

too quick on trigger. I ain't got but one old man."

"Shucks!" exclaimed Kilpatrick pettishly; "you reckon I don't know your old man? He's big in the body, an' wobbly in his legs. You've spiled a mighty purty shot. I believe in my soul that chap was a colonel, an' he might 'a' been a general. Now that's funny."

"What's funny?" asked Fambrough.

"Why, that chap. He'll never know you saved him, an' if he know'd it he would n't thank you. I'd 'a' put a hole right through his gizzard. Now he's behind the poplar."

"It's luck," Lieutenant Clopton suggested.

"Maybe," said Kilpatrick. "Yonder he is ag'in. Luck won't save him this time." He raised his rifle, glanced down the barrel, and pulled the trigger. Simultaneously with the report an expression of disgust passed over his face, and with an oath he struck the ground with his fist.

"Don't tell me you missed him," said Clopton.

"Miss what?" exclaimed Kilpatrick scornfully. "If he ain't drunk, somebody pulled him out of the way."