

not understand, so he went to Africa without saying. He meant soon to come back, but he didn't—and—and it was only when he was dying that he wrote. There's lots and lots that I'm to know when I'm older, but Uncle Charles says it will only make me love my father and my beautiful dead mother more than ever. The trouble was all someone else's fault, but that is over now, and Uncle Charles is going to give me a miniature of my mother, be—because he knew her quite well. And—oh—what *do* you all think of the secret?"

There was silence for a time, then Bunty chuckled.

"I'm pleased because everyone's pleased," said he. "Robin has found a dad, and a mother, and a nice home, and everything he wanted. Eric has got all he wanted too, and Jean and I are happy too because we like living here, and p'raps Robin will give me the long shed for my menagerie if it all belongs to him."

Eric nodded. "*I* call it ripping," said