

Our farm has already taken it twice, you know."

Now Uncle Jack was something of a whip himself. He could not ride because of a lame knee, so he became an expert in driving. The old General had failed to notice how all the fall he had been giving Betty's filly special attention with a hot brush now and then. Wrapped up as he was in Princewood's wonderful speed, he had not noticed that Uncle Jack had frequently called for his light road wagon, and that he and Little Sister, now six years old, had taken delightful spins down the shady places in the cool byways, where the footing was good and there was no gravel or stones, and nobody could see them when they asked the high-strung little filly "to step some," as Little Sister expressed it.

Then at supper one night, when Colonel Goff had dropped in as he often did, the old General began to brag about Princewood's wonderful speed and of the way in which his favorite grandson, Braxton Bragg, could drive him.

"Why, Goff," said the General, "that boy is a wonder! He drove the colt to-day a mile with one hand in 2:25."

Uncle Jack winked at Little Sister, and she had to cram her mouth full of peach preserves to keep from laughing. The General saw and guessed there was a joke on him somewhere, and being one of those who loved to joke others, but did not love to be joked himself, he flushed red and began to praise Braxton Bragg openly, hoping it would