

say anything pathetic. I want you to say something useful."

"What's that?" said Teddy.

Marion dropped her eyes a moment, fingering her bright blue coverlet.

"Mr. Teddy," she said, "I want you to do as much for Daisy as you can. I want you to encourage her to take up her life again, and run the Entertainment Bureau with you, and go on just as usual. If it had been she who was dying, and I who was going to be left, I should have begun two more books at once, I believe, and written one with each hand. She's splendid now, quite splendid, but what makes me want to cry is the thought of her afterwards. Please do what you can."

Teddy moved his chair a shade closer to the bed.

"I am going to do what I can, Miss Marion," he said. "I'm hoping to make myself a very happy man in asking Daisy to be my wife."

Marion raised her head, and stared at him with an expression of extraordinary impatience.

"Good Lord, what are you waiting here for then?" she said. "I'm not Daisy. Go and ask her at once, Mr. Teddy, if you really mean that. She'll say 'yes' fast enough: dear me, I oughtn't to have said that, but I know I'm right. Please go away at once. She's in the garden: I sent her out. And open that window there, wide, and the moment she's said 'yes,' whistle loudly on your