

"Good morning," said Mrs. Dashwood as she drove up. There was a cordiality in her tone which jarred on Mrs. Livingstone's feminine intuitions.

"Good morning, dear," said Mrs. Innis. "We saw Willie wave to us, and we drove in to say what a good time we had last evening."

"Won't you send your cart to the stable?" said Mrs. Livingstone.

"Thank you, no; we can stop only a minute," said Mrs. Dashwood.

"My dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Innis, "what does *all this* mean?" She motioned toward the procession, which she seemed to have just noticed. "Have you been to an auction?"

"I really don't know what it does mean," said Mrs. Livingstone, stiffly. "I was about to inquire."

Mr. Dashwood and Mr. Colfax grinned, and Mr. Livingstone looked dignified and uncomfortable. Mr. Carteret preserved his usual uninquisitive calm.

"What have *you* been doing?" said Mrs. Dashwood to her husband.