

she was to his master, and now, finding her alone with the dead man, he realised, as keenly as if she had been of his own blood, the fact of her utter loneliness.

Mr. Maxse was worse; he could not live long, and his wife was engrossed with him; Evelyn had married a man Pam did not like, and who, Cazalet knew, disapproved of her intimacy with his wife; Sacheverel and his wife were utterly selfish, absolutely sufficient to each other; Ratty's wish to marry the girl rendered her living with his mother impossible, and Monk's Yeoland was closed to her for ever.

There was literally no place in the world whither Pam Yeoland could go, as one who belonged there.

His own house was hers, but the old man knew that he could not urge her to come to him. She did not belong there, either. At last, tired of his own thoughts, Cazalet went back to the sitting-room, and found the girl talking in an undertone to Ratty, who very solemn, his hands in his pockets, was staring at her with bulging eyes.

"I want her to go into the garden with me, Cazalet," the young man began, abruptly, as the old man entered, "there's no one about, and the rain has stopped. It's a beastly hole of an hotel; the Bellevue at Treherne is much better, but at least this is empty, and no one will be in the garden."

"I don't want to go into the garden. Please don't bother, Ratty."

"But *look* at her, Cazalet, she looks horribly ill, and a mouthful of fresh air will do her good!"

Pam, looking at him, realized how *very* fat her grandfather would have found him in that suit of clothes, and with difficulty she repressed a smile.

As Cazalet sat down Jenkins came in bringing a lighted lamp, and the old man started as he caught sight of the girl's face. "Good gracious, Pam, you *do* look ill. Have you eaten anything to-day?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, I have eaten, but I have a headache; it is only that, Cazzy."

"But—if I were you I really would go into the garden for a moment. Do go, my dear."