

“Why don’t you nail him?” asked Fambrough.

“Bosh! Why don’t he nail me? It’s because he can’t do it. Well, that’s the reason I don’t nail him. You know what happened yesterday, don’t you? You saw that elegant lookin’ chap that came out to take my place, did n’t you? Did you see him when he went back?”

Lieutenant Clopton replied with a little grimace, but Fambrough said never a word. He only looked at Kilpatrick with inquiring eyes.

“Why, he was the nicest lookin’ man in the army — hair combed, clothes brushed, and rings on his fingers. He was all the way from New ’leans, with a silver-mounted rifle and a globe sight.”

“A which?” asked Fambrough.

“A globe sight. Set down on yourself a little further, sonny,” said Happy Jack; “your head’s too high. I says to him, says I, ‘Friend, you are goin’ where you’ll have to strip that doll’s step-ladder off’n your gun, an’ come down to business,’ says I. I says, says I, ‘You may have to face a red-headed flannel-mouthed Irishman, and you don’t want