

She coloured a little. "I don't know. I have been thinking about it a great deal lately. Anyhow," she met his look almost defiantly, "I've a right to think of it, haven't I? We're partners."

"You've a right to do anything that seems good to you," he said. "I am not absolutely down and out, but I'm pretty near it. There isn't much left."

She squeezed his hands hard, hearing the news with no hint of dismay. Her eyes were shining with the old high courage. "Never mind, partner! We'll pull up again," she said. "We're a sound working proposition, aren't we?"

He drew her suddenly and closely into his arms. "My own brave girl!" he said.

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Bill Merston came over in the evening, summoned by one of Burke's Kaffirs, and they buried Guy under the shadow of the *hopps* in what in a few more days would be a paradise of flowers. The sun was setting far away in an opalescent glow of mauve and pink and pearl. And the beauty of it went straight to Sylvia's heart.

She listened to the Burial Service, read by Merston in his simple sincere fashion, and she felt as if all grief or regret were utterly out of place. She and Burke, standing hand in hand, had been lifted above earthly things. And again there came to her the thrilling certainty that Guy was safe. She wondered if, in his own words, he had forgotten it all and started afresh.

Merston could not stay for the night. He looked at Sylvia rather questioningly at parting.

She smiled in answer as she gave him her hand. "Give my love to Matilda!" she said. "Say I am coming to see her soon!"

"Is that all?" he said.

She nodded. "Yes, that's all. No—one thing more!" She detained him a moment. "Thank her for all she has done for me; and tell her I have found the right mixture at last! She will understand, or—if she doesn't—I will give her the recipe when I come."

He frowned at her with masculine curiosity. "What is it for? A new kind of pickles?"