

Deomateri was to ride out Peters Street, Mr. Blandford out Whitehall, while he himself was to ride out Pryor and turn into Whitehall Street, some distance out. At the junction of Whitehall and Peters they were to meet and decide on their future course of action. This plan was faithfully carried out, but it came to nothing.

At the point where they met the two thoroughfares had ceased to be streets, and merged into a public road, with a growth of timber-oak and pine on each side.

“Why do we come here?” inquired Deomateri. Blandford merely shook his head. He had dismounted and was leaning against his horse, making a picturesque figure in the green wood.

“Well,” responded Chadwick, “we might jest as well be here as to be anywhere, accordin’ to my notions. This road is open plum to Jonesboro an’ funder. We’ve been keepin’ it open. The Yanks are bent aroun’ the town like a hoss-shoe, an’ this road runs right betwixt the p’int where their lines don’t jine.”

“That’s so,” remarked Blandford, regarding Chadwick with some interest.