

report, and a little later Edward Cary rejoined his command. The command was glad to see him; not all his comrades understood him, but they liked him exceedingly. That night, the first lieutenant, with whom at the University, he had read George Sand and the dramas of M. Victor Hugo, found him seated under a yellow pine with a pine stump for table, and a pine torch for lamp, slowly covering with strong, restrained handwriting, several sheets of bluish Confederate paper.

The lieutenant threw himself down upon the pine needles. "Writing home?"

"No. Not to-night."

Two letters lay addressed in their envelopes. The lieutenant, weary and absent-minded, took them up, fingering them without thinking. Edward drew the letter he was writing into the shadow, guarded it with his arm, and, smiling, held out the other hand.

Colonel Henry Gaillard,
— Louisiana Cavalry,
Mobile,
Alabama.

Captain Louis Gaillard,
— Louisiana,
Barton's Brigade —

read the lieutenant. He dropped the letters. "I am sure I beg your pardon, Cary! I did n't in the least think what I was doing!"

"There's no harm done, Morton." He repossessed himself of the letters, struck the torch at another angle, and turned from the forest table. "Morton, I'm going in for promotion."

The lieutenant laid down his pipe. "Well, if you go in for it, I'll back you to get it, but I thought you said —"

"I did."

"What do you want it for? Vain-glory?"

Edward locked his hands behind his head. "No; not for vain-glory — though it's remarkable how brothers and fathers and kins-folk generally like the *clang* of 'Colonel' or 'Brigadier'! After the Merrimac and Monitor I would n't take promotion, but I did