

An unshorn porter slouched towards them, Pam's trunk on his shoulder, followed by Pilgrim.

Pam turned and looked at Peele. "I love you," she said quietly, "it's a misfortune, and can't be helped, but it exists. Now, here comes the train."

"I can't let you go."

"Oh yes, you can! Pilly, take my bag will you. I must wrap Caliban up in my cape, he is shivering. Good-bye, Mr. Peele."

"I shall write to your father," he said, crushing her hand in his.

"So shall I! The dears, how glad I shall be to see them again! And give my love to the Duchess and to Lady Henretta, and tell her that I hope with all my heart she will be happy."

The train had stopped, and the guard had opened the door of a first-class empty carriage.

Pilgrim climbed up, with an ungracious display of lath-like leg, and took the bags from the porter.

"Good-bye, again, then," Pam said, for Peele could not speak, "and God bless you."

As the door closed, she opened the window and stood by it, looking at him until the train had gone, the monkey's face pressed close to her own.

THE END