

Miss Lou wiped her face on her apron and sat absorbed in thought. Presently, Mary came dancing in. Her face was shining with health and high spirits.

“Just think, folks!” she exclaimed. “Four more days and I’ll be eighteen! A woman grown, but with the sweet disposition of a child!”

The colonel laughed and his wife flushed a little. “Where did you hear that?” she asked her daughter.

“Why, I heard you say those words to father no longer than last night. Look, father! mother is actually blushing!”

“I believe I did say something like that,” said Miss Lou. “I intended to tell your father afterward that very few children have sweet dispositions. But my mind has been worried all day with the thought of the hound-dogs we’ve got to feed.”

“Oh, father!” exclaimed Mary, “are we to have a fox-hunt? And may I go?” The colonel nodded a prompt assent, but Miss Lou protested. “Now, Mr. Rivers, I think that is going too far. I certainly do. I have always been opposed to it. There is no earthly reason why Mary at her age should