding far ahead—"you have just
deprived me of one of the finest pros-
pects I ever gazed upon."

As he spoke he had edged himself
up the side of the car and came as
close to Bawn as he could manage.
"Did you speak?" she said, turning
suddenly. "This is not a good place
for hearing, though capital for seeing.
The wind carries your voice over
my shoulder, I suppose."

"And your face over my shoulder,
I suppose," he grumbled, as the back
of Bawn's head was again presented
to him. At the same moment, by an
artful touch, she let loose the ends
of her veil, which were driven into
his face by the breeze.

"Confound it!" he heard him
ejaculate, and he was suddenly
shaken away from her and settled
down in a heavy deposit at the lower
end of the car. Looking round
again, she saw him manipulating one
of his eyelids and patting it with his
pocket-handkerchief. A corner of
the veil had gone into his eye.

"I am afraid you have got some-
thing in your eye," she said, serene-
ly. "It is dusty for the time of year."

"Ah! true; so it is."

"And I'm sure dust is particularly
irritating. What a pity you do not
wear a veil like mine."

"Thank you; yours has been
enough for me," he growled, trying
to look as if nothing had happened,
but winking wildly.

After this Bawn had peace for
some minutes; but the eye getting
better, the major's spirits revived, and
his pleasantness continued.

"Now, I am sure we have met in
America," he began. "I spent last
summer there, and ever since I saw
you first this morning I have felt
certain we were excellent friends in
New York."

Bawn reflected a few moments and
then said: "I wonder to hear you
say so, for small-pox usually changes
one so much; especially when one
has only just recovered from it."

"Small-pox! You only recovered
from small-pox. But you have no
mark of it whatever."

"I can scarcely rely on your
flattering opinion, as you have not
seen me in a good light without my
veil."

"You must have had it very light-
ly."

"I cannot say I had; but if so, it is
all the worse for the person who
takes the infection from me. He
will be sure to catch the fiercest kind
of it."

"The major, who had been edging
up the car, suddenly stopped his
ascend, and was gradually, this time
unresistibly, shaken down to the
bottom, where he sat aghast.

"But you ought not to be going at
large," he said; "it is highly wrong."

"One must go somewhere for
change of air, or one cannot get
well," said Bawn, tucking her veil
about her face, and turning away to
hide her smile.

Meanwhile Major Batt sat restfully
looking askance at her from the
other end of the conveyance,
occasionally casting anxious glances
behind to see if his own car was
coming into sight.

"I think I shall walk a little," he
said presently, with a comical
attempt at ease of manner. "These
outside cars are a confoundedly cold
means of locomotion. Driver, stop!
Let me off."

Off he went, and the car went on
without him; and Bawn, looking
back, saw the trim little green car
hastening from the distance, and the
stout major trudging gallantly to
meet it.

After that the two strong horses
drawing the "long car" thundered
along under the overhanging lime-
stone walls with Bawn as the only
passenger. The sea washed green
and pellucid over its white shingle,
and clouds of silver smoke rose and
filled the air with a curious frag-
rance from piles of burning kelp that
smouldered on the shore. Few liv-
ing creatures were to be seen, but
here and there a cottage appeared in
a hollow or on the summit of a cliff.

"There's Anghrim Castle, miss,"
said the driver, who had been silent-
ly chuckling over the discomfiture of
the major, and now thought it his
duty to entertain the lady. "That's
where Lord Anghrim lives, miss,
barrin' when he's away from home,
which is mostly always."

"Then we have got into the Fin-
gall country," said Bawn, looking
round her eagerly.

"Oh! fair we have, miss. Further
on ye'll come to Glennalurean,
where the general and his family
does be livin'. Leastways the
general's dead, God rest his soul;
but the family's there to the fore,
an' proud to tell ye."

CHAPTER XV

SISTERS

A few days later two members of
the Fingall family stepped out of the
post-office of the little town of
Cushendall and stood in the village
square with disappointment strongly
depicted in their faces. They were two
slight young figures, clad in costumes
and caps of Donegal frieze, wearing
strong boots on their little feet, and
carrying sticks somewhat like alpen-
stocks; two girls exceedingly unlike
in appearance, and yet with a sister-
ly resemblance to each other.

