

Colonel Anderson, now a prosperous planter, has his own happy home life, and his aged father shares the best there is in it. He still preaches in the quaint old church, repaired but not modernized, and his appearance and life give eloquence to his faltering words. The event of the quiet year is the annual visit of Rita and Captain Windom with their little brood. Then truly the homes abound in breezy life; but sturdy, blue-eyed Warren Graham is the natural leader of all the little people's sport. The gallant black horse Mayburn is still Iss's pride, but he lets no one mount him except his master. Aunt Sheba presides at the preparation of state dinners, and sits by the cradle of baby Grace. She is left, however, most of the time, to her own devices, and often finds her way also to the cemetery to "wisit dat dear little lamb, Hilda," murmuring as she creeps slowly with her cane, "We'se all a followin' her now, bress de Lord." Jinny's stories of what she saw and of her experiences abroad have become so marvellous that they might be true of some other planet, but not of ours. Dusky faces gather round her by the kitchen fire, and absolute faith is expressed by their awed faces. Old Jehu has all the chickens and "sass" he wants without working for them, and his son Huey has settled down into a steady "hand," who satisfies his former ruling passion with an occasional coon-hunt. Both of the colonels have the tastes of sportsmen, and do all in their power to preserve the game in their vicinity. They have become closer friends with the lapsing years, and from crossing swords they look forward to the time when they can cross their family escutcheons by the marriage of the sturdy Warren with another little Rita, who now romps with him in a child's happy unconsciousness.

There are flocks of gray in Graham's hair and beard, and deep lines on his resolute face, but he maintains his erect soldierly bearing even when superintending the homely details of the plantation. Every one respects