

with the stranger in
of farmers' gigs and
ion.

y window of No. 1,
u. With trembling
loyal pocket-hand-
ne Jubilee of King
upon it, and dis-
white blinds to

Miss Limpenny's
thought to herself,
will not have given
Well as I know
at this display of

inds. Next door,
up and down his
propriety of his
run up-stairs and
before the pro-
of his civil and
ferment.

limpenny solilo-
Woodwyn-Sandys
Admiral. Dear,
rest Lavinia has
position at the
to be sure!"

The crowd had gathered volume during its passage through the town, and the "Conquering Hero" was more distractingly shrill than ever. The goal was almost reached, for 'The Bower' stood next door to Alma Villas, and was divided from them only by a road which led down to the water's edge and the Penpoodle ferry boat.

"Why, everybody is here," said Miss Limpenny, "except, of course, the Vicar. There's Pharaoh Geddye waving a flag, and blind Sam Hockin and Mrs. Hockin with him, I declare, and Bathsheba Merryfield, and Jim the dustman, and Seth Udy in the band—he must have taken the pledge lately—and Walter Sibley and a score I don't even know by sight. And, bless my heart! that's old Cobbledick, wooden leg and all! I thought he was bed-ridden for life. But I don't see the arrivals yet. I wonder who that poor man is, in the crowd—it can't be—and yet—— Why, whatever is the Admiral doing?"

For Admiral Buzza had opened his front gate, and deliberately stepped out into the road.

The stranger, dishevelled, haggard and bewildered, had long since abandoned all attempts at explanation and fallen into a desperate apathy, when all at once a dozen voices in front cried "Hush!" The band broke off suddenly, and the cheering died away.

"Make way for the Admiral!" "Out of the road, there!" "The Admiral's going to speak!" "Silence for the Admiral!"