

the day. They made their way toward the field of battle, there to plunder the dead and dying of both armies. They had not proceeded far when Fagan, who was in the advance, suddenly halted and motioned Joe to do likewise.

"What-a matta?" asked Joe.

Fagan made no answer, but lay down upon the ground and tried to pierce the darkness. He remained in that position for some time, then rose to his feet, saying: "I vas sure I hears somepodies valking in de prush." Turning to Joe, he said: "Joe, you no hears somedings?"

"No," replied that worthy, "I not-a hear anything-a, Mr. Fagan."

"I vas been mistaken den," said Fagan, as he once more moved off in the darkness, followed by Joe.

They had proceeded in this way some time, Fagan occasionally casting his eyes over his shoulder, to see that Joe was following. Suddenly there was uttered, immediately above their heads, a loud scream, and at the same time some object passed over them, coming so close to Joe's head that his hat was knocked off. With yells of terror, the vultures threw themselves upon the ground. Joe's wailings were pitiful, as he cried in his native tongue to be saved, while Fagan, in half English and half German, cried out:

"Mein Got, Mein Got! Dos is ein teifel, und he vill mich nemen."

Just then there came a sound, close by, like the snapping of teeth, causing a fresh outcry from Fagan, who still lay upon the ground almost paralyzed with fear.

"Got in himmel," said he, "nem das teifel away, it vill mit dem nicht gehen. Ach, lieber Got, lieber Got; if du nem das teifel away, I shtop dis peeness right away."

Joe continued to howl in agonizing tones, and was saying: "I no rob-a any more soljars. Mr. Fagan, he make-a poor Joe bad. Oh, Mr. Good Devil-a, you let-a poor Joe go this time and he run away from Mr. Fagan."

At last, from sheer exhaustion, they ceased their howlings, but still remained on the ground. Presently there came, from a neighboring tree, a sound which was not to be mistaken, even by those wretches.

"Hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo, ah," repeated his owlship, as he snapped his bill and rolled his large, gray eyes from side to side.

"By tam!" said the now crest-fallen Fagan, as he crawled to his feet. Joe was not so sure of his safety, and remained on the ground.

"By tam!" again ejaculated Fagan, looking around for Joe, and seeing him still lying upon the ground, said: "Joe, vat for you lay on de ground like dot, eh?"

"Oh, Mr. Fagan, de devil-a come for Joe."

"You pees von d——d fool. Can you not tell von owl from te teifel, eh? Better you vas get up mit yourself, und make no more foolishment."

Joe rose and looked around as though he expected his satanic majesty to pounce down and carry him off; but as he did not appear, he became more assured, and said to Fagan—

"Was you no afraid, Mr. Fagan?"

"Vat for you dinks I pees 'fraid mit von owl? Old Fagan vas not dot kind vat gets shkart mit such little tings."

"What-a for you holla like you 'fraid when one owl come?"

Fagan made no reply to Joe, and had started forward, when the owl, which had been a silent listener, now screeched out, "Hoo, hoo, ah," and flew down from the tree, flapping his wings and snapping his beak, causing the two vultures to again throw themselves upon the ground. Fagan at once regained his feet, and for no better reason than to work off his own fears, fell to kicking poor Joe, who, believing that the "devil-a" had him this time sure, yelled with all his might—

"Stop-a, stop-a, Mr. Good Devil-a; take Mr. Fagan; he very bad man-a; kill-a soljar and rob-a the dead; Joe no want-a to go."

Giving Joe a kick, Fagan yelled at him: "You dinks old Fagan von bad man, eh? Und you vants de teifel to take him? Vell, Fagan gives you de teifel," and he resumed kicking the poor Italian until his strength was exhausted.

As soon as Joe could extricate himself from the feet of his assailant, he arose and looked about in surprise at not seeing the prince of the lower regions standing over him, and said to Fagan—

"Where he go to?"

Telling Joe to pick up his sack and come along, Fagan once more started for his field of robbery. It was getting late now, so they quickened their pace, and were soon on that part of the field where the heaviest fighting had been done. They immediately commenced operations by rifling the pockets of the dead and removing from their bodies anything of value. They had been plying their hellish work for some time, when the quick ear of Fagan caught the sound of approaching footsteps.

"Hist!" said he, as he crouched lown, pulling Joe with him.

The action of Fagan was not too soon, for a party of rebel soldiers passed within a few feet of where they lay. When the receding footsteps had died away, they arose and resumed their work. Joe was now staggering under the weight of plunder, and timidly said to Fagan—