

Jack, for God's sake, and don't disgrace old Betty this way — why, that old mare — I've ridden her for fifteen years! Why, I rode her dam clear through the war. She helped chase Banks and Fremont out of the valley — why that little no-count thing — Jack, she'll drop dead if you extend her."

Jack smiled. "It's just for a little fun, Grandfather, and to please the little girl; for it's her pet, you know. I'll just trail them and if she's too soft I'll pull out the second heat. But she's better than you think," he added indifferently.

The old General expostulated, threatened; but Jack laughed good-naturedly and drove off. Then the old General repented. It was comically pathetic to hear him call out: "Jack, Jack, don't tell anybody it's old Betty's colt, will you? Promise me, boy. Why, I rode her for fifteen years. I rode her dam all through the valley of Virginia with Stonewall Jackson." But Uncle Jack drove on, chuckling to himself: "I'll bet ten to one he'll be telling it before I do."

When the little filly got into company she was positively gay. She forgot all about herself, and like great people the world over she lost her nervous ways when the great effort was on, and went away at the *go* of the starter with a rush that almost took Uncle Jack's breath from him.

He pulled her quickly down. "Ho — ho, Little Sister — if you do that again you'll give us all dead away, and that will spoil the fun." He