

ever meet again, no man could tell. But a higher authority decided that it should never be.

As I said when I began this egotistical scrawl, thirty years have gone since that day, and we have lived our life together till I have passed the half century. Our lot lay in camps for more than two years yet, and then peace and something that is even greater came to our devastated land; and peace and quiet came to Debby and to me. My lot has, after all, been a happy one, and I cannot complain.

Those two friends of mine went further and further southward, until at last they came with the great commander before the now historic village of Yorktown. There they saw and made part of the siege that gave us the right to say "American" before all the world. Acton returned in '83, and found us at home in Boston, where to this day he finds us still, — and where we sit together and smoke and talk of other days. But the other, Robert Curtis — as I always love to call him — stayed behind, lying for evermore in the trenches by that famous southern town.

THE END