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young people's society 6:15 p. m. Prayer
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METHODIST EPISCOPAL—Services every
Sabbath 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday
school 9:30 a. m. Prayer meeting 7:00 p. m.
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school 9:30 a. m. Prayer meeting 7:00 p. m.
Thursdays. E. E. THOMPSON, Pastor.
CHRISTIAN—Preaching at 11 a. m. and at
7:30 p. m. on the first and third Sundays
on the second and fourth Sundays at 7:30
until further notice. At Corvallis, on the
second and fourth Sundays at 11 a. m. and
Saturday evening before at 7:30. At No. 8,
at 3 p. m. on second and fourth Sundays.
JAMES CAMPBELL, V. D. M., Pastor.
ST. JAMES EPISCOPAL CHURCH—Lay-Ser-
vices every Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m.
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tween G and H. Sunday school 2:30 p. m. Ves-
pers 7:30. Services once a month.
T. BROWN, Pastor.

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KNOWLES CHAPTER No. 12, O. E. S.—Meets
Masonic hall the first and third Monday evening
in each month. Visiting members cordially in-
vited. J. H. KNOWLES, Sec'y.
MRS. C. W. TALLAGE, W. M.
A. O. U. W.—Charity Lodge No. 7 meets first and
third Fridays of each month. W. M. Lodge
room in Union block. H. C. BURNER, M. W.
J. D. BAKER, Recorder.
YAMHILL LODGE, No. 10, D. of H. meets in Union
hall second and fourth Friday evenings of each
month.
CENTERS FOR No. 8—Meets the second and fourth
Saturdays of each month in Union hall at 7:30
p. m. on second Saturday and at 10:30 a. m. on
4th Saturday. All members of the order are
cordially invited to attend our meetings.
W. F. CLINE, Sec'y.
W. C. T. U.—Meets on every Fri-
day at 3 p. m. in reading room, Union
block. CLARA G. LEBON, Pres.
JENNIE GALLISTINE, Sec'y.

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YANKEE

IN GRAY

BY CHARLES B. LEWIS "M. QUAD"

by George, but you don't tell me
you are a rebel!" exclaimed the aston-
ished and bewildered cavalryman.
"I am not," replied Kenton. "I'm a Virgin-
ian and in the Confederate army, and
whether we are rebels or patriots is a
question I haven't settled. Keep to the
left."

"And you may be the very rebel scout
we were hoping to capture!"
"You are pretty near right about that.
Keep right on—I'm coming! Now
halt and keep your hands still up!"
"What are you going to do with me?"
asked the man as he was disarmed and
permitted to face about.
"How far is it to the nearest Confed-
erate outpost?"
"About two miles down this road."
"How many videttes between us and
the post?"
"Three or four. You are not going
to kill me out here in cold blood?"
"You may rest easy on that score,"
replied Kenton. "A year hence war
will mean devastation, destruction,
murder and assassination, but men's
hearts are not brutalized yet. I must
reach the Confederate outpost, but I
can't do it by the road."

"I don't think you could fool all the
others as you did me," said the cavalry-
man, with a sickly smile.
"The question is not to do with you?
If I set you at liberty, you'll raise an
alarm."
"Guess I would—in fact, I know I
would."
"And I have nothing to tie you up
with that I can get safely away."
"That's so. You remind me of the
chap who caught the bear and didn't
let go."

"I must take you along with me to
the Confederate outpost. We shall cut
across the fields and woods to reach it.
You go ahead, and I will follow. It is
no fool's job."
"I'm no fool!" blurted out the cavalry-
man. "When I'm down and the other
feller has got his thumbs in my
eye and my nose in his jaws, I know
enough to cave. You won't have to
shoot me, and I want to ask a favor of
you."
"Well?"
"Don't walk me in a prisoner."
"I see about that. Let's go on."
They struck through the woods, crossed
an old field, skirted a meadow and
entered another piece of woods. As they
were traversing this they came upon a
negro cutting firewood, and he informed
them that the Confederate outpost was
only 20 rods below them on the high-
way.

