

"He goes to church on Sunday, and hears his daughter sing,
And thinks 'How like her mother!' who's dead, poor thing."

"Peggy, Peggy," said the Colonel, "that is not Longfellow."

"That is quite true. Nothing in this world is what you reasonably might expect it to be. For instance, you wouldn't expect the Duke of Rutland to live at Belvoir in Leicestershire, or the Duke of Devonshire to live in Derbyshire . . . or any one to have so little consideration for the human anatomy as to make the car 'plop-plop' as if we had a geyser from Yellowstone Park underneath us. Do go on, Surrey. What kind of developments are you expecting?"

Surrey shifted the lever slowly.

"That's the other Burley House through those gates," he said. "You don't often see side-wings built in such a curve as that, and I believe Cromwell held them both at the time of the battles round Nottingham. The old house was burnt down about two-fifty years ago; but this is a fine block. It belongs to a Mr. Finch, descendant of the Dukes of Nottingham."

He gave his information conscientiously, and for some unexplainable reason Peggy felt the tears rush to her eyes. He tried so hard now to give her what he thought she cared for . . . now, when nothing could make any difference.

The way was lined with fields of wheat, and of red clover; with tall chestnuts thick with their green prickly burrs; with poppies and pale honeysuckle fluttered over with white butterflies. And yet there was little of interest, and the narrow twisting ways were muddy and dull until Surrey struck the main road four miles from Stamford.

Great Casterton was infinitesimal, charming; a cluster of thatched houses with deep eyebrows and flowers up the walls. Just beyond a by-road led off to Little Casterton, and Peggy sat up in amaze.

"If that was Big Casterton what could Little be like?" she said. "Surrey, can't you go down and see?"