"It is too bad, Shanna dear, isn't
it?" said the fairer and softer-look-
ing of the two, fixing a pair of wist-
ful blue eyes on the other's face.
"Have we made them answer us?
What can we do?"

"Do?" cried Shanna. "Nothing but
endure their silence. To think of
our putting our ancestors in print,
vulgarily trying to turn them into
money, and having them scorned for
our pains. I suppose it serves us
right for the sacrifice. O Rosheen!

What would Flora say if she knew
of it?"

"But she would have had to know
if the story had been published and
become famous," said Rosheen.
"We could not have gone on living
with such a secret on our minds."

Shanna knit her brows in impatient
thought, and then suddenly tossed
her head with a little peal of careless
laughter.

"We must try again, I suppose,"
she said. "Waste some more paper
and another bottle of ink."

"Perhaps we put too much wax in
it. Stories that get published are
generally chiefly about marriages, I
think," suggested Rosheen, timidly.

"And evidently the publishers
won't allow us to strike out a new
line," said Shanna. "They would
rather," she added contemptuously,
"hear about the courting and marry-
ing of the silliest person in the world
than read about the brave doings of
a hero like Sorely Boy. I would not
humour them even if I could," she
went on, with a brilliant damask
glowing in her brown cheeks. "I
will write about nothing but heroes
and battles. Now come along, dear;
I have to call to see Betty Macalister,
and to buy some tapes and pins at
Nannie Macaulay's."

As the two girls turned their faces
to the sunshine and set off walking,
the difference between their faces,
which were so much alike, became
more distinct. Shanna was a brilliant
brunette, brown as a berry, with a
delicate glow under her skin, a curl-
ing cloud of dusky brown hair, eyes
dark, keen, and sweet, set in a forest
of softening eyelashes, and an elo-
quent and characteristic mouth.
Rosheen was fair, a little freckled,
with hair decidedly auburn, and eyes
short, their brows low and smooth,
and their little dimpled chins had
been cast in the self-same symmetri-
cal mould.

The village of Cushendall lies in a
hollow among mountains, four cross
streets, with a strong old tower in
the middle, and a stream from the
hills winding among trees to the sea
a savour of turf-smoke pervades it,
and it is not so clean as it ought to
be. Tiny shops show all sorts of
odds and ends which country folks
need to buy, and up one hilly street
are a few dwellings of the gentry
order. As the two girls walked down
the village street every eye beamed
on them. In the sight of all, from
the shopkeeper standing in his door
way to the children making mud-
pies in the gutter, the fresh-faced,
free stepping maidens were as
princesses of an ancient line,
daughters of the ancient chieftains
of the glens. Nothing to every one
they met, they passed through the
village and out upon the varied up-
land that led towards the vale of
Glennalurean.

All around them lay swelling
knolls, Tivara, the cone shaped, fairy
mount, rising with fantastic mien
among its fellows, looking fit ground
for elves to dance upon, as they do
on moonlit nights. Little cots and
humble farm-houses nestled in their
clustering trees, their white walls
gleaming here and there in the folds
of the cultivated hills, and circling
around and above these lower high-
lands the greater mountains rose
with their dark rough crevices and
bread sides and their curved and
curious peaks. A rich sombre pur-
ple hung round Tibilla's beak-like
crest, and over towards Cushendall
a long sweep of mountain, rugged with
shrubs and heather, had caught a
warm crimson flush.

The girls came down along the
dark red road out through high sand-
stone cliffs to where Red Bay sweeps
with one majestic curve round the
opening into Glennalurean, away to
the great Garron rock, and suddenly
they espied a small green car with a
fast stepping horse and silver harness
coming to meet them by the cross-
road that skirts the shores of the
bay.

"O Shanna! Major Batt," murmured
Rosheen in dismay.

"Now, Rosheen, your fastest walk-
ing!" returned Shanna; and the two
little frieze-clad figures went at a
pace that would not have been amiss
at a walking-match. The green car
was, however, too much for them,
and not them at the angle of the
bay.

"Miss Shanna! Miss Rosheen! I
cried an unctuous voice, and the

owner of the car flung the reins to
his servant and sprang off with as
much agility as could be expected
from a person of his build.