"At this stage of the game one pris-
oner more or less is of no earthly con-
sequence," said Kenton as he looked at
the cavalryman. "I'm going to let you
return."
"And I've concluded to be taken pris-
oner and sent to Richmond," replied the
man.
"For what reason?"
"Plain as a waspkin on a gatepost.
If I go back without my arms, what
can I say? I'd just have to admit that
a Johnny rebel came along and played
me for a sucker and got the best of me.
That would mean dishonor and disgrace
forever. If I don't go back until ex-
changed as a prisoner, I'll be all right.
I'll sort 'out give out, you know."

"I am sorry that I was obliged to de-
ceive you to save myself," said Kenton
after a moment of thought, "and I
have no need to disgrace you. Here are
your weapons, and you are free to re-
turn to your post. The war has not fair-
ly begun yet. We will be hate and
bitterness and rancor after awhile, and
there will be few opportunities to extend
courtesies."
"Say, Johnny, that's a square deal!"
joyfully exclaimed the Federal as he
received his weapons. "And I want to
shake hands with you! Put it there!
Can't tell but what we may meet again
before this war is over, and if we do I
hope it'll come my way to do the fair
thing. So long to you!"
Kenton watched him out of sight and
then walked down to the highway to
find himself at the post of a vidette. He
was directed back to the reserve, his
pass examined, and he was then within
the Confederate lines and ready to push
on to Manassas and Jackson's head-
quarters. When his information had
been laid before the stern faced man,
whose title of "professor" had been
changed to that of "general" within a
few brief moments, he quietly said:
"You have done excellently. My
command is ordered into the valley. I
shall have further need of your services
in this line, but you may return to your
company at present."

CHAPTER X.
No part of the south witnessed so
much of the wreck and misery of war
as the Shenandoah valley. Its high-
ways, fields and forests, its houses, barns
and sheds, its every breeze by day and
night for three long years, echoed the
fierce shouts of contestants and the
groans of wounded men. Nature made
it a garden. War converted it into a
vast graveyard.
The Federals had begun their march
up the valley from Harper's Ferry. Jackson
was ordered over to bar the way.
Historians may write with pre-
judice and politicians speak in bit-
terness. Let us be fair and conscientious,
even if we cannot be neutral. Jackson's
first battle was won on the broad fields
of Kernstown. All historians who have
written for the future have pronounced
him a wonderful man in the science of
war. Before his command was in the
valley Royal Kenton and others
were far ahead, scouting for informa-
tion. Their reports decided Jackson on
moving swiftly up and attacking the
Federal army as it reached Kernstown.
He was beaten back and fairly routed,
but that was to be the first and only
time.

As Jackson's own brigade swept for-
ward into the fight Kenton was in the
ranks of the Shenandoah guards. On
his right was Steve Brayton, on his left
Ike Baxter. He had known but little
of his company since detailed for scout
duty. He divined that Captain Wyle's
bitterness had intensified, and that the
prejudice against him among his com-
rades had rather increased with his ab-
sence. He had been detailed from his
company, and his return to it as Jack-
son ordered an advance and everybody
knew that a battle would be raging
within a couple of hours proved his
metal in the eyes of all. And yet not
over a dozen men in the company had
a nod or a word for him. Ike Baxter,
under the tutelage of his master, was car-
rying out a plan to drive him out in dis-
grace.

ment he forgot his prisoner, and when
he had recovered from his excitement
over the recovery he no longer had a
prisoner. Kenton had walked off into
the darkness and made good his escape.
And now as the night drew on apace
and the cold rain steadily beat down
upon the battle field parties of men went
forth in search of the wounded. They
cared not for the dead. At the front
there is but little sentiment or sym-
pathy for the wounded. They are cared for
because many of them will recover to
fight in some other battle. They were
found in the open fields, in the furrows
half full of water, in the deeper ditches
skirting the forest, among the trees and
bushes dripping with the rainfall.
Some cried out in the darkness with the
broken voices of lost children; others
prayed or cursed or wept. And here
and there, with their faces buried in the
grass or dirt, with their faces upturned to
the sky of night and eyes half open,
were dead men, a thousand or more.
The morning would do for them. The
dead of a battlefield ask nothing. The
living give them a covering of a few
inches of blood soaked soil, and give
that grudgingly.

