

felled his female companion with a blow like a sledge-hammer on an anvil. She was stunned, and after some little time a policeman was found in a "pub" and induced to take them into his protecting care. The police are not a terror to a holiday crowd, as they must perforce be lenient on these occasions, for the jails would be totally inadequate for the thousands of drunks and disorderly. Besides, it may be said of these guardians of the peace, what Rudyard Kipling makes an Indian to say of the agent on the Reservation: "Melican officer good man—Heap good man—Drink me, Drink he, Drink *he*, me blind—*Heap* good man."

The mad whirling night with its garish glitter and boisterous conviviality, took on the nature of a Saturnalia. It was a lively demonstration of "midnight shout and revelry, tipsy dance and jollity," and all else that goes to make an English holiday.

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We are having sultry dog-days at the sea but the evening air is divinely soft. I do little the live-long-day but lie supine on the beach in dreamy indolence. I have learned to forget the busy bee whose shining example was held up before my young eyes and have learned to emulate the poor sluggard—and what a world it is to rest and dream in. I am learning a charming variety of ways of doing nothing. I can do nothing by watching in lazily contented fashion, the efforts of the bairnies in amateur canal engineering; or perhaps it is a house of sand which they have built on driftage, and I set it about with slimy sea-weeds, rosy-lipped shells and sea-litter, but the cruel ermined waves have attacked its flanks, have undermined its walls, and have brushed it aside, and so my little Babel-builders are sad for their "Palace Beautiful." They have not dreamed as yet how the fierce surges of Time wash away other and bigger castles. I can do nothing very pleasantly by loitering out to consider the lilies of the fields, "How they idle, how they grow," or resting