No fear of her being eventually successful. But she makes herself conspicuous in the meanwhile, worries the vicar at parish meetings and gives Braybridge chidlockers a little excitement at Easteride in particular. "The other notabilities are the new board-school master, who has passed no end of exams, holds sheafs of certificates, but speaks as broad Mids as anybody in Braybridge, the gentlemen farmers who do likewise, and so on to the labouring folk who work for them and bow and bob to their employers."

"A retired tradesman sometimes acts as deputy-curate and reads the lessons on Sundays. He reads very well on the whole, and is most conscientious on the score of H’s. If he leaves one out where it ought to be, he restores the average by placing it where it ought not to be."

"Having gone through this account of Bray and its surroundings, do you not pity me more than ever? Of better class folk I have seen none as yet, but there are tennis-parties in prospect and a solemn dinner looming farther in the background."

"By the way, there is an old woman, Bess Cradock, the pariah of the neighbourhood, who lives just beyond the village. Most of the folk shake their heads when she is named, and whisper, looking over their shoulders between whiles as if they thought she might be within hearing, though out of sight. I gather that she is regarded as a bad 'un, but one you'd better be friends with if you can." I am naturally anxious to make Bess Cradock's acquaintance."

"I am at the end of my list now and within twenty minutes of dinner-time, so with much love, believe me ever,"

"Your affectionate child,"

"MABEL BARCLAY."