

they filled the broad lawn and walks, and overflowed into the street, choking it so tightly that every stray team that tried to pass was added to the waiting crowd. Half-a-dozen street cars stood in their midst, and groups of the more venturesome had climbed to the roofs, while others helped the road employees stamp resounding strokes upon the car gong, to add to the volume of the cheering. Down the street they reached nearly to the corner. They spread out over the Hardy lawn next door and packed the front porch, while small boys hung upon the slanting porch roof. Others had "shinned" up every pole or post in sight, and clung tightly in vertical lines, waving their caps with conscious pride. When Gilbert appeared the Hampstead City Band, out of sight between the swaying, shouting people and the veranda, struck up "Hail the Conquering Hero Comes," and, as if in answer, from the silent city below came the shriek of the whistle of Hardy & Son. Pandemonium broke loose; arms waved, handkerchiefs fluttered, and little children, perched upon their fathers' shoulders, shook their chubby hands and crowed with joy. Mr. McNish and the Colonel, their faces red with exertion, led the cheering with their free hands, Colonel Mead dancing up and down with such careless vigor that Gilbert instinctively moved away from him to save his sound foot. For many minutes the band blared, the whistle blew, the gongs rang and the hill shook with the steady cheers, and many a sleeve in the mass of Hardy & Son employees, who stood at the front, was brushed shamelessly across wet eyes, while women laughed hysterically in their midst. Billy, standing behind Gilbert, shouted ecstatically with the rest.