

mouth. The next instant, unobserved, she had slipped from her chair and gone to the barn.

"I tell you, Jack, I think this breeding business is a poor lottery," went on the old General after a while. "To think of old Betty, the gamest, speediest, best mare I ever owned —"

There were protesting screams from the barn. They were instantly recognized as Little Sister's. Uncle Jack glanced at her empty place, paled, kicked over two chairs and a setter dog which blocked the door, and rushed to the barn.

A tragedy was on there. A negro stood in old Betty's stall with an ax in his hand. On some straw in a far corner lay a sorry-looking colt. But it was not alone, for Little Sister stood over it, shaking her tiny fist at the black executioner, and screaming with grief and anger:

"You shan't kill this baby colt — you shan't — don't you come in here — don't! How dare you, Jim?"

The flash of her keen blue eyes had awed the negro in the doorway. He had stopped, hesitating, in confusion.

"Go away, Jim," said Uncle Jack firmly. "Come, Little Sister, let us go back to grandpa." But for once in her life Uncle Jack had no influence over her. She was indignant, grieved. She fairly blazed through her tears and sobs: she would never speak to grandpa again as long as she lived! As for Jim, she would kill him as soon as she