

the kitchen porch with the belle of Corckleville society.

Suffice it to say that when the Squire arrived he found that he was in possession of a fine set of stereoptican views, and that, for the sum of three dollars per week, de Limberger was to make his home his head-quarters while he canvassed the surrounding region.

CHAP. II.

Never in the history of Corckleville had such a prolonged excitement prevailed among its inhabitants. Since the events narrated in the last chapter, the village had been incorporated into a borough under the pretentious name of Eden Garden, and in about three months the election for the important office of Chief Burgess was to come off. There were two candidates for this tant position, Squire Jones on the Republican ticket, and Captain S. Kenks on the Democratic. Both sides were about of equal strength, and the whole issue seemed to depend on what way Colonel Elderberry, the town grocer, voted, as a large number of the town people owe him bills, and as a consequence he controlled a large number of voters. In a conclave of the Republican leaders it was decided that, in some way, Colonel Elderberry must be secured for their side, and after a long discussion it was agreed that the clearest way was to marry Imogene the Squire's fair daughter to Philander, the Colonel's son.

In vain did the Squire urge upon his daughter the necessity of accepting the proffered hand of young Elderberry. In vain did the picture to her the honored position which she would occupy in the county society as he daughter of Burgess Jones of Eden Garden. Imogene despite coaxing and threats remained true to the promise which she had given to de Limberger seven months before, and already she was beginning to look forward with pleasure to that day when, with an B. A. attached to his name, he would come and claim her hand. The Republican cause began to wane. The Democrats were enthusiastic and paraded the street continually, headed by the

own band under the leadership of young Philander Elderberry.

Time passed rapidly. It was now just four weeks until the election and the day had arrived when de Limberger was to return to Corkleville. All day the fair Imogene waited expectantly for him. Noon came and yet no sign of him. Imogene was getting impatient. Night came and yet no de Limberger. She was fast giving away to grief, but still continued to hope. The next day passed yet no signs of him, and finally, though with a heavy heart, she was obliged to give him up in despair.

"Probably," she said to herself, "he goes to a co-educational institution and—but no, no! That is not like him."

She was a strong minded person and, though it cost her a world of pain, she decided that the next best thing was to comply were her father's wishes and accept the proffered hand of the colonel's gallant son.

It would be impossible to describe the joy that was caused in the Republican ranks when this announcement was made. The wedding day was fixed for August 30th, just three weeks after the faithless de Limberger had broken his promise, and one week before the election. The cause of the Democrats was declining rapidly, and now the Republicans were parading the streets nightly, headed by the band under young Elderberry. For, when their leader had changed his politics, the whole band went over with him, with the exception of the base drummer who owed him no bills. While cake walks and band festivals were following each other in rapid succession Imogene was waiting with heavy heart the wedding day.

CHAP. III

It was the 30th of August. A solitary pedestrian was plodding slowly along the road which led to the town of Eden Garden. The day was sunny and warm. He had yet a mile to go, and as he saw the roofs of the town in the distance, he quickened his step.