

ve no reason for  
the palms of his  
trouble and do no  
was mad. This  
work :—Message :  
answer : "What  
message : "Don't  
like take care!"  
What else could

most pitiable to  
torture of a con-  
beyond endur-  
responsibility in-

der the Danger-  
is dark hair back  
y his hands out-  
temples in an ex-  
"why not tell me  
appen, if it must  
how it could be  
been averted?  
it hid its face,  
"She is going to  
ome?" It came,  
only to show me  
and so to pre-  
y, not warn me  
help me! A  
s solitary sta-  
body with credit  
act?"

ate, I saw that  
ell as for the  
do for the time  
erefore, setting  
y or unrealy  
him that who-  
is duty must do  
s his comfort  
though he did  
inding appear-  
ded far better  
him out of  
calm; the oc-  
at, as the night  
er demands on  
at two in the  
ay through the  
of it.

ed back at the  
thway, that I  
that I should  
ed had been  
conceal. Nor  
the accident  
reason to con-

thoughts was  
I to act, hav-  
is disclosure? I

had proved the man to be intelligent, vigi-  
lant, painstaking, and exact; but how long  
might he remain so, in his state of mind?  
Thought in a subordinate position, still he  
held a most important trust, and would I (for  
instance) like to take my own life on the  
chances of his continuing to execute it with  
precision?

Unable to overcome a feeling that there  
would be something treacherous in my com-  
municating what he had told me to his su-  
periors in the Company, without first being  
plain with himself and proposing a middle  
course to him, I ultimately resolved to offer  
to accompany him (otherwise keeping his  
secret for the present) to the wisest medical  
practitioner we could hear of in those parts,  
and to take his opinion. A change in his  
time of duty would come round next night,  
he had apprised me, and he would be off an  
hour or two before sunrise, and on again  
soon after sunset. I had appointed to return  
accordingly.

Next evening was a lovely evening, and I  
walked out early to enjoy it. The sun was  
not yet quite down when I traversed the  
field-path near the top of the deep cutting.  
I would extend my walk for an hour, I said  
to myself, half an hour on and half an hour  
back, and it would then be time to go to my  
signal-man's box.

Before pursuing my stroll I stepped to the  
brink, and mechanically looked down, from  
the point from which I had first seen him.  
I cannot describe the thrill that seized upon  
me, when, close at the mouth of the tunnel,  
I saw the appearance of a man, with his left  
elbow across his eyes, passionately waving  
his right arm.

The nameless horror that oppressed me  
passed in a moment, for in a moment I saw  
that this appearance of a man was a  
man indeed, and that there was a little  
group of other men standing at a distance,  
to whom he seemed to be rehearsing the ges-  
ture he made. The Danger-light was not yet  
lighted. Against its shaft, a little low but  
entirely new to me had been made of some  
wooden supports and tarpaulin. It looked  
no bigger than a bed.

With an irresistible sense that something  
was wrong, with a flashing self-reproachful  
feeling that fatal mischief had come of my leav-  
ing the man there, and causing no one to be  
sent to overlook or correct what he did—I  
descended the notched path with all the  
speed I could make.

'What is the matter?' I asked the  
men.

'Signal-man killed this morning, sir.'  
'Not the man belonging to that box?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Not the man I know?'

'You will recognize him, sir, if you knew  
him,' said the man who spoke for the others,  
solemnly uncovering his own head and rais-  
ing an end of the tarpaulin, 'for his face is  
quite right yet.'

'O, how did this happen, how did this  
happen?' I asked, turning from one to an-  
other as the hut closed in again.

'He was cut down by an engine, sir. No  
man in England knew his work better. But  
somehow he was not clear of the outer-  
rail. It was just at broad day. He had  
struck the light, and had the lamp in his  
hand. As the engine came out of the tunnel,  
his back was towards her, and she cut him  
down. That man drove her, and was show-  
ing how it happened. Show the gentleman,  
Tom.'

The man, who wore a rough, dark dress,  
stepped back to his former place at the  
mouth of the tunnel.

'Coming round the curve in the tunnel,  
sir,' he said, 'I saw him at the end like as  
if I saw him down a perspective-glass. There  
was no time to check speed, and I knew him  
to be very careful. As he didn't seem to  
take heed of the whistle, I shut it off when  
we were running down upon him, and called  
to him as loud as I could call.'

'What did you say?'

'I said, Below there! Look out! Look  
out! For God's sake clear the way!'

I started.

'Ah! it was a dreadful time, sir. I never  
left off calling to him. I put this arm before  
my eyes, not to see, and I waved this arm  
to the last; but it was no use.'

Without prolonging the narrative to dwell  
on any one of its curious circumstances more  
than on any of its other, I may, in closing it,  
point out the coincidence that the warning  
of the Engine-Driver included, not only the  
words which the unfortunate signal-man had  
repeated to me as haunting him, but also  
the words which I myself—not he—had at-  
tached, and that only in my own mind, to  
the gesticulation he had imitated.

THE END.