

riment where good-humor and good-cheer were lacking. He had said to his wife years before, when she was somewhat doubtful about introducing her New England holiday, "Go ahead, honey! Cut just as big a dash as you please with your Thanksgiving. I'll enjoy it as much as you will, maybe more. The Lord knows we've got a heap to be thankful for. We'll cut a big dash and be thankful, and then when Christmas comes we'll cut a big dash and be happy."

Thenceforward they had both Thanksgiving and Christmas on that plantation, and Miss Lou was as anxious to satisfy the colonel with her Christmas arrangements as he had been to please her with his zeal for Thanksgiving. Indeed, one Christmas-day, a year or two after their marriage, Miss Lou went so far as to present her husband with a daughter, and ever after that Christmas had a new significance in that household: Miss Lou satisfied her Puritan scruples by pretending to herself that she was engaged in celebrating her daughter's birthday, and the colonel was glad that two of the most important days in the calendar were merged into one.