

Sorry to trouble you, miss, on such a bad business, but it can't be helped," went on the guard, apologetically.

"Identify him?" she cried in great agitation. "I don't understand you unless—unless you mean that he has been seized with a fit?"

The guard coughed. He did not like to tell her the truth. She turned upon Graydon with a strange fierceness in her tones.

"You said he had been taken ill."

The guard looked at Graydon as though he would prefer to shift his unpleasant task on the shoulders of the young man. The girl's agitation was increasing, her face was perfectly white, her lips tremulous.

"Are you both dumb? Why can't you tell me what has happened—must I see for myself? I suppose I *ought* to see—" he went on, in a low voice.

"No, no," interrupted Graydon putting out his arm. "Don't go. I'll tell you as well as I can. The poor gentleman's dead."

"Dead!"

She uttered the word in the lowest of whispers and stood looking from one to the other as though she had not comprehended its full sense.

"You were with the gentleman at Waterloo," said the guard with increasing gravity. "You got into the same carriage but you asked me to put you into another one. I want you to tell me his name."

"There may be some mistake," answered the girl. "I'd better see if the person who you say is dead, is really——"

She stopped, and rising from her seat was about to descend the platform, when Graydon laid his hand gently on her arm.