

The girl hesitated, but at length rose. "Very well," she said, indifferently, "I'll go, but I'd rather go alone, Ratty, if you don't mind."

The young man was about to protest when Cazalet made him a sign, and he let her leave the room alone.

"Do not trouble her, Mr. Ratty," the steward began, as the door closed, "she is very unhappy; the shock has been great."

"I know. They were awfully fond of each other."

"Yes. And, she—is utterly alone."

Ratty pulled at his young moustache and nodded. "Utterly. Her father and mother—you know, Cazalet, and—I suppose my grandfather left her some money, however," he added.

Cazalet shook his head. "No. He intended doing so; he told me so himself, but he put it off. His will dates from '83."

"I say! That is *rotten*! I mean hard luck. She'll have to go back to her father and mother, won't she, unless——"

"She will go to Monk's Yeoland for the present, I suppose," answered Cazalet, "her father and mother are yachting, she tells me; gone to Japan. She has no address, and has no idea when they will be back."

"Of course she'll come to Monk's Yeoland; until Fred and Minnie Yeoland turn us out." There was a long pause, while Cazalet stared at the table-cloth in deep thought, and Ratty pulled at his moustache.

Then the young man rose and took up his hat. "I'll go and look after her," he said, nervously.