

"Change the names and places. We'll be 'Mr. and Mrs. Smith,' well-meaning private persons located somewhere west. I'm going to have blue eyes."

"But mine *are* blue."

"I made first grab. You can have green, and a large mouth, and your Christian name is Carrots. Hello, here's Baby David."

My son was coming through the scented dusk, and in his arms he carried a large dog, a china dog with gilt muzzle, split from nose to tail, but carefully mended.

"Sonny," said Jesse, "don't you drop Maria, or she'll have puppies."

"I did, and she didn't; so there! Something dropped out, though. See, mummie."

David had thrown Maria into my lap, and danced about in the gloaming with some strange trophy, the tail of a large animal.

"Sort of reminds me," said Jesse, "of being a little boy. That's the Inspector's tale. This is a long way, too, from the Labrador."

The wind made quite a disturbance, telling the pines to hush, while both my son and Jesse wanted to play with the wolf tail, and would not be quiet,