

generally land in the precise quarter where they are calculated to do the largest amount of mischief.

The indignation of the Mutual Adorationites was quite comical.

Not know any better indeed! They flattered themselves they knew a very *great deal* better than to take up with every Tom, Dick and Harry who put on a red coat and chose to appear outside a horse.

*They* liked to know who people were, where they came from, how far their ancestors could be traced, and in what sort of society they moved, before jumping down their throats, and even then there was no hurry. It was always better to take plenty of time to consider about these things, for fear of making a mistake. It would never answer for them—the Mutual Adorationites—to incorporate a person into their select body, and then find that that person would not do! There had been such a case on record, and every M.A. to a man was agreed it must never happen again. And to do them justice, this was their first and last error of familiarity. Under the circumstances, it will not perhaps be difficult to understand how it came about that the Hunt was a small one. It was still further reduced by being divided and split up into sections.

First came the "riff-raff"—the kind of folks whom the M.A.'s saw year after year, and ignored entirely. They might be very good fellows in their way, but, to use their own expressive language, "they did not tumble to them."

Fortunately for these gentlemen—who constituted the larger portion of the field—they were able to form a society of their own, which enabled them to survive the frigidity of their fellow Nimrods.

Then came the "Half-and-halfers"—people whom the Mutual Adorationites, for various reasons, did not wholly condemn, even while they could not altogether accept.

These were tolerated, passively and in a luke-warm fashion, which proved more galling to some than direct avoidance.

On the recurrence of each hunting season, and after an absence probably of several months, they would find