

but at that moment the match went out, and Don's voice sounded in her ear:

"Go up now," he commanded, "you can't do any good here."

Pam climbed up the ladder dazed and wondering. She heard the sobs of her mother, and wondered at it. Then she suddenly felt so faint and queer that she was glad to stumble across to the door, and put her head out to the sunshine, where the horse still munched in contentment, and the blue butterflies hovered over the white cups of the bindweed, as if there were no such thing as death in the world.

Jack came up from the cellar, still breathing heavily as if he had been running. He was immediately followed by Don, who started to turn the table upside down over the broken trap-door.

"Why are you doing that?" asked Pam.

Don carefully let the table drop over the broken door before he spoke, and then he said gravely:

"From what I could see by the light of the matches, the old man must have been in the habit of keeping his valuables there. I expect he thought it was safer than Ripple, and I daresay he was right, though how he got that safe there alone is more than I can imagine. We don't want anyone going down there until Father and the police have made their examination. If anyone came along when we have gone, he might go down there in all innocence of what there is to find. So it seemed best to cover the hole. Now I will drive you and your mother back to Ripple, then Jack and I will go and fetch the police."