

“What time is it?” the surgeon asked.

“’T is long past yure dinner hour, sor,” replied O’Halloran, straightening himself.

Plato aroused himself, drew a pine knot from some place of concealment, and threw it on the glowing bank of coals.

“Mistiss say yo’ vittles wuz ter be kep’ warm in de dinin’-room, suh,” said Plato. “Dey ringded de dinner bell all ’roun’ you, an’ mistiss come in ter ax you ter have some dinner, but she ’low you wuz sleepin’ so soun’ she di’ n’ want ter wake you up.”

“Well,” replied Dr. Pruden, “a bite of something would n’t hurt, that’s a fact. I’ll go in and see how Jarvis is, while you have it fixed for me.”

A candle in the hall showed the surgeon the way to his patient’s room. There was no need for the surgeon to go there, for Jack was still asleep. The candle had been placed on the floor to keep the light from shining in the wounded man’s face, and the room was darker on that account; but it was not too dark for the surgeon to see as he entered the room that Flora was sitting over against the bed. And, if he was not mistaken, she had been holding Jarvis’s hand, for he saw her