

the sake of old times, and young Clopton went along to keep Miss Julia company. O'Halloran, Kilpatrick, and the negro stayed where they were — the white men smoking their pipes, and the negro chewing the first "mannyfac" tobacco he had seen in many a day.

The others were not gone long. As they came back, a courier was seen riding through the woods at break-neck speed, going from the Union lines to those of the Confederates, and carrying a white flag. Kilpatrick hailed him, and he drew rein long enough to cry out, as he waved his flag: —

"Lee has surrendered!"

"I was looking out for it," said Kilpatrick, "but dang me if I had n't ruther somebody had a-shot me right spang in the gizzard."

Lieutenant Clopton took out his pocket-knife and began to whittle a stick. John Fambrough turned away, and his sister leaned her hands on his shoulder and began to weep. Squire Fambrough rubbed his chin thoughtfully and sighed.

"It had to be, father," the captain said. "It's a piece of news that brings peace to the land."