

She laughed a little. "That, all things considered, is impolite, Ratty!"

"Well, I do, but never mind that. Cazalet tells me that your father and mother are away yachting somewhere, and that you don't know when they will be back."

"Yes. Mr. and Mrs. Sacheverel are going to Japan," she answered, with a queer little smile.

"*H'm!* And, of course, you know that Fred Yeoland will take possession at once. I wired him this morning, and he will of course come to the funeral."

"I know."

"Well—naturally you will go back with us now, and stay until—after the funeral. Minnie Yeoland is a daughter of Lord Verney of Dalgeston." His pause was significant.

"I see. You mean that the daughter of Lord Verney of Dalgeston will not care to acknowledge a cousinship with me. I know that already. Go on."

Ratty broke off a spray of fuchsia and shook them free of rain-drops.

"And—how are you regarding money?" he asked, slowly.

She turned. "Make your mind easy on that score, my good he-cozen (as Pepys says), my grandfather has left me some money."

"You are wrong; he hasn't made a will since '83! Cazalet told me so. He meant to provide for you, and—he put it off until too late. Now don't—don't look like that, Pam, I—I'm sorry I told you so abruptly. I only wanted you to know that after all you wouldn't do so badly by—marrying me." His voice shook with unmistakable feeling as he spoke, but Pam did not answer.

Caliban, who had been asleep, awoke, and turning his face, wizened and weird in the moonlight, to hers, she said gently, "Cally, we shall have to move on. Like Jo in 'Bleak House' you and I and Pilly must move on!"

"Pam, will you listen to me?" Ratty laid his hand on hers and arrested her, as she started to leave him.

"Pam—you know I love you. I'm a brute to have told you that, but you always laugh at me, and—we'd not be rich, but we'd not starve, and you'd not be lonely. I'll be as good as I can to you, and try to please you."