

This beautiful touch, said the leader-writers, with conventional pathos, made a fitting termination to a noble act of self-sacrifice ; and the fact that Mr. Solomons had friends in the train—Sir Paul and Lady Gascoyne, who were just returning from their wedding tour on the Continent—rather added to than detracted from the dramatic completeness of this moving *dénouement*. It was a pleasure to be able to record that the self-sacrificing messenger, before he closed his eyes finally, had grasped the hands of the friend he had rescued in his own dying fingers, and was aware that his devotion had met with its due reward. While actions like these continue to be done in everyday life, the leader-writers felt we need never be afraid that the old English courage and the old English ideal of steadfast duty are beginning to fail us. The painful episode of the Knoll tunnel had at least this consolatory point, that it showed once more to the journalistic intelligence the readiness of Englishmen of all creeds or parties to lay down their lives willingly at the call of a great public emergency.

So poor Mr. Solomons, thus threnodied by the appointed latter-day bards of his adoptive nation, was buried at Hillborough as the hero of the day, with something approaching public honors. Paul, to be sure, as the nearest friend to the dead, took the place of chief mourner beside the open grave ; but the neighboring squires and other great county magnates, who under any other circumstances would have paid little heed to the Jewish money-lender's funeral, were present in person, or vicariously through their coachmen, to pay due respect to a signal act of civic virtue. Everybody was full of praise for Mr. Solomons' earnest endeavor to stop the train ; and many who had never spoken well of him before, falling in now, after the feeble fashion of our kind and of the domestic sheep, with the current of public opinion, found hitherto undiscovered and