

was useless to argue. An inspiration came to him. "There 's the curate, you know, in the village. He 's been used all his life to having things that other people don't want, and he 's an awfully decent little chap." He started his horse down the driveway and lifted his cap. "Good morning," he called back. "I 'm sorry I have to hurry off, but, you see, I 'm sailing soon. The curate will be glad to have the calf," he added. He kicked his horse into a canter and fled.

"Take all these things to the curate," said Mrs. Livingstone to the men who remained in the line.

"But, Rosina," said Mr. Livingstone, "you can't send this stuff without some explanation."

"You may explain," said Mrs. Livingstone, and went into the house.

THAT afternoon the Livingstones' stablemen were busy delivering notes to the members of the class which announced that Mrs. Livingstone was indisposed and would be unable to have the class on