

dropped into a chair. It was difficult for her to believe her ears.

"How do you feel this morning?" inquired Mr. Colfax.

"Ripping," replied Mr. Livingstone.

Mr. Dashwood looked up and smiled incredulously. "You were nosing in rather big last night," he observed. "I felt anxious about you."

"That was awfully good of you," said Mr. Livingstone. "How are you today?"

Mr. Dashwood gazed across the landscape, and absently lifted his hat and bared his head to the breeze.

"Have our things come?" he asked after a pause.

"They are on the other side of the house," said Mr. Livingstone. "I think it was low of you to sell me all those things, and lower yet to deliver them."

"They were no good to us," said Mr. Colfax.

"Go around and send your horses to the stable," said Mr. Livingstone. "I'm coming down."