

preparing to go to sleep when the door was opened upon him at Waterloo, was empty, the remaining compartment was occupied by a couple of old ladies.

The emptiness of the next compartment was significant, for the guard could not recollect seeing anyone alight. What had become of the man in the travelling cap and ulster?

Graydon had, for the time being, forgotten his fellow-passenger in the horror of the discovery. When he did think of her, he determined not to say that a murder had been committed. It was too terrible. He came slowly back to find her in the doorway of the carriage, anxiety written on her face.

"What is it?" she asked him, almost sharply.

It was the first time he had seen the lady's eyes. He remained silent. Their wild beauty had taken possession of him.

"Why don't you speak?" she cried, suddenly becoming agitated.

"I beg your pardon, but—but I can scarcely tell you. An old gentleman has been taken ill, I fancy."

"An old gentleman," she repeated, and he saw her frame throb.

Before he could reply the guard, whom she had asked at Waterloo to put her in another carriage, appeared, lamp in hand.

"Was that old gentleman in the compartment you changed from at Waterloo a friend of yours, miss?" said he.

"A friend?" she answered hesitatingly, "no—well, yes. I suppose he may be called so."

"A very terrible thing has happened, and I'm afraid I shall have to ask you to identify him. There's nothing on his person to tell us who he is.