

cure the services of a surgeon for her young master. When she heard the suggestion that Jack could be placed in an ambulance and carried along with the army she pricked up her ears.

“Which army you gwine take him ’long wid? De Yankee army?” she exclaimed. “Huh! ef you do you ’ll hafter kyar’ me wid ’im.”

“Are you wounded, too?” Dr. Pruden inquired humorously.

“No, I ain’t; but I won’t answer fer dem what try ter take dat boy fum und’ dis roof.” She turned and stared at her mistress and young mistress as if she had never seen them before. Then she raised her fat arms above her head and allowed them to drop helplessly by her side, muttering, “Gawd knows, you ain’t no mo’ de same folks dan ef you ’d ’a’ been moulded outer new dirt.”

And after that she watched Mrs. Kilpatrick and Flora closely, and listened intently to every word they said, and shook her head, and muttered to herself. To Plato she made haste to give out her version of the puzzle that the situation presented.

“You kin talk much ez you please ’bout