

"What is in these sacks?" inquired Mr. Carteret.

"Clover-seed, potatoes, and trout food," replied Mr. Colfax.

"The trout food, I presume," said Mr. Carteret, "is three years old, dating from the time when you were going to stock your pond, but left the cans of young fish at the station."

"That is true," said Mr. Colfax.

"What is the matter with the clover-seed and potatoes?" Mr. Carteret looked up at the farmer on the box as he spoke.

The old man chuckled.

"It hain't my business to say, Mr. Carteret," he replied.

"This seems to be all, Mrs. Innis," said Mr. Carteret.

"Well," said Mrs. Innis, "if the other things are like these, you all ought to be ashamed of yourselves. The idea of giving a lot of rubbish to an old friend who has just come here to live!"

"*Give!*" exclaimed Mr. Colfax, indignantly. "Who said anything about *giving* these things?"