

## THE VAGABOND

"Ah, I am the victor, after all. My battle is won. I know that the girl whom I met when I was on recruiting duty in Alabama is waiting for me. And you—I fear you will be the defeated one. Volilla cannot forgive the past, unless she is even deeper than I thought."

When the Vagabond returned to his company he brought the news that he had a month's leave.

"You can't reach Richmond to-night, but you can find accommodations on the way," he said to Volilla. "You can be in Richmond early to-morrow morning, and I've arranged for yourself, and also to put Folly on the train, so you'll be in Lanleyton before to-morrow night. Are you ready? Shall we go now?"

He sounded that "we" fearfully. It stood for his decision, which meant that he had succumbed to the temptation of being with her. She looked at him as if her eyes, if not her lips, were already framing a "No." Expecting to find Yankee soldiers gloating over her fallen countrymen, she had found a fellowship on equal terms. To this and to the diplomacy of the renowned Timothy Booker he owed her consent.

"It little matters how I get there, so that I get there as soon as possible;" for once on her own land, she felt that she would no longer be in the enemy's camp.

As they rode away, the men rose out of respect. One started to call for a cheer for their leader, but desisted, fearing that it would be indelicate, considering that she was a Confederate. Scarcely a word passed between the two for the rest of that afternoon. He feared, as before, to have any mocking reply break the spell of the enchantment of her presence. To him