THE CANDIDATE

A Political Romance (Copyright, 1905, by Harper & Brothers) By Joseph A. Altsheler

SYNOPSIS PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Jimmy Grayson, the dark horse of a national convention, is nominated for the Presidency. Harley, the correspondent of the New York Gazette, is the first to tell the candidate the good news. He accompanies the Graysons to their Western home and meets Grayson's niece, Sylvia Morgan. The two are mutually attracted. On the night of Grayson's great speech Sylvia, in her enthusiasm, throws her arms about Grayson's neck and kisses him. On the following morning Harley finds the incident illustrated in the yellow journals, and Sylvia named as "Grayson's Egeria; the beautiful young girl who furnishes Western fire for his speeches." Churchill, correspondent of the Monitor, New York's "yellow" journal, allies himself with a party of financiers who follow Grayson to Milwaukee, and, by process of flattery, induce Churchill to start an opposition movement. "King" Plummer, a political power in the West and a multimillionaire, appears on the scene. Harley believes him to be Sylvia's uncle, but learns that he is her guardian and betrothed.

Churchill's dispatches are read to the Grayson party by Hobart, a newspaper man. Sylvia promises to win over Churchill.

The triumph of the candidate's oratory is reached at Weeping Water, where Grayson, after riding 400 miles and making 23 speeches, holds an audience spellbound from midnight until 3 in the morning, while a blizzard is raging.

Driving over the plains the candidate, Harley, and the driver are lost and seek shelter in a lonely house, where a tragedy—unearthed by Harley—is under way.

The following day finds the candidate's party reunited. Plummer witnesses Sylvia's warm welcome of Harley, and is brought to realize his age. Heathcote arrives from the East. He is just back from Europe, and travels with a valet. He assumes management of Grayson's campaign. The citizens of the Colorado town and the newspaper correspondents hold an indignation meeting, and Harley maps out a line of action which is to make the way so rough for Heathcote and his valet that they will be discouraged with campaigning in the West.

The party reaches Grayville for Sunday, where a hanging is about to occur. Hobart interviews the condemned youth and is convinced of his innocence. He holds a conference with Grayson, and the next night, when the opera house is crowded for Grayson's speech, Hobart manages to have the three false witnesses to the murder in attendance. The candidate appears on the stage with the light of great eagerness in his eyes, confronts the audience, and his speech is so eloquent it induces the guilty man to confess. In spite of his triumph he realizes that Harley stands best in the favor of Sylvia and his niece is grateful to him for the consideration he shows. The rivalry between Harley and "King" Plummer still continues, while the political campaign goes on.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Spellbinder.

An hour after the smoke of the Salt Lake train was lost in the blue sky, the special car bearing the candidate whirled off in another direction, deep into the wonderland of the mountains. Now white peaks were on one side and mighty chasms on the other; then both chasm and peak were lost behind them, and they shot through an irrigated valley, brown with the harvest, neat villages snuggling in the center. But always, whether near or far, the mounains were around them, blue on he middle slopes, white at the crests, unless those crests were lost in the clouds and mists.

The people in the car were more quiet than usual, the candidate absorbed in somewhat sad thoughts, the state politicians respecting his silence, and the correspondents planning their dispatches. But all missed Mrs. Grayson and Miss Morgan, who, whether they talked or not, always contributed brightness and a gentler note to their long campaign. "King" Plummer, too, with his loud laugh and his large, sincere manner, left a vacancy. Every one felt that there was now nothing ahead but business—cold, hard business—and so it proved.

Every campaign enters upon successive phases, in which the contestants advance, through politeness and consideration, first to wary feint and parry, and then to the stern death-grip of the battle which can mean nothing but the victory of one and the defeat of the other. They were now approaching this last stage, and great piles of Eastern newspapers, which reached them in Utah, reflected all the progress of the combat.

It was obvious to all of those skilled readers and interpreters that the breach within the party was widening, and that this breach could become a chasm before the election. The Monitor and other papers, the chosen or self-appointed champions of vested interests, were almost openly in revolt; in Harley's mind their course amounted to the same thing; they printed in their news columns many things derogatory to Grayson, and likely to shatter public faith in his judgment, and in nearly all of them appeared signed contributions from members of the wealthy faction led by the Hon. Mr. Goodnight, attacking every speech made by the candidate, and intimating that he was a greater danger to the country than the nominee of the other side.

"The split will have to come," was Harley's muttered comment, "and the sooner the better for us."

The journals of the rival party were a singular contrast to those of Grayson's side, as they expressed unbounded and sincere confidence. In all that had occurred they could not read anything but victory for them, and Harley was bound to admit that their exultation was justified.

But amid all these troubles the candidate preserved his remarkable amiability of disposition, and Harley witnessed another proof that he was a man first and a statesman afterward.

The train was continually thronged with local politicians and others anxious to see Mr. Grayson, and at a little station in a plain that seemed to have no end they picked up three men, one of whom attracted Harley's notice at once. He was young, only twenty-four or five, with a bright, quick, eager face, and he was not dressed in the usual careless Western fashion. His trousers were carefully creased, his white shirt was well laundered, and his tie was neat. But he wore that strange combination—not so strange west of the Mississippi—a sack coat and a silk hat at the same time.

