

to what a clergyman was like when you came close to him.

"I never saw one except in the pulpit," she said, her bright eyes twinkling, "and I don't know how I shall like one out of his gown; it won't seem natural."

After this remark she left off chattering, and was a trifle subdued. Trixy Farleigh was capable of feeling shy and nervous now and then.

She explained her reason in this fashion.

"Of course Mrs. and the Reverend Guest won't bite, I am quite aware of that, but I feel just as frightened as if they would. I say, Grace, we are slowing up, the train is going to stop. I believe this next station is Cloverfield."

So it proved to be. First the girls saw what seemed like a wood, but it was not. The trees they looked at were those that filled Squire Winterbourne's fine park: by and by they became familiar with the grand avenue that led up to Winterbourne House, and took a keen delight in wandering there. Then they caught sight of Sir John Fitz-William's magnificent estate,