

CHAPTER II

AT THE VICARAGE

THE first thing that struck Grace Farleigh with regard to the Vicarage was its extreme shabbiness. The carpets were worn, in some cases almost threadbare; in the bedrooms the floor was covered with linoleum with a strip of carpeting at the bedside and a rug or so here and there. Grace had seldom seen a house of this description, and she was not at all pleased.

Now what struck Trixy was something quite different. She was immensely impressed by the view from the windows, and at once caught sight of the garden with its wealth of trees and flowering bushes, its tangled rose-trees rich with blossom, its flaunting sunflowers, its encroaching marigolds, its purple heliotropes, its scarlet geraniums. The Vicar-