

This did not seem interesting.

"Shall I?" said Jim.

"Now do you want to say anything to me? Because number three is Good-bye."

Jim considered.

"When are you going to die, Cousin Nevill?"

"Very soon now."

"Oh! . . . When you're dead, may I bring Jill into the house again?"

A glimmer passed over that gaunt face that was like a bad mask of Cousin Nevill; and his lips twitched as if he were trying not to smile.

"Of course, old man. Bring her into the house at once, if your mother'll let you. Tell her it's my house, just now . . . if she says No. . . . And then see what she says. . . . Anything else, old man?" . . .

"Shall you be buried in the brick-room in the churchyard, Cousin Nevill?" inquired Jim, who saw that he was expected to make conversation, and really could not think of anything else.

"Yes, old man. . . . In the brick-room. That's right."

"May I go down and look, when it's opened?"

"Better not do that, old man. . . . And you'll say a prayer for my soul, won't you?"

"Oh, yes," said Jim indifferently.

There was a pause.

"Well, old man, I think we'd better have number three now. . . . Just press that button. . . . Behind my head."

Jim found an interesting sort of handle attached to a string, lying on the pillow. He had not seen anything quite like that before, and examined it with interest.

"The white thing, Cousin Nevill?"

"Yes. . . . That's it. Press it right in."

Jim pressed it; and there followed a faint ringing sound from somewhere else. Then the door of the bathroom opened and Nurse Deacon appeared.

"Now say good-bye, Jim. . . . And give me a kiss."