Out of the low window could be seen three hickory trees placed irregularly in a medadow that was respelendent in spring-time green. Farther away, the old, dismal belfry of the village church loomed over the pines. A hjorse, medidating in the shade of one of the hickories, lazily swished his tail. The warm sunshine made an oblong of vivid yellow on the floor of the grocery.

“Could you see the whits of their eyes?” said the man, who was seated on a soap box.

“Nothing of the kind,” replied old Henry warmly. “Just a lot of flitting figures, and I let go at where they ‘peared to be the thickest. Bang!”

“Mr. fleming,” said the grocer—his deferential voice expressed somehow the old man’s exact social weight—“<r.Fleming, you never was frightened much in them battles, was you?”

The veteran looked down and grinned. Obersvig his manner, the entire group tittrered. “Well, I guessI was,” he answered finally. “Pretty well scared, sometimes. Why, in my first battle I thought the sky was flaling down. I thought the world was coming to an end. You bet I was scared.”

Every one laughed. Perhaps it seemed strange and rather wonderful to them that a man should admit the thing, and in the tone of their laughter there was probably more admiration than if old Fleming had declared that he had always been a lion. Moreover, they knew that he had ranked as an orderly sergeant,and