

side the "Wheatsheaf," and the landlord and his wife sat there in the afternoon sunshine; he was smoking, she was knitting, their children were playing near them. A party of excursionists had come in from a neighbouring place; one of them was playing the concertina while lads and lasses danced to the simple music. The girls could see all this from the window of the railway carriage. Then the train stopped at a pretty countrified station. On the railway bank the word "Cloverfield" was planned out with lumps of white chalk, very regular in size. The station-master's garden was well in view, arranged on a slope and full of nice, old-fashioned flowers—cabbage-roses, poppies, and fragrant mignonette. It was really very pretty.

But the girls could not take in all its beauty, because they were sending their quick glances all along the platform, looking for a lady and gentleman.

"I don't believe the Guests are here!" exclaimed Trixy as she jumped out. "What are we to do? We shan't know where to go."