

“Land of the livin’ Moses!” exclaimed Squire Fambrough, lifting his hands above his head and allowing them to fall heavily again. “And they call this war!”

“Yessum!” The negro’s tone was triumphant. “Dat sholy wuz Marse Dave Henry. War er no war, dat wuz him. Dat des de way he goes ’mongst de ladies. He gi’ ’um candy yit, let ’lone flowers. Shoo! You can’t tell me nothin’ ’t all ’bout Marse Dave Henry.”

“What are you wanderin’ ’round here in the woods for?” asked the squire. His tone was somewhat severe. “Did anybody tell you he was here?”

“No, suh!” replied Tuck. “Dey tol’ me back dar at de camps dat I ’d fin’ ’im out on de picket line, an’ when I got dar dey tol’ me he wuz out dis a-way, whar dey wuz some sharpshootin’ gwine on, but I ain’t foun’ ’im yit.”

“Ain’t you been with him all the time?” The squire was disposed to treat the negro as a witness for the defense.

“Lor, no, suh! I des now come right straight fum Georgy. Mistiss, — she Marse Dave Henry’s ma, — she hear talk dat de