

lifted his eyes from the sights and took another look at the venturesome rider.

“ ’Tis the young Johnny, or Oi’m a naygur !” he exclaimed. Then he drew a long breath. “ Oi was in wan of tetchin’ the traygur.”

But there were other marksmen farther up the line who were not nice in such matters. There was a rattling fire of musketry. Plato, Kilpatrick’s body servant, saw his young master reel in the saddle as the reins fell loose from the hand that held them — saw him reel again as the mare turned of her own accord and brought her rider whirling back to the point of departure — where he fell fainting in the arms of his own men.

Kilpatrick had taken many chances before and escaped unscathed ; but this time a bullet went tearing through his shoulder, entering obliquely, and going out at the collarbone under his chin. He was promptly carried to the rear by his men, followed by Plato, leading the black mare. A surgeon dressed the wound hastily, remarking that it was a pity the young man could n’t be carried where he might get the benefit of careful nursing.