

bathing from the point. Their lithe bodies, poised for the dive, gleam white as alabaster in the sunlight. A few minutes suffice to cool their ardour. They come up spluttering and gasping and run along the beach, the red blood flushing them with pink. Back over the rocks they skip, balance for an instance on the edge, arms thrust out, palms folded, legs stiffened, then lost in the waves till a wet head comes to the surface and they run dripping along the sand.

Yesterday was a day of relentless rain. A boon perhaps to the housekeeper whose barrel of soft water is empty, but not otherwise to be considered a blessing at the seaside. In desperation I went out in the afternoon and was amused by the wild gyrations of some young girls walking, or rather trying to balance themselves on stilts. The back view was extremely funny, especially when in the muddiest part of the road—which drew them like a magnet—equilibrium failed, and precipitated the would-be stalkers into the thick of it, eliciting jeers and shrieks of laughter from the admiring family.

Torrents of rain fell; every tree was a water-spout, every ditch was full, daisies and buttercups were beaten down and water-logged. The Chicadee, whose song is generally so cheery,