

ently happy, but there was a haggard and drawn look in her face that no one had ever seen there before. Chadwick, observing this, turned to Kilpatrick and remarked:—

“If she ain't lost twenty pound in the last quarter of an hour I'm the biggest liar that ever drawed breath.” This was an exaggeration, perhaps, and yet it was descriptive too.

“You see what the Yankee shell fetched you, ma'am,” said the Federal sharpshooter.

For the first time Cassy saw the gold and silver pieces that were strewn about. “The land er the livin'!” she exclaimed. “That's them poor ol' creeturs' money.” She looked at it in a dejected, dispirited way. “You-all kin take it,” she went on, speaking to the Federals. “Take it an' welcome ef you'll thess le' me alone. My baby's money enough for me.”

“It's dag-goned invitin',” replied the Indianian, laughing, “but you'll have to excuse us this time. It might be a pick-up ef we caught a passel er Johnnies with it— but that money there belongs to the baby, if it belongs to anybody. Would you mind loanin' me your apron a minnit?”

Cassy untied her apron with one hand,