

come indoors for a bit first? Robin's not here: he's teaching his Rosemary to drive a motor, to the great peril of the King's lieges on the roads."

"I know, I met them. They have been good to Marion, too. She loved those silly evenings."

"And the book's done?" he asked.

"Yes, she finished it yesterday. When that was done I think she couldn't hold out any more."

"Well, she got it done. There's a lot to be said for doing what you mean to do. When your sister sets her mind on a thing, you know, that thing happened."

Daisy smiled: it was just this she wanted, this simple kindly friendliness as shown by the right person. Mrs. Vickary's bleeding heart meant nothing to her.

"And Marion must get her way now," she said, "so let us begin our gardening. We were going to sow sweet-peas in clumps at the end of the bed, weren't we, for late flowering."

"Yes, if you refuse to let me make an avenue of them."

"Oh, do have clumps," she said, finding that there was still savour in the settlement of sweet-peas. But she could not have sown sweet-peas alone in her own garden.

Robin, who was going in for his Tripos in May, left Lambton for Cambridge a week after this and once again Teddy was solitary in his house. But