

de Kilpatrick blood, but hit done run'd out."

"How come?" Plato inquired.

"Ain't you got no eyes in yo' haid? Can't you see what gwine on right spang und' yo' nose? Ef mistiss an' Miss Floe ain't done gone ravin' 'stracted, den I done los' what little min' I had. You make me b'lieve dat ole miss'd set up dar in de house an' let any Yankee dat's ever been born'd talk 'bout takin 'yo' Marse Jack off wid de army, an' dat, too, when he layin' dar flat er his back wid a hole thoo 'im dat you kin mighty nigh run yo' han' in? Uh-uh! uh-uh! you nee' 'n' tell me! Ole miss would a riz up an' slew'd 'im — dat what she 'd 'a' done."

Plato scratched his head and ruminated over the puzzle.

"Did mistiss an' young mistiss bofe say dey want Marse Jack tuck off wid de army des like he is?"

"Dee ain't say it right out in black an' white, but dey sot dar an' let dat ar Yankee talk 'bout it widout so much ez battin' der eyes. An' Miss Floe, — *she* sot dar an' make out she want ter laugh. I could 'a' slapped