"This is an unexpected pleasure!"
he went on after greeting them with
much effusion, trying meanwhile to
keep up with the inconvenient swiftness
of their pace. "I have just paid
a visit to Lady Flora at The Rath.
My disappointment was great at not
finding you at home. I thought of
asking permission to join you in a
ride."

"We do not ride now," said Rosheen
regretfully. "We have given up our
horses."

"Then I hope you will allow me.
I think I can mount you, if you will
be so good, sometimes."

"Thank you," said Shanna sturdily;
"but we much prefer our walking.
A horse can't scramble up banks and
climb rocks with you as we want to
do when we come out."

"No, certainly," said the major,
glancing nervously at the rough bank
beside him and hoping she would not
expect him to escort her immediately
to the top of it. But Shanna was
thinking of something entirely differ-
ent.

"Major Batt," she said with sudden
and unusual earnestness. "I am going
to ask you a serious question."

"The major, for some reason best
known to himself, changed colour
and felt a glow of pleasure and curi-
osity, and at the same time wished
himself safely back upon his car."

"The times are awfully bad," con-
tinued Shanna. "Everybody is suffer-
ing; but some people must suffer
more than others."

"The major had become very red.
"I hope—I trust"—he stammered.

Shanna silenced him with a mag-
nificent wave of her little hand.

"I am going to ask you if you
know anything at all of the old
people who are still living at Shane's
Hollow?"

"Nothing whatever," said the
major promptly. And his counten-
ance cleared.

"I thought, as you are the person
who bought up the last remnant of
their property, that you might have
had some dealings with them which
would enable you to tell me whether
they are really starving or not."

"Starving," said the fat major.
"Starving, Miss Shanna, is a very un-
comfortable word to make use of,
especially in connection with people
who once held their heads high in
the country."

"I suggest that we may all come
to it. You, however, need not fear
it, for a long time, at least," said
Shanna, with a little laugh, which the
major did not altogether like. "I
don't think any of us need fear it,"
she added, "not even Rosheen and I,
for we should turn into honest work-
women first. But seriously, Major
Batt, do you know of any means that
those poor old people have got of
keeping the wolf from their door;
for their door does open and shut
still, I believe, though half of the
roof is gone?"

"I should say," said the major
jocosely, "that they are so accus-
tomed to the wolf that they could
not live without him. But seriously,
as you say, I only know that some
two years ago they had a little
money invested somewhere, though
not more than enough to give each
of them a meal in the week. I have
reason to believe that, with their
usual time-honoured improvidence,
they have sold out that moiety of
property and eaten it up in a lump."

"Then they have nothing left,"
cried Rosheen in dismay. "They
will die in that hole, and we shall
all feel like murderers."

"My dear Miss Rosheen, I never
heard your gentle lips make use of
such strong language before," said
the major, suavely. "It fools will
commit suicide, I don't know how
they are to be prevented."

"They used to eke out their exist-
ence in various little ways," said
Shanna. "I have heard all about it
from 'Hollow Peggy.' Mr. Edmund
cultivated a scrap of land behind the
old garden walls, where nobody could
see him, and so they had potatoes
and vegetables. Mr. Paddy broke
stones in a cave, gathering them off
the hills and breaking them with a
hammer. Afterwards he sold them
to Alister and others for the roads,
pretending he had a contract for sup-
plying them. These were the only
industries they attempted; lately, I
fear, even these have come to an end.
Mr. Edmund broke his leg a short
time ago by stumbling down a hole
in the ruined house, and the doctor
carried him off whether he would or
not, to the poor house hospital. Mr.
Paddy is disabled by rheumatism—"

"They will all die!" broke in
Rosheen piteously.

"Let us hope not," said the major,
battoning up his coat and speaking
with a certain nervous decision.
"Old people reduced so far can live
upon so little."

"The worst of it is," continued
Shanna, "that their pride is so great
that they will absolutely accept of
no assistance."

"It is the best thing I have heard
about them yet," said the major, with
increased decision of manner.

"They will not take help from any
private source, nor remove to the
poor house. The doctor removed
Mr. Edmund at last by force, because
he could not risk his own life wander-
ing through the rain in search of his
patient. The sisters and brothers
look on his removal as the last
calamity that could have befallen
them, and are buried by torchlight when
they die, as has always been the
custom of their family."

