

COLONEL TODHUNTER OF MISSOURI

Tom Strickland's path. She was of a different type, a plebeian beauty, black-haired, with passionate eyes, full red lips, a suggestion of rich animal life in her movements.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Tom Strickland!" she said in a low tone, a little break in her voice. "You let me drop like I was somethin' you despised just the minute you caught sight of Mary Todhunter. I wouldn't treat a dog that way, Tom!"

There was something pitiful in the utter frankness of surrender with which the speaker's eyes confessed her liking for Tom Strickland. Colonel Todhunter knew her well. She was the granddaughter of old "Rafe" Doggett, who had been a private soldier in a Confederate regiment during the Civil War. The family belonged to the class once known as "poor whites," but old Doggett had been a good soldier, and Lottie-May, his granddaughter, owed her membership in the Daughters of the Confederacy to the esteem in which he was held.

This was even more than a concession to inferior caste. The darkly beautiful country girl whom old Rafe Doggett's son had married in another state