

little money too ; only what mother settled on me, of my grandmother's. We might go to America, you know."

"And people don't need money in America, I suppose !"

"Don't be sarcastic, Pilly. Sit down here and listen."

"You'll take your death of cold on that bench ; come on in, it is late."

"Just a moment. You see, I can't go back to Monk's Yeoland. Poor Ratty is angry with me, and if I'm there, he won't come, and Aunt Rosamund will need him. Then Lady Yeoland would be very angry if I came to the funeral."

"*Why* do you say those things ? She might like you now you're a grown up young lady !" Poor Pilgrim's tone was very wistful, and Pam took her hand kindly.

"No, poor old Pilly. I shan't go at all now. We won't go to the funeral, my being grown-up doesn't make any difference. Mrs.—I mean Lady—Yeoland refused to meet me once, when she was visiting at Budcombe, and I don't care to meet her. My G.F. won't mind ; he'll understand. Pilly, you go and pack, and we'll run away again."

Pilly was crying now ; crying helplessly and without bitterness at being once more thus cast into outer darkness.

Pam was very gentle with her, but quite firm, and hardly an hour later, when the good woman had gone to pack, preparatory to their last flitting from the kind old man who was dead, the young girl, fearful lest Ratty or Cazalet might come to look for her, passed out of the garden, and went down the path to the edge of the rocks.

The wind had died down, and the great waves broke more gently than during the day, but with a sort of sullen dignity. Overhead, the moon now shone in a perfectly clear sky.

Pam's head ached, and she was very tired. It was a relief to her that Pilgrim was prepared, and that before morning they would be again under weigh. She would write to her aunt, of course, and she would leave a note for Cazalet.

Then she would go to America, or back to the Villa.

"I might go on the stage, too," she told herself. "My