

“Oh, yes, but it leaves us flat. No money, and nothing to make a crop with.”

“I have government bonds that will be worth a hundred thousand dollars. The interest will keep us comfortably.”

“For my part,” said Clopton, “I have nothing but this free nigger.”

“You b’lieve de half er dat,” spoke up the free nigger. “Mistiss been savin’ her cotton craps, an’ ef she got one bale she got two hundred.”

The captain figured a moment. “They will bring more than a hundred thousand dollars.”

“I have me two arrums,” said O’Halloran.

“I’ve got a mighty fine pack of foxhounds,” remarked Kilpatrick with real pride.

There was a pause in the conversation. In the distance could be heard the shouting of the Union soldiers and the band with its “Yankee Doodle, how d’y-do?” Suddenly Clopton turned to Captain Fambrough:—

“I want to ask you how many troops have you got over there — fighting men?”

The captain laughed. Then he put his hand to his mouth and said in a stage whisper:—