

# **THE CO-CITIZENS**

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The Co-Citizens by Corra Harris

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**CORRA HARRIS**

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CO-CITIZENS**



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BY  
CORRA HARRIS



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*By Hanson Booth*

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## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

"Do you know what he means, Selah, sending for the oldest and ugliest, and the youngest and fairest woman in Jordantown to meet him at this outrageous hour of the afternoon?" . . . . . *Frontispiece*

FACING PAGE

"I want to ask you a delicate question: where ish the ladies? I haven't sheen a woman in four hours!" . . . . . 42

"You may be mayor of this town before you are thirty. A fat mayoress would never do!" . . . . . 84

"Bob! I'll make a confession to you. It's been horrid, from first to last. When we are married I want to sit at home and darn your socks—you do wear holes in them, don't you?" . . . . . 216





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# THE CO-CITIZENS

## CHAPTER I

**W**HEN Sarah Hayden Mosely died, she did something. Most people do not. They cease to do. They are forgotten. The grass that springs above their dust is the one recurrent memory which the earth publishes of them long after the world has been eased of their presence, the fever of their prayers and hopes. It was the other way with this dim little old woman. During the whole of her life she had never done anything. She was one of those faint whispers of femininity who missed the ears of mankind and who faded into the sigh of widowhood without attracting the least attention. She was simply the "relic" of William J. Mosely, who at the time of his death was the richest man in Jordantown. And by the same token, after his death, Sarah became the richest woman. She had no children,