

CHAPTER VIII

LATE the next evening Pam said good night to her grandfather and prepared to go to her room. She had been reading aloud ever since dinner, for the London post arrived by the afternoon train, and she was tired.

No more had been said about Peele, but she felt relieved by having told the whole story, and knew that she had pleased the old man by doing so.

Now, as she said good-night, she asked him quietly, her hand in his. "Well, G.F., do you not think, after all, that I did what was best for him?"

"My dear, I will tell you what I think. I have never been a very good man; I am what women writers call a cynical old worldling; I do not believe in anything in particular, and I can face without quailing the great fact that selfishness rules the world. So it is more to the point than if I were a parson, or a saintly old patriarch, that I think you did what was—noble and good. And what is more, I haven't a doubt that you will have your reward."

"Grandfather! You mean that I'll go to Heaven?"

"I hope you will, my dear, and indeed I fully expect that you will, but I didn't mean *that*. You did the best thing you could do, and whatever may happen——"

He stopped hastily, biting his lip, but she only smiled absently. "Nothing can possibly happen, short of Lady Henny at the last minute running away with some one else, as happens in books. And I am not going to fade away like one of Rhoda Broughton's tubercular heroines. I am going to have a very good time, and dance and flirt like mad (I feel that the Yeoland gift for that art lieth dormant in my young breast), and wear fine clothes, and