

They moved in from the garden to the parlor.

"I drink the toast heartily, landlord," exclaimed Jim.

"Same, landlord. I never 'ave the mind to refuse a good thing. That's Nichol."

"Now, gentlemen," spoke the landlord, "as to this 'ere sale of the racing stables, we might squabble all night over the why and the why-for and never come to any correct solution of the problem. I think I can enlighten you on the subject and I don't think you will be going far wrong to take it from me as gospel truth. For who should know better than Mr. Lovejoy, the why and the why-for? Believe me it was through him how I got to know the secret of the new Master of Ravendale. Let me first express my feelings with our friend, Dick Nichol. It is, sir, a sad blow to the racing public in general, a blow that lowers the honor and pride of Avonhurst to a degree in having the finest horse-blood of Merry England sold and transported to God only knows what part of the kingdom!"

"Hear, hear!" shouted Nichol, as Jim loudly beat a tattoo on the floor with his feet—a no mean noise.

"Now, gentlemen, when you have finished, I will proceed," shouted the landlord.

"Go on! go on!" yelled Jim.

"Well, gentlemen," he continued when silence reigned, "It's a very simple matter. Our new Lord