

"No, indeed," said the other, "no such rubbish for me.

"Halt, there," cried the shop-man, "Attention ! Right march, and out of my shop."

The other stopped, and looked at him, though paying no attention to his command.

"Hey " he said, "you've been a soldier, then ?

"A soldier to be sure, and I don't allow any man to come here, talking with disrespect of holy things.

"What you allow don't make no difference to me, even if I am lame " growled the other, "and if I've got only one eye, I guess I see more out of it than you do with two, for I'm makin' a big mistake, if you ain't Matt Ryan, of the old, fighting Sixty-Ninth.

"I am that," responded Matt but not so heartily as he would have done, if the other man had not used that disrespectful expression regarding the contents of the shop.

"Well, I'm Timothy Foley.

"Timothy Foley." echoed Matt forgetting his displeasure in the joy of meeting once more a comrade of the forced marches, the hot skirmishing and the big battles, when the Army of the Potomac was lined up against the Army of Virginia. "Give me your hand, Timothy, and come right in here to my parlor and have a cup of tea."

It is possible that Timothy might have preferred some more stimulating refreshment, but he responded with something of heartiness to the invitation, and the two were presently seated opposite each other, in two arm-chairs. Then to hear them one would have thought that the years had rolled away, and that the battles of the campaign were being fought over again, one by one. A species of roll was called, likewise, of those who under the Green and Gold had fought the battles of the Union. Some of them were buried in Calvary, in Flatbush, or in other cemeteries, the length and breadth of the land, with only the tiny flag or handful of flowers on Decoration day, to mark the spot where slumbered heroes who had given their life for the cause. Some "dead on the field of honor" had found a resting place far off on Southern