

"Sybil dear." The pencil had stopped again. "Did I ever tell you what Professor Jenner Cox really is? . . . He is a consummate ass."

But, after a fortnight, there came another letter, a very different sort of letter—from the north.

Old Henriksen, the great Scandinavian, wrote from his white-walled house at Malmö in the north to the white-walled house at Whitebridge in the south.

"It is said that you see none, but our Fairy Princess is in your land and would come to give you a northern flower. You will receive her for our sakes."

"Yes," said Mr Burgoyne, "you must write to say we will take the flower. . . . Sybil dear, you must write at once to this equerry or lady-in-waiting—which was it?—and say we shall be glad to see her Royal Highness whenever she is disposed to confer upon us the honour of a visit."

In due course the pretty princess came over from Bevis Castle, with her equerry and her lady-in-waiting. She had pretty blossoms in her hand—some of the northern flowers picked in the garden by Strömstad's rock-girt bay and sent to her every week to remind her of home. She had a very pretty smile on her lips as she pinned her nosegay to the lapel of Mr Burgoyne's coat.

"It is the *majblomma*, sir," she said, smiling.

"It is the *primula farinosa*, ma'am," said Mr Burgoyne, "but henceforth it is the *majblomma* for me. I shall recognise it by no other name."

The little party drank tea in the workroom. Mr Burgoyne wrote his name in a copy of *The Data of Dreams* and presented the volume to his pretty guest. Sir Augustus Chawling expressed admiration of the room, and Lady Milldale expressed admiration of the large number of books in the room. When the visitors left, the host, leaning on his wife's arm, escorted them to the porch; and Sir Augustus, suddenly burrowing beneath the carriage seats, dragged out a photographic camera and secured three excellent snap-shots of the group in the porch.