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IV.
PROTECTOR AND PRISONER.

A few days later, Mr. Frothing attended a meeting of the library board, and presented the name of Maud Matchin as a suitable person to subordinate place in the library. There were several objections, requiring no special education or training, the duties of which would be as well filled by Miss Maud as by any one else. She had sent several strong letters of recommendation to the board from prominent citizens who knew and were well satisfied with her. Maud Matchin informed him of her own ambition. Matchin entered bravely into the affair, and bestowed himself to use what credit he had in the ward to assist her.

Maud had not exaggerated the effect of her handiwork upon Dr. Buchholz's helper. The old gentleman spoke in her praise with great freedom: "she was young, but healthy, active, intelligent, a graduate of the high school."

"And very pretty, is she not?" asked a member of the board, maliciously. The Doctor colored, but was not abashed. He gazed steadily at the interrupter through his round glasses, and said: "Yes, she is very fine looking—but I do not see that that should stand in her

Not another word was said against her,

and a ballot was taken to decide the question. There were five members of the board, three besides Farnham and Buchlieber. Maud had two votes, and a young woman whose name had not been mentioned required the other three. Buchlieber counted the ballots, and announced the vote. Farnham flushed with anger. Not only had no attention

been paid to his recommendation, but he had not even been informed that there was another candidate. In a few sarcastic words he referred to the furtive understanding existing among the men

such a mistake as to suppose they cared to hear the merits of a appointee discussed. The three colleagues sat silent. At last, one of them crossed his legs and said: "I'm sure, nobody meant any offence. We agreed on this lady several days ago. I know nothing about her, but her father used to be one of our best workers in the seventh ward. He is in the penitentiary."

now, and the family is about down to bedrock. The reason we didn't take

The other two crossed their legs the other way, and said they "concurd."

Their immovable phlegm, their long expressionless faces, the dull, monotonous twang of their voices, the oscillation of the three large feet hung over the bony knees had now, as often before, a singular effect upon Parham's irritation. He felt he could not irritate them

in return; they could not appreciate his motives, and thought too little of his opinion to be angry at his contempt.

He was thrown back upon himself now as before. It was purely a matter of conscience whether he should stay and do what good he could, or resign and shake the dust of the city hall from his feet. Whatever he recommended in regard to the administration of the library was a *liberative* *advice* *with* *the* *best* *of* *his* *power*.

The very fact of his holding the post

tion of chairman of the board was wound
ing to his self-love, as soon as he began
to appreciate the purpose with which
the place had been given him. He and
some of his friends had attempted to
movement the year before, to rescue the
city from the control of what they con-

sidered a corrupt combination of politicians. They had begun, as such men always do, top late, and without any adequate organization, and the regular workers had beaten them with ridiculous ease. In Farnham's own ward, where he possessed two thirds of the real estate, the candidates favored by him and his

friends received not quite one tenth of the votes cast. The leader of the opposing forces was a butcher, one Jacob Metzger, who had managed the politics of the ward for years.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Michael Mendelsohn

Pittsburg Despatch.
 "Have you tried the toboggan slide?
 Inquired Smith of Miss Tompkins.
 "I have not. Have you?"
 "Oh, yes."
 "How did you like it?"
 "Splendid! But it fairly took my
 breath away."
 "Indeed! Does it affect every one thus?"

"It does."
"Then every theatre ought to have one for the benefit of those gentlemen who go out between the acts for clover."
"A little fire is quickly trodden out Which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench."
Prosecution may rob you of time

by increased diligence you can make up the loss; but if rob you of life the loss is irremediable. If your health is delicate, your appetite feeble, your sleep broken, your mind depressed, your whole being out of sorts, depend on it you are seriously dis-eased. In such cases Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will speedily effect a genuine radical cure—make a new man of you and save you from the tortures of lingering

(disease)

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