

some ten days after Robin's departure, and she greeted the accomplishment of her task with the liveliest satisfaction.

"That's done, then," she said, "and now I can take a holiday. You'll have to correct the printed proofs, Daisy. Mind you do it carefully. Sit in a good light always: it is so easy to miss the commas. And what news is there in Lambton?"

"Not much news," said Daisy. "Mrs. Vickary has got a croquet-party this afternoon."

"You're going?" asked Marion.

"No, dear, I really thought I wouldn't. I don't feel very much inclined for croquet."

"You're not going to sit here all afternoon," said Marion truculently. "Don't think that for a moment."

She turned slowly round in bed and faced her sister.

"Daisy, my dear," she said, "I want you not to give up any of the little pleasures and parties you used to like. Why, they are the very things to help you along. You won't have me to take up your time with—with scoldings and stylographs, and you must fill up the time with plenty of other things. Upon my word, I should like to know that after you've left me safe in the churchyard you would go home and change your dress and have a good ride on your bicycle."

"Oh, Marion——" said Daisy.