

THE AIDE-DE-CAMP

dragging me into the next room, and pushing me out of a door at the back.

“‘Go—hurry up—oh, go!’ she begged. ‘I won’t let them take you.’

“Well, I didn’t like to leave her suddenly like that, so I said, said I: ‘What’s the hurry? I want to tell you something.’

“‘No,’ she shot at me. ‘You can’t. Go—won’t you, please go?’ Then I picked up a little hand and held it against my coat. I knew by now just how she would catch her breath when I did it.”

At about this point the General forgot me. Such good comrades we were that my presence did not trouble him, but as for telling the story to me, that was past—he was living it over, to himself alone, with every nerve in action.

“‘Look here,’ said I, ‘I don’t believe a thing like this ever happened on the globe before, but this has. It’s so—I love you, and I believe you love me, and I’m not going till you tell me so.’

“By that time she was in a fit. ‘They’ll be here in two minutes; they’re Confederate officers. Oh, and you mustn’t cross at Kelly’s Ford—take the