

though there is lovely sea air there. And it is going to be the country for us now, anyway. So that is settled, and what is the use of kicking?"

Grace intimated that she was not doing so, and that she would not consider it ladylike. There was, for the moment, a glint of fun in her eyes.

"Anyway," Beatrix went on, "I am not sorry to part from Mrs. Pelham. I don't believe that *you* are either, not really. I know what I *am* sorry to leave, though, those military bands on the pier. I do love bands. Mrs. Pelham was always willing to take us there, I own that. She says she is so fond of music, but I think she liked looking at the audience better and meeting her friends. And she could crochet all the while; what horrid niggly work crochet is, to be sure."

"And you had to leave off chattering while the music was going on, that must have given poor Mrs. Pelham a nice rest."

"Don't be so elder-sisterly, Grace. You are not a bit nice when you talk that way. And there is no one here to hear you, so what is the use of showing off?"