

eagerly watching for her son, but she was doomed to disappointment. She was standing back some distance, near a carriage containing Mrs. Harrington and her daughter, and as soon as Ned Gray could tear himself away from his friends, he went up to Mrs. Norwood, and after shaking hands with her and kissing little Mamie, delivered Tom's letter. Mrs. Norwood eagerly opened and read it, then folded it carefully and put it in her pocket. It was impossible to control her tears, and she wiped them from her eyes. She sobbed out, more to herself than to anyone else—

"My poor boy! I understand it all."

As she let the words escape, she cast her eyes in the direction of the Harrington carriage. Amy had noticed Ned deliver the letter to Mrs. Norwood, and had also noticed her eyes fill with tears, so when Mrs. Norwood looked toward the carriage, she beckoned her to approach.

"What was Ned Gray telling you just now, Mrs. Norwood?" asked Amy.

"He brought me a letter from Thomas, informing me that he would not come home with the company."

"Has he enlisted again?" asked Amy, forcing the words from her lips, the color leaving her lips as she spoke.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Norwood, "he says that he shall not return until the war is over."

Amy at once leaned back in the carriage, and lost all interest in what was going on around her. The widow saw the change in her face, but said nothing. Ned Gray also saw this little by-play, and said to himself—

"Whatever the trouble is between that girl and Tom Norwood, I'll go my pile it ain't her fault. Girls don't lose all the color out of their faces for a fellow they don't care anything for. Jehu!" continued Ned, "but didn't her face get white when the widder spoke to her! I guess she told her that Tom had 'listed again for during the war. No wonder he is dead gone on her."

"Hello, Ned! How are you? Got back alive, did you? How many rebs did you kill?"

"Well, Jack Sniffleton. Why in thunder didn't you clip that apron string and go to war, and be somebody, then you wouldn't be asking me how many rebs I killed?"

As Ned delivered these caustic remarks, he shook Jack by the hand, and said—

"How are you, Jack, and how are all the girls? You ain't married yet, are you? Of course you ain't, for your mother wouldn't let you."

Poor Jack! It was not his fault that he did not "go to war and be somebody," as Ned had said. He wanted to go badly enough, but, to use Ned's expression, he was "tied to a fond mother's apron string,"

and she would not allow the silken cord to be cut, so Jack did not enlist with the rest of the neighborhood boys.

"Are you going back into the army, Ned?"

"Why, of course I am. I have already enlisted for the war, or 'sooner shot.' Nearly all the boys are going back. Tom Norwood enlisted in Columbus as soon as he was discharged from our company."

"Where is Tom? I have not seen him," said Jack.

"Nor you won't see him, either, for he didn't come home," said Ned.

Their conversation was cut short by the captain calling for the men to "fall in." The soldiers were marched to the court house, escorted by a large procession of citizens, where they were feasted, as Ned told Tom they would be, in a grand style. Speeches of welcome were delivered, a chorus of young ladies, dressed in red, white and blue, sang patriotic songs, and everybody was happy. Here let us leave them to enjoy their feast, and the society of their friends and families, ere they return to the field of battle.

I will not ask the reader to follow Tom Norwood through the many and varied vicissitudes of a soldier's life, neither will we accompany him on his numerous long and fatiguing marches, nor disturb him while standing his lonely night watch. It was while doing duty as a silent picket, that his thoughts would carry him back to his native village, calling to his mind the many happy days he had passed with Amy, and the air castles they had pictured to themselves, only to be wrecked by the winds of disappointment.

As time went on, however, Tom began to hope—did I say hope? He scarcely dared call it by the name of hope—that some day, he knew not how, or when, he should call Amy his wife. This little ray, faint though it was, seemed to buoy him up in his many arduous duties, while serving his country as a soldier.

The regiment to which he belonged was ordered into Kentucky, to a place called "Camp Dick Robinson," eighty miles south of Lexington. Here was established a camp, or rendezvous, for the many East Tennessee refugees, who were forced to leave their homes on account of their loyalty to the stars and stripes. The regiment remained at Camp Dick Robinson until the winter of 1861-2, then broke, taking up its line of march toward Mill Springs, on the Cumberland river. Here they were placed under the command of that grand old soldier, General Thomas, who led them to victory at Mill Springs, where the rebel general, Zolacoffer, was killed.

During all those weary months, Tom had heard nothing from Amy, except as his mother would write and say that Amy had been over to see her, and had