

“Five companies.”

“Well, dang my hide!” exclaimed Kilpatrick.

“What is your fighting force?” Captain Fambrough asked.

“Four companies,” said Clopton.

“Think o’ that, sir!” cried the Irishman; “an’ me out there defendin’ meself ag’in a whole army.”

“More than that,” said Clopton, “our colonel is a Connecticut man.”

“Shake!” the captain exclaimed. “My colonel is a Virginian.”

“Lord ’a’ mercy! Lord ’a’ mercy!” It was Squire Fambrough who spoke. “I’m a-goin’ off some’rs an’ ontangle the tangle we’ve got into.”

Soon the small company separated. The squire went a short distance towards the Union army with his new-found son. Kilpatrick and the negro went trudging back to the Confederate camp, while Clopton lingered awhile, saying something of great importance to the fair Julia and himself.

What they said was commonplace, even trifling; what they meant carried their minds and their hearts high above all ordinary mat-