

" Please, dear Mrs. General,
I should like to know
All those pretty cows and pigs,
Standing in a row.

" I should like to speak to them,
But I quite expect,
You will tell me sternly,
They are not select."

She chanted the words that had worked themselves into her queer little rhyming brain, very gaily.

" You see," she explained, " it really will be a puzzle. Whenever I see any one I shall be asking myself whether Mrs. General Pelham would consider him or her fit for us to associate with. How is one to tell if it is a stranger? You can't ask a person right off whether she (it will most likely be a she) is well connected. You can't say that you have been told that, being Colonel Farleigh's daughter, you mustn't be friends with tradespeople. Girls and boys ought to be labelled. And the cows and pigs and sheep, how is one to know about them? "