

into order under these altered conditions. Cabs and carriages were brought from Hillborough to carry the through passengers and their luggage across the gap in the line caused by the broken tunnel. Telegrams were sent in every direction to warn coming trains and to organize a temporary local service. All was bustle and noise and turmoil and confusion. But in the midst of the hurly-burly, a few passengers still crowded, whispering, round the silent corpse of the man who had met his own death in warning them of their danger. Little by little the story got about how this was a Mr. Solomons, an estate agent at Hillborough, and how those two young people standing so close to his side and watching over his body were Sir Paul and Lady Gascoyne, for whose sake he had run all the way to stop the train, and had fallen down dead, at the last moment, of heart-disease. In his hand he still clutched that worn and folded paper he had tried to force upon Paul, and his face yet wore in death that eager expression of a desire to bring out words that his tremulous lips refused to utter. They stood there long, watching his features painfully. At last a stretcher was brought from the town, and Mr. Solomons' body, covered with a black cloth, was carried upon it to his house in the High Street. Paul insisted on bearing a hand in it himself ; and Nea, walking slowly and solemnly by their side, made her first entry so as Lady Gascoyne into her husband's birthplace.