

go home to his other grandson who sat so quietly at the table winking at Little Sister and with something evidently up his sleeve. . . .

"Yes, suh," said the General after a while, "Princewood will simply eat up the field, and Braxton Bragg — ay, there's a boy for you! — he'll be a great soldier some day — Braxton Bragg will simply drive the hoofs off the whole bunch."

Then Eloise looked up. Eloise was fifteen and lithe, with her red-gold hair just being put up, and so graceful and beautiful that Little Sister worshipped her, as did also Uncle Jack and Braxton Bragg, and Colonel Goff for that matter.

Eloise had caught the wink that Uncle Jack gave, and understood it in an instant. For Eloise knew things, especially about horses.

"And you really think Braxton Bragg and Princewood will eat up the field," she said ever so sweetly and respectfully to the old General. "My, I'd like ever so much to take the field end of that," she added indifferently, but winking at Uncle Jack.

"My dear," said the old General, "I don't gamble with sweet school girls; but if Princewood fails to make good, I'll just give you that fine Whiteman saddle you've been wanting all the time —"

"But I can't play a one-sided bet like that; it isn't fair," said Eloise. "I'd like to be as generous as you are, sir, and put up a forfeit. But