

"Oh, Delia, whatever shall we do? What a poor welcome for her to come walking in and find herself not expected!"

"As if that would matter in the very least!" exclaimed a dear familiar voice from the doorway, and Marion turned in a great hurry to see Gertrude coming in at the door.

"Oh, you darling! Where did you spring from?" cried Marion, literally flinging herself into her sister's arms; while Delia danced round and round in a perfect ecstasy of joyfulness; and Bruno barked so uproariously that the help, whose name was Miss Ellis, and Mme Delarey, both came running in from the garden to see what the matter could be.

Tom and Jessica entered at this moment, and there was so much talking and laughter, so many questions to be asked, that for the moment Marion forgot to enquire how it was the travellers managed to get themselves conveyed from the depot.

"We should have been sitting on our baggage now, and debating whether to hike it or to wait until your wagon appeared to fetch us," explained Tom. "But just as we had made up our minds to tramp all those weary miles, and Jessica was sorting over her baggage to find a pair of boots that were fit to walk in, Victor Green came along with one of W. W.'s wagons. It did not take us long to strike a bargain with him, and then we loaded ourselves into the wagon instead of the barrels of sugar and pork which he had come to fetch, and here we are."

"But we can't stay now, for Victor has gone on with the tents and things, and we want to pitch them at once. Will you come and help, Marion, or are you too busy?" and Gertrude thrust her arm through Marion's, the two going off together, while Tom stayed behind to speak to Mme Delarey and Miss Ellis.

Then he set off at a run to catch the others, while Delia and Jessica pelted along in the rear, and Bruno leaped at