"And they will really accept no
aid?"

"They were tried at Christmas with
money and clothes, but all was sent
back, with the politest of messages
and thanks."

"It is decidedly the most creditable
thing I ever heard about them," re-
iterated the major, with satisfaction.
"I think differently," said Shanna.

"When people are old and destitute
they ought to own their mistakes
and practise the one virtue left to
them—humility. To me there is
something ghastly, absolutely in-
human, in their pride."

"You will hardly overcome it now,
however," said the major.

"I think we ought to go on trying,"
said Shanna, solemnly; "and that is
why I have spoken to you, Major
Batt. Will you join with Alister in
asking some other gentlemen to look
after the case of the old people in the
Hollow?"

"I would do anything in the world
for you, Miss Shanna—" began the
major gallantly.

"Not for me," she interrupted,
quickly, "but for Christian charity,
Major Batt. When I waken in the
night I think I hear the voices of
those poor old creatures crying in
the wind. 'To work I am not able, to
beg I am ashamed.' Ought we to let
them die like rats in a hole?"

"Miss Shanna, you are an angel!"
burst forth the major; "and I will do
anything I can. But I warn you, I
believe they have some means of
existence, or they could not afford to
indulge their pride."

"You do not know them," persisted
Shanna. "You are a comparative
stranger in the country, so often
away, while I have been living near
them ever since I was born. Their
pride is great enough to sustain them
through the pangs of death by
hunger. It separated them from all
who were once their friends. It will
be inexorable in consigning them to
a horrible grave."

"I do hope you are wrong Miss
Shanna, for your sake as well as for
theirs. I never saw you in so doleful
a mood before. Let us talk of some-
thing pleasanter. Of course you go
to Dublin for the Castle amuse-
ments."

"No," said Shanna. "I have made
up our minds to stay home this
season. It seems to us hideous to
go about dancing and junketing
while the country is in such a miser-
able state."

"And besides—" began Rosheen.

"We require no besides," said
Shanna, quickly.

"But there is no disturbance in
our part of the world," urged the
major.

"This island is not so large but
that we must all feel what occurs in
any part of it," returned Shanna.
"There have been sad doings on Lady
Flora's property in the west, and we
are feeling it to the marrow of our
bones."

"Lady Flora spoke as if she ex-
pected to take you to Dublin, if not
to London."

"Did she?"

"And so I will hope to meet you
shortly in my gayest season. And now,
as I am dining with Lord Anghrim
this evening, and have a long way to
drive, I must tear myself away from
your charming society, and wish you,
reluctantly, good afternoon."

He swung himself on to the car,
which had been following him all the
way, and after he had driven off
the sisters walked some way in
silence. Then Shanna said: "Laugh,
Rosheen! Let us have a laugh! I
feel as if I had been putting both my
hands into Major Batt's pockets.
How did I frighten the poor creature!
I am curious to see what he will do
for the Adares. It will be a fight be-
tween his gallantry and his prudence."

"He will have something to think
about all the way back to Lisnavilly,
at all events," said Rosheen jocosely;
"and then both girls laughed out loud
peal upon peal of fresh young laugh-
ter, with which they seemed to cast
off all the troubles that had been
oppressing them since morning.

Their walk lay now along a nar-
row road at one side of the valley of
Glennalurean, which runs up be-
tween two stretches of mountain,
wide at its opening where the bay
washes its feet, and narrowing grad-
ually for two long miles to the point
where the hills fold together and a
fairly waterfall bursts from the upper
rocks, while over the ash and nut
trees in its way, and leaps into a
tarn in the heart of an exquisite
del. The stream from the waterfall
descending to the sea divides the vale
as it flows, and the birds fly across
it from mountain to mountain. Just
now the opposite crags of Lurgadoun
were red with sunlight, while a deep
shade dropped down from the black-
purple crags above the road travelled
by the sisters, darkening all that side
of the glen with one majestic frown.

The valley is fairly cultivated, and
white gables show here and there
among clusters of trees. An
old bridge across the river indicates
the course of an ancient road wind-
ing down the centre of the vale. As
the girls proceeded swiftly along the
narrowing road the trees grew thick-
er, and the view was gained only in
enchanting glimpses between over-
hanging boughs.

