

CHAPTER VII

Two days later Lord Yeoland, Pam, Pilgrim, Jenkins, the valet, and Caliban, were settled in an hotel on the Cornish coast not far from Penzance. It was a delightful spot, surrounded by beautiful drives, and the air was full of the music of the waves as they boomed on the great rocks below.

"An excellent place for an invalid, Pam?" the old man asked solemnly while his servant settled him in a sheltered corner of the garden the day after their arrival. "I declare I feel better already. You must write and tell your aunt the good news." Pam nodded, as her grandfather winked over the back of Jenkins as that functionary tucked the plaid carefully about his master's legs, and rose, with a pleased glance at the wicked old gentleman's beaming face.

The old man had thoroughly entered into the spirit of the little comedy. In the night following his talk with Pam on the terrace, he had had a mysterious seizure involving numerous perplexingly irreconcilable symptoms, and all the next day new ones had developed. "I can't explain," he said irritably to the doctor, who was feeling his pulse for the twentieth time. "It was a tremendous flutter, and a sharp pain, and then I think I fainted. Didn't I faint, Jenkins?"

"Nearly, M'Lud. The brandy just saved your Lordship from quite going off," returned the faithful servant, who had a turn for dramatic narration, "His Lordship's lips was blue as indigo, sir," he added to the doctor, "and 'is 'ands like ice. 'Is Lordship 'ad 'orrible pain in 'is stummick too, afterwards, and electric shocks in 'is spinal cord. 'Jenkins,' 'is Lordship said to me, 'it's my spinal cord, sure.'"