

The man here tells me that Captain Jarvis of a New York regiment lies wounded in this house." He held his cap in his hand, and his bearing was all that was affable and polite.

"Come in, sir," said the lady, inclining her head slightly.

He stepped into the hallway, O'Halloran following with a broad grin on his face that disappeared as by magic whenever the surgeon glanced in his direction. Mrs. Kilpatrick led the way to Jack's room, to which Flora had flitted when the knock came at the door. Dr. Pruden acknowledged her presence with a bow and then turned his attention to his patient.

"I'm sorry to see you on your back, Captain Jarvis," he said sympathetically. "And yet, with such quarters and such nurses, I dare say you are better off than the rest of us."

"Yes — well off," replied Jack in a weak voice that was not borrowed for the occasion. In fact, the surgeon had not arrived any too soon. The wounded man had grown feebler, and his condition was not helped by an occasional fit of coughing that racked his whole body and threatened to tear his wounds open afresh.