

“Not in the laste, ye booger. 'T is the horse that will be takin' me.”

“Well, de Lawd knows I don't want ter be nowhars 'roun' in deze diggins when Marse 'Lisha fin' out dat dat horse done been took an' tooken.”

Plato said nothing more, but he shook his head significantly many times, while he was helping the big Irishman saddle Mr. Perryman's favorite horse. In a short while they were on their way, and, by traveling along the plantation by-ways — paths known to the negroes and to the cattle — O'Halloran soon came up with the rear guard of the Twentieth Army Corps.

Meanwhile, after breakfast, Surgeon Pruden dressed Jack's wound again and then began to make his preparations to rejoin the army. He called for the big Irishman, and was a little uneasy when he learned that O'Halloran had left before sunrise. Nevertheless, he went on with his preparations, and was ready to take his departure, waiting only for Mrs. Kilpatrick to come into the library where he stood with Flora to tell them farewell together, when he heard the clatter of hoofs on the graveled avenue. Looking from the win-