

THE VAGABOND

there was no material of war or soldiers by the way-side. He rode through a peaceful valley, walled with fruit and grain and verdure, the title thereto in her name, and her name his. Thus he dreamed while he might, with the horror of waking near, and Marcus keeping at a respectful distance, his brow corrugated with perplexity.

The houses of the village where they spent the night were full of wounded men. Upon the appearance of a lady, the occupants of a small room insisted that they were well enough to be moved, or to sit up, if there was no other place for her. A nurse, delicately considerate of an enemy's susceptibilities, and praising Confederate heroism, shared her quarters with the stranger. It seemed as if she were a welcome guest whose fame for good deeds had preceded her, instead of an enemy. Before she slept she still better understood the spirit of the Northern soldiers themselves toward their late adversaries. Contact had taken much of the bitterness out of her heart, which is stronger with the woman, who may only bear, than with the man, who can strike back, and, therefore, forgive the more readily when the conflict is over. She promised herself that she would try to take up her heavy burden without ill-will.

"Dawn was not too early for you formerly. I hope it is not now," said the Vagabond, when they were in the saddle again.

"It is not," she replied, casually.

Silence was again welcome; and while he was engrossed in his illusions, she was engrossed in thought.

Through the outskirts and then through the streets of stricken Richmond they passed without further ex-