

us until we had safely got over our own line fence, which was the same to us as crossing the bridge was to Tam O'Shanter in his famous race for life.

Now, strange as it may seem, this trivial incident caused the most serious apprehension in the whole neighbourhood when it became known. Some one there was going to die soon, beyond any dispute, and all sorts of conjectures were made over many a cup of tea as to who it might be. But in the course of a week or two an old man down the river dropped off unexpectedly, which put an end to all forebodings and fears.

Queer Neighbours.

We had the most peculiar assortment of neighbours around us. One was a little insignificant morsel of a man, but as full of empty pride and vanity as Mrs. Poyser's bantam cock that thought the sun rose so early in the morning to hear him crow! For instance, he would never leave his bedroom without first putting on high-heeled shoes so as to make him look taller by an inch or two. He had been made a local magistrate, only God knows why, and everybody who met him on the road after that was expected to uncover and bow to him. If any of the school boys neglected to do so he would complain to their parents about it. Girls and women always curtsied to their superiors then, but now a man has to lift his hat to every woman, young or old, who recognizes him on the street, and every time he meets her, too, if a dozen times in the same day. What next? Perhaps to wink.

Three of the others, all old soldiers, had each a