

CHAPTER III.

With Mrs. Benson's permission, we got a waiter to give us a larger table that we might form one party. I asked them all whether they were satisfied with their morning and their guides. They all exclaimed at once that it surpassed their expectations.

Mrs. Benson said: "One thing that strikes me is the quiet, the repose of the place. There is no hurry. I should think it would be just the place for people with tired nerves."

"And, Mamma," said Mary, "did you notice the absence of horses? That is what makes it so quiet—no horses, no carriages, nor street railways—all the streets just for pedestrians; it is ideal!"

"I wish," said Daisy, "that papa would come here for his holiday and let us stay here all summer, instead of going to the sea-side in England."

"I don't think you would like that," I said, "it will get pretty warm here in a month; besides I can't allow you to slight England; there are some beautiful places there, and if you want an ideal spot by the sea, I can recommend just the thing."

"My husband wants a long holiday and a quiet one," said Mrs. Benson. "He is coming over with my son and will meet us in London at the end of