The youth was not at all shy, and he early obtained an introduction to Mr. Grayson. Harley thus learned that his name was Moore—Charles Moore, or Charlie Moore, as those with him called him. Most men in the West, unless of special prominence, when presented to Jimmy Grayson, shook hands warmly, exchanged a word or two on any convenient topic, and then gave way to others, but this fledgling sought to hold him in long converse on the most vital questions of the campaign.

"That was a fine speech of yours that you made at Butte, Mr. Grayson," he said, in the most impulsive manner, "and I indorse every word of it, but are you sure that what you said about Canadian reciprocity will help our party in the great wheat States, such as Minnesota and the Dakotas?"

The candidate stared at him at first in surprise and some displeasure, but in a moment or two his gaze was changed into a kindly smile. He read well the youth before him, his amusing confidence, his eagerness, and his self-importance, that had not yet received a rude check.

"There is something in what you say, Mr. Moore," replied Jimmy Grayson, in that tone absolutely without condescension that made every man his friend; "but I have considered it, and I think it is better for me to stick to my text. Besides, I am right, you know."

"Ah, yes; but that is not the point," exclaimed young Mr. Moore; "one may be right, but one might keep silent on a doubtful point that is likely to influence many votes. And there are several things in your speeches, Mr. Grayson, with which some of us do not agree. I shall have occasion to address the public concerning them—as you know, a number of us are to speak with you while you are passing through Utah."

There was a flash in Jimmy Grayson's eye, but Harley could not tell whether it expressed anger or amused contempt. It was gone in a moment, however, and the candidate again was looking at the fledgling with a kindly, smiling, and tolerant gaze. But Churchill thrust his elbow against Harley.

"Oh, the child of the free and bounding West!" he murmured. "What innocence, and what a sense of majesty and power!"

Harley did not deign a reply, but he made the acquaintance, by and by, of the men who had joined the train with Moore. One of these was a county judge named Basset, sensible and middle-aged, and he talked freely about the fledgling, whom he seemed to have in a measure on his mind. He laughed at first when he spoke of the subject, but he soon became serious.

"Charlie is a good boy; but what do you think he is? Or, rather, what do you think he thinks he is?"

"I don't know," replied Harley.

"Charlie thinks he's a spellbinder, the greatest ever. He is dreaming by night, and by day, too, that he's to be the West's most wonderful orator, and that he's to hold the thousands in his spell. He's a coming Henry Clay and Daniel Webster rolled into one. He's read that story about Demosthenes holding the pebble in his mouth to make himself talk good, and they do say that he slips away out on the prairie, where there's nobody about, and with a stone in his mouth tries to beat the old Greek at his own game. I don't vouch for the truth of the story, but I believe it."

Harley could not keep from smiling.

"Well, it's at least an honest ambition," he said.

"I don't know about that," replied the judge, doubtfully. "Not in Charlie's case, because as a spellbinder he isn't worth shucks. He can't speak, and he'll never learn to do it. Besides, he's leaving a thing he was just made for to chase a rainbow, and it's breaking his old daddy's heart."

"What is it that he was made for?"

"He's a born telegraph operator. He's one of the best ever known in the West. They say that at eighteen he was the swiftest in Colorado. Then he went down to Denver, and a month ago he gave up a job there that was paying him a hundred and fifty a month to start this foolishness. They say he might be a great inventor, too, and here he is trying to speak on politics when he doesn't know anything about public questions, and he doesn't know how to talk, either; I don't know whether to be mad about it or just feel sorry, because Charlie's father is an old friend of mine."

Harley shared his feelings. He had seen the round peg in the square hole so many times with bad results to both the peg and the hole that every fresh instance grieved him. He was also confirmed in the soundness of Judge Basset's opinion by his observation of young Moore as the journey proceeded. The new spellbinder was anxious to speak whenever there was an occasion, and often when there was none at all. The discouragement, and even the open rebukes of his elders, could not suppress him. The correspondents, comparing notes, decided that they had never before seen so strong a rage for speaking. He took the whole field of public affairs for his range. He was willing at any time to discuss the tariff, internal revenue, finance, and foreign relations, and avowed himself master of all. Yet Harley saw that he was in these affairs a perfect child, shallow and superficial, and depending wholly upon a few catchwords that he had learned from others. Even the former Populists turned from him. But their sour faces when he spoke taught him nothing. He was still, to himself, the great spellbinder, and he looked forward to the day when he, too, a nominee for the Presidency, should charm multitudes with his eloquence and logic. He had no hesitation in confiding his hopes to Harley, and the correspondent longed to tell him how he misjudged himself. Yet he refrained, knowing that it was not his duty, and that even if it were, his words would make no impression.

But in other matters than those of public life and oratory Jimmy Grayson's people found young Moore likable enough. He was helpful on the train; now and then, when the telegraph operators had more material than they could handle, he gave them valuable aid; he was a fine comrade, taking good luck and bad luck with equal philosophy, and never complaining. "If only he wouldn't try to speak!" groaned Hobart, for whom he had sent a telegraphic message with skill and dispatch.

