

ment, also bowed and said, "Good morning."

Mrs. Livingstone returned their salutes with one dignified inclination of her head.

"It is a very lovely morning," continued Mr. Dashwood. "Beautiful color on the hills, and all that sort of thing."

"Yes," said Mrs. Livingstone; "it is almost a profanation to do anything on such a morning except to admire the view, is it not?"

"You are quite right," replied Mr. Dashwood. "Mrs. Dashwood enjoyed your party very much last evening."

"I am glad that Mrs. Dashwood enjoyed herself," said Mrs. Livingstone.

There was an uncomfortable pause, which was broken by Mr. Colfax. "There is Effie now, with Mrs. Innis," he said. He waved his hat, and Mrs. Dashwood, who was driving along the road in a cart, turned into the Livingstones' driveway. As she saw the array of things marshaled before the front door and the company assembled there, an uncharitable gleam lighted her very handsome eyes.