

At last, where Saddle Hill Trail branches off from the king's highway, Master Francis Drurie and Captain Simeon Hewett drew rein and shook hands.

"Good luck to you, Frank!"

"And to you, Sim — God bless you!"

Then Hewett wheeled toward Saddle Hill, touched spur to his thin nag, and lifted his hat. Drurie returned the salute, and trotted eastward along the highway.

And thus had six companies of Virginian riflemen — men in homespun, buckskin, blue and gold, coonskin caps and laced hats — disbanded, without the sanction of general orders, or any blaring of trumpets. These were soldiers, not mummers. The rifle-work and the sword-work were over for the season. Their duty to their country was done for the time. God grant them to find their families still intact, their cabins and houses still standing, and their crops garnered in good order!

Francis Drurie's coat of fine blue cloth was patched and ripped and weather-stained. His hat was faded, and the gold lace on it tarnished beyond reburnishing. His saddle was black with wear and wet and sunburn. On his legs he wore breeches of buckskin; and his high boots of English leather had been replaced weeks before by beaded moccasins and fringed leggings. He