

of his mother. He's all she's got to make her crop."

"May be so," the officer said, "but the law makes no provision for cases of that kind."

"You said, 'May be so,'" suggested the major. "Do you mean to doubt my word?" His voice was soft as the notes of a flute.

"Why, certainly not!" exclaimed the officer, flushing a little.

The major made no further remark, but sat bolt upright in his chair. The rickety wagon drove to the tavern door, and little Billy got out, a basket of eggs in one hand and the chickens in the other. He went into the tavern, and while he was gone, Aunt Sally passed the time of day with the major and the rest of her acquaintances on the veranda.

Evidently little Billy had no difficulty in disposing of his eggs and chickens, for he soon came out smiling. The officer arose as little Billy appeared in the door, and so did Major Goolsby. The loungers nudged one another in a gleeful way. As little Billy came out, the conscript officer drew a formidable-looking memorandum-book from his