

"Do you mean to say you sold them?" said Mrs. Innis.

"Well, it's the same thing; Reggie won them from us at poker."

"At cards?" exclaimed Mrs. Livingstone. She looked at her husband in horror.

"At cards?" repeated Mrs. Dashwood, with polite surprise in her tone. "I think we had better be going." She said this to Mrs. Innis, but Mrs. Livingstone heard.

At that moment the coyote, who had been innocently gnawing his rope, found himself unattached and charged the coop of game chickens. A wild clamor and cackling ensued. The farmer turned back into the wagon with his whip; the coyote jumped out and ran between the legs of the lame horse. As the horse winded the wolf, he gave a snort and dashed across the flower-beds, leaving the groom on his back in a bed of China asters.

The coyote hurried off on another line through the vegetable-garden, pursued by the beagles, which had also escaped and were yapping cheerily.