" Oh yes, spinal cord *very* bad, Harris," the old man added, winking at Pam, past Mrs. Maxse who stood with anxiously fluttering hands by the bed.

Harris, who was a rather clever man, nodded without speaking. Knowing that Lord Yeoland's heart, spinal cord, and temperature were in as good order as usual, he was not alarmed, but chronic gout may show itself in many ways, and he had no reason for suspecting his patient of malingering.

Cornwall being suggested by the invalid himself, the doctor agreed at once. Sea air *might* do gout good ; that nothing else did was certain, and as Cornwall seemed to be the remedy for which Lord Yeoland yearned, to Cornwall he was sent.

Mr. Maxse earnestly urged his father-in-law to take one of his nurses (not Miss Perry) with him, but the old man rebelled at this idea, protesting that Jenkins understood him better than any strange woman could, so Jenkins, very proud of his charge, and armed with divers bottles against a renewal of his Lordship's strange attack, assumed his new honours.

" I wonder," Lord Yeoland remarked thoughtfully, when the servant had left him alone with Pam " whether Pilgrim is worried about me ? "

" I think, between you and me," the girl returned, with a laugh, " that Pilgrim strongly suspects you of being a fraud, G.F."

" I agree with you. There is suspicion in her eye. And a cold fishy eye it is, too. Pilgrim is excellent, Pam, but she is not an irresistible woman."

" Poor Pilly ! No, she is not. Just look at that fuchsia, isn't it exquisite ? I suppose all the bells ring at midnight, and make the most lovely music ! "

" It's a beautiful place, Pam. Your friend Ravaglia used to have a house near here, by the way, poor soul ! "

" Did she ? Where ? "

" I don't know exactly, but in this neighbourhood somewhere."

There was a long pause, and then Pam said suddenly, " G.F., tell me about her, won't you ? She told me once