

CHAPTER XVI

THAT day, even as she had hoped, Marion arrived at the last page of her manuscript, and a couple of hours before she expected Daisy to return from the superintendence of Teddy's flower-beds, had despatched it by Parkinson's trustworthy hand to be typewritten and returned to her with the smallest delay possible. Then she put her stylograph pen back in her writing-tray, and from force of habit shook the second supplementary one, which it was Daisy's business to keep full in case the first gave out, to see whether its reservoir was well supplied. And at that it struck her that Daisy would not have to concern herself with any further fillings of those thirsty pens. . . .

It was not without design that she found herself alone in the house. She had wanted to be secure from interruption for the traversing of her last pages, but also she had wished for a space of solitude after she had finished the final lines of her book. Hitherto by concentration of her labours during the day, and by the purposeful hilariousness of the