

sor, so far away from the picket line. If I make no mistake, sor, it is Captain Fambrough I'm talkin' to."

"That is my name," the captain said.

"I was touchin' elbows wit' you at Gettysburgh, sor."

The captain looked at O'Halloran again. "Why, certainly!" he exclaimed. "You are the big fellow that lifted one of the Johnnies over the stone wall."

"By the slack of the trousers. I am that same, sor. He was nothin' but a bit of a lad, sor, but he fought right up to the end of me nose. The men was jabbin' at 'im wit' their bay'nets, so I sez to him, says I, 'Come in out of the inclemency of the weather,' says I, and thin I lifted him over. He made at me, sor, when I put 'im down, an' it took two men for to lead 'im kindly to the rear. It was a warm hour, sor."

As O'Halloran talked, he kept his eyes far afield.

"Sure, sor," he went on, "you stand too much in the open. They had one muddle-head on that post yesterday; they'll not put another there to-day, sor." As he said this, the big Irishman seized the captain by the