

Noting one of the Liberal workers growing rather gloomy as the day wore on, Dr. Bevis gave him a resounding slap on the back. "The time for a change has come at last, old boy. I can feel it in my very bones."

"Oh, hang you and your bones," growled the other, walking away. It was not long until he was back again conversing amicably. Curiously, the doctor's best friends were among the Liberals.

At three o'clock the doctor drove out to Pinnock's. Ezra was waiting for him; in fact, had been straining his eyes toward the distant hilltop for a full hour in expectation of his coming. After one look at him the doctor would have done his best to dissuade him had he thought it would have been of the slightest use. He almost lifted Ezra into the buggy, and they drove swiftly back to Orran. Excitement braced the sick man's waning energy; he seemed almost like his old self again by the time he had marked his ballot and chatted with some of his old friends.

When the doctor took Ezra home again the little man sank into a chair with a happy smile on his face. "I feel better than I've done for weeks," he said. "It did me a world of good to cast one more vote for the best government on earth. Don't come out to see me to-night, doctor; I'll be all right, and you'll be feeling pretty blue by the time you've heard from the county."

At the end of the short lane the doctor glanced back at Ezra, whose seat was in the open door.