

ranged on either side of the entrances from the street. At the bottom of the departure platform No. 8, and to the left of the latter on every line of rails stood empty, silent trains. There was no attempt at mourning drapery, but nevertheless the place was strangely and mournfully impressive in its unwonted stillness.

Alongside of platform No. 8 stood the long royal train of saloon carriages, and slightly forward was the funeral car heavily draped with purple hangings, in which the coffin was to be conveyed to Windsor. On the wide platform, the whole length of which was covered with a crimson carpet, just opposite the funeral car, was a large circular bed of white hollyhocks and evergreens. Below this on the curbstones stood a row of purple-covered blocks with a couple of steps facing the train for the convenience of the mourners alighting from the state carriages.

At nearly every door of the saloon carriages stood a liveried servant, some wearing long dark coats with crape armlets, others in scarlet, and others in black, while here and there stood groups of court servants wearing an infinite variety of liveries.

Lord Cawdor, the general manager of the lines, and other officials vigilantly watched everything, while military officers, some mounted and others afoot, wearing every kind of uniform in the British army, moved hither and thither, giving directions in tones inaudible to any except those addressed.

Ranged in the centre of the roadway opposite the funeral car stood a guard of honor of a hundred marines, standing at attention with fixed bayonets. Before them stood an officer with a color-sergeant on either side, holding up the Queen's colors draped in black. Such was the silent, picturesque scene.

At 12.15 o'clock, preceding the arrival of the cortège, a little company of servants entered, carrying a profusion of magnificent wreaths, all of white flowers, which they placed on the funeral car.

Fifteen minutes afterward the staff officer leading the procession entered. Officers, officials and servants fell into line, and those seated stood up and remained so to the end. Then the only sound was the slow tramp of troops forming the front line of the cortège, still marching in funeral step with arms reversed, but who now marched in closer order.

As each body passed the Queen's car rifles were brought to the salute, then