

Mrs. Livingstone got up from her chair in the library and left the room. Feelings of surprise and indignation were mastering her.

As Mr. Livingstone came down-stairs, he met his wife in the hallway. "What is the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing," she replied in a tone that meant quite the reverse.

"Are n't you going to look at our new possessions?" he suggested.

"I don't think I care for those men," said Mrs. Livingstone.

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Livingstone, cheerfully. "What does it matter about a little broken glass?"

"It is n't the broken glass," said Mrs. Livingstone; "and please don't say 'Nonsense.' It distresses me."

"Come along!" said her husband, and he led the way out into the porte-cochère. As she appeared behind him, Mr. Dashwood and Mr. Colfax both bowed with much manner and said, "Good morning, Mrs. Livingstone."

Mr. Carteret, who rode up at that mo-