

The harness chafed her, the shafts worried her, and the rattle of the buggy disturbed her. She wobbled from one side of the road to the other, and went about this unusual business as awkwardly as a colt. Finally Plato stopped her in the road and cut the blinders from the bridle. This was a great relief to the high-strung creature. She could now see what was going on in front, behind, and on both sides. She gave a snort of satisfaction and settled down to work with a will that pleased the negro immensely.

Plato knew every foot of the road, having often traveled it at night, and so the only stops that were made were when the wounded man wanted water, which was to be had from the roadside springs. The journey was made without incident, and Plato, while driving rapidly, had driven so carefully that when he reached home his young master was fast asleep. And the mare, while tired, was in fine condition, only her rations of food and supply of water had to be cut short until after she had thoroughly cooled off.

Plato had hardly got out of sight of the smoke of the firing before the Confederates fell back before the great odds before them