

Mrs. Fogo were to spend some days in the Metropolis before crossing the Channel.

Now it so happened that in the Booking Office there hung a gorgeous advertisement of one of the principal Steamship Companies, representing a painted ship, the S.S. *Popocatapetl*, upon a painted ocean, with a deckload of passengers in all varieties of national and fancy costume. Mr. Fogo, as his eye rested on this company, halted and looked more closely.

"That Highlander," he said, "is out of drawing."

Purse in hand, he paused before the advertisement and slowly yielded to its spell. His eyes grew fixed and glassy: tickets, train, and waiting bride had passed out of his mind. Mr. Fogo's fit was upon him.

Meanwhile the Twins, unconscious of the flight of time, and untutored in the ways of locomotives, were loading their sister with parting advice.

"This 'ere," remarked Peter, pulling a bulky parcel from his pocket, "contains a vari'ty o' useful articles for travellin', which I've a-reckoned up durin' the past week an' meant to hand 'ee at the las' moment. There's a wax candle an' a box o' lucifers for the tunnels, an' a roll o' diach'lum plaister in case o' injury, an' 'Foxe's Book o' Martyrs,' ef you shud tire o' lookin' out at the windey, an' Thorley's-Food-for-Cattle Almanack for the las' thirteen year all done up separate, an' addressed to 'Mr. P. Dearlove, juxty Troy.' 'Bout this last, I wants Mr. Fogo to post wan at ivery stashun