

of our parlour window, where they amused themselves until evening, when she fetched them back again to their supper and their stable. They were as fond of play as kittens. It was so funny to see them running after each other with their heads down, and their little bits of stringy tails twisting up in the air. I found whilst we were at Linwick that other people besides Lucy and I did not like to go to bed early. The three calves never would come back to their stable quietly, if they could help it. Indeed, if I had been in their places I would not have done so either, for Mrs. Tubbs always expected them to say 'good night' at six o'clock, and that is very early for little merry calves to leave the fresh green fields, and be shut up in a close, stuffy stable, where scarcely a beam of sunshine or a mouthful of sweet air can get in. I don't wonder they rebelled a little.

Miss Smith especially was fond of sitting up late. She knew as well as could be what Mrs. Tubbs meant when she came after tea with a large stick in her hand, and set the field gate wide open. She meant driving the three calves to bed in the stuffy stable, of course, and Miss Smith had no intention of going to bed in the stuffy stable for another half hour at any rate. So