

head, as though the pain he suffered was there. With his lantern Joe examined the officer's head, and found a deep gun-shot wound on the left side, above the ear, the ball having penetrated the skull, and possibly the brain. Taking his canteen, he poured some water between the wounded man's lips, which, with considerable effort, was swallowed. This was repeated until the man seemed satisfied. Taking off his coat, Joe folded it up and gently placed it under the soldier's head, then bringing Fagan's overcoat, spread it over the body. When he had made him as comfortable as he could, he seated himself on a log close by and resolved to remain by him until morning, then notify his friends and have him cared for. Soon after he had taken his silent watch, he saw a light some distance from him, which appeared to be carried by some one walking through woods. He watched the light for some time, as it glimmered among the trees, debating whether to call for help or wait until morning. He finally decided upon the former, and gave a loud hallo. Receiving no reply, he repeated his cry.

At length there came an answer, asking, "Where are you?"

"Here, come dis way," said the watcher.

Not wishing to be seen, he secreted himself in a patch of thick underbrush close by, where he could see but remain unobserved himself. Nearer and nearer came the light, and when within a few rods of where the wounded man lay, it stopped, and one of the party said—

"By George, Tom, we can't be very far from the spot where the cry came from."

"No, it was in this direction. Suppose you hallo again, Jack."

Jack did as suggested, but nothing save the echo of his own voice came back to them.

"Well," said Tom, "that is queer."

"Yes, it is; I'm sure the calling was not a dozen yards from here. Let us look around, Tom; we may find the party."

They had made a circuit of several yards, and were standing near the place started from, discussing between themselves whether to continue their search or go their way, when there came from the wounded soldier, who lay but a few yards away, a loud groan, causing them to start back.

"What was that, Jack?"

"I don't know, unless it was a wounded man. Let me have the light, and I will look on the other side of that log."

Taking the lantern from his companion, Jack stepped over the log, holding the light close to the ground as he went. He had taken but a few steps, when he came to the wounded man, lying as the Italian had left him.

"Just as I expected," said he. "Here is a wounded soldier, and just about ready to peg out."

"Is he one of our men or a Yank?" asked Tom, as he came over to where his companion was. Before Jack could reply, Tom continued: "A Yankee officer, by thunder!"

"Yes," replied Jack, "a Yankee captain." Stooping over the officer, he asked: "Are you much hurt?" But the only answer the unfortunate soldier could give was a groan.

"Poor fellow!" said the sympathetic Tom. "He seems to be in great pain."

On examination, they found the man could not speak or move, except the arms, which were occasionally tossed about in a delirious way. The two rebel soldiers were now in a quandary to know who it was that did the calling.

"One thing sure," said Tom, "that 'ar man never done the hollerin'."

"No," said his companion, "that is quite evident; but the question is, who did do it? There has been some one with this man, and not knowing whether we were friends or foes, has left on our approach."

"Yes," said Tom, "look at the coat under his head, and the one over him; he did not put them there himself. Suppose you call again."

"I think it's of no use, but here goes," and he gave a yell loud enough to almost awaken the dead around them.

No answer coming, Tom picked up the lantern and started out to see what he could discover, walking in the direction of Fagan's body, but passing a few yards to the right of it. He had given up the search and was returning to his companion, muttering something about the strangeness of the affair, when he stumbled over the body of Fagan. Picking himself up, he turned the rays of his lantern on the corpse, and discovered the warm blood still oozing from the gash in the breast.

He called to his companion, saying, as he came up: "Here is an old coon, just passed in his checks."

"What is he?"

"I'll be cussed if I know," replied Tom.

"He's neither reb nor Yank, but one of them infernal body robbers, that follow up both armies for what they can steal," said Jack, when he had taken a good view of the body.

"I wonder who gave the old thief that cut in the breast; that's botherin' me," said Tom, as he gave the body a kick, as if that would help solve the query.

"This is becoming rather mystifying," said the other, as he rolled the body over to see what the other side looked like.

"I'll tell you what I think about it," said Tom. "There's been a fight here, and this old thief has got