

mination. The broken violet-frames, the ruined tennis lawn were easier to bear than Mrs. Dashwood.

"But which are your things?" Mrs. Innis asked of Mr. Colfax.

"Mine," he answered, "are that superior lot in the box-wagon."

She beckoned to Mr. Carteret.

"What is in the wagon?" she asked.

He moved his horse to the side of the wagon.

"There are two sheep," he began.

"They have the foot-rot," said Mrs. Dashwood.

"Would you expect me to draft the sound ones?" asked Mr. Colfax.

"A coop of game chickens," Mr. Carteret continued.

"They won't stand," said Mr. Dashwood.

"A broken harrow," Mr. Carteret went on, "the coyote that killed Mrs. Carstair's peacocks, and two couples of beagles that are down on their feet. They also look as if they had mange."

"They have," said Mr. Colfax.