But that very afternoon Moore talked to them on the subject of national finance, until they fell into a rage and left the car. That evening Harley was sitting with the candidate, when an old man, bent of figure and gloomy of face, came to them.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Grayson," he said, "for intruding on you, but I've come to ask a favor. I'm Henry Moore, of Council Grove, the father of Charlie Moore, who was the best telegraph operator in Denver, and who is now the poorest public speaker in Colorado."

The old man smiled, but it was a sad smile, cut off early. Jimmy Grayson was full of sympathy at once, and he shook Mr. Moore's hand warmly.

"I know your son," he said; "he is a bright boy."

"Yes, he's nothing but a boy," said his father, as if seeking an excuse. "I suppose all boys must have their foolish spells, but he appears to have his mighty hard and long."

The old man sighed, and the look of sympathy on Jimmy Grayson's face deepened.

"Charlie is a good boy," continued Mr. Moore, "and if he could have this foolish notion knocked out of his head—there's no other way to get it out—he would be all right; and that's why I've come to you. You know you are to speak at Pueblo to-morrow night in a big hall, and one of the biggest crowds in the West will be there to hear you. Two or three speakers are to follow you, and what do you think that son of mine has done? Somehow or other he has got the committee to put him on the programme right after you, and he says he is going to demolish what he calls your fallacies."

Harley saw the candidate's lips curve a little, as if he were about to smile, but the movement was quickly checked. Jimmy Grayson would not willingly hurt the feelings of any man.

"Your boy has that right," he said to Mr. Moore.

"No, he hasn't!" burst out the old man. "A boy hasn't any right to be so lightheaded, and I want you, Mr. Grayson, when he has finished his speech, to come right back at him and wipe him off the face of the earth. It will be an easy thing for so big a man as you to do. Charlie doesn't know a thing about public affairs. He'll make lots of statements, and every one of 'em will be wrong. Just show him up. Make all the people laugh at him. Just sting him with your words till he turns red in the face. Roll him in the dust, and tread on him till he can't breathe. Then hold him up before all that audience as the biggest and wildest fool that ever came on a stage. Nothing else will cure him; it will be a favor to him and to me; and I, his father, who loves him more than anybody else in the world, ask you to do it."

Harley was tempted to smile, and at the same moment water came into his eyes. No one could fail to be moved by the old man's intense earnestness, his florid and mixed imagery, and his appealing look. Certainly Jimmy Grayson was no exception. He glanced at Harley and saw his expression of sympathy, but the correspondent made no suggestion.

"I appreciate your feelings and your position, Mr. Moore," he said, "but this is a hard thing that you ask me to do. I cannot trample upon a boy, even metaphorically, in the presence of five thousand people. What will they think of me?"

"They'll understand. They'll know why it's done, and they'll like you for it. It's the only way, Mr. Grayson. Either you do it or my boy's life is ruined."

Jimmy Grayson walked up and down the room, and his face was troubled. He looked again and again at Harley, but the correspondent made no suggestion; he had none to make. At last he stopped.

"I think I can save your son, and promise to make the trial, but I will not say a word just yet. Now don't ask me any more about it, and never mind the thanks. I understand; maybe I shall have a grown son myself, some day, to be turned from the wrong path. Good-night. I'll see you again at Pueblo. Harley, I wish you would stay a while longer. I want to have further talk with you."

The candidate and Harley were in deep converse for some time, and, when they finished, much of the trouble had disappeared from Jimmy Grayson's eyes. "I think it can be done," he said.

"So do I," repeated Harley, with confidence.

The next day, which was occupied with the run down to Pueblo and occasional stops for speeches at way stations, was uneventful save for the growing obsession of Charlie Moore. He was overflowing with pride and importance. That night, in the presence of 5,000 people, he was going to reply to the great Jimmy Grayson, and show to them and to him his errors. Mr. Grayson was sound in most things, but there were several in which he should be set right, and he, Charlie Moore, was the man to do it for him.

The fledging proudly produced several printed programmes with his name next to that of the candidate, and talked to the correspondents of the main points that he would make, until they fled into the next car. But he followed them there and asked them if they would not like to take in advance a synopsis of his speech, in order that they might be sure to telegraph it to their offices in time. All evaded the issue except Harley, who gravely jotted down the synopsis, and, with equal gravity, returned his thanks for Mr. Moore's consideration.

"I knew you wouldn't want to miss it," said the youth. "I come on late, you know, and, besides, I remembered that the difference in time between here and New York is against us."

Mr. Moore, the father, was on the train throughout the day, but he did not speak to his son. He spent his time in the car in which Jimmy Grayson sat, always silent, but always looking, with appeal and pathos, at the great leader. His eyes said plainly: "Mr. Grayson, you will not fail me, will you? You will save my son? You will beat him, and tread on him until he hasn't left a single thought of being a famous orator and public leader? Then he will return to the work for which God made him."

Harley would look at the old man a while, and then return to the next car, where the youth was chattering away to those who could not escape him.

The speech in Pueblo was to be of the utmost importance, not alone to those whose own ears would hear it, but to the whole Union, because the candidate would make a plain declaration upon a number of vexed questions that had been raised within the last week or two. This had been announced in all the press on the authority of Jimmy Grayson himself, and the speech in full, not a word missing, would have to be telegraphed to all the great newspapers both East and West.

