

“ Mon ! won’t he rip an’ r’ar when he miss dat ar hoss ? Ef ’t wuz me, an’ I had taken dat ar hoss, I ’d be gallopin’ out’n de county by dis time. Kaze Marse ’Lisha is de mos’ servigrous white man in deze parts. He mighty nigh ez servigrous ez ol’ marster use ter be in his primy days. I’m tellin’ you de naked trufe, mon ! ”

Private O’Halloran laughed by way of reply, as he rode through the gap Plato had made in the fence.

“ Oi ’ll go up an’ put me two eyes on ’im,” said O’Halloran, as he turned his horse’s head towards the house, “ an’ see the look av ’im be the toime the Twintieth Army Corps comes trudgin’ by.”

“ Yasser,” replied Plato, taking another critical view of the steed the big Irishman was riding. Then he laughed.

“ Fwhat’s the joke ? ” inquired O’Halloran.

“ ’T ain’t no joke ef you ’ll hear my horn,” said Plato. “ I wuz des thinkin’ how Marse ’Lisha Perryman gwine ter cut up when he fin’ out his saddle-hoss been rid off. I dunner whoever he ’ll kill a Yankee er a nigger, er whoever he ’ll go out an’ shoot a steer. He the most servigrous man *I* ever see, an’ he