

day the young girl sat in the room with the dead man. He had, in his lifetime, hated solitude, and she felt that she could not leave him now.

At six o'clock Cazalet arrived, having driven from the only station to which he could come at that hour.

Pam met him at the door of her grandfather's room.

"Oh, Cazzy," she said.

"My dear, it has been dreadful for you, all alone."

"I am always alone," she answered, and then he passed her and stood by the bed looking down on the man who had been his master, and whom he had never in the least understood.

When he turned Pam stood by him, her hands behind her, in the way common to her and to the dead man.

"He was better," she said, "last night; was it last night? And we were making plans about going to Paris and Rome. He died in his sleep. The doctor says it was his heart."

"Then that queer attack at home was from his heart! The doctor made too little of it, as I thought at the time."

She shook her head. "No. That was just a—joke, Cazzy. He was not ill. I wanted to go away, for a change, and so he pretended to be ill, just to—to make his leaving home more natural."

Cazalet turned, surprise written all over his honest face.

"He *pretended*? I don't understand."

"Oh, never mind about that. He *was* ill, though he did not know it. And now—oh, *Grandfather*!"

Covering her face with her hands she stood for a moment without speaking, but there were no tears in her eyes.

Christopher Cazalet went sadly to his room, and sending for the landlord, made the necessary arrangements for the next day's journey.

His kind heart ached for the girl, so nearly a child, who had looked at him with such tragedy in her eyes. He was not an unimaginative man, and the pathos of her life had always touched him. Since that day, ten years ago, when she had opened the door of the Villa to him, the monkey in her arms, he had really loved her. She had been, in his dull life, something of the sunshine that