

seized the map, and as many papers as he could conveniently stuff under his jacket and in his pockets, opened the back-door noiselessly, locked it again, threw the key away, and turned swiftly into Pryor Street.

After a while Chadwick made his appearance. He went in and modestly inquired if Captain Mosely had been there. The provost-marshal, who was at that moment talking to Blandford and Deomateri about their experience with Morgan, recognized Chadwick as the person who had been sent in pursuit of the spy.

“Did you catch your man?” he inquired.

“Ketch nothin’,” responded Chadwick.

“A creetur-company could n’t ketch him.”

“Well, we’ve caught him!”

“Where’bouts is he?” inquired Chadwick.

“In my room there.”

“In there by hisself?”

“Yes.”

“Well, sir,” exclaimed Chadwick excitedly, “I’ll bet you a thrip agin a bushel of chestnuts that he ain’t in there.”

“What do you know about him?” inquired Mr. Blandford.