

"We are at peace. I must go in now. Mr. Cazalet, the steward, has come, and Ratty, my cousin—will you see them?"

"Yes, no—I don't know."

"Then—good-night. And believe that I hope you will be very happy."

"Without you. Yes; that is very likely. Tell me, what are your plans?"

She told him, in a sudden nervous flow of words; told him that Mrs. Fred Yeoland's presence at the funeral, and Ratty's, ensured her own absence; that her father and mother were gone, that she could not go to Evelyn's, that she was very poor. Then she added, "And so Pilly and Caliban and I are 'off to Philadelphia in the morning!' I am going somewhere, and begin life over again."

"Somewhere! Where?"

Pam shook her head wearily. "Please don't bother me; I don't know where, and it doesn't matter yet. We are just going away."

Peele's face was very white, and for a moment he bit his lip fiercely. Then, "Pam,—listen," his eyes fixed on hers, his hand on her shoulder, he hurried on, "if it is as you say, if you are so utterly alone, and have no place to go—by God, Pam, you must come with me. Come to South Africa with me. You love me, and I love you,—nothing else matters."

She closed her eyes for a moment, while a beautiful blush crept up to her brow.

"To Africa with you! Ah, if I could! But—Lady Henny,——"

"You will come, you will?"

He caught her roughly to him and kissed her. "Pam, you will? It is Fate; we can't help it. I've tried all this time to hold it back, this love, but I can't and neither can you."

"Then, yes."

For a long time they stood together without speaking, and then, raising her head, the girl began, her voice vibrating softly, "I wish Grandfather knew. He—always understood."