

## II

Meanwhile Danny Lemmons was carrying out plans of his own. He was a spy without knowing what a serious venture he was engaged in. He had been roaming around in the Federal lines for a fortnight, playing his fiddle, and cutting up his queer antics. One night, after playing a selection of jigs and reels for a group of young officers attached to General Slocum's staff, he said he was going into Atlanta after his baby.

"You 'll never go," said one of the officers.

"I 'll go or bust," replied Danny Lemmons.

"If you go you 'll stay," remarked another officer. "I believe you 're a Johnny, anyhow."

"I 'll go, and I 'll come back right here, an' I 'll fetch my baby back."

"Bah! Bring us some papers. Ransack Joe Johnston's headquarters. Stuff a map under your jacket. Bring us something to show you 've been in Atlanta. Anybody can skirmish around here and steal a baby, but not one man in a thousand can go through