

Herbert Guest made his appearance before long. Trixy fairly gasped when she saw him coming across the lawn ; she could not believe her eyes. He looked like a farmer, he was so big and burly, so tanned and rosy, so jolly and laughter-loving. His voice was strong and full enough to fill a cathedral ; he raised it to speak to the little company, addressing them through the open French window in this fashion.

" Sorry to be so late, wife ; sorry not to be able to meet you, my dears, at the station, had to send the youngsters instead. Poor old soul ill up Four Corners way. You don't know where that is, but you will before long. Glad you haven't finished your tea, for I haven't had bite or sup since the bit of lunch I got at twelve o'clock, and I have got an appetite like—oh, there is nothing big enough to compare it to."

He was in the room now, beaming good-naturedly upon every one, and talking in his quick way. He said a good deal in a short time because he had a trick of missing words that he considered unnecessary. He shook the girls by the