In such important campaigns as that of a Presidential nominee, the two great telegraph companies always send operators with the correspondents, in order that they may dispatch long messages from small way stations, where the local men are not used to such heavy work. Now Harley and his associates had with them two veterans, Barr and Wymond, from Chicago, who never failed them. They were relieved, too, on reaching Pueblo, to find that the committee in charge had been most considerate. Some forethoughtful man, whom the correspondents blessed, had remembered the three hours' difference in time between Pueblo and New York, and against New York, and he had run two wires directly into the hall and into a private box on the left, where Barr and Wymond could work the instruments, so far from the stage that the clicking would not disturb Jimmy Grayson or anybody else, but would save much time for the correspondents.

The audience gathered early, and it was a splendid Western crowd, bigboned, and tanned by the Western winds.

"They have cranks out here, but it's a land of strong men, don't you forget that," said Harley to Churchill, and Churchill did not attempt a sarcastic reply.

They were both sitting at the edge of the stage, and in front of them, nearer the footlights, was young Moore, proud and eager, his fingers moving nervously. His father, too, had found a seat on the stage, but it was in the background, next to the scenery and behind of the others; he was not visible from the floor of the house. There he sat, staring gloomily at his son, and now and then, with a sort of despairing hope, glancing at Jimmy Grayson.

There were some short preliminary speeches and introductions, and then came the turn of the candidate. The usual flutter of expectation ran over the audience, followed by the usual deep hush, but just at that moment there was an interruption. A boy in the uniform of a telegraph company hurried upon the stage.

"You must come at once, sir," he said to Harley. "Mr. Wymond hasn't turned up. We don't know what's become of him. And Mr. Barr has took sick, sudden and bad. The Pueblo manager says he'll get somebody here as soon as he can, but he can't do it under half an hour, anyway!"

The other correspondents stared at each other in dismay, and then at the hired stenographer who was to take down the speech in full, but Harley, always thoughtful and resourceful, responded to the emergency. He had noticed Moore raise his head with an expression of lively interest at the news of the disaster, and he stepped forward at once and put his hand on the fledgling's shoulder.

"Mr. Moore," he exclaimed, in stirring appeal, "this is a crisis for us, and you must save us. You have eaten with us, and you have lived with us, and you cannot desert us now. We have all heard that you are a great operator, the greatest in the West. You must send Mr. Grayson's speech. What a triumph it will be for you—to send his speech and then get upon this stage and demolish it afterward!"

The feeling in Harley's voice was real, and the boy was thrilled by it and the situation. Every natural impulse in him responded. It was the chivalrous thing for him to do, and an easy one. He could send a speech as fast as the fastest man living could deliver it. He rose without a word, his heart beating with thoughts of the coming battle, in which he felt proudly that he should be a victor, and made his way to the telegraphers' box.

Mr. Moore had lived in Pueblo, and nearly everybody in the audience knew him. When they saw him take his seat at one of the instruments, their quick Western minds divined what he was going to do, and the roar of applause that the had just given to the candidate, who was now on his feet, was succeeded by another; but the second was for Charlie Moore, the telegraph-operator.

The fledgling had no time to think. He had scarcely settled himself in his chair when the deep, full voice of Jimmy Grayson filled the great hall, and he was launched upon a speech for which the whole Union was waiting. The shorthand man was already deep in his work, and the copy began to come. But the boy felt no alarm; he was not even fluttered; the feel of the key was good, and the atmosphere of that box which inclosed the telegraph apparatus was sweet in his nostrils. He called up Denver, from which the speech would be repeated to the greater cities, and with a sigh of deep satisfaction settled to his task.

They tell yet in Western telegraph circles of Charlie Moore's great exploit. The candidate was in grand form that night, and his speech came rushing forth in a torrent. The missing Wymond was still missing, and the luckless Barr was still ill, but the fledgling sat alone in the box, his face bent over the key, oblivious of the world around him, and sent it all. Through him ran the fire of battle and great endeavor. He heard the call and replied. He never missed a word. He sent them hot across the prairie, over the slopes and ridges, and across the brown plains into Denver. And there in the general office the manager muttered more than once: "That fellow is doing great work! How he saves time!"

The audience liked Jimmy Grayson's speech, and again and again the applause swelled and echoed. Then they noticed how the boy in the telegraphers' box—a boy of their own—was working. Mysterious voices, too, began to spread among them the news how Charlie Moore had saved the day—or, rather, the night—and now and then in Jimmy Grayson's pauses cries of "Good boy, Charlie!" arose.

Harley, while doing his writing, nevertheless kept a keen eye upon all the actors in the drama. He saw the light of hope appear more strongly upon old man Moore's face, and then turn into a glow as he beheld his son doing so well.

The candidate spoke on and on. He had begun at 9 o'clock, but that was a great and important speech, and no one left the hall. Eleven o'clock, and then midnight, and Jimmy Grayson was still speaking. But it was not his night alone; it belonged to two men, and the other partner was Charlie Moore, who fulfilled his task equally well, and whom the audience still observed.

But the boy was thinking only of his duty that he was doing so well. The victory was his, as he knew that it would be. He kept even with the speech. Hardly had the last word of the sentence left Jimmy Grayson's lips before the first of it was on the way to Denver, and in newspaper offices two thousand miles away they were putting every paragraph in type before it was a half-hour old.

