

stagger whin a dirty blacksmith in the line give it to um in the shoulder, — the black-guard that he was ! ”

“ Oh ! ” exclaimed the surgeon ; “ that was Jack Kilpatrick. ”

“ The same, sor. ”

“ How did you come to know Kilpatrick ? ”

“ Sharpshootin’, sor. We had the divvle’s own time thryin’ to ploog aych ither bechune the two eyes. But we wuz chums, sor, betwixt the lines. Oi sez to meself, sez Oi, ‘ Oi ’ll be lookan afther the lad, whin we brush the Johnnies away, an’ maybe fetch ’im a docther. ’ Is he clane done for, sor ? ”

“ He ’ll need a doctor before he gets one, I ’m thinking, ” remarked the surgeon, and then he told how Jack Kilpatrick had been sent home.

The big Irishman seemed better satisfied, and pushed forward with the advancing lines.

## II

Plato was a very wise negro, considering his opportunities, and as he sat on the edge of the veranda next day, near the window of his young master’s room, he shook his head and wondered whether he had acted for the