

the right. For Sherman had already begun his famous march to the sea. He had begun it, indeed, before the little skirmish in which Jack Kilpatrick had been wounded, and, though Plato had no knowledge of the fact, he traveled with his young master for fifteen miles between the parallel lines of the advancing army, Slocum's corps being one of the lines and Howard's corps another.

Ignorant of this fact, Plato was very much surprised to see the Federals riding by. "Dey er pursuin' right on atter us," he remarked aloud. "A little mo' en' dey 'd 'a' cotch us, sho. An' dey may ketch us yit. Kaze Marse Jack can't hide out, an' I know mighty well I ain't gwine nowhar whiles Marse Jack got ter stay." He turned back and went to the big house, but once there he remembered his axe and started after it again.

He found it where he had left it. He picked it up and flung it across his shoulder. As he raised his head he saw a big Federal soldier sitting on a horse fifty yards away, watching him intently. "Name er Gawd!" he exclaimed. He stared at the soldier, undecided whether to run or to stand where he was. Then he saw the soldier beckoning to