

CEASE FIRING

pondering his forming company. Edward saluted, begged for information.

"—th Virginia? Ordered off at dawn to Grenada. Something's up over that way. Grant making a flourish from Oxford, I reckon. Or maybe it's Van Dorn. Do you belong to the —th Virginia?"

The major came up. "Are you looking for the —th Virginia? Yes? Then may I ask if you are Edward Cary? Yes? Then I promised Captain Carrington to look out for you. He was worried — he said that you must have been hurt worse than he thought —"

"I was not badly hurt, but a levee broke and flooded that region, and I could not get by."

"I am glad to see you. It's not only Carrington — I've heard a deal about you from a brother of mine, in your class at the University, Oliver Hébert."

"Oh, are you Robert?"

"Yes. Oliver's in Tennessee with Cleburne. I hope you'll dine with me to-day? Good! Now to your affair. The regiment's going on to-morrow to Grenada with the President and General Johnston. You'd best march with us. We're waiting now for the President — detachment's to act as escort. He'll be out presently. He slept here last night."

The company, whose first line had opened to include Edward, moved nearer the pillared house. Orderlies held horses before the door, aides came and went. Down the street sounded music and cheering. An officer rode before the waiting escort.

"Attention!"

"That's Old Joe they're cheering," said the private next Edward. "Glad Seven Pines could n't kill him! They say he's got a record for wounds — Seminole War — Mexican War — little scrimmage we're engaged in now! — always in front, however. I was at Seven Pines. Were you?"

"Yes."

"Awful fight! — only we've had so many awful fights since — There he is! — *General Johnston! General Johnston! General Johnston!*"

Johnston appeared, spare, of medium height, with grizzled hair, mustache and imperial, riding a beautiful chestnut mare. But recently recovered from the desperate wound of Seven Pines, recently