

of grandpa's boots that very day. In return for this Jim promptly named the filly "Little Sister."

But having once said that the colt was "no-count," the old General refused to notice it. "Po' little thing," said he, a month after it was able to pace around without help from its stays, "po' little thing! What a pity they didn't kill it."

But Uncle Jack and Little Sister, with the help of old Uncle Wash, nursed it, petted it and helped old Betty to raise it. And the next spring their reward came in a nervous, high-strung but delicate looking little slip that was indeed a beauty. The General would surely relent now! But those who thought so did not know the old man. He merely glanced at the weanling and remarked again: "The damned little weakling! That old Betty should ever have played off on me like that!" He turned indifferently away. Whereupon both the filly and the little girl turned up their noses behind his back.

The fall that the filly was three years old the big county fair came off, with pacing stakes for the best three-year-old. The purse was a thousand dollars, but greater still was the glory!

The old General had entered a big colt named Princewood for the stakes. This colt had been carefully trained for two seasons and had already cost his owner more than he was worth. "But it's the reputation I am after, suh," the General said to the driver, "the honor of the thing."