

the worst of it. See how the leaves and ground are raked up."

"Yes, I've been looking at that, and think you have hit it right; but where is the other party, and why did they fight?"

"It's my opinion," said Tom, "this old devil had a partner, and they have had a quarrel about the division of plunder, and t'other feller got away with this one."

Both then returned to the wounded man, where they found the plunder bag the vultures had dropped, which confirmed their opinion.

"There is no doubt," said Jack, "but that the old rascal down there was one of those human vultures, who rob dead and wounded soldiers, and he has been killed by his companion."

"Oh, wouldn't I like to get hold of t'other one for a few minutes!" said Tom, as he clenched his fists.

"What is that under your foot, Tom?"

Stepping back, Tom picked up the finger Fagan had thrown upon the ground, saying, as he did so: "By thunder, if it ain't a man's finger!"

"And here is where it came from," said his companion, lifting up the hand from which the finger had been cut.

"Well," said Tom, "this beats me. Them devils would cut a man's throat for five cents, I do believe."

"Yes, and not hesitate very long about it either. My impression is," continued he, "they thought this poor fellow dead, and to easily obtain a ring, cut off the finger; and, no doubt, in losing a finger, the man has gained his life."

"Providing," said Tom, "we can save it."

"We must do the best we can," replied his companion.

"I'm going to put this in alcohol," said Tom, as he put the finger in his pocket, "and if the Yank gets well I'll give it to him."

"And if he dies, what will you do with it?"

"If he pegs out, I'll give it to my gal as a souvenir—as them Frenchmen say—of the battle-field."

Lifting the officer as gently as they could, the two rebels carried him to their camp. When the receding footsteps of the two men had died away in the distance, Joe crawled from his place of concealment and went to where the body of his late task master lay.

"Now, Mr. Fagan," said he, as he delivered a savage kick upon the body, "I give-a you what-a you give-a Joe; you kick-a Joe, now he kick-a you," and suiting his actions to the words, he kicked the old rascal until he had completely exhausted his strength. Then seating himself upon a log, he said—

"Joe rob-a dead soljars no more."

He remained in this position until the light, breaking through the tree-tops from the east, warned him that day was approaching and it was time for him to be moving on, as it would not do to let the soldiers find him there. With difficulty, he rose to his feet and staggered in the direction of their late rendezvous. Here we will leave him, hoping that he kept his word not to "rob-a dead soljars any more."

That Old Fagan deserved the death he met, and that Joe did a good deed in sending his soul to meet its God, no one will deny, and when we think of the treatment his slayer had received at the hands of that hardened old criminal, who can deny that he did right in avenging himself upon the old vulture, thus ridding himself of a brutal master, and the world of a curse.

It is almost a year since we left Colonel Harrington busily engaged in renovating and, as he said, modernizing, his house, and we must turn back to the events which followed that act of rejuvenation.

The carpenters had driven the last nail, the painters had given the finishing touches, the carpets were brought home and laid, and in fact, everything was in readiness to receive the distinguished guest. The old family carriage, which had been in disuse for years, was despoiled of its cobwebs and sent to the shop, where it received extensive repairs, including a fresh coat of paint. A monogram, in gold, was added to the panels of the doors, giving the equipage a decidedly aristocratic appearance; and when John drove into the yard, he called the colonel to inspect the almost new carriage.

"Looks very well, John; looks very well," said he, walking around and examining it in all its parts.

"Yes, sir, it is almost as good as new; but this old harness don't correspond with the carriage."

"That is so, John, I am glad you called my attention to it. I will order a new set at Jones' this afternoon, and you can take the horses down and have the harness fitted."

It wanted but a few days now until Frank Von Brean would arrive, and the colonel was on the *qui vive* of expectancy. Everything was pronounced finished on Friday, and the following Wednesday the visitor was to arrive. In the meantime the colonel had gone over the house at least a dozen times, to see that nothing had been overlooked or left unfinished. Mrs. Harrington, also, felt anxious about the comfort of their expected visitor, who she knew had been brought up in the lap of luxury. The room allotted to Frank's use had been refurnished throughout, and nothing was left undone which would add to its attractiveness. Now that the time for this visit was so near, Amy became nervous and restless. She showed