

This was the state of affairs when the colonel's daughter, Mary, married Jack Preston in 1861. When this event occurred, the colonel insisted that the young couple should take up their abode at the old home place. He had various sentimental reasons for this. For one thing, Mary was very much like her grandmother, in spite of her youth and beauty. Those who had known the old lady remarked the "favor" — as they called it — as soon as they saw the granddaughter. For another, the old home place was close at hand, almost next door, and the house and grounds had been kept in apple-pie order by Uncle Shade. The flower-garden was the finest to be seen in all that region, and the house itself and every room of it was as carefully kept as if the dead mistress had simply gone on a visit and was likely to return at any moment.

Naturally, the young couple found it hard to resist the entreaties of the colonel, particularly as Mary objected very seriously to living in town. So they went to the old home place, and were affably received by Uncle Shade. They found everything arranged to their hands.

Their first meal at the old home place was