

“It is just a little trading frolic among the boys!” Captain Fambrough turned to the old man with a courteous bow. “They will do no harm. I’ll answer for that.”

“Well, I’ll tell you how I feel about it!” Squire Fambrough exclaimed with some warmth. “I’m in here betwixt the hostiles. They ain’t nobody here but me an’ my daughter. We don’t pester nobody, an’ we don’t want nobody to pester us. One of my sons is in the Union army, I hear tell, an’ the other is in the Confederate army when he ain’t in the hospital. These boys, you see, found their old daddy a-straddle of the fence, an’ one clomb down one leg on the Union side, an’ t’ other one clomb down t’ other leg on the Confederate side.”

“That is what I call an interesting situation,” said the captain, drawing a long breath. “Perhaps I have seen your Union son.”

“Maybe so, maybe so,” assented the squire.

“Perhaps you have seen him yourself since the war began?”

Before the squire could make any reply, Julia rushed at the captain and threw her arms around his neck, crying, “O brother George, I know you!”