

men in blue riding down the incline. He ran to his horse, and his companions, with the exception of Chadwick, did the same. As for the private, he had made up his mind in a flash that he would rather undergo the diet and discipline of Elmira prison than desert Cassy at that moment.

But he had misunderstood Kilpatrick's intentions. Instead of mounting his horse and riding away, the boyish-looking sharpshooter whipped a field-glass from the case that hung on the saddle, and proceeded to carefully inspect the approaching Federals, who were moving cautiously. The inspection seemed to satisfy him, for he closed the glass, went out into the open ground, and waved his handkerchief so as to attract the attention of the horsemen in blue. They stopped, and their horses huddled together in the road as if they were engaged in consultation. Then one of them, a tall man on a powerful sorrel, detached himself from the group and came riding up the hill at an easy canter, his rifle glittering as it lay across his bridle arm ready for instant service.

“Well, dag-gone your skin, Johnny! What are you doin' here this time er day? Hain't