CHAPTER XI.
As before stated, Ike Baxter belonged
to the class known at that time and
still referred to as "poor whites." Through
the efforts of his life he had man-
aged to hold onto a small piece of land
outside of Winchester, left him by his
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said about Kenton, he was prompt in
replying:
"Damn the Yankee! But we uns has
got our eyes open now, and we can't
play no more 'no tricks'!"
"You're a poor white man," he would
say, "but you're a Yankee, and I like
a plucky man. Mo' nix, the 'no men'
we've the less chance of my bein hit
myself. Lastly, I've seen Captain Wyle
and Ike Baxter together and they both
talked about you, and I've heard that
both you and the captain was sweet on
the same gal, and I've sorter put 'em
and three together and made seven. I'm
going to be right alongside of you in this
fight, 'cause I like you 'er way' o' fightin',
but you 'er jist mind what I tell you! The
bullet which hits you 'er today is liable
to come from our side!"
Jackson's command, numbering not
quite 6,000 men, made a rapid march
of 40 miles down the valley to strike a
blow at General Shields' command of
8,000. They were waiting for the Con-
federates. Jackson attacked at once.
Even while the fear of his marching
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As daylight began to give way to twilight
the guards were ordered to charge a
battery which was making a portion of
the Confederate line untenable. They
dashed forward to be met by a volley
which killed or wounded a dozen men,
and a swift move on the part of a Fed-
eral regiment resulted in the capture of
one-half of the others. An hour later
Jackson was retreating. He had been
defeated.

Ike Baxter was among the wounded.
With others he was taken to the field
hospital to be cared for. When the wound-
ed were marched to the rear and placed
under guard, Ike had been hit in the
shoulder. While his hurt was being
dressed he said to the surgeon:
"If a Yankee deserter to our side and
fights again 'er you, what happens to be
un if you capt' him?"
"He'd be shot!" was the blunt reply.
"But s'posin he un also played spy
for our side?"
"He'd be hung instead of shot! Do
you know of such a case?"
"Reckon I do, and I feel it my duty
to tell you 'bout him. Jist tell you
republican to inquire among the prisoners
for a man named Kenton—Royal Ken-
ton. He un a Yankee deserter and a
spy for General Jackson!"
"But why do you tell of it?" queried
the surgeon.
"Cause it ain't a fair deal."
Half an hour later Kenton was taken
before General Shields under the charge
made by Baxter. The latter had over-
reached himself. Had only the two
been captured it would have been a differ-
ent matter, but there were 20 of the
guards who gave testimony in favor of
Kenton, though it came from most of
them grudgingly. A search of his per-
son brought to light a pass from Gen-
eral Jackson in which he was mentioned
as a scout.
"While you are cleared of the charge,"
said the general after a long examina-
tion, "how does it come about that you,
a northern man, are found in the Con-
federate ranks?"
"I enlisted in the cause of Virginia,
my adopted state," was the reply.
"But the cause of Virginia was and is
unjust. She is guilty of treason. Every
one of you under arms is a traitor to
the government. The principle is so
plain that no one need doubt."
"But there are doubts, sir. A large
portion of the northern people are
doubtful, and some of the most influ-
ential of the northern papers contend for
the right of secession."
The general could not gainsay that.
The government was rushing troops
into the field, and battles were being
fought, but the principle was still being
discussed, and men eminent as jurists,
statesmen and generalists were still di-
vided. Kenton was dismissed to be re-
turned to his fellow prisoners. Only one
guard accompanied him.
Half way between headquarters and the
spot where the prisoners were being
held under guard they encountered two
men bringing in a wounded man on a
stretcher. The victim proved to be
the guard's brother. For a mo-

