

having a splendid time. That's why she was so cross with me. Oh, and what are those pictures?"

"Put on your hat," said Teddy peremptorily. "We'll look at them when we get up to my house. Bicycle? No; I want your advice about the flower-border by the tennis-court. I'm going to have it tremendously gay this summer."

Daisy gave a fleeting glance at her dress; she would have liked to be a little smarter.

"Mayn't I make myself a little tidier?" she said. It is idle to deny that she thought of little boxes and bottles on her dressing-table.

"Not an atom tidier," said he. "You've got to grub about in my flower-bed all the afternoon."

"Gloves then," said Daisy, and diving into the hall, she emerged again with a pair of great gardening gauntlets.

Directly after the mutilation of his picture, Teddy had stowed that desecrated canvas behind a heap of abandoned beginnings, and had noticed with accumulated conviction that neither Robin nor Rosemary had noticed its disappearance. But now, before he had shown Daisy what were the pictures he carried with him, she looked round the studio and was aware of its absence.

"And where has Beatrice and the beautiful meadow gone?" she said. "Have you sent it to the Academy already? I'm sure they'll accept it. Fancy if it was on the line!"