

“Yes,” replied Chadwick, “and if you was to shave off what little mustache you ’ve got, blamed if you would n’t make a right-down good-looking woman. And you ’ve got a hand not much bigger ’n a nine-year-old boy. I reckon that ’s the reason you draw so fine a bead sech a long ways off.”

Kilpatrick smiled boyishly, and, as if to show what a nice girl he could be, threw a leg over the pommel of his saddle and rode sidewise. Far before them they could see clouds of dust rising slowly. Behind them and a little to their left they could hear the Federal guns feeling of the town, and occasionally a shell more venomous than the rest flew over their heads, crying as shrilly as if it had life. This was particularly the case when they came to Castleberry’s Hill, which was a more conspicuous eminence then than it is now. Occasionally one of the missiles would strike the brow of the hill and fly shrieking off, or bury itself in the red clay with a queer fluttering sound.

As they came to the brow of the hill, Chadwick saw Cassy Tatum standing on the porch of the house where she lived. He waved his hand and asked her if she intended