

" I've got the right idea, haven't I, now ?
And the right expression ? "

Miss Beatrix Farleigh posed ; she did it well ; she managed to assume a haughty expression suited to her rhyme ; she held her head high and tilted a nose already just a wee bit upturned. Grace had to laugh, but she did not do it willingly.

" I don't think you ought to make fun of Mrs. Pelham," she said in her sternest voice.

" I wouldn't if I had been fond of her, Gracie. No, I declare that I wouldn't. But I never could get fond of her, though I tried hard. I kept on trying all the twelve months that we were with her. Now, when we were at school in London, I liked Mrs. Walton and I loved some of the teachers. I was awfully sorry that mother and father thought it better for us to leave town."

" They wanted us to have country air ; they did not think we were as strong as we should be."

" They didn't think *you* were, Grace ; you are not, either. But *I* am as strong as a lion. And Southsea isn't the country,