

him, and he made a great pretense of hurrying forward.

“ ’Tis the name of the place Oi ’m afther,” said the soldier.

“ Suh ?” exclaimed Plato.

“ Who lives in the house ferninst us ?”

“ Ole Miss an’ Miss Floe,” replied Plato.

“ Ah, to the divvle wit’ ye !” exclaimed the soldier impatiently. “ ’Tis the name Oi ’m axin’ ye.”

“ Dis de Kilpatrick place, suh.”

“ Where ’s the wounded Johnny ?”

“ Who ? Marse Jack ?” inquired Plato cautiously. “ What make you ax dat ? Marse Jack ain’t never hurted you, is he ?”

“ Is he killt intirely ?” the soldier persisted, misled by the serious aspect of the negro’s countenance.

“ How you know he been hurted ?” Plato asked.

“ Oi seen ’im whin the ball pasted ’im,” replied the soldier, with a careless toss of his head. “ Where ’ve ye tuck ’im ?”

“ What you gwine do wid ’im when you fin’ ’im ? You ain’t gwine ter take ’im ter prison ner nothin’ er dat kin’, is you ?”

“ Listen at the gab av ’im !” exclaimed