

other notes that came from the various other persons in the line.

"Where shall I leave your stuff, miss?" inquired the farmer.

Mrs. Livingstone looked up blankly from the collection of notes in her hand.

"Please wait," she said, "till I speak with Mr. Livingstone." She went indoors and up-stairs to her husband's room. There was no answer to her knock, and she went in. Then she heard a splashing in his bath-room. "Reginald!" she called.

The splashing ceased.

"Reginald!" she called again.

"I 'm in the tub!" came the reply.

"But there is a procession waiting outside, and here are a lot more notes."

"A lot more what?" said the voice in the bath-room.

"Notes," she repeated. "Letters from people who have sent you things."

"Oh, bother!" said the voice. Presently the door was unlocked and a wet arm extended.

"Give me the notes," said Mr. Livingstone. Then the door closed again. "I