

6 JACK BALLINGTON, FORESTER

where Jackson's riflemen stopped the British before New Orleans.

Little Sister was a fair, frail, sensitive little tot. Her bright blue eyes, pale pink face and dark brown hair kept one thinking of full summer moons rainbowed at night. And her temper — she was fire and powder there — a flash, maybe a clenched small fist, a small foot brought down in sudden scorn — an explosion — and then she was sobbing for forgiveness in your arms. That was Little Sister.

Once she slapped Aunt Lucretia in the face. "I can't see where in the world she gets her temper from," Aunt Lucretia said; "for if there is an angel on earth it is Thesis, her mother. General Rutherford" (Aunt Lucretia always called her father General Rutherford), "this child ought to be spanked till she is conquered. Her mother sends her over here expecting us to make her behave."

"Tut, tut, Madam," said the General (he always called his daughter madam), "that is not the way to break colts. That kind of a conquering would spoil her. She'll need all of that temper, when she knows enough to control it, to get through life and land anywhere near the wire first. Besides, with her sensitiveness, don't you see she is suffering now more than if we had punished her? If she were a plug now" (for the General hated nothing so much as a plug), "she would never be sorry till you made her sorry with a