from the church tower, and the Fife and Drum Temperance Band stood ready at the corner of East Street. Troy, in fact, was on tip-toe.

Meanwhile, as few in the crowd possessed Burke or Debrett, the information that passed from mouth to mouth was diverse and peculiar, but, as was remarked by a laundress in the crowd to a friend: "He may be the Pope o' Rome, my dear, an' he may be the Dook o' sun was up, all Troy Wellington, an' not a soul here wud know t'other from nd in Troy all that is which no mor'n if he was Adam. All I says is-the is this local spirit Lord send he's a professin' Christian, an' has his linen washed reg'lar. My! What a crush! en o'clock struck, it my boy Jan was here to see; but he's stayin' at home, nent was afoot; and my dear, cos his father means to kill the pig to-day, an' railway station was the dear child do so love to hear'n screech."

nd conditions-boat. The Admiral, who happened by the merest chance of employ, the local to be sauntering along the Station Road this morning, ilding yards, maker in his best blue frock-coat with a flower in the buttonchandlers, block and hole, corrected some of the rumours, but without much sentatives, in short, success. Finding the throng so thick, he held a long with baskets, women debate between curiosity and dignity. The latter won, en a few farmers and he returned to No. 2, Alma Villas in a flutter, some in carts with their ten minutes before the train was due.

lle, across the har- By noon the crowd was growing impatient. But sent, with children hardly had the church clock chimed the hour when the to ring the church chrick of a whistle was heard from up the valley. Amid bour's mouth; but wild excitement a puff of white smoke appeared, then ed to come and see another, and finally the mid-day train steamed serenely e" floated proudly into the station.

LEMAN FOR ANOTHER, THE MONTH.

other minds.