

Dr. Pruden wiped his hands on a towel that chanced to be hanging on a chair near by, and then proceeded to examine into the wounded man's condition.

“You may thank your stars, young man,” he said after a while, “that these ladies were charitable enough to forget the color of your coat there and give you the shelter and the care and attention that were absolutely necessary.”

The note of unaffected gratitude in the young surgeon's voice was so simple and genuine that Flora felt a momentary pang of regret that he should have been made the victim of the Irishman's crafty scheme. But the pang was only momentary; for what the Irishman did he had done for Jack's sake, and that was a sufficient excuse. And yet the knowledge that the surgeon had been deceived made both mother and daughter more considerate in their demeanor — more genial in their attitude — than they could otherwise have been.

O'Halloran stood watching the ladies and the surgeon with a quizzical expression, keeping his hand in the neighborhood of his mouth to screen his smiles. Finally he