"The pesky varmint!" she gasped,
with uplifted hands. "He un's all to
blame to me!"
"Talked about me to General Jack-
son? What could he un say?"
"Dunno, but I reckon he un went on
'bout you 'er gwine 'erfut to church and
dippin snuff and gaddin 'bout and com-
plainin. He un rubbed it in on both of
us powerful hard, most likely. Befo'
that General Jackson was as good as
pie to me, but afterward he un wouldn't
don notice me 'at all!"
"I'll go to the Yankee who don
keep you 'er all back?" she asked af-
ter taking a couple of minutes for reflec-
tion.
"Jest he un alone," answered Ike as
he finished his snack.
"All right," she said, "I'll go spunk
nif to drive he un out! Ike Baxter, 'er
un alius did don folk walk you 'er
the mud, but I didn't reckon it was as
bad as this! Fur shame on you!"
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"Shoo, how you talk!"
"If I un a git to be a general,
it's he un's fault! If I get killed or
captured, it's the same. Duke Wyle
would make me sergeant tomorrow but
for that do blasted Yankee!"
"Then if you 'down pay him out I
will extend him 'er Baxter as she
rose up with a look of determination on
her face.
That's what Ike was waiting to hear.
He was now ready to develop the little
plan sketched out in Captain Wyle's
tent before leaving camp.
"I reckon you 'er kin do better 'er we
all if you 'want to try," he finally said.
"You know them stuck up Percys in
town, do co'?"
"He un's in 'er with the gal."
"I heard that yesterday."
"If we all could break it up, it would
flatten he un out. Jest think of a south-
ern gal lavin a reg 'lar Yankee, and
probably goin to marry him, when she
could be Duke Wyle!"
"Shoo, how you talk!"
"And if we all could flatten him out
I'd soon be a general and prance around
in a boss," continued Ike. "Duke Wyle
but he talked about you to General Jack-
son, and that's what hurts me mo' 'er
t'other!"
"How kin I flatten him out?" she
asked, ready to begin work at once.
Ike slowly lighted his pipe and sat
down on the doorstep and made room
for her beside him. He kept her wait-
ing for another minute and then un-
folded his plan. She listened patiently until
he was through and then pointed out
the obstacles here and there. He re-
viewed the case and explained how ev-
erything was to be overcome. Although
an ignorant woman, she had a good
deal of natural shrewdness in her com-
position, and after the plan had been
gone over in detail for the third or
fourth time she said:
"I'll try anyhow. I've alius had
hated Yankee like pizen, and that Per-
cy gal is jest too stuck up fur anythin!
Might be her a heap o' good to come
down a few pegs! If I flatten he un
out, that'll make you 'er a general!"
"And you'll ride around on a critter
and war 'er a cocked hat?"
"Yes."
"And buy me two new kaliker
dresses, a bonnet, a pair of shoes, a—
a—"
"You'll jist be richness and wealth
and look like a queen!" said Ike as she
hesitated.
"Then I'll do it if I live to walk
through fire, and I'll ride around
on a critter too!"

CHAPTER XII.
Panic does not always follow defeat.
Indeed it seldom does. A battle at
Shenandoah where all the spots were
marked with blood. The checkers are
men—men in reserve, men on the
battle lines, men charging on flanks or
center.
The generals in command wait the
board. If one makes a move on the
right or left, the other seeks to take
advantage of it. For the time being they
shut their ears to the roar of battle,
shut their eyes to the sight of dead
and wounded, and halt at the thresh-
old of victory at Shiloh. So with
McClellan at Antietam. At Fredericks-
burg Lee permitted Burnside to re-
treat after defeat. At Gettysburg Meade
did not let Lee's army retreat. He
threw himself against Shields at
Kernstown on the right, on the left, on
the center. He could not break the line
anywhere. He held his dead along a
front of a mile and a half, but the force
was in vain. It was military tactics to re-
treat—to fall back to a strong position
and oblige Shields to attack him or give
over his march up the valley. There is
sometimes more generosity in a retreat
than in an advance or in fighting a bat-
tle. The trains must be saved, the
broken and disorganized commands
picked up and re-formed, the best troops
sent to the rear to stand as a bulwark
against the advancing army and the en-
thusiasm left.

