

of garden truck, which, with a few chickens and eggs, they brought to town occasionally in a rickety one-horse wagon. Aunt Sally would take no pay for nursing the sick, no matter how much of her time was taken up, but she supplemented the meagre income they got from the one-horse farm by making quilts, and counterpanes, and bedspreads, and by taking in weaving, being very expert at the loom.

As may be supposed, Aunt Sally and little Billy did n't wear fine clothes nor put on any airs. Living in middle Georgia (the most democratic region, socially, in the world), they had no need for either the one or the other. They made a bare living, and were tolerably satisfied with that.

One day, shortly after the conscript officer had established his headquarters in Hillsborough, Aunt Sally and little Billy drove into town with a few dozen eggs and three or four chickens to sell. The conscript officer, sitting on the veranda of the tavern, noticed that little Billy was a well-grown lad, and kept his eye on him, as the rickety, one-horse wagon came through the public square.

There were two or three loungers sitting