

scrawny neck. As her eyes returned to the book, her range of vision embraced the bow-window which looked out upon the tennis lawn and the garden. She gave a little scream and clasped the book to her bosom. She saw two horses side by side in the air entering the garden over the wall and high box hedge and about to land on the violet-frames. The sound of breaking glass which instantly followed told her that they had landed. The riders, whom she recognized as Messrs. Dashwood and Colfax, immediately dismounted and began examining their horses' legs. The examination seemed satisfactory, for they presently remounted, without casting a glance at the frames. When they galloped on to the tennis lawn, Mrs. Livingstone threw the Bulgarian poetess on the table and dashed to the window. She could see the deep hoof-prints in the tender turf. The French windows were partly open, and she was about to request them to keep off the tennis lawn when she heard her husband calling from the window above.

"Hello, you chaps!" he shouted.