

follow by the mail in the morning. Railways, although in use throughout the country, had not at that time cut their way to the town of B——. Travellers who undertook to visit that part of the land did so with feelings somewhat akin to those of discoverers about to set out on a distant voyage. They laid in a stock of provisions for the journey, and provided great supply of wraps for all weathers. When Will Osten reached the coach-office, he found that all the inside places were taken.

"You'll have to go aloft, sir," said the coachman, a stout and somewhat facetiously inclined individual, who, observing something of the sailor in Will's costume and gait, suited his language to his supposed character; "there's only one berth left vacant, on the fogs'l 'longside o' myself."

"Well, I'll take it," said Will.

Five minutes afterwards the guard shouted "all right," and they set off.

"Do you happen to know many of the people in the town of B——?" said Will to the coachman, as they emerged from the suburbs and dashed out upon a long tract of moorland.

"Know many of 'em, sir," said the man, tipping the off-leader on the flank by way of keeping his hand in; "I should 'ope I dees; it's two year, this very day, since I came to this 'ere part o' the country, and I've got married in B—— to a 'ooman as knows everythink and everybody, so, of course, I knows everythink and everybody, too."