

make a quick movement as he entered, and the patient stirred slightly. This seemed to confirm all his inferences, and increased his wonder that such a complication could arise here in the very heart of rebeldom, as it were. He seated himself by the bed and laid his hand on the patient's forehead.

"How long have you been awake, Jarvis?" he asked presently.

"Not long," replied Jack. "How did you know I was awake?"

"Why, I heard you swallow," replied Dr. Pruden.

Jack tried to laugh, but he found that his chest was very sore, and the laugh ended in a groan.

"Don't try to laugh, and don't talk," said the surgeon, in a professional tone. "You are out of danger now, and you ought to be forever grateful to your nurse."

"You mean old Aunt Candace?" suggested Jack, with dry humor.

Dr. Pruden stared at his patient with wide open eyes. "I'm surprised at you, Jarvis," he said, in a tone of rebuke. "I mean Miss Kilpatrick, of course. Go to sleep now; your head is still in a flighty condition."