

pocket and tapped the young man on the shoulder. Little Billy looked around in surprise, the blood mounted to his face, and he laughed sheepishly.

“What is your name?” the officer asked, poisoning his pencil.

“William Henry Harrison Cochran,” replied little Billy.

“How old are you?”

“Twenty, April gone.”

“Report at my office, under the Temperance Hall, next Wednesday morning, the day after to-morrow. The army needs your services.”

“Do you want me to go to the war?” asked little Billy, a quaver in his voice.

“Yes,” the officer replied. “You fall under the conscript law.”

“What ’ll mammy do?”

“Really, I don’t know. The Confederacy needs you worse than your mammy does just now.”

Little Billy hung his head and walked to the rickety wagon.

“Mind,” said the officer, “Wednesday morning at ten o’clock. I don’t want to send after you.”