

It chanced that Aunt Candace came to the door in response to the summons. She opened it wide with a frown on her face, but when she saw the Federal soldier looming up she threw up her hands with a loud cry.

“My Gawd! Dey got us! Dey got us!” Then recovering herself somewhat, she planted herself in the doorway. “G’way fum here! G’way fum here, I tell you! Dey ain’t nobody on de place but wimmen an’ childern, nohow! Go on off, man! Don’t you hear me?”

“Aisy, aisy! Will ye be aisy, now?” said O’Halloran, when he could get in a word edgewise. “Where’s the lady?”

“What you want wid her?” cried Aunt Candace. “G’way fum here!” She stood like a tiger at bay.

At that moment Mrs. Kilpatrick appeared in the hallway. The sight of the soldier in blue paralyzed all her faculties except memory of the fact that her son lay wounded not forty feet away. Making a supreme effort at self-control, she stood before the big Irishman with white face and clasped hands. Something in her attitude touched the soldier. He bent low before her.