

Beatrice began to laugh again. When she did this she looked so very good-natured that it was hard to be angry with her. But her sister said—

“ I think you are extremely silly, and not at all polite.” This was all the reward the poetess got for her achievement. But she did not worry. No, not she! She just smiled in her saucy way, tossed her head, and rattled on.

Whether Grace listened or no was uncertain. She was not very strong, and the journey, though it was not a very long one, tired her. The two girls had been placed under the care of a lady who was travelling their way, but her destination having been reached about a quarter of an hour since, they were ending their journey alone. Of course they were to be met at Cloverfield Station ; they began to wonder by whom.

Grace was of opinion that the correct thing would be for the Reverend Herbert Guest and his wife to be there to greet them ; they would naturally come in a carriage. Trixy was not concerned about how they came, but full of curiosity as