

tain plucked O'Halloran by the sleeve. "I'll be shot if the Johnny with his arm in the sling is n't my brother."

"I was expectin' it, sor," said the big Irishman, giving matters a humorous turn. "Soon the cousins will be poppin' out from under the bushes."

By this time the two were near enough to the approaching Confederates to carry on a conversation by lifting their voices a little.

"Hello, Johnny," said O'Halloran.

"Hello, Yank," replied Kilpatrick.

"What's the countersign, Johnny?"

"Tobacco. What is it on your side, Yank?"

"Tay an' coffee, Johnny."

"You are mighty right," Kilpatrick exclaimed. "Stack your arms agin a tree."

"The same to you," said O'Halloran.

The Irishman, using his foot as a broom, cleared the dead leaves and twigs from a little space of ground, where he deposited his bundle, and Kilpatrick did the same. John Fambrough, the wounded Confederate, went forward to greet his father and sister, and Lieutenant Clopton went with him. The squire was not in a good humor.