

you the same measly chap that tried to duck me in the Chattymahoochee when we stuck up a white flag an' went in washin'? Why 'n the world did n't you do what I told you — go home to your mammy an' let grown men fight it out? You 're a good shot though, dag-goned ef you ain't!" He spoke with a strong Georgia accent, but was from Indiana.

The two men had faced each other on the vedette line for so many weeks that they had become acquainted. In fact, they were very friendly. Once when the "Chattymahoochee" (as the tall Indianian facetiously called that stream) divided the opposing armies, the advance line of each went in bathing together every day, and they grew so friendly that the Confederate generals issued a prohibitory order.

Briefly Kilpatrick explained the situation to the Federal sharpshooter, and by this time his companions were on the ground.

The force was sufficiently large now to lift the roof (which was small, and old, and frail), and turn it over. The scheme was dangerous if the baby happened to be alive, but it was the best that could be done, and it was carefully done.