

THE CONFEDERATE DAUGHTERS

had gone away from home one day, leaving her baby daughter behind, and never returned. A picturesque handsome "Indian herb doctor," who had been peddling his wares in Nineveh for some days, and was known to have paid bold attentions to her, disappeared at the same time. Lottie-May Doggett, inheriting the same vital beauty of soft roundness, red lips and sensuous black eyes, had grown up in Nineveh, defiant, under the shadow of her mother's shame.

Tom Strickland stared at the girl, plainly surprised. "Why, Lottie-May!" he exclaimed. "I won't let you think such a thing! I only hurried to say 'howdy' to Miss Mary because she had just got here. Anyway"—and here he smiled teasingly—"I could see with one eye that Stam Tucker was just wild to have a talk with you!"

Lottie-May's eyes flashed. "Stam Tucker—shucks!" she cried scornfully. "I wouldn't wipe my feet on him, Tom, when you're around, and you know it! But I can tell you one thing"—and here a note of proud vanity sounded in her voice—"tryin' hard as he is to git Miss Mary Todhunter to marry him, just like you are, Stam Tucker loves me more