The boy, by and by, as the words passed before him on the written page, began to notice what a great speech it was. How the sentences cut to the heart of things! How luminous and striking was the phraseology! And around him he heard, as if in a dream, the liquid notes of that wonderful, golden voice. Suddenly, like a stroke of lightning, he realized how empty were his own thoughts, how bare and hard his speech, and how thin and flat his voice! His heart sank with a plunge, and then rose again as his finger touched the familiar key and the answering touch thrilled back through his body. He glanced at the audience, and saw many faces looking up at him, and on them was a peculiar look. Again the thrill ran through him, and, bending his head lower, he sent the words faster than ever on their Eastern journey.

At last Jimmy Grayson stopped, and then the audience cheered its applause for the speech. When the echoes died, some one—it was Judge Basset—sprang up on a chair and exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, we have cheered Mr. Grayson, and he deserves it; but there is some one else whom we ought to cheer, too. You have seen Charlie Moore, a Pueblo boy, one of our own, there in the box sending the speech to the world that was waiting for it. Perhaps you do not know that if he had not helped us to-night the world would have had to wait too long."

They dragged young Moore, amid the cheers, upon the stage, and then, when the hush came, the candidate said:

"You seem to know him already; but as all the speaking of the evening is now over, I wish to introduce to you again Mr. Charlie Moore, the greatest telegraph operator in the West, the genius of the key, a man destined to rise to the highest place in his profession."

When the last echo of the last cheer died, there died with it the last ambition of Charlie Moore to be a spellbinder, and straight before him, broad, smooth, and alluring, lay the road for which his feet were fitted.

But the words most grateful to Jimmy Grayson were the thanks of the fledgling's father. The little drama of the side-box and the telegraph-key was known to but five people—the candidate, Harley, the two operators, and happy Mr. Moore. The old gentleman, indeed, said something about Mr. Grayson having helped him, but it was taken by the others to mean that a mere chance, a lucky combination of circumstances, had come to his aid, and they failed to see in it anything of prearrangement or even intention. Hence there appeared on the surface nothing to be criticised even by Churchill, ever on the lookout for an incident that seemed to him incongruous or irrelevant.

Harley made it an excuse for something that he wished very much to do. About this time Mrs. Grayson, returning from Salt Lake City, rejoined them, but she did not bring Sylvia with her, leaving her in the Mormon capital for a further stay with relatives. But Harley wrote a long letter to Sylvia, beginning with the story of the spellbinder, and he told her that his admiration for the candidate steadily increased, because Mr. Grayson was able, at all times, even in the heat of the hottest campaign that the Union had ever known, to put the highest attributes of the human heart—mercy, gentleness, help—before his own political good or even that of his party. Mr. Grayson might be beaten, but he would make a record that must become a source of pride, not to his party alone, but to the whole country. In fact, Mr. Grayson belonged to humanity, and the race might lay claim to him as one of its finest types.

Then from Mr. Grayson he glided to the other, and, to Harley, greater topic—herself. He told her that nothing had occurred to make him change his wishes or his hopes; since her absence began his resolve had grown. He felt more than ever that the claim of Mr. Plummer upon her, though of a high and noble nature, even if he did hold her promise, must yield to the love of the husband for the wife. Mr. Plummer would come to see this, and he would come to see it in time. He had no desire to interfere with the natural affection of the man who had done so much for Sylvia, nor did he feel that he was making such interference.

Harley was not sure that he would receive a reply to this letter, but it came in due time, nevertheless, and it was Jimmy Grayson himself who handed it to him. The handwriting of the address was known, of course, to Mr. Grayson, and he could scarcely have failed to notice it, but he said nothing, and apparently the fact passed unheeded by him.

Sylvia, in the course of her letter, confined herself to impartial narrative, and began with the event of the spellbinder, which Harley had told to her in detail. Indeed, it seemed to Harley that she devoted a very remarkable amount of space to its consideration, especially as she agreed with him that Mr. Grayson's action was right; neverthless, she discussed it from all points of the compass, and then she wrote with almost equal amplitude of her sight-seeing in Salt Lake City.

Harley knew that Mormons were no novelty to Sylvia, as she had seen many of them in Idaho, but she seemed to feel it necessary to describe with particularity all the great Mormon buildings, and also to speak fully of the manners and customs of the people. All this might have been very interesting to him at another time and from another pen, but now he saw only the handwriting and wished her to devote attention to that little codicil in his own letter in which he so earnestly avowed again his love and his belief in its ultimate triumph. She made no allusion whatever to it, and he felt his heart sink. Nor did she speak of "King" Plummer, and he could not gather from the letter whether he was yet in Salt Lake City or had gone back to Idaho. She had carefully avoided all the subjects on which he hoped she would write, and as he closed the letter and put it in his pocket he was still rather blue.

But reflection put him in a different and much more pleasant frame of mind. The fact that she had replied was a good omen, and her very avoidance of the most delicate of all subjects was proof that she did not forbid it to him. Harley was a bold man, and, being ready to push his fortune to the utmost in a cause that he believed righteous, he resolved to write her another letter in a few days, and to repeat in it much that he had said in his first, or to say words to the same effect.

