

still to Mr. Solomons' livid mouth. The bluff passenger waved him aside.

"No good," he said, "no good, my dear sir. He can't even swallow it. He's unconscious now. The valve don't act. It's all up, I'm afraid. Stand aside there, all of you, and let him have fresh air. That's his last chance. Fan him with a paper." He put his finger on the pulse, and shook his head ominously. "No good at all," he murmured. "He's run too fast, and the effort's been too much for him." He examined the lips closely, and held his ear to catch the last sound of breath. "Quite dead!" he went on. "Death from syncope. He died doing his best to prevent an accident."

A strange solemn feeling came over Paul Gascoyne. Till that moment he had never truly realized how much he liked the old Jew money-lender. But there, as he knelt on the green sward beside his lifeless body, and knew on what errand Mr. Solomons had come by his death, a curious sense of bereavement stole slowly on him. It was some minutes before he could even think of Nea, who sat at the window behind, anxiously awaiting tidings of this unexpected stoppage. Then he burst into tears, as the stoker and the engine-driver slowly lifted the body into an unoccupied carriage, and called on the passengers to take their seats while they backed once more into Hipsley station.

"What is it?" Nea asked, seeing Paul return with blanched cheek and wet eyes to the door of her carriage.

Paul could hardly get out the words to reply.

"A tunnel's fallen in—the tunnel under the Knoll that I've often told you about; and Mr. Solomons, running to warn the train of danger, has fallen down dead by the side with heart-disease."

"Dead, Paul?"

"Yes, dead, Nea."