

"No," said Mrs. Innis; "it looks to me like trash."

"How can you say such things?" said Mr. Colfax. "Look at that horse!"

"He's lame in only two legs," observed Mr. Carteret.

"Well, that was Courty's horse," said Mr. Colfax.

"Was that pony yours?" asked Mrs. Innis.

"No," said Mr. Colfax; "that was Varick's. I must say, it was hardly right to unload that on Reggie. Besides having the heaves, it bites. It nearly took his four-year-old's hand off. It is n't a safe pony for children."

"So I suppose he thought Mr. Livingstone would enjoy riding him," said Mrs. Livingstone.

"There is also another way of looking at it," said Mr. Colfax, cheerfully. "When you go in for country life, you ought to take the bitter with the sweet. A bad pony about the place adds a spice to things."

"Really?" said Mrs. Livingstone. She was holding herself together with deter-