

They gazed at one another blankly for a moment. Then "Did he know we were here?" Nea asked, with a face of horror.

"I think so," Paul answered. "I wrote and told him what train we'd arrive by; and he must have found out the accident and rushed to warn us before anybody else was aware it had tumbled."

"O Paul, was he alive to see you?"

"Alive?" Paul answered. "Oh, yes, he spoke to me. He asked if you were safe, and said good-by to me."

They backed into the station by slow degrees, and the passengers, turning out with eager wonder and inquiry, began a hubbub of voices as to the tunnel, and the accident, and the man who had warned them, and the catastrophe, and the heart-disease, and the chance there was of getting on to-night, and how on earth they could ever get their luggage carted across to Hillborough station. But Paul and Nea stood with hushed voices beside the corpse of the man they had parted with so lightly a fortnight before at Lanhydran Rectory.

"Do you know, Paul," Nea whispered, as she gazed awe-struck at that livid face, now half pale in death, "I somehow felt when he said to me that afternoon, 'From my poor, old, worn-out heart I thank you,' I half felt as if I was never going to see him again. He said good-by to us as one says good-by to one's friends forever. And I am glad, at least, to think that we made him happy."

"I'm glad to think so, too," Paul answered, with tears in his eyes.

"Then I think he died happy," Nea replied decisively.

"But, Nea, do you know, till this moment I never realized how truly fond I was of him. I feel now as if an element had been taken out of my life forever."

Slowly and gradually the people at the station got things