

As he turned away, there was a puff of smoke on the farther hill, a crackling report, and the hanging cloth jumped as though it were alive.

“Faith, it’s him, sor!” exclaimed O’Halloran, “an’ he’s in a mighty hurry.” Whereupon the big Irishman brushed a pile of leaves from an oil-cloth strapped together in the semblance of a knapsack.

“What have you there?” asked Captain Fambrough.

“Sure, ’t is me grocery store, sor. Coffee, tay, an’ sugar. Faith, I’ll make the divvle’s mouth water like a baby cuttin’ his stomach tathe. Would ye mind comin’ along, sor, for to kape me from swindlin’ the Johnny out of all his belongin’s?”

## II

### ON THE CONFEDERATE SIDE

THREE men sat in a gully that had once been a hillside ditch. Their uniforms were various, the result of accident and capture. One of them wore a very fine blue overcoat which was in queer contrast to his ragged