

rently in command, yelled at him with a savage curse, but he paid no attention to it. Directly in front of him he saw a battery of three guns. Two were in action, but one had no one to manage it. On each side of this battery, and a little to the rear, the line of battle stretched away.

Seeing little Billy running forward, followed by the recruits from the train, the line of battle began to cheer, and at the same time to advance. He had practiced with an old six-pounder at the conscript camp, and he now ran, as if by instinct, to the gun that had been silenced. The Confederates charged, but had to fall back again, and then they began to retire, slowly at first, and then with some haste. Little Billy paid no attention to this movement at all. He continued to serve his gun and fire it as rapidly as he could. Shot and shell from the Federal batteries plowed up the ground around him, but never touched him. Presently a tall man with a long brown beard rode out of the smoke and ordered little Billy to retreat, pointing, as he did so, to the bristling line of Federals charging up the hill.

“Take hold of my stirrup,” said the tall