

Mr. Yates was nearly ninety, so it was often difficult for him to remember things, but he still liked travelling very much, so he and his wife went to Spain every year. One summer when they were there, they went to visit some friends. These people had two young daughters.

One afternoon Mr. Yates was talking to one of the girls in the garden after lunch. 'You and your sister were ill when my wife and I were here last year, weren't you?' he said to her.

'Yes, we were,' answered the girl. 'We were very ill.'

The old man said nothing for a minute, because he was thinking. Then at last he said, 'Oh, yes, I remember now! One of you died. Which one of you was it, you or your sister?'

The girl answered, 'It was me.'

'Oh? I'm very sorry to hear it,' said the old man.