

"Yes, my dear, I did. Her reputation was, with perfect justice, outrageous. She was very nice about doing as I asked her."

"Yes. She went away and I never saw her again until the other day in Paris. And now she is dead."

"God rest her soul," he added, after a pause.

Pam stared. "That is what the Catholics say," she commented.

"Yes, but it does not hurt a heathen to say it, too."

It was a perfect morning, and the warm air, full of the sea-tang, was sweet with the scent of growing things. A bee buzzed drowsily among the gilly-flowers: a bird sang in an apple-tree.

For several minutes Lord Yeoland and his granddaughter were both silent, and then, without changing her position the young girl spoke.

"G.F., I want to tell you about Mr. Peele."

"If you wish to, my dear. Otherwise, it is not at all necessary."

"I do wish to. Because you think you understand, but you don't. You see it was this way. When I was at Torpington, he was ill—that is, overworked, and nearly ill, and I used to go to see him at his house. It was silly, but it didn't seem so then, somehow. And he was very good to me, and we had such good times together. Then I went away, to Houlgate, and mother was not well all the summer, and I wrote to him (he had asked me to, of course) and he never answered, and I was angry with him. Mother's illness made me nearly forget all about him, though, and—you know about the wedding. Well," she paused, but did not move, her dark eyes full of the sunlight as she looked steadily at the old man, whose lips were trembling with his sudden overwhelming realisation of her great youth, as she told him her story, all in the past tense. "Well, that evening after the wedding I was lonely, somehow, and I went for a swim to amuse myself. When I came up from the sea, there he was, in our grounds, as if he had fallen from the sky. And we had supper together, and I was very happy, but I didn't know why. Really I didn't,