

Her voice, clear and loud, reached the ears of a girl and boy who stood side by side on the platform, scanning the incoming train. These were Robin and Phoebe Guest, and both came forward quickly. The boy was smiling broadly, the girl looked rather grave and more than rather shy.

From this complaint her brother did not suffer.

"Oh, yes, the Guests *are* here!" he shouted at the top of his voice; "don't make any mistake about that. This is Phoebe Guest, and this"—tapping himself on the chest vigorously—"is Robin Guest. They have come to meet two girls called Grace and Beatrix Farleigh. You are the girls. That is right, isn't it?"

Grace looked at him in her most dignified fashion. He was rather older than herself; she came to that conclusion at once. He was tall for his age, he wore stout boots and stockings and knickerbockers of rough tweed. His shirt had a soft, comfortable collar to it, there was no cap on his head. You had a full view of an unshadowed, sunburnt face, of a head of