

CEASE FIRING

"He did fine in the Comanche War. Did you ever hear about the arrow?"

"Van Dorn and two thousand of us — two thousand horse!"

"Dead night and all of them fast asleep!"

"Holly Springs — Grant's depot of supplies — three months' stores for sixty thousand men —"

"Burnt all his supplies — cut his lines of communication — captured the garrison! — Hurrah!"

"Ulysses S. Grant's campaign's deranged —"

"Reckon Vicksburg's safe for this time! Reckon he'll have to trot Sherman back to Memphis —"

"Reckon he'll have to clear out of Mississippi himself!"

"Light as hell in the dead night and all of them scampering! Hurrah! Van Dorn and two thousand horse —"

"Now, men," says Van Dorn, "I want Glory with a capital letter, and I reckon we're most of us built the same way! Well, Glory Hallelujah is growing round Grant's army like tiger lilies round a beehive —"

"Van Dorn and two thousand horse — took 'em like a thunder-clap! Burned three months' supplies for sixty thousand men — cut their lines —"

"Toled danger away from Vicksburg —"

"Van Dorn and —"

Fall in! Fall in!

That evening the infantry regiment bivouacked within sight of Grenada. The next morning, early, it swung out toward the Yallahusha. Passing a line of ragged sentries it presently came to a region of ragged, huge fields with cotton all ungathered, ragged, luxuriant forest growth, ragged, gully-seamed, low hills. From behind one of these floated the strains of "Dixie" played by ragged Confederate bands. The regiment climbed a few yards and from a copse of yellow pine looked down and out upon a ragged plain, an almost tentless encampment, and upon a grand review of the Army of the West.

Halt! In place! Rest!

The regiment, leaning on its muskets, watched through a veil of saplings. Officers and men were vividly interested and comment was free, though carried on in low tones. Not far below waved the colours marking the reviewing-stand. The music of the massed