

“Is that whar they jine inter the war?” asked the hunchback.

“Yes; I’ll attend to you directly.” The officer stepped to the door and shut it, and turned to the two men who had been listening to the conversation. “What do you think of him, boys?”

The tall man, whose name was Blandford, was picking his teeth. The short, fat man, whose name was Deomateri, was busily engaged in polishing his finger-nails. They had served as scouts with Morgan, and later with Forrest. Mr. Blandford passed his hand through his long black hair and shook his head. Mr. Deomateri put his knife in his pocket, kicked his heels against the floor one after the other, and remarked:—

“If he isn’t an idiot, he is the smartest man in this town.”

“I started to say so,” said Mr. Blandford, “but it takes a mighty spraddle-legged ‘if’ to reach that far.”

“Well, I’ll tell you,” exclaimed the officer, “he has n’t got sense enough to know how to tell a lie. I’ll keep him here until Mosely or his man comes, and then I’ll give him a drink and turn him loose.”