

“Why, I know’d that imp of Satan the minnit I laid eyes on him. I know’d him as quick as he did you.”

“Who is he?”

“Why, good Lord, Cap! don’t you know the chap that tuck you in on Sugar Mountain when we went after Spurlock? The man that shot Lovejoy? Don’t you know Danny Lemmons?”

For answer Captain Mosely gave a long, low whistle of astonishment.

“An’ now he ’s here playin’ crazy. I’d like to know what he ’s up to, ding his hide!”

“He ’s a spy,” said Captain Mosely. “He was a Union man on Sugar Mountain. He commanded the bushwhackers. He has slipped through the lines. We must n’t let him slip back again. He ’s a dangerous character. I want you to follow him. He must be arrested. Report to the provost marshal; you know where his headquarters are. I’ll leave instructions there for you.”

Chadwick had been trying to keep an eye on the hunchback while talking with his captain, but it was by the merest chance that he saw him turn out of Alabama Street into