

“What’s the matter?” asked the tall Indianian.

“She thinks the baby’s dead,” replied Chadwick.

“Dag-gone it!” laughed the Indianian; “why n’t she git up an’ see?”

The laugh startled Cassy so, that she sat up and looked around, throwing her hair behind her shoulders and making an instinctive effort to tidy up.

“What’s the matter?” she moaned. “What’s he laughin’ at?”

“I reckon it’s because you’re worse hurt than the baby is,” responded Chadwick.

“Where is he?” she cried. “Oh, don’t le’ me go there ef he’s dead er mangled! Please, mister, don’t le’ me go where he is ef he’s mashed!”

“All a-settin’, ma’am!” said the Federal sharpshooter. “Jest walk this way.”

At that moment the baby began to cry, and Cassy leaped toward it with a mother-cry that thrilled the soldiers. She snatched the child from the floor and hugged it so closely to her bosom that it had to kick and fight for air and freedom. Then she began to cry, and in a few moments was calm and appar-