

## THE CONFEDERATE DAUGHTERS

down to Indian Springs with a perfectly easy conscience."

"Th' wouldn't be nothin' on my conscience, even if Mrs. Todhunter hadn't asked you, suh," avowed Colonel Todhunter placidly. "I know when I'm sinnin' and when I ain't, and this is one o' the few times I ain't. I could face every last Daughter in all Nineveh this very minute, includin' Mrs. Todhunter herself, without turnin' a hair, suh."

An hour later old Judge Bolling and Colonel Todhunter emerged upon the picnic grounds in company, having driven down in the Colonel's buggy. Mrs. Todhunter, an ardent Daughter, had gone early in the day, taking the old family barouche, laden with good things for the dinner.

"Mrs. Todhunter, suh," the Colonel remarked on the way down, "would ruther feed other people than set herself down to a good meal's vittles any day. I'll be jim-swizzled if I don't believe, when she gets to Heaven, it'll sorter disappoint her if folks don't get hungry there, and if the Old Marster don't let her fix 'em somethin' fit to eat, suh!"

Mrs. Todhunter, a white-haired old aristocrat of the ante-bellum type, advanced to meet her husband