

“’T is but a whim of mine for to come an’ kiss me hand to ye, me b’y. The naygur here says that a squad av Johnnies wint past this half hour. So Oi says to a man Oi know, ‘O’Halloran, we’ll while away the toime with a canter acrost the country.’ The naygur knows the way, me b’y, an’ ’t will take ’im not more’n a hour for to put me betwixt the trottin’ Johnnies an’ the stragglers.”

“What about the other fellow, — this doctor?” asked Jack.

“Oi misdoubt but he’ll board along wid ye,” remarked the big Irishman with a broad grin. “’T will be a nate way fer to pay ’im his fay, Oi dunno! Molly! but Oi hould the taste o’ his physic in me goozle down to this blissed day an’ hour!”

He patted Jack affectionately on the head, and with “God bless you, me b’y!” went from the room, followed by Plato.

Outside the house Plato turned to the big Irishman. “Boss, you gwine ter walk?”

“An’ lade me horse? ’T is not in me bones to do that same.”

“You — you — you sholy ain’t gwine ter take Marse ’Lisha Perryman’s saddle-hoss, is you, boss?”