

fightin' in this neighborhood, but now I jest want to see them two blamed armies light into one another, tooth and toe-nail."

"Why, father!" Julia made a pretty gesture of dismay. "How can you talk so?"

"Half of my niggers is gone," said Squire Fambrough; "one side has got my hosses, and t' other side has stole my cattle. The Yankees has grabbed my grist mill, an' the Confeds has laid holt of my corncrib. One army is squattin' in my tater patch, and t' other one is roostin' in my cow pastur'. Do you reckon I was born to set down here an' put up wi' that kind of business?"

"But, father, what can you do? How can you help yourself? For heaven's sake, let's go away from here!"

"Great Moses, Jule! Have you gone an' lost what little bit of common sense you was born with? Do you reckon I'm a-goin' to be a-refugeein' an' a-skeedaddlin' across the country like a skeer'd rabbit at my time of life? I hain't afeared of nary two armies they can find room for on these hills! Hain't I got one son on one side an' another son on t' other side? Much good they are doin', too. If they 'd'a' felt like me they 'd'a' fit