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their neighbours know that they have been tricked—ay, even although those same neighbours have been hoaxed in the same way and at the same time. And when we came to thrash the matter out, as we did on the evening of the marriage, we could not congratulate each other on our sagacity. There was at least one event which might assuredly have caused us to smell a rat, if anyone of us had but kept a reasonably cool head on his shoulders. I refer to the red box which we had found shortly before the ducking of the termagant, the box which contained the Thorp's ultimatum to the man in the mountain. Had not an answer to the very message been received, an answer peculiarly scornful and defiant, from the young scamp? And yet the missive that called forth this reply had never been taken from the original box. It was as clear as day when we came to review the circumstances in the light of facts known. Truly we had been well fooled. Those two persons, the maker of gods and the little lady of the wheel, were just a whit too clever for everyday folk like their fellow-citizens, so thought the people of the Thorp. As the days passed, this feeling intensified into resentment against the two. Indeed, I could not wonder at such