

CHAPTER IX

THE rain had entirely ceased, and the moon shone faintly from behind wind-blown clouds. Pam, Caliban in her arms, walked up and down the gravel path, her skirts trailing unheeded. To-morrow they would take him back home, and they would bury him in the old vault in the church he had so rarely visited, and Fred Yeoland, whom she had never seen, would bear his name, and Fred Yeoland's wife, whom her grandfather had once told her was a cat, and who had been unkind to her, would be mistress of the old house, and their children run about the grounds and have tea in the school-room.

The Maxses would go away; Dick was going to die, too, however; Ratty would go back to Oxford and funk his examinations and grow fatter than ever. Evy would have a house in London; Mr. and Mrs. Sacheverel would be very kind to Pam Yeoland, but they would be rather sorry to have her come back, and, any way, they were going to Japan; Madame Ravaglia was dead; Charnley Burke was going back to Australia, if he had not already gone. Every one was provided for. Every one but Pam, and Pilgrim, and Caliban.

Suddenly the moon, which had for a moment been hiding behind a cloud, shone out, shedding its lovely light on Ratty as he came down the path.

"I wish you would not come, Ratty," Pam said, a little pettishly.

"Now, don't you be nasty, young woman. Look here, Pam," he went on, joining her as she turned, and walking by her, "I have just been talking about you with Czalet."

"Have you?"

"Yes. Ugh! I hate that monkey!"