

and stepped through the door, when she saw two men coming up the drive, one pulling and the other pushing what is known as a breaking-cart. She waited till they approached, for she noticed that one of the shafts was broken and that the brass dash-rail was bent out of shape. Moreover, several spokes were missing from one of the wheels.

"Has there been an accident?" she asked anxiously. She glanced fearfully out toward the road, expecting to see a motionless form borne in.

"No, ma'am," answered the man in the shafts; "that is, not recent." He took a note from his pocket. "This is for Mr. Livingstone," he said.

"You may give it to me," she replied. The man handed her the note, and she turned to enter the house.

"Shall we take it to the stable?" the man called after her.

"Take what to the stable?" she said, stopping.

"Why, the cart, ma'am," said the man.