

"But, my dear Mrs. Livingstone," Mr. Carteret began. Then he stopped. Hysterical women disturbed him, and even the remote possibility of possessing a horse like that which had broken loose made matters worse.

"You must take them!" she exclaimed. "They have ruined the garden; they have trampled on the flowers—"

"But the gardeners in a few days —" he interrupted.

"But *we* can't keep them," she said excitedly. "Don't you see? You must take them. *We* have ideals."

"Oh," said Mr. Carteret, as if that explained matters; "but, don't you see, I can't take them: I'm sailing for England."

"My dear," said Mr. Livingstone to his wife, "you are excited."

She gave him a glance, and turned to Mr. Carteret.

"If you can't take them yourself, then you must tell us how to dispose of them; we are your tenants."

To Mr. Carteret this was a new requirement in a landlord, but he saw that it