

pulled it down. Then she rushed at the roof itself, seized the ends of two of the rafters, and made as if she would overturn the whole affair.

“Wait!” commanded Kilpatrick. “If the young un’s under there you’ll fetch the whole roof down on him.”

This brought Cassy to her senses, and when a woman is clothed and in her right mind she knows by instinct that the best she can do is to cry. Cassy tried to do this now; but her eyes were dry, and all the sound that her parched throat and trembling lips could utter was a low and continuous moan so pitiful that it wrung the hearts of the rough soldiers.

To add to the strain and suspense of the occasion, a smothered, wailing cry was heard somewhere in the midst of the ruins. At this Cassy, instead of making another effort to tear away the roof by main strength, as Chadwick expected her to do, fell flat on the ground with a heart-rending shriek of despair and lay there quivering and moaning.

In the midst of all this, Kilpatrick had the forethought to cast his eye occasionally on the portion of the street that lay beyond the railroad. He now saw a small squad of horse-