

and moved aside from Sherman's path. They were not in a panic, but the pressure was too heavy, and when they retired they were compelled to leave some of their wounded in a field hospital in charge of the surgeon who had sent Jack Kilpatrick home. The enemy's skirmishers promptly moved up to the position vacated by the Confederates. Among the foremost was a big soldier who went directly to the rude shelters that had been rigged up to accommodate the wounded. He went through each and examined the faces of the wounded.

"What the devil are you after?" asked the surgeon in a tone in which curiosity and irritability were strangely mixed.

"'T is nothin' but a slip of a lad Oi'm lookan for, sor," replied the big soldier with extraordinary politeness, considering the time and occasion.

"There are no wounded Yanks here," the surgeon explained, smiling pleasantly as he glanced at the puzzled, good-natured face of the Irishman.

"'T is a Johnny lad Oi'm lookan for, — a b'y not bigger 'n me two fists. Oi seen um gallopin' on a black horse, an' I seen um