

COLONEL TODHUNTER OF MISSOURI

here, if they know what's good for 'em," grumbled Colonel Todhunter wistfully. "I'm as hungry as a young hound-dog this very minute. I'll be shot full of holes if my stomach don't feel like my throat's cut, Mary. I could eat a grindstone right now, if somebody'd bust it up and pass it to me on a plate for real vittles!"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Colonel Todhunter," smiled Mrs. Todhunter, "after that dinner you ate at the Daughters' picnic! I declare to goodness, I was afraid they'd all think you never got anything fit to eat at home!"

"When I'm ashamed of having a good appetite, Mary," replied Colonel Todhunter, "and 'specially if I ever come to that day when I ain't got it, I'll ask the Old Marster up above to call me to my heavenly home. Th' ain't no man got a right to turn away from wholesome vittles when the good Lord's been bountiful enough to pervide 'em for that man's eatin'. Nature don't never give a man such a right. If he gets so he can't relish his food, it's one of her punishments for his playin' Tom Fool with himself, sinnin' and skylarkin' around. And I ain't never