Meanwhile his countenance assumed a joyous cast, which was noticeable because he was habitually of grave demeanor, and his associates, observing the change, taxed him with the fact, and demanded an explanation, Hobart, in particular, wishing to know. Harley lightly ascribed it to the rarefied air, as they were ascending a plateau, and the others, though calling it the baldest and poorest of replies, were forced to be content.

But one man who noticed Harley, and who said nothing, guessed much closer to the cause. It was Mr. Grayson, himself, who had seen the address on the envelope, and it aroused grave thoughts in him. Nor were these thoughts unkind to Sylvia or Harley. It was the custom of the candidate to subject himself at intervals to a searching mental examination, and now he made James Grayson walk out before him again and undergo this minute process.

He was extremely fond of Sylvia, whose grace, intelligence, and loyalty appealed to the best in him, and he was anxious to secure her happiness and her position in life, on which, in a measure, the former depended. For these reasons he had received with pleasure the news that Sylvia was going to marry Mr. Plummer. Despite the disparity of ages, the match seemed fitting to him; he knew the worth and honor of the "King" to be so great that the happiness of any young girl, especially that of one who owed so much to him, ought to be safe in his keeping. But now the doubts which had begun to form were growing stronger. He saw that nature was playing havoc with mere material fitness, and there came to him the question of his own duty.

The candidate now knew well enough that Sylvia did not love Mr. Plummer as a girl should love the man whom she is going to marry, but that she did love Harley. He conceived it, too, to be a true and lasting love with both the young man and the young woman, and again came to him that question of his own duty, a question not only troublesome, but dangerous to him in his present situation. He knew that Sylvia, despite all, would marry "King" Plummer unless the unforeseen occurred, and make herself unhappy all her life. Should he, then, tell "King" Plummer, or have his wife tell him in the more indirect and delicate way women have, that the burden of the situation rested upon him, and that he ought to release Sylvia? The candidate shrank from such a task; he could not meddle even when it was his own niece whom he wished to save, and there was another thought, too, in the background which he strove honestly to keep out of his mind; it was the old apprehension lest the "King" in his rage, particularly when it was the candidate himself who took from him his heart's desire, should rebel, or at least sulk, and put the Mountain States in the opposing column. It was no less true now than in the Middle Ages that men disappointed in love sometimes did desperate things, and "King" Plummer was a full-blooded, impulsive man.

Brooding much upon the question, a rare frown came to the face of Jimmy Grayson, and stayed there so long that his followers noticed it, and wondered much. They decided that it was the revolt within the party, and did not disturb him, but his wife, more acute, knew that it was not politics, and, sitting down beside him, waited silently until he should speak, as she knew he would in time. A full hour passed thus, and scarcely any one in the train uttered a word. The candidate gazed gloomily out of the window, but he did not see the mountains and the canyons as they shot by. Most of the State politicians slept in their seats, and the correspondents either wrote or communed with themselves.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT SUNDAY.

MYSTERY OF BOY'S POCKET.

Pupil in Public School Forced to Unload After Marble Drops.

From the New York Times.

Anyone of a curious turn of mind who will take the trouble to get at the statistics will find that figures don't lie with regard to the number of things a small boy can get into his pockets. They simply give out.

In one of the public schools the teacher recently turned her sternest gaze toward a lively twelve-year-old who had dropped a heavy marble on the floor with a thud that stopped the recitation. At the moment of her intensest scrutiny, when the urchin was doing his level best to feign innocence, a diabolical smaller marble dropped from his pocket and rolled across the floor after its mate.

That settled it. Abashed and shrinking, the culprit came forward. At the command to remove every article in his pockets he hesitated. He held out against this unexpected outrage upon a sacred institution as long as he dared, but before the birch rod began its fell work the urchin submitted.

His first handful contained three pieces of copper wire (insulated), one piece (not insulated), two old purses, a suspender fastening, eleven street car transfers, and a tin whistle. As he reached again a look of fiendish joy came over his freckled face. One article came out. It was a live mouse. The teacher clutched her skirts nervously while it was being removed.

Then the investigation proceeded. When it was over 116 articles had come from the boy's pockets. They are catalogued as follows, besides those mentioned.

Two picture cards, one shoelace, one tobacco sack, one piece of ribbon, one broken watch, four election cards, one car ticket, seven tobacco cards, two tobacco tags, one tin monkey, one fishhook, one mirror (broken), one good mirror, one wooden ax, one Hooligan pin, two screws, one rubber washer, one isinglass card, two buttons, thirty-seven agate stones, seven marbles, two books, one tobacco coupon, three pieces of orange peel, two blank cartridges, one loaded cartridge, three corks, one pencil, two matches, one key, half a cigarette, one punched penny, one locket, two raisins, one broken comb, one cuff pin, and a piece of candy.

FOR MENTAL HEALTH.

Unique Classes Conducted by a Boston Clergyman.

