

COLONEL TODHUNTER OF MISSOURI

once, don't you forget it, and maybe I'm just workin' to get her to send another to hold down the governor's job in Jefferson City, suh. And if that governor happens to be my friend Bill Strickland, and if it so comes about that the Nineveh Daughters of the Confederacy are led, accidental like, to enthuse a good deal in workin' for old Bill Strickland—well, I reckon th' ain't no great harm done even then, is there, Judge?"

Then the Colonel chuckled. "I'll tell you one thing, and that ain't two: I'd ruther have a woman's promise to make her husband vote for me or my candidate than to have a man's own word on a stack o' Bibles a mile high, suh. It's only up to the man to keep his word. But it's up to the woman to prove that she can manage her husband. And she'll do that, suh, or die in the attempt."

Old Judge Bolling laughed. "Well, Thurs," he said, "I've just been fooling with you, anyway. Mrs. Todhunter herself stopped at our house this morning and took Mrs. Bolling along with her, and she made me promise to come later, so it's all right. They'll have no excuse for saying that we're there in Colonel Strickland's interest, so you and I can go