She would deliver the rifles to farmers loyal to the Confederacy, or would turn them over to scouts of the Gray. The rifles she collected were apparently the personal possessions of Baton Rouge citizens or ones stolen from Yankee stores which eventually found their way into Mrs. Kirby's hands.

ONE NIGHT she got hold of two rifles and, putting them under her dress, started her long walk to the delivery point. But Mrs. Kirby was not a big woman. The heavy rifles, butts under her armpits like crutches, almost touched the ground.

Every few steps one of the muzzles would hit the pavement. At last two soldiers passing by heard the tap, tap, tap. They stopped her and quickly found the contraband.

"What were you going to do with these rifles?" one of the Yankees demanded. The jig was up, and Mrs. Kirby knew it. "What do you suppose I was going to do with them?" she answered defiantly. "I was taking them to the boys out yonder to shoot Yankees with!"

A military tribunal convicted her as a spy and sentenced her to spend the rest of the war in close confinement in the Federal prison on Ship Island in Mississippi sound. Early in July of 1863 she got news of the death of her son at Gettysburg.

Until that time Mrs. Kirby had endured her privations cheerfully and in good health. But now she began to waste away. She died about the time the war ended. Her husband survived her by only a few years.

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