

“Bedad, ’t will be the joke of the day!” he exclaimed. “’T is all laid out as plain as the nose on me face. D’ ye mind this now, me b’y : ’T is no Kilpatrick ye are, for ye ’ve thried to kill me many’s the odd time. Ye ’re from Hornellsville, — mind that now ; upon me sowl, ’t is the nub av the whole bloomin’ business.”

“Where’s Hornellsville ?” asked Jack.

“In York State, bedad. Ye ’re Cap’n Jarvis, av Hornellsville. Ye know the Finches an’ the Purvises, but ye ’re too wake for to argy till he fixes ye foine an’ doses ye.”

Mrs. Kilpatrick uttered a protest that would have been indignant, but for her apprehensions in regard to Jack.

“He’s a darlin’ of a surgeon, mum,” explained O’Halloran. “’T is a business he knows loike a book. Nayther is he bad lookin’. The loikes av him is hard for to come up wit’ in the Twintieth Army Corps — clane as a pache an’ smilin’ as a basket av chips. ’T will be no harm to him for to fix an’ dose ye. Two days av fixin’ will put ye right, an’ then he kin ketch his rijmint.”

“Scoop him up and fetch him in,” said Jack, and to this the mother and daughter