

Caleb laughed. "I'll get your help," he said, "your heart is n't as hard as you pretend it is."

"A good many people think I have n't got one," said the judge; "I reckon they don't let you see the papers yet?"

Caleb shook his head.

The judge grinned. "And yesterday was the first Tuesday in November. Drat 'em, I call that hard! I'll tell you," he leaned forward, his fingers on Caleb's knee, "the Republicans carried the State by a plurality of ten thousand; Peter Mahan is elected."

Caleb's amazement kept him silent.

"Your fault, sir!" said the judge triumphantly, "you ripped the Democracy in two, showed the machine, convicted the governor. By the Lord Harry, boy, I voted the Republican ticket!"

Caleb wrung the old man's hand. "Now I know you love me, Judge!" he said.

It was then that the door opened and Diana appeared on the threshold, bearing a little tray, Sammy at her skirts and Shot trailing behind her. "Judge," she said, "the doctor's orders — twenty minutes and no politics!"

The judge got up and reached for his hat and cane. "I'm guilty, Diana!" he cried.

"Then you'll have to go," she said, and smiled across at the patient.

It was only the third time Caleb had seen her, and he did not know how often she had hung over him in agony when he lay unconscious. Diana, meeting his