

latter twinkled also, one electric spark had lighted another.

"Have you brought the carriage?" said Trixy; "we want to get to the Vicarage as quickly as we can. We are rather tired and very hungry. It is ever so much past tea-time, isn't it? I do like my tea, don't you?"

"I like all my meals," responded Robin; "I've got no end of an appetite. I've had my tea, though. But yours is waiting for you; don't look anxious."

He laughed merrily.

"We can oblige you with tea, but we can't oblige you with a carriage," he went on; "we haven't got such a thing. We are not millionaires, or billionaires, or multimillionaires, or anything of the kind."

"We have always been used to driving," said Grace quickly; "I am not a good walker."

"Sorry," replied Robin, "but it is only a very little way to the Vicarage; you just have to walk to the top of Steep Hill, and there you are."

"Steep Hill!" Grace frowned.

"Which isn't very steep, though it is