"If that isn't a terrible thing I've heard!" said Betty, "just think of it!"

They were on the front of the river, and the sun was falling heavily and there was a dull pink light on the sky. Betty looked at the river and then at the sun, and said: "I never knew that they could make electric light so pretty!"

She was still staring at the light when her mother came up to her by the side of the window and said: "Betty, you're just standing there staring at the light!"

"I don't know what it is," said Betty, "but I can't make my mind up to it."

Her mother laughed and said: "Don't you know that you're staring at the light?"

"I don't know," said Betty, "but it's a wonderful sight."