

street is gay in gleams of pink and blue, crimson and gold, and white; there is a gentle fluttering of feathers and swansdown; a stronger movement of black coats and buff, and the tide, which has turned, flows stationward again. A dozen trains glide out towards the suburbs; a score of trams are speeding from the city; old-gentlemen in smoking-carriages; ancient dames ensconced in comfortable corners; young men and maidens fair, and children nestling down against the cushions, who wish the train could take them to their beds.

The play is over, and now for the pillows.

