

John Gilbert's were those of two men and a boy, who stood in the front row of the crowd that surged toward him.

"Hurrah!" reiterated Peter Lumpkin, dancing up and down and wiping his eyes with the back of his free hand.

"Ye're de goods," declared Jimmy O'Rourke with dignity.

Joe Heffler said nothing. He gripped the extended hand, and held it until he could pass it on to that of the blonde, smiling girl who had once been Gerty Smith.

The band broke in with "Marching Through Georgia," and the crowds began to disperse, keeping step in spite of themselves to the music. The waiting cars filled rapidly and went clanging noisily down-town; but many people crowded nearer to the veranda, where ever-changing groups surrounded Gilbert and where, on the steps, Mr. McNish, his hat off and his gray hair blowing in the mild breeze, was singing along with hundreds of others the swinging, stirring chorus that his comrades had sung as they marched to the sea forty years before. And many, far down the street, stopped and listened and joined in, in detached groups, or sang it alone under their breath and felt an added lift at their hearts.

About Gilbert they were struggling to reach and shake his hand.

"We'll send ye to Congress next year," cried little Moriarty, with what the *Register* characterized next day as "Napoleonic calm in the midst of the tempestuous excitement."

"No, you waz't," retorted Gilbert. "I'm going to stay right here. It's home and it's good enough for me."