

his trowsers, and with one timely heave sent him flying into this. When he staggered to his feet—hatless, without spectacles, and besmeared with clay from head to foot—the train was fifty yards beyond the station. And so, staring back mournfully at the little group upon the platform, he vanished from their sight.

"That," said Peter, turning slowly to his brother, "was nibby-gibby."

"Tamsin mou't ha' communicated wi' the guard," responded Paul, "on'y that, wi'out sufficient reason, wud ha' been not exceedin' saxy shillin'. Do 'ee think 'twud ha' been held sufficient reason?"

"I dunno. I reckon they mou't ha' made et two-pund-ten, all things conseddered," said his brother thoughtfully, "but there's no knawin'."

It is always hateful to say good-bye to friends, and here, with his leave, the reader shall be left to guess on the later fortunes of Tamsin and Mr. Fogo, the Twins and Caleb. It may be, if he care, and the Fates so order it, he shall some day follow them through new adventures; but it will be far from Troy Town. And for the present they shall fare as his imagination pleases.

Of Tamsin, however, who is thus left with her good or sorry fortune before her, something shall be hinted. Public opinion at Troy condemned her marriage. As Miss Limpenny neatly asked, "If we were all to marry beneath us, pray where should we stop?" "We should go on," replied the Admiral, "*ad libitum*." I am