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time which comes when the party is over, when you have said good-bye to each other, and heard the last cab drive away, and nurse comes to take you to bed, and you are so tired and you can't go to sleep at all, and you keep going over everything that has happened, until you get into such a tangle and confusion, and everybody is mixed up with everybody else, and your thoughts are just like the crabs in the Scarborough' rock-pools, they seem to have any number of legs, and they are always running over each other in all directions, but they never know where they want to go to, and you can't catch them, try as you will. Oh! I don't at all like that little bit—sometimes it is a very long bit—between the ending of a party and the falling asleep in such a stupid, miserable muddle of memories and mistakes.

But when I did go to sleep, I slept so soundly. I never woke at all until the sun was shining as brightly as could be into my window next morning, and I knew it must be very late indeed. I wondered Skinny had not come to call me. She generally came at eight o'clock, but I was sure eight o'clock had gone past a long time ago.