

" I *am* your elder sister, Trixy, so why shouldn't I talk like one? And as for being fond of bands, it is a pity that we are. There won't be any music or any amusements at Cloverfield, I can tell you. You had better make up your mind to that, my dear."

" That's a pity, but I dare say it will be great fun living in the country for all that. Don't you think so? "

" I am sure I don't know ; we've never tried it, have we? We've got to learn by experience."

Beatrix nodded approval of this remark before she said, " Experience is a hard taskmaster. I've read that somewhere. But it can't always be true, for sometimes experiences are very pleasant."

Her spirits were not to be damped. She was, however, quiet again for a few moments, and once more absorbed in looking out of the window at the landscape. The train was not going at any great rate, and there was a good deal to see and admire. The child's voice, with a little bubble of laughter rendering it uncertain, broke out again—