

Kimball House now stands. He made no haste to get there, loitering as he went along, and examining whatever was new or strange with the curiosity of a countryman.

The result was that when he reached the provost-marshal's office, that official was preparing to send out and arrest him. Captain Mosely had preceded him by half an hour. The moment he entered Danny Lemmons knew that something was wrong, and, quick as a flash, he assumed the character of a "loony." The transition was so quick that it was unobserved by two keen-eyed men who fixed their attention on him as soon as he entered the door. He paused and gazed at them with a deprecating grin.

"Is this place whar they conscript them what wants to jine the war?" he asked.

The provost-marshal, a man with a tremendous mustache and beetling eyebrows, stared at him savagely, but made no reply.

"Oh, yes, hit is!" exclaimed Danny Lemmons, "bekaze they tol' me down the road that you-all 'd let me jine the war."

"You are a spy!" said the officer fiercely.

"Lord, yes! Wuss'n that, I reckon. I kin run an' jump, an' rastle. Whoopee, yes!