

headquarters and was ushered in. That famous fighter, who happened to be the officer who had noticed him the day before, took him by the arm and introduced him to his staff, and told how he had found him serving a gun after the entire brigade had begun to retreat.

This was the beginning. Little Billy became a courier, then an aid, and when the war closed he was in command of a regiment. His recklessness as a fighter had given a sort of romantic color to his name, so that the newspaper correspondents found nothing more popular than an anecdote about Colonel Cochran.

His fame had preceded him to Hillsborough, and he had a queer feeling when the older citizens, men who had once awed him by their pride and their fine presence, took off their hats as they greeted him. The most demonstrative among these was Major Goolsby.

“You are to come right to my house, Colonel. You belong to us, you know.” This was Major Goolsby’s greeting, as he clung to Colonel Cochran’s hand. “It will be a great surprise to Mary. She’ll never know you in