

Princewood and was bragging about what he was going to do.

The newcomer nodded familiarly to the starting judge and paced his nervous looking little filly up the stretch.

"Who is that coming into this race in that kind of a thing?" asked the old General of a farmer standing near, for his eyesight was failing him.

"Why, General, don't you know yo' own grandson? That's young Jack Ballington," said the man.

"The hell you say!" shouted the excited old man. "Why dammit, has Jack gone crazy? He always was a fool!" And he clattered over a bench with his wooden leg and hobbled up the stretch to head off the pair.

"By gad, suh, Jack," he shouted, "are you going to drive in this race?"

Jack nodded and smiled, while he soothed the nervous little filly with gentle words.

"And what's that little rakish looking thing you've got there?"

"That's Little Sister, Grandfather," he said, good-naturedly. "I'm really just driving her to please our little girl and see how she'll act in company."

The old General was amazed, indignant, outraged. "Why, you're the daddy of all damned fools that ever lived!" he blurted. "They'll lose you both in this race! Get off the track,