

on the veranda, including Major Goolsby. One of them tapped the major on the shoulder and pointed to little Billy with his forefinger and to the conscript officer with his thumb. The major nodded gravely once or twice, and presently hitched his chair closer to the conscript officer.

“You ain’t a-bagging much game in these parts, I reckon,” said the major, addressing the officer, with half-closed eyes.

“Business is not very good,” replied the other, with a chuckle, “but we manage to pick up a few stragglers now and then. Yonder’s a chap now” — pointing to little Billy — “that looks like he would be an ornament to the rear-guard in an engagement.” The officer was a big, rough-looking man, and seemed to find his present duties very agreeable.

“Do you mean little Billy Cochran?” inquired the major.

“I don’t know his name,” said the officer. “I mean that chap riding in the chariot with the fat woman.”

“That boy,” remarked the major with an emphasis that caused the conscript officer to regard him with surprise, “is the sole support