

of the carriage from the platform, and when he got out he discovered his fellow-travellers the centre of an animated group, while a smart lady's-maid and a broad-faced German courier proceeded to collect and remove the various properties which littered the carriage.

The man who had been so nearly ejected from it, stood still with a puzzled look for a minute, then he followed the two servants to the luggage van, and, while securing his own portmanteau, read the name on the boxes they were claiming — "Mrs. C. Fane, St. Cuthberts, *via* Dundee."

"Oh, here you are! I fancied you were left behind at that infernal junction," exclaimed a stout, red-faced, "country gentleman" looking man, coming up behind him. "Here, give the baggage to this fellow, he belongs to the hotel, and come along with me to the club; I should like to introduce you to the Captain before we dine. He'll be so taken up to-morrow I may not get a chance, and——"