

shall Oi squeeze? The lift? Well, 't is nearest the gizzard. Ah! but 't was a close shave ye had, me b'y. Oi seen ye comin' betwixt the lines, an' says Oi, 'F'what the divvle ails the lad?' 'T was the very word Oi said. Oi seen ye roll in the saddle, an' thin Oi put me rifle to me shoulder. Says Oi, 'If the nag runs wild an' the lad falls an' his fut hangs, Oi'll fetch the craycher down.' But divvle a run — beggin' pardin of the ladies. An' so ye're here, me b'y, more worried than hurt!"

Jack Kilpatrick was really glad to see his friend, the enemy, and said so as heartily as he could. O'Halloran drew a chair by the bed, and, in the midst of his talk, which was as cheerful as he could make it, studied the young Confederate's condition. He made the wounded man fill his lungs with air several times, and placed his ear close to the expanding chest. Then he sat twirling his thumbs and looking at the bed-quilt, which was homemade and of a curious pattern. Finally he turned to Mrs. Kilpatrick with a more serious air than he had yet displayed.

"He wants a surgeon, mum. 'T is an aisy case wit' a surgeon standin' 'roun' an'