

As it drew up, a mild spectacled face appeared at the window of a first-class carriage, and asked—

"Is this Troy?"

"Yessir—terminus. Any luggage, sir?"

The mild face got out. It belonged to the only stranger in the train.

"There is only a black portmanteau," said he.

"Ah, that is it. I shall want it put in the cloakroom for an hour or two while I go into the town."

The stranger gave up his ticket—a single ticket—and stepped outside the station. He was a mild, thin man, slightly above middle height, with vacant eyes and a hesitating manner. He wore a black suit, a rather rusty top-hat, and carried a silk umbrella.

"Here he comes!"

"Look, that's him!"

"Give 'un a cheer, boys."

"Hip, hip, hoor-roar!"

The sound burst upon the clear sky in a deafening peal. The stranger paused and looked confused.

"Dear me!" he murmured to himself, "the population here seems to be excited about something—and, bless my soul, what a lot of it there is!"

He might well say so. Along the road, arms, sticks, baskets, and handkerchiefs were frantically waving; men shouting and children hurrahing with might and main. Windows were flung up; heads protruded; flags waved in frenzied welcome. The tumult was stupendous. There was not a man, woman, or child in