

seemed to discover that he could not safely remain and maintain his dignity.

“ Oi ’ll be goin’, captain,” he said to Jack. “ The ladies ’ll look afther yure belongin’s. Termorrer whin the rear guard comes by maybe ye ’ll be well enough for to be lifted in the ambulance I brung ye in.”

“ What amuses you ? ” inquired the surgeon, seeing the Irishman trying to suppress a laugh.

“ Upon me word, sor, Oi was thinkin’ av the drinch ye give me whin Oi was ailin’. Says Oi: ‘ Ef ’t is as bitter to the captain here as ’t was to me, he ’ll be on his feet in a jiffy. ’ ”

Whereupon O’Halloran turned on his heel and went out, closing the door gently after him.

Dr. Pruden went to work with a will. He smiled at the big poultice that Aunt Candace had applied to the wound made by the bullet in its exit, but found that the inflammation had been controlled by it. Then with the aid of the fair Flora, who offered her assistance, he proceeded to deal with the wound on the shoulder, which he found to be in a much more serious condition.