

under the shattered shoulder. Altogether Jack was made as comfortable as a badly wounded man could be under the circumstances.

“It is now ten o'clock,” said the surgeon, looking at his watch. “You ought to have him in his own bed by six this afternoon. Kill the horse on level ground, but bring it to life in the rough places. You know what I mean.”

“If he hurts that mare,” young Kilpatrick declared, with as much energy as he could command, “I'll see him about it when I get well.”

“I wish ter de Lord you could git up an' see me 'bout it now,” remarked Plato with unction. “Kaze dish yer filly is sho got ter pick up 'er foots an' put 'em down agin dis day ef she ain't never done it befo'.”

Whereupon he climbed back into the buggy, looked around at his young master to see that everything was all right, and then gave the mare the word. Though the spirited animal had been broken to harness by Plato himself, she had been under the saddle so long that this new position fretted her. She was peevish as a woman, Plato said.