

Lou had taken to train them, and to the vigilance with which she watched their movements.

Over the dessert, the colonel grew communicative. "This mince-pie," he said, "was made by Mary. I don't think she put enough of the twang into it."

"It is magnificent!" exclaimed Colston.

"Superb!" Preston declared.

"It 's as good as any," said Tom Collingsworth; "but this pie business is mighty deceiving. Miss Molly is eighteen, and if she can bake a pone of corn-bread as it ought to be baked, she 's ready to get married."

"That is her strong point!" cried the colonel. "She beats anybody at that."

"Well, then," said Collingsworth, "you just go and get her wedding goods."

"I 'm beginning to think so, too," replied the colonel. "No longer than the other day she declared she 'd marry the man that brings her the fox's brush to-morrow. What do you think of that?"

"Why, father!" exclaimed Mary, blushing violently.

"Then it 's just as good as settled," replied Collingsworth gravely. "I 'm just as