

mare, ankle-deep in blue grass, stood in the paddock nearest the house, under a great maple tree, its falling branches almost concealing her. She turned every now and then in a nervous, unhappy way, and, going up to the brown, new-born weakling of a colt lying in the blue grass, and which seemed unable to rise, she lowered her shapely head till her nozzle caressed it and then she whinnied softly. Something was very badly wrong and she knew it.

The old General had been looking on for quite a while, frowning. When the General was sorry for anything he expressed his sympathy by a nervous strutting and swearing. When he was angry or fighting — as his battles in Virginia proved — he was as silent as a stone wall, and as staunch. *Then* he never swore.

"The damned little thing's deformed, Jim," he said to the negro stable boy who was standing near. "Poor old Betty," and he rubbed his favorite saddle mare's nose, "she is distressed."

There was the sound of fox hunters coming up the pike. The hounds passed first, in a trot, nosing. Then the two hunters rode up to the rock fence where the General stood. One of them rode a docked hunter with ungainly long head and sloping rump and shoulders. Both horse and rider were unmistakably English; the man was middle-aged, portly, and handsome. The other rider was a young man riding a Tennessee saddle horse.

"Good morning, General," said the English-