

'The old man's feeling good, Courtland,' he said. 'We've rolled 'em up all along the line. It's all over now. In point of fact, I reckon you've fired the last round in this particular fratricidal engagement.'

The last round! Courtland remained silent, looking abstractedly at the man it had crushed and broken at his feet.

'And I shouldn't wonder if you got your gold-leaf for to-day's work. But who's your sunny Southern friend here?' he added, following his companion's eyes.

Courtland repeated his story a little more seriously, which however failed to subdue the young *aide's* levity. 'So he concluded to stop over,' he interrupted cheerfully. 'But,' looking at the letter and photograph, 'I say—look here! "Sally Dows?" Why, there was another man picked up yesterday with a letter to the same girl! Doc Murphy has it. And, by Jove! the same picture too!—eh? I say, Sally must have gathered in the boys, and raked down the whole pile! Look here, Courty! you might get Doc Murphy's letter and hunt her up when this cruel war is over. Say you're "fulfilling a sacred trust!" See? Good idea, old man! Ta-ta!' and he trotted quickly after his superior.

Courtland remained with the letter and