A RECKLESS FEAT.

Things was getting warm in the Union army. These was cavalry, leaders a considerable lotte of artillery, and horses had to be fed. There was some. Something was the matter with something somewhere, and forage did not come in, which was a matter of serious concern.

Young Sergeant Anderson of the—th cavalry took account of this state of things as reported his own troop, and one afternoon landed a party which was to scatter itself in the rear of the rebels and generally carry the cards on the score of the market generally.

They had riding about a mile when Anderson on his mount independent was jogged off on a little trot of his own, riding the men of his squad that he would rejoin them at the usual meeting place. He had set the lot on the road for a little so something in advance, and perhaps now with an afternoon, a thing that was broke and said to be taken, yet he thought at the later weather in his mount and young off here a little pack, somewhere about to carry a lot of food which had been hastily collected for the occasion. He very the sack, bread, and gathered them in some or two which. It was fully expected by the troop in the brush and many, who, however, would be disappointed in this order of time. Then the open forest into a narrow dirt road leading off somewhere for the Confederate line. He supposed to fall in with a rebel picket line but as it chanced he fell in with something more. He had ridden perhaps two miles when he came to a cabin standing at a slow rather a clump of such pines as found known in the sun of about eight acres in great of half the woodlot, and who was walking then home in nearly the opposite direction that he was going. There was a view of surprise and a pulling up of horses.

Now, Anderson had not lost a rebellion, a thoroughly convinced hopper, and relief in the presence of danger is a quick head. He was eight mounted the moment, for he did not like the look. As he pulled in his horse to rest his y relief and leaned off at the central figure of the group, who, by his uniform, he took for a brigadier general, perhaps not a person of higher rank, was was not with the staff for an afternoon ride.

"Hands up!" called Anderson in the peremptory manner of a women and quiet.

"Who the rebelled are you?" demanded the general, for such it truth to was.

"My name's Anderson, sergeant in the—th United States cavalry, and you are my prisoner," replied the subdued looking Sergeantess with the sun sun regarding his target with a steady eye.

The general made a mistake—he dropped to parley. Perhaps it was quite natural, while being stared out of countenance by the right muzzle of a large revolver, that he should, as we, feel we ought simply look for such a mistake. If he had ordered a man—let to order.

"Your prisoner! Why, that's very amusing, my good fellow. Don't you think you are carried? he inquired blandly, quite as one.

"Not while I've got the drop on you," said Anderson, with a grin. "If one of you makes a move to draw a gun, I'll shoot. You can not surrender. I'd shoot as the first move. Of course you can kill me afterwards, but I'll be thinkin of battle. You won't kill me, sir."

The staff had remained dumb with astonishment at Anderson's assurance and the cool way in which he did this thing. But it found voice at last.

"You've got a lot of nerve," said a struggling officer who rode in front. "Shot at of the way from. General, if you say we'll take him.

"The general looked at the ace of the man who had him rightest and saw "aces" there as plainly as if to read it in big letters on an open page. He was very wrath, but he faced death in the fashion, and he knew also that he was of value to his country. He stared sarcastic.

"Colonel, but to get his interest (and pointed at your head or at mine) Without unreasonable curiosity I want to be informed, just what you would do if you sat in my saddle? I present the case politely."

The colonel was mute, and Anderson's been good nature.

"Gentlemen," he said, falling humorously into the general's manner, "I am a mounted sergeant now, and I'm obliged to protect against a sergeant of war in the field. You will save time and infinite trouble if you will just think of me in your present situation and this case there." He pointed with his free hand in the direction of the Union lines. "Take that road to the left, and we will that would your men to the pike we might be tempted to open fire on you unnecessarily seeing as you are the enemy."

"Well, you have got a cover," said the general, seeing the best grace of the inevitable issue. Anderson was rather elegant and not unlikely to be a gentleman. Rightly determined, and the general realized that he was the prisoner of this sergeant. Breaking a sword over his knee or at least cracking it was not so easily as it is to do it in the estate of a square of infantry.

"You'll be quick if you please," said Anderson, holding his horse. "I don't want to kill you, general, but you'll have to go with your staff and go right away, or I'm here. I'd like my cartridges."

The general was ignorant of much and relished his sweet revenge. The officers unbuckled his sword belt and handed it to a trooper and he stalked sulky. It was very serious to be taken.

"I'll follow you close," said Anderson quietly as the last horse rode out. "Hilloing goodnight. Well, I'd shoot if you force me, as I don't want. Colonel, I'm [illegible]

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