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before General Shields under the charge
made by Baxter. The latter had over-
reached himself. Had only the two
been captured it would have been a differ-
ent matter, but there were 20 of the
guards who gave testimony in favor of
Kenton, though it came from most of
them grudgingly. A search of his per-
son brought to light a pass from Gen-
eral Jackson in which he was mentioned
as a scout.
"While you are cleared of the charge,"
said the general after a long examina-
tion, "how does it come about that you,
a northern man, are found in the Con-
federate ranks?"
"I enlisted in the cause of Virginia,
my adopted state," was the reply.
"But the cause of Virginia was and is
unjust. She is guilty of treason. Every
one of you under arms is a traitor to
the government. The principle is so
plain that no one need doubt."
"But there are doubts, sir. A large
portion of the northern people are
doubtful, and some of the most influ-
ential of the northern papers contend for
the right of secession."
The general could not gainsay that.
The government was rushing troops
into the field, and battles were being
fought, but the principle was still being
discussed, and men eminent as jurists,
statesmen and generalists were still di-
vided. Kenton was dismissed to be re-
turned to his fellow prisoners. Only one
guard accompanied him.
Half way between headquarters and the
spot where the prisoners were being
held under guard they encountered two
men bringing in a wounded man on a
stretcher. The victim proved to be
the guard's brother. For a mo-

"The pesky varmint!" she gasped,
with uplifted hands. "He un's all to
blame to me!"
"Talked about me to General Jack-
son? What could he un say?"
"Dunno, but I reckon he un went on
'bout you 'er gwine 'erfut to church and
dippin snuff and gaddin 'bout and com-
plainin. He un rubbed it in on both of
us powerful hard, most likely. Befo'
that General Jackson was as good as
pie to me, but afterward he un wouldn't
don notice me 'at all!"
"I'll go to the Yankee who don
keep you 'er all back?" she asked af-
ter taking a couple of minutes for reflec-
tion.
"Jest he un alone," answered Ike as
he finished his snack.
"All right," she said, "I'll go spunk
nif to drive he un out! Ike Baxter, 'er
un alius did don folk walk you 'er
the mud, but I didn't reckon it was as
bad as this! Fur shame on you!"
"I'll go to the Yankee who don
keep you 'er all back?" she asked af-
ter taking a couple of minutes for reflec-
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the mud, but I didn't reckon it was as
bad as this! Fur shame on you!"

"Shoo, how you talk!"
"If I un a git to be a general,
it's he un's fault! If I get killed or
captured, it's the same. Duke Wyle
would make me sergeant tomorrow but
for that do blasted Yankee!"
"Then if you 'down pay him out I
will extend him 'er Baxter as she
rose up with a look of determination on
her face.
That's what Ike was waiting to hear.
He was now ready to develop the little
plan sketched out in Captain Wyle's
tent before leaving camp.
"I reckon you 'er kin do better 'er we
all if you 'want to try," he finally said.
"You know them stuck up Percys in
town, do co'?"
"He un's in 'er with the gal."
"I heard that yesterday."
"If we all could break it up, it would
flatten he un out. Jest think of a south-
ern gal lavin a reg 'lar Yankee, and
probably goin to marry him, when she
could be Duke Wyle!"
"Shoo, how you talk!"
"And if we all could flatten him out
I'd soon be a general and prance around
in a boss," continued Ike. "Duke Wyle
but he talked about you to General Jack-
son, and that's what hurts me mo' 'er
t'other!"
"How kin I flatten him out?" she
asked, ready to begin work at once.
Ike slowly lighted his pipe and sat
down on the doorstep and made room
for her beside him. He kept her wait-
ing for another minute and then un-
folded his plan. She listened patiently until
he was through and then pointed out
the obstacles here and there. He re-
viewed the case and explained how ev-
erything was to be overcome. Although
an ignorant woman, she had a good
deal of natural shrewdness in her com-
position, and after the plan had been
gone over in detail for the third or
fourth time she said:
"I'll try anyhow. I've alius had
hated Yankee like pizen, and that Per-
cy gal is jest too stuck up fur anythin!
Might be her a heap o' good to come
down a few pegs! If I flatten he un
out, that'll make you 'er a general!"
"And you'll ride around on a critter
and war 'er a cocked hat?"
"Yes."
"And buy me two new kaliker
dresses, a bonnet, a pair of shoes, a—
a—"
"You'll jist be richness and wealth
and look like a queen!" said Ike as she
hesitated.
"Then I'll do it if I live to walk
through fire, and I'll ride around
on a critter too!"

