

solyers ain't got no cloze fer ter w'ar an' no vittles fer ter eat, skacely, an' she tuck 'n made me come an' fetch 'im a box full er duds an' er box full er vittles. She put cake in dar, yit, 'kaze I smelt it whiles I wuz handlin' de box. De boxes, dey er dar at de camp, an' here me, but wharbouts is Marse Dave Henry? Not ter be a-hidin' fum somebody, he de hardest white man ter fin' what I ever laid eyes on. I speck I better be knockin' 'long. Good-by, marster; good-by, young mistiss. Ef I don' fin' Marse Dave Henry nowheres, I'll know whar ter come an' watch fer 'im."

The squire watched the negro disappear in the woods, and then turned to his daughter. To his surprise, her eyes were full of tears; but before he could make any comment, or ask any question, he heard the noise of tramping feet in the woods, and presently saw two Union soldiers approaching. Almost immediately Julia called his attention to three soldiers coming from the Confederate side.

"I believe in my soul we're surrounded by both armies," remarked the squire dryly. "But don't git skeer'd, honey. I'm goin' to see what they're trespassin' on my premises for."