

beating. But the conscience of a thoroughbred beats hickory, and gentleness, Madam, is away ahead of blows in everything but war — and we are not fighting now."

Then to make sure that she did not get a whipping, Uncle Jack, who was eighteen and preparing for college, would snatch her away from Aunt Lucretia and take her out to see the colts. At sight of them her troubles vanished; for her love of all live things which are born on a stock farm was as deep as her Ballington blood. A great burst of sunshine would spread over her conscience-stricken face.

"O Uncle Jack, aren't they just too sweet for anything? Do let me get down this minute and hug them — every one!" And Uncle Jack would let her, if he had to catch each colt himself.

The clear-cut way she talked English! And her great heart of motherhood! These were the two wonderful things in a tot so small. It was not difficult to see where she inherited the first. But how could so tiny a thing have such a great mother-heart? She loved everything little — everything *just born* on the place. The fact that anything in hair, hide or feathers had arrived was a cause of jollification. "O do let me see the dear little things!" would be her cry. And she generally saw them if Uncle Jack were around.

One day they missed her from the house and Uncle Jack quickly tracked her to the cow barn. It had occurred to him that the *little* more he had