

"Yes, Cousin Nevill." (He felt he must be very polite, somehow.)

"Well; you were right and I was wrong. . . . It isn't in the woods; at least not more than anywhere else. . . . We needn't go and look for it. . . . It's anywhere where we are."

Jim's eyes wandered vaguely round the room. He did not understand one word.

"You've got it already," said Cousin Nevill. "Don't lose it, will you?"

"I don't understand at all, Cousin Nevill."

Cousin Nevill did not appear to take this in; for he immediately went on. He simply did not seem to hear. His eyes looked very far-away and bright.

"You don't really find it, till you drink it, you know. You must tilt it right up when the time comes and drink it all. Then you see it."

Jim cleared his throat rather more loudly. Cousin Nevill seemed to him rather foolish. He raised his voice a little.

"I don't understand, you know," he said.

Cousin Nevill's eyes blinked a little. Then he smiled.

"Poor old man! No, I know you don't. . . . It doesn't matter. . . . Now number two. What's number two? . . . Oh, yes. . . . I'm going to die, you know; and then all this—Hartley, I mean—will belong to you and your mother."

This was more intelligible.

"All of it?" asked Jim.

"Yes: all of it. . . . Every single thing. . . . And when you're twenty-one it'll all be yours. You'll be a good boy, won't you?"

Jim sighed. He had not expected this sort of conversation.

"And you'll always be good to your mother. . . . Won't you?"

"Yes, Cousin Nevill."

(Cousin Nevill was obviously ill and must be humoured.)

"You'll be Sir Jim, you know."