Boston, Jan. 5.—With the everyday medical or surgical diagnosis as its starting point, its A, B, C, and all considerations of financial returns, direct or indirect, disregarded entirely, Emmanuel Church is re-educating the reason. With the most eminent nerve specialists in the city as advisers and assistants, says the Boston Herald, the "class for the psychical cure of nervous diseases," which meets every Wednesday night in the church on Newbury street, is going along smoothly, is well attended by both young and old, with women predominating, and shows every sign of having in it principles as sound as those on which was based the class for the study of tuberculosis, a class which has been the parent of a score of other bodies of the same kind.

The Rev. Elwood Worcester, rector of the church, and his colleague, the Rev. Samuel McComb, are the active heads of this new movement for the treatment of the mentally and physically ill, and there is behind the whole scheme a disinterested body of philanthropists of the most practical kind. Both are doctors of divinity and both are ardent students of psychology.

The church is inculcating in the members of the class the philosophy of altruism, or, in the language of the street, is saying to them all: "Forget it" and "Cheer up, and don't have a grouch on yourself." The books call the underlying principle of the founders and instructors of the class, "Auto-suggestion," which, in the language of the street again, is "Tell yourself that there's nothing the matter with you."

The church is not "trying" to make its principles clear to all its pupils. There is no such word as "try" in the Emmanuel Church category, once the treatment is well begun. It is "Do it; you can if you think you can." It is the old classic phrase, "Possunt quia videntur posse," and the members of any high school graduating class can translate that into "They are able because they think they are so."

Scientific Faith Plus Religion.

It is the doctrine of self-confidence, of faith, of scientific faith, plus the consolation of religion, plus the solace and comforting of men who know what they are talking about, and who are doing things every day of their lives. The terms of the books, "Psycho-therapeutics," "physiological psychology," "psychological physiology," "psychotherapy," "suggestibility," and all the rest boil down to the old adage of "Know thyself."

There is no absent treatment, there is no aping of the methods of any religious cult or medical school in existence. The Emmanuel idea has not yet been given even a name. The church is too busy to think of terminology.

Dr. Worcester is not sailing on a new tack. Some time ago he astonished several persons by making up his class for the study of tuberculosis. There is no question now as to the success of that scheme. He is not unversed in psychological physiology and in the many strange ills which seem invariably to follow in the wake of civilization, especially a civilization such as that of the United States at the present time.

For several years Dr. Worcester was professor of philosophy and psychology at Lehigh, and for several years he was the pupil of one of the most renowned psychologists in the world, Prof. William Wundt. Since he left the laboratory and the classroom he has kept up his interest in problems of the kind that his church has now ahead of it, and is well in touch with the scientific advance generally in the field of neurology.

His class in tuberculosis gave him a practical training such as it is difficult for anybody but a clergyman to get, and if, by any possibility, the present experiment in his treatment of nervous diseases should fail, it would be hard to convince many persons that the idea had not been given the best possible trial. He, his colleague, and his advisers know what is depending on their efforts, and the only regret they have now is that a system of practical philanthropy, such as is actually in progress at Emmanuel, should have received so much public attention and been the subject of misrepresentation.

Many Mental Troubles.

Physicians—four, incidentally, have offices directly across the street from Emmanuel Church—have constant evidence in the course of their general practice of the need of such a scheme as that of Emmanuel Church. It has been stated that in the out-patient department of the Massachusetts General Hospital, where persons come to be treated without being kept at the hospital, 50 per cent of all comers have mental troubles. The proportion is even larger in the practice of some physicians.

Melancholia, alcoholism, opium and cocaine habits, fancied grievances, nervous indigestion, insomnia, worry, family troubles, business perplexities, inability to get any fun out of life, selfishness, enlarged egotism, and a score of other ailments have become alarmingly frequent among Americans. They are not confined to the rich, say Dr. Worcester and Dr. McComb. They are found among all classes of men, with the percentage unusually high among the very poor and the educated rich. The Poles and Hebrews in the slums of New York have more nervous troubles, it is said on authority, than the idlest rich in the country, and are most sadly in need of a kind of treatment which is not within the reach of the purse of the ordinary person.

For their regular services, some of the gentlemen who are vitally interested in the success of the Emmanuel Church movement receive fees which would be staggering to the head of the average family, but those same physicians get absolutely no tangible recompense for their work at Emmanuel. It was the peculiar sort of problem which came to him as pastor of an influential church which first suggested to Dr. Worcester the advisability of trying the effect of neurology and religion on all who cared to apply. The problems which come to him and to all clergymen of influence are endless in number and nature. One clergyman in the city recently was told of a woman who had determined that it was useless for her to battle against the world and who had put on mourning clothing against the day when she should take poison. The suicidal mania is not at all infrequent. It would give social philosophers a shock to know how much of it prevails.

Applying the Remedy.

Dr. Worcester thought for a long time before deciding on a remedy. His academic and laboratory experience and his knowledge of human nature finally persuaded him to go ahead. Before taking any decisive step, he corresponded with the men in the city and neighborhood best qualified to give expert opinion and to apply the brakes, if necessary. Their encouragement was such that he went further, interested mature nerve specialists in his ideals, engaged two finely trained young men of the same kind who could give more of their time than their elder and busier brothers, and made the announcement of his plans several weeks ago.

At one of the first meetings in the church a certain book was mentioned. A person who applied later at the Public Library for that book was told that there had been twenty-seven calls for the volume that day.

