

gone back to her room, Pam and the servant sat by the bed, where, in the cheerful lamplight, the old man lay smiling.

Twice the girl touched his hand gently, hardly believing that she had not been dreaming. But his hand was chill as living hands, however cold, never are.

Pilgrim, whose loud crying had annoyed her mistress, had been sent to her room; and at last Jenkins fell asleep and Pam was alone. Alone to realize her great loneliness.

Her father and mother had sailed for Japan in the O'Neill's yacht; the letter had come that afternoon, and Lord Yeoland had said that he was glad, as it made Pam more altogether his.

They were gone, and now he too had gone. She had not cried at all. As yet, though she repeated over and over that he was dead, she could not quite believe it. It required an effort, and she knew that she would not realize it fully for days.

They were to have gone to Rome; they were to have been together. He, of all the people in the world, had needed her, and to be needed is to some natures dearer than being loved, by all but the one.

Hours passed, and dawn came in at the windows; Jenkins awaking with a start, put out the lamp and went to dress.

"You must telegraph to my aunt, Jenkins," Pam said quietly, "and to young Mr. Maxse."

"Yes, Miss, of course. I'll 'ave some tea made for you, Miss. Ah, 'ere is Pilgrim."

Pilgrim, gaunter than ever after her tearful vigil, took the girl to her room and dressed her. "You mustn't take cold, my poor lamb," she said, and Pam, even in her misery, smiled at the unusual tenderness.

Towards noon Mrs. Maxse wired that she could not leave her husband who had taken a sudden turn for the worse, but that Cazalet had started. Ratty, too, was coming.

The morning had been one of brilliant sunshine, but towards evening the wind rose, and it began to rain. Pam wished vaguely that a great storm would come, but it was only what the landlord called 'nasty weather.' All