A cawing of rooks began to be heard
from the thickly-wooded distance,
and their cries gradually swelled into
a clamour as the girls set right under
a huge mountain crag that loomed
above the tunnel of trees they were
threading and threatened to drop
down upon their heads.

And here they entered the tall, old-
fashioned gates of The Rath, and
passed down the shady avenue, emerg-
ing suddenly before the front of the
house into all the dying splendours of
sunset.

THIS NIGHT

"Daddy, that's the third time you've
yawned, and you know it ain't
polite."

"Ain't?" Judge Foole put down
his legal magazine and twisted on
the deep cushioned seat with mock
seriousness.

"In't," came in a chastened voice,
and later, "I think you're an awfully
mean daddy."

The Judge looked straight ahead
through the heavy glass, beyond the
uniformed shoulders of the chauf-
feur, to the black William Penn stop
of City Hall, that loomed increasing-
ly bigger as they rolled down Broad,
but a pentitent hand reached sideways
and was clasped forgivingly by a
smaller one.

"Daddy's been working hard lately,
earning certain folk's bread and
butter, and he's pretty tired, Gladie,
but soon he's going to take a long
rest. He's going to eat, and he's
going to drink and he's going to be—"
He never finished.

The car swerved violently to the
right and bumped the curb: a white-
faced man on the sidewalk glued him-
self into a doorway, and as Judge
Foole brushed his tiny daughter to
his breast, he saw a heavy limousine
back swiftly out of the parked line in
the centre of the street and strike
dingy jitney ahead. In a spray of
flying particles—glass windshields
have that defect—the lighter jitney
crumpled, then turned, and a shirt-
waisted girl, that had been in the
tonneau, lay under the whirl of the
motor.

Mercifully the Judge covered his
daughter's eyes, and held her down
till Connor had backed the car into
the street again and out of the ever-
increasing crowd. He patted Gladie's
head, whispering assuring nothing,
and would not let her up till his
machine had swung into Spring Gar-
den street and was passing the mas-
sive granite-columned Mint.

"Daddy, my hair's all mused up,
and you did it, too! Why, daddy,
your face's as white as anything!"

Judge Foole lay back on the cush-
ions, hand pressed on heart, and
spoke little till his car was in Arch
street and stopping before Gladie's
school.

Daughter will have something to
tell Madam Neiman: "Late." He
pushed open the door. "Now, don't
keep Jack and myself waiting when
we come this afternoon. Circus in
town, you know, Gladie."

He kissed his daughter warmly
and watched her disappear within
the shelter of the gray-stone Academy
of the Sacred Heart, and then it was
he let himself relax.

"That still girl might have been
my Gladie—or me. Close call, that!"

But once in his law office, that
commanded a view down restless
Market street, the duties of the day
came and with them a forgetfulness
of the warning of the morning.

He went over the papers in the
Leshau case, and, except in one
minor point—where he pencilled his
objection in the margin—approved
his partner's line of argument. The
plump office boy knocked, and silent-
ly laid a batch of the morning mail
at his elbow, and Judge Foole sil-
ently sorted the pile, flipping the ads
and circulars stopped into the
wastebasket. He stopped his exami-
nation and reached for the silver
dagger of a paper cutter, as he came
to a heavy envelope, with "U. S.
Senate" engraved in blue upon it.

With rapid, nervous jerks his eyes
zigzagged down the typewritten lines
that pledged the senior Senator of
Pennsylvania's support in the coming
municipal election.

"Then it's 'My Honor the Mayor,'"
said the Judge to himself, for well he
knew what the political support of
"Boss" White was equivalent to.

The phone rang, and he was telling
Fox—young Frank X. Fox, of Fox &
Welsh, real estate—that he had de-
vised to accept their client's offer
and take the ocean-front cottage in
Chelsea. "Thirty-eight thousand
dollars, cash. Yes; that was the
consideration," and the check was
theirs as soon as the deed was made
out.

The Judge made a memorandum
and filed it in the "personal" pigeon-
hole of his littered desk.

"I've wanted that site for years,
and now it's mine. This fall, after
the election, I'll pull down that old
shack and put up the classiest cottage
in Chelsea. Dirt cheap, too! That
property's bound to appreciate; yea,
double in value in three years."