The Wednesday night meeting of a class has nothing of the extraordinary about it, though it is not exactly like a meeting of any other kind. A hymn is sung. The Apostles' Creed is read. There is a prayer for God's blessing and favor. An address on neurology is made by a person well fitted to make it. Only half an hour is taken up by the speaker. Experiences are recited briefly from the floor. The class closes its exercises with social intercourse and a simple luncheon.

The heavier part of the work comes at other times. In the church are books treating of nervous diseases and their cure. Dr. Worcester and Dr. McComb hold themselves in readiness for consultation most of the time. The creed of the person who applies for treatment is of little, if any, consequence.

There have been unbelievers among the callers. Whether a belief in the divinity of Christ is a factor in helping to improvement, Dr. Worcester does not attempt to say, but if a Mohammedan, in flowing Turkish raiment, should apply to Dr. Worcester for treatment for "nerves" he would receive as much and as careful treatment as the founder of a score of Christian churches.

Medicine Made Use Of.

But there is always one essential. It must be with the consent of the applicant's physician that the appeal for help is made. Medicine and surgery are not ridiculed or scoffed at, but are counted on as assisting factors.

In many cases the patient can be helped quickly. He is told that he must get away from himself, avoid introspection, and cease thinking that the world or any particular section of it has singled him out for its buffets. He must find something to do to keep himself from thinking of himself, even if that something is only labeling the library books.

It may be that Dr. McComb or Dr. Worcester can handle the case if the applicant is genuinely interested in trying to cure himself. Or it may be that the situation is too baffling for either or both. In that case, the problem is for the advisory board, consisting of gentlemen who consider similar cases of other persons for pay. A mode of life may be suggested for the average patient, a course of reading prescribed, the ban put on certain little incidents in his life, a cold-blooded cheerfulness recommended, other calls invited, and invitations issued to attend the Wednesday evening classes and be with and of the self-healers. Nine out of ten persons afflicted with nervous and mental troubles may respond to the treatment of the two clergymen if the advice gratuitously given is followed, and there are extreme cures for the extreme cases.

Hypnotism Sometimes Employed.

Dr. Worcester says that in an urgent case the advising board may be compelled to resort to most heroic treatment, but it will be only after the usual means have failed. There will probably be no occasion to employ hypnotism except in such cases, and in those it is found at times impossible to exert the sleeping influence on the patient. Dr. Worcester and Dr. McComb are in principle opposed to the use of hypnotism, except in such extreme cases as dipsomania and the morphine habit. They believe that suggestion in the waking state, if properly applied, is for the majority of neurasthenics almost limitless in beneficial results. The enthusiastic belief of these men create the faith they demand. One of the best known neurologists in Boston, a gentleman whose philanthropy is as wide as it is quiet, said at a recent meeting that it often seemed as if the only means by which a man could be cured permanently were philosophy and religion.

"Aren't your methods somewhat the same as those of Christian Science?" Dr. Worcester has been asked by one interrogator.

"They are almost the exact opposite," he replied. "We do not discard medicine or the physician. We do not ask or accept money. We are proceeding along strictly scientific lines, and we have the advice of competent physicians. We accept only neurotic patients. There must be a personal examination by your physician or a clergyman in order that we may determine if there is any probability of successful treatment, and may keep records.

Auto-suggestion Helps.

"Our class has been called a health class. Our pupils meet for educational purposes, for the acquirement of useful ideas and valuable knowledge about the mind and the body. We strive to take them out of themselves, to make them exercise their strength of will, and to work for others than themselves. When faith becomes strong and doubt is removed, auto-suggestion continues to help them help themselves."

As to the reports that the members of the classes go through what corresponds to a confession, Dr. Worcester says that the only feature in which the conferences with the pupils resemble confessions is the inviolate secrecy with which everything that is told to the physician or clergyman is guarded from the outside world. It is not in disparagement of the Christian Science belief or of any other religion that Dr. Worcester speaks, but simply to correct misstatements.

WORST DRESSED YOUNG MEN.

Tailor's Unfavorable Opinion of the American College Boy's Apparel.

From the Boston Post.

The tailor, as he regarded the great crowd of young men on the football field, sighed.

"It is plain," he said, "that the college boy is the worst dressed young man in America."

"Why so?" asked the tailor's pretty daughter.

"Because the college boy goes in for such exaggerations," was the answer. "Because instead of following a new fashion with wise docility he enlarges on it—develops it—until from a comely and attractive thing it becomes the ludicrous caricature that we see on the minstrel stage.

"Look at these boys around you. Their shoes, for instance. The absurd thickness and extension of the soles; and there is one lad with straps and buckles instead of shoe laces. Bah!

"Look at their coats, their trousers, their overcoats, their waistcoats. These are not correct; they are not fashionable. They are caricatures of the fashion—ludicrous caricatures.

"And that is the college boy's trouble. He is not content to wear simply the correct thing. The correct thing is not obtrusive enough for him, and he is afraid that if he wore it he would attract no attention. So he exaggerates the correct thing, and, if broad shoulders are fashionable his will hardly let him through a doorway, and if long overcoats are fashionable his trails the ground.

"Yes, because he overdoes it, the college boy dresses the worst of all young men."

"Father, you are altogether wrong," the young girl said indignantly.

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