

"Giner'l, hit'll never walk, we'll hafter kill it."

"I don't want to see it done, Jim. I'll go in. Po' ole Betty — that she should be played off on like that!" He stroked the mare's neck with a kindly pat, and went in.

Breakfast was ready for him. He sat down, abstracted, worried. Uncle Jack, his grandson, eighteen, slender, and slightly lame, and who didn't love to talk of the war, nor the thought of going to West Point, and who wanted always to study about trees and a better way of farming, sat next to Little Sister. The General told him of his misfortune. "It is a great disappointment to me, suh, old Betty, my favorite saddle mare — I've ridden her for fifteen years — the best mare in Tennessee, by gad, suh, the very best!"

"It's weak, puny and no-count, Jack," he went on as he tested his coffee — "deformed or something in its front, and knuckles over, can't stand up."

"That's too bad," said Uncle Jack; "I'll go out after breakfast and see what I can do for it, Grandfather."

"No use," said the General, gruffly. "It'll be merciful to destroy it. I've told Jim, too; it'll be better off dead."

Little Sister had not seemed to listen, but she had heard. This last remark of her grandsire stopped a spoonful of oatmeal half way to her