

fifteen years and never stumped her toe. Her dam carried me through the Valley campaign with Stonewall Jackson. She helped us chase Banks and Fremont out of God's country. She saved my life once because she could outfoot Yankce cavalry. You were with me and know it. I owe the whole family a debt I can never repay, and suh, I'll be damned if I don't hate to kill her colt."

Colonel Goff looked over the fence at the colt lying in the grass. Then he said to the negro, aside: "Pull out its legs, my man — there — that will do. Hold them up!"

The legs were knuckled over at the ankles, deformed evidently. When it tried to stand it came down limply in a heap.

Colonel Goff turned and, beckoning to the negro, whispered: "Jim, take it into the stall there and destroy it without letting the General know." Then he added in a louder tone, "Come, General, we'll wait till you get your cup of coffee and join us."

But the General shook his head. Rough he was and used to war and death, yet this was old Betty's colt. Goff, knowing his stubbornness, saluted, and rode on after the hounds.

The old man stood thinking. He examined the deformed limbs again. Very sternly he looked the colt over. Very sternly he reached his conclusion, and once reached it was irrevocable. Jim, knowing, put in apologetically: