

both sides. Do you reckon I'm a-gwine to be drove off'n the place where I was born, an' where your granpappy was born, an' where your mother lies buried? No, honey!"

"But, father, you know we can't stay here. Suppose there should be a battle?"

"Come, honey! come!" There was a touch of petulance in the old man's tone. "Don't get me frustrated. I told you to go when John's wife an' the children went. By this time you 'd 'a' been out of hearin' of the war."

"But, father, how could I go and leave you here all by yourself?" The girl laid her hand on the squire's shoulder caressingly.

"No," exclaimed the squire angrily; "stay you would, stay you did, an' here you are!"

"Yes, and now I want to go away, and I want you to go with me. All the horses are not taken, and the spring wagon and the barouche are here."

"Don't come a-pesterin' me, honey! I'm pestered enough as it is. Lord, if I had the big men here what started the war, I'd take