

want to speak to you. Marion is writing the last page or two now. Dr. Stables called, but she would not see him. She is like that: she won't be interrupted when it comes to the end. Mr. Teddy, is it very forward of me? But do you think you would let me come to lunch with you, and stop up there, and go for a bicycle ride till tea-time? I know how odd it sounds."

Teddy beamed at her.

"My dear Miss Daisy," he said, "what's odd about it?"

"It must be odd till I explain. But it's Marion's wish. I went in to see if she was comfortable half an hour ago, and she gave me the most awful scowl. 'Get away out of this house,' she said, 'and make Mr. Teddy amuse you till evening. Go away!' That's what she said."

"Well, there's good news," said Teddy. "She's busy and happy."

Daisy looked at him with those pleasant blue eyes that ten years ago might have held the magic of life for him. For the moment it struck him how like she was to the earlier version of her portrait by him. In the dim green light below the budding lime tree that shaded the porch, the resemblance was really remarkable, for he had painted her as sitting underneath a lime in his own garden.

"Yes, she's happy inside," said Daisy eagerly. "She doesn't mind about Dr. Stables. She's