

them coolly picking their way in the fierce cross-fire put new life into them.

The colonel was quite a bit ahead as they rode up toward the old breastworks. He sat his horse like a drill-master, stiff-backed, his shoulders square, and his right hand dropped at his side. Ginley, behind him, spurred up a little. His manner was exactly like his superior officer's—cool, precise, military. The place was full of pelting lead. They drew near the shelter of the earthworks, watched by the Reserves on the hill as if the fate of the day depended on the safety of these two soldiers. The musket balls came at an angle off to the right of the works. A few paces more, and the two would be out of the reach of the bullets and could take their chance to branch out and go on.

Suddenly the brown earthworks were all alive with men. At least fifty Johnnies jumped up from behind them, climbed over the top in a cloud of dust and called on the colonel to surrender. They did not fire on him; they didn't need to, for they had him fairly caught. They captured him as easy as one would board a street-car in a big city. He just came along and they took him. But the orderly had more of a show. They didn't seem to have him covered. He whirled his horse around the instant the cloud of dust was kicked up by the enemy's break out of the earthworks, and before it had settled he had gone fifty yards to the rear.

The enemy directed their fire at the fleeing orderly. At the same time there was a big advance movement getting under way on the enemy's main battle-line. The soldiers at the earthworks, the colonel who was now a prisoner, and little Ginley were only tiny details in the big field of battle, after all. Ginley relied on this fact to get away, but they were looking after him, too. Something went wrong. He had to pull up, evidently because his horse had been hit. They kept pouring shots at him. His horse reared the next instant, struck at the sunlight, then toppled to the ground; and as he

fell the orderly half jumped, half pitched to one side, falling clear of the animal's legs. He got up, shaking his head and looking about him. The deserted battery was a few yards away at his left. He ran for it, dropped on his hands and knees as he came to a slope of ground that partially hid him, and so crawled up slowly and lay down on his stomach in the shelter of the guns. Not a shot, apparently, had touched him.

The enemy didn't pay any further attention to him for some minutes. Once in a while a sharpshooter would take a few deliberate shots at the figure, but most of these passed over his head. The shots picked up bits of dust way off back of him. The Johnnies were fussing over their prisoner, and waiting for the advance movement on their side to come up their way. Meanwhile, Ginley began crawling about as if trying to get himself into a safer berth.

Then came a big surprise. He jumped up, ran to a gun, and began to load it. He must have found some charges of canister lying near it, and he worked like lightning. The enemy, who now realized what he was doing, ran swarming out of the earthworks. They yelled at him, but didn't shoot. They fairly forgot to fire at him, they were so excited at the prospect of having that field-piece turned on them at short range. They yelled "Surrender!" in a hundred different shrill screams, and as he went on loading, ramming home one charge of canister on top of another, they called out to him "Surrender!" in a way that seemed to say, "In Heaven's name, you're not going to do that crazy thing; now drop that rammer, or we'll eat you up!" Ginley stepped back. He was ready. He pulled the lanyard, and the gun belched out his answer to their command!

A shout went up from the Reserves. After the thundering crash of the field-piece had passed, the cheer was answered by the boys off on the right who had seen the shot fired. The Confederates were running back to the works—what there