

Maid in a Market Garden

Service. He has a great deal of money, I believe, and an obstinate liver complaint and will one day come home to get rid of both encumbrances. Up to the present he has lavished nothing upon his daughters—except good advice, and bottles of chutnee. We have three hundred a year between us—just enough, as somebody says in Dickens"—Marjory was too innately lazy to place her quotation more definitively—"to make us wish there was more. We have an elderly aunt to chaperone us. We live a watering-place and health-resort kind of life, with an occasional London season thrown in. This is the fag-end of one of them. It has been dull." She yawned, and relapsed into silence.

"As we are volunteering antecedents and so forth," said Lady Jane Pegram, "let me contribute my little quota of information to the general stock. I am the sixth daughter of a Welsh Peer. Papa has no son, brother, nephew, or cousin to succeed him, and as we are all plain and all middle-aged, the title will very likely become completely extinct. It is incredibly old, and the castle—everybody has heard about Llwdllm; it's quite a show place—is incredibly tottery ;