

called so ; at least, I don't think so. You'll soon get used to it."

" It is so very short that you are at the top of it before you know that you have begun to climb."

Phoebe made this encouraging remark. Robin was giving orders to a red-faced porter as to the luggage, chaffing him and making him laugh. Grace was just thinking that to be familiar with a porter showed that Robin Guest was no gentleman, when the boy quietly took the little bag she carried from her hand, and relieved Trixy of the umbrellas and sunshades of which she had taken charge. Thus the little procession filed out of Cloverfield Station into the sweet-scented country air.

" I wonder whether you are Grace or Beatrix? " Robin said to his companion. The two elder girls were walking in front of them.

" Which do you think? "

" I am bothered if I know."

" I'm Beatrix, but they call me Trixy ; at least most people do."

" I'd like to call you Trixy, too, it suits