

"Now wasn't that a coorious mistake for me to make?" he asked, as if demanding information. "Wasn't that a coorious mistake?"

I was obliged to give him the answer he desired, and then he produced the correct receipt.

"Now," he said wooingly, "There! Is it a trade? I'll bring you the picture to-night. Finest frame you ever saw! What? No? Look here, buy him at thirty guineas—say pounds—and I'll chuck you both the blighted pictures in!"

"*Away!*" he screamed a minute later, and the cream pony, galvanised into frantic activity by that sound, and surely not controllable by a silken thread, scurried off towards the Delectable Mountains.

This was my first insight into horse dealing.