

the glory with the fillies, bedecked with ribbons, and stepping proudly in air to music.

The field was a large one; for the purse was rich and the honor even richer.

"And Princewood's a prime favorite, suh," chuckled the old General as he walked around, holding by the hand a little girl who went everywhere with him, and who wondered whether, after all, Uncle Jack really knew. And so hearing so much that was braggart of Princewood, she all but lost faith: as is the way of us all if we do not touch, now and then, the shrine of our Truth.

Eloise was there, now flirting with the country beaux, and now riding Colonel Goff's saddle mare in the rings for blue ribbons. By two o'clock she had the mare's head-stall full of them, and one big one adorned her own riding whip as "the best lady rider." Seeing her beauty and grace, Colonel Goff murmured to himself:

"By gad, but I'll make her Lady Carfax some day."

The bell had already rung twice for the race and all the owners and horses were supposed to be preparing to score down, when a new entry drove in. He sat in a spider-framed four-wheeled gentleman's road cart instead of in a sulky, which would make him at least four seconds slow in a race like that. And he wore a cutaway business suit and a soft felt hat, and not a gaudy jockey cap and silk coat as did Braxton Bragg, who drove