

As the head of the line approached, Mrs. Livingstone advanced to meet it. "What is all this?" she inquired of the farm-hand on the stone-boat.

"I was told to leave some things for Mr. Livingstone, ma'am," replied the man. "There 's a plow, and a shote, and the stone-boat." He handed her a note.

"Well," she said, "and all the rest of you? What do you want?"

The old farmer on the seat of the box-wagon replied:

"I got a load of stuff from Mr. Colfax's place fer Mr. Livingstone, and I guess the rest of these fellers has stuff fer him, too. Besides them sheep and the harrer," he continued, casting his eye over the wagon, "I got a coop of games, a coyote pup, four beagle-dogs, one bag of clover-seed, two bushels of early rose seed-potatoes, and one bag of prepared trout food. It 's all in this here invitory." He handed down a note to the groom on the lame horse, and he passed it along to the groom with the pony and the goat, and eventually it reached Mrs. Livingstone, together with