

CHAPTER IV

THE TRIO

THE two following days were passed pleasantly enough, for the weather was sunny and the sea calm. Robin Beechcroft, being something of a celebrity, was not permitted to hold himself aloof from the good fellowship of the company; and, indeed, his spirits were such that he felt no desire to confine himself to the reading of the half-dozen books which he had brought with him. Nor was he able to be monopolized by Mrs. Jones and Augustus Blake, though, somewhat against his own judgment, he found himself drawn into a fairly close friendship with them. It was evident that Daisy Jones had conceived a very considerable liking for the stalwart young man, and it was not in her nature to gainsay her own inclinations.

On the last day of the voyage, however, the sea was again rough, and their intercourse, therefore, suffered a temporary interruption. Once more Robin spent the greater part of the day amongst the row of recumbent figures who ventured to leave their cabins. He did not mind a steady roll nor a regular rise and dip; but this time the vessel treated him to both together, and added a sporadic plunge and shudder at unexpected moments, which led him to feel that a journey across the Mediterranean was a much overrated form of pleasure.

As darkness fell, he was filled with a sort of gloomy horror at the thought of sharing his cabin that night