CHAPTER XII.
Panic does not always follow defeat.
Indeed it seldom does. A battle at
Shenandoah where all the spots were
marked with blood. The checkers are
men—men in reserve, men on the
battle lines, men charging on flanks or
center.
The generals in command wait the
board. If one makes a move on the
right or left, the other seeks to take
advantage of it. For the time being they
shut their ears to the roar of battle,
shut their eyes to the sight of dead
and wounded, and halt at the thresh-
old of victory at Shiloh. So with
McClellan at Antietam. At Fredericks-
burg Lee permitted Burnside to re-
treat after defeat. At Gettysburg Meade
did not let Lee's army retreat. He
threw himself against Shields at
Kernstown on the right, on the left, on
the center. He could not break the line
anywhere. He held his dead along a
front of a mile and a half, but the force
was in vain. It was military tactics to re-
treat—to fall back to a strong position
and oblige Shields to attack him or give
over his march up the valley. There is
sometimes more generosity in a retreat
than in an advance or in fighting a bat-
tle. The trains must be saved, the
broken and disorganized commands
picked up and re-formed, the best troops
sent to the rear to stand as a bulwark
against the advancing army and the en-
thusiasm left.

As before stated, Ike Baxter belonged
to the class known at that time and
still referred to as "poor whites." Through
the efforts of his life he had man-
aged to hold onto a small piece of land
outside of Winchester, left him by his
father, but it is doubtful if his argu-
ments would have carried the day had
any one made a cash offer for the few
acres. When Ike always referred to
himself as broken down by hard work
about five days out of every week had
been spent tramping around the coun-
try with his gun or discussing "Yan-
kees" and "niggers" the village bar-
room. According to his old friend Ac-
cording to his own line of argument, he was
a martyr. Ill luck had always followed
him, even to the birth and death of
triplets.

As before stated, Ike Baxter had a constitu-
tional and ready made grievance. If she
had been allowed to have her way about
things, she always argued, they would
long ago have been rich and owned nig-
gers. "Yes, sah, rich, niggers and no
other," he would say. "I'm a poor
white man, and I've got to live with
them." Ike Baxter had also been granted a
furlough, and according to the stories
he told after reaching home the battle
of Bull Run would not have been a vic-
tory without him. When anything was
said about Kenton, he was prompt in
replying:
"Damn the Yankee! But we uns has
got our eyes open now, and we can't
play no more 'no tricks'!"
"You're a poor white man," he would
say, "but you're a Yankee, and I like
a plucky man. Mo' nix, the 'no men'
we've the less chance of my bein hit
myself. Lastly, I've seen Captain Wyle
and Ike Baxter together and they both
talked about you, and I've heard that
both you and the captain was sweet on
the same gal, and I've sorter put 'em
and three together and made seven. I'm
going to be right alongside of you in this
fight, 'cause I like you 'er way' o' fightin',
but you 'er jist mind what I tell you! The
bullet which hits you 'er today is liable
to come from our side!"
Jackson's command, numbering not
quite 6,000 men, made a rapid march
of 40 miles down the valley to strike a
blow at General Shields' command of
8,000. They were waiting for the Con-
federates. Jackson attacked at once.
Even while the fear of his marching
column was still two miles away, he
tacked. It was a fierce and bitter fight.
As daylight began to give way to twilight
the guards were ordered to charge a
battery which was making a portion of
the Confederate line untenable. They
dashed forward to be met by a volley
which killed or wounded a dozen men,
and a swift move on the part of a Fed-
eral regiment resulted in the capture of
one-half of the others. An hour later
Jackson was retreating. He had been
defeated.

Ike Baxter was among the wounded.
With others he was taken to the field
hospital to be cared for. When the wound-
ed were marched to the rear and placed
under guard, Ike had been hit in the
shoulder. While his hurt was being
dressed he said to the surgeon:
"If a Yankee deserter to our side and
fights again 'er you, what happens to be
un if you capt' him?"
"He'd be shot!" was the blunt reply.
"But s'posin he un also played spy
for our side?"
"He'd be hung instead of shot!