

man, saluting, "can't you join us to-day? Thought we'd exercise the pack a bit. The blooming old chap was out last night — over in the hills after a negro's chickens — and we'll take up his trail and have a little chase. Fawncy striking him in that stretch of Stone's River bottom — aw — but we'll have a chase!"

"No — no — Goff," said the old General, impatiently, "I'm pestered to death with this little colt. I don't know what to do with it."

The hunter glanced over into the paddock.

"O that old ambling saddle mare of yours! Aw — you know what we did with them in England — two centuries ago — anything with that Andalusian jennet blood in it — that old pacing gait — killed 'em — aw! exterminated 'em, sir! Always told you so. They're fit for nothing but for old women to ride to church on."

The younger man broke out into a boisterous laugh. His face was round and weak, his mouth wide, his eyes insincere, and his laugh was affected and betook of his eyes.

"The Colonel's right, Grandpa. Tell Jim to kill it an' come on with us."

The old General glanced at him quickly. "Braxton Bragg Rutherford, my son, when you enter West Point you will find it a rule there that very young officers do not try to impress their views on their superiors until asked."

"Colonel Goff, suh," he said, turning to the Englishman, "that old mare has carried me for