

"Is *that* cart for Mr. Livingstone?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," answered the man.

"Very well," she said. "Take it to the stable."

She went in and mounted the stairs.

"Reginald," she called, "here is another note for you, and there is a broken cart outside that two men have just taken to the stable."

One half of Mr. Livingstone's face was still unshaven and lathered, but he came to the door with an anxious look, and took the note.

"Good heavens, Rosina!" he exclaimed, "can't you keep these things till I get dressed? I have a headache, and very likely a temperature."

"You said you felt like a lark," observed Mrs. Livingstone.

"Well, don't argue about it," he replied. He tore open the envelop, and read the contents aloud. It said:

"Here is the breaking, or broken, cart that went for the odd reds. I forgot to send it over with Blue Chip. By the way, this is the best way