

“I kin kyar 'im home, suh,” said Plato. “’T ain’t so mighty fur ter whar my young marster live at.”

“How far?” asked the surgeon.

“In de neighborhoods er forty mile, suh,” replied Plato.

The surgeon shook his head. “He can’t ride horseback. But he’ll die if he’s left here.”

“I wuz layin’ off fer ter borry a buggy some’rs,” remarked Plato.

The surgeon considered the matter. “Well, get it,” he said presently, “and be quick about it. I’ll pad him up for traveling the best I can. It’s one chance in ten thousand. But he’s young and strong, and the one chance is his.”

Plato sprang on the black mare, and in less than half an hour had returned with a two-seated buggy.

“That’s the very thing,” said the surgeon.

The rear seat was taken out, the cushions of both seats were placed on the bottom, and over these a hospital mattress and some blankets were spread. On these the wounded man was placed, and then the surgeon deftly packed a dozen layers of cotton batting