

the lines and ransack the headquarters of the Johnnies and bring back documents to show for it."

"I'm the man! Jest hol' my fiddle till I git back!" exclaimed Danny Lemmons.

How the hunchback passed the Confederate lines it would be impossible to say. He was as alert as any flying creature, as cunning as any creeping thing, as crafty as patience and practice can make a man. He reached Atlanta and made himself as much at home in the streets as any of the little arabs that flitted from corner to corner. He saw Captain Mosely, knew him, and was anxious to avoid him, not because he appreciated the danger of his position, but because he could not successfully play the part of an imbecile under Mosely's eyes.

He went rapidly down Whitehall Street, keeping up the pretence of idiocy, but when he turned and went into Forsyth, he dropped the character altogether, and became once more the Danny Lemmons of Sugar Mountain, — queer but shrewd. He inquired the way to headquarters. The soldier whom he asked directed him to the provost-marshal's office, which was not far from where the