

with her of late, and you will be glad to hear that towards the last she did not suffer at all. Last night I was there when the priest came and gave her extreme unction. She seemed glad to take communion, and told me that she was not afraid to die. I am feeling rather badly about it, for she was a good friend to me, and at my age one doesn't easily make friends. Thanks for your letter. I am glad my telegram relieved your mind. Of course I shall never trouble you again, and I hope with all my heart that you may be happy. She did not tell me who the man is, and I took it for granted it must be Peele, until I saw in a paper this morning the announcement of the day of his marriage with some one else. Whoever he may be I hope you will be happy, and my telegram holds good. The sale of poor Madame Ravaglia's things is going on, and there will be a good deal of money, all of which goes to the Church, I believe. She left her rings to you, did you know?

"Good-bye, then; if you knew how I love you you would be sorry for me. Remember, always, that if you ever want me I will come, no matter where I am. You know my banker's address.

"CHARNLEY BURKE."

The letter was badly written as well as awkwardly expressed, and as Burke, as a rule, was voluble enough, she knew what his nervousness meant. And Ravaglia was dead. It was not a shock, but it was an added loneliness.

A few minutes later, the girl went out on to the terrace, where her Grandfather sat near the spot where he had first received her, years ago.

"Grandfather," she began abruptly, "I want you to do something for me. Not a jewel this time; worse; I mean harder for you."

"What is it, Pam?"

"The Duchess wants me to go to the wedding, and to stay with her afterwards. Of course I can't, and so I want you to be ill, and need a change of air, and go away with me, somewhere too far for me to go to town. Will you?"