

"Oh! I hope not," said Clem gravely. "You change them. We changed ours while you were away."

"So she has been changed," said Alan. "Well, that 's something."

"Silly," said Clem, "you 've been seeing that donkey every day for weeks."

"No," said Alan, "this is the first time I 've really seen her."

The sun took a last long look at Red Hill and dropped out of sight. Then, as though he would come back and look again, he sent up a broad afterglow that climbed and climbed till the tip of the very clouds that peeped over East Mountain were tinged with the rosy light.

From an open up-stairs window came Clem's soft voice. "Yes, dears, pink night-caps. Those big sleepy clouds are putting them on because *they* are just *glad* to go to bed."

"I wanta pink night-cap."

"Why, darling, night-caps are only for white-headed people and white-headed clouds. Just wait until you 're white-headed. Now climb into bed and I 'll tell —"

Beyond the mountain-ash thicket a love-sick Bob-White kept saying "Good-night — Good-night," to his mate. She answered sleepily.

From Maple House, The Firs, and far down the road, from Elm House warm lights flashed out and settled down into a steady glow. A burst of young voices swept into the night and died away, followed into the silence by soft laughter. From The Firs came the last angry wail of the fat young god, choked off in mid-flight by the soft hand of sleep. Then the scur-