

parted them. Vivian was standing at the edge of the platform with his back to the train, and the sudden impetus, joined to the slippery condition of the soles of his boots, threw him off his balance, and in another moment he would have fallen on the lines. The danger was imminent, but occurred so instantaneously that no eyes saw it but those that were watching him so hungrily. With the jaws of death, Bonnie sprang forward, and catching Vivian, in the very act of falling, by some part of his dress, swung him with a force born of desperation behind her, and fell prone upon the lines herself. A universal scream of terror from the bystanders, and a series of shouts from the guards, rose to mark the accident; but the engine, with its long train of carriages, rolled slowly but surely on, until they occupied the length of the station.

Vivian, who had been thrown on the platform himself by the determination with which he had been rescued, did not know what had happened, until they dragged the mutilated body of the poor girl, who had given her life for his, from beneath the wheels of the railway carriage. Then, horror-struck so as to prevent speech, he viewed the misshapen mass that had been so fair and straight but a few seconds before, and felt all his manhood shaken at the exclamations that went on around him.

Women were shrieking and fainting at the horrible sight: men were running here and there in search of a doctor or a stretcher: and the officials, with deep commiseration in their faces and heartfelt pity in their tones, were doing all they could by means of stimulants to see if there was any life left in that poor crushed and bleeding body.

And Vivian knelt there, gazing in speechless dismay at the white face that the cruel wheels had spared, and thinking of every innocent way in which the girl had shown her

affection for him, from the first day he met her until now.

'She is quite gone!' said the guard. 'And little else to be expected,' remarked a porter, 'when the poor thing's crushed to a jelly. How ever did it happen?'

'Can't say, I'm sure. Got too near to the edge, I suppose. They will do it!'

'Hush!' said Vivian; 'hush! she is opening her eyes.'

The misty, dreamy, purple orbs, which had done more than their fair share in gaining poor Bonnie the sobriquets of 'daft' and 'wandering,' unclosed themselves slowly and wonderingly, as though she marvelled to find she was still in this world.

'How do you feel, poor dear?' cried a sympathetic lady, who stood by weeping.

'Promise!' she uttered with difficulty, as she fixed her eyes on Vivian.

'I promise!' he replied, solemnly as before.

'Couldn't she take a little drop of something now, porter, if you were to raise her head?' inquired the sympathetic lady, tendering a pocket-flask.

'Better not move her, mum, till the doctor's come,' was the porter's reply.

Once more the violet eyes opened, as though the effort to raise the lids were almost beyond nature, whilst the faintest smile flickered about the leaden-coloured lips.

'I—am—glad—you—loved—him!' she gasped; and, with a sudden jerk, threw her head back and died.

'It's hover!' said the guard.

No, Guard! not over!—nor ever will be over while time lasts. For Bonnie's death brought life into that desolate home in Premier Street, and united two hearts that might have drifted apart for ever.