

to look at him through all that machinery,' says I."

"What did he say?" Fambrough asked.

"He said, 'I'll git him.' Now, how did he git him? Why, he come down here, lammed aloose a time or two, and then hung his head over the edge of the gully there, with a ball right spang betwixt his eyes. I went behind the picket line to get a wink of sleep, but I had n't more 'n curled up in the broom-sage before I heard that chap a-bangin' away. Then come the reply like this" — Happy Jack snapped his fingers; "and then I went to sleep waitin' for the rej'inder."

Kilpatrick paused, and looked steadily in the direction of the poplar.

"Well, dog my cats! Yonder's a chap standin' right out in front of me. It ain't the Mickey, neither. I'll see what he's up to." He raised his rifle with a light swinging movement, chirruped to it as though it were a horse or a little child, and in another moment the deadly business of war would have been resumed, but Fambrough laid his hand on the sharpshooter's arm.

"Wait," he said. "That may be my old man wandering around out there. Don't be