

dow he saw a squad of Confederate cavalymen galloping toward the house. At their head rode a man in citizen's clothes, — a man past middle age, but with a fierce military air. Flora saw them at the same moment, and the color left her cheek. She knew the man in citizen's clothes for Mr. Perryman, their neighbor, who had a great reputation for ferocity in that section. Mr. Perryman had missed his horse, and had been told by some of his negroes that the man who had taken him had stopped over night at the Kilpatrick place. He was a widower who had been casting fond eyes on Flora for some time, and now thought to render her an important service and give her cause for lively gratitude by ridding her of the presence of the Yankee soldier, if he were still in possession of the house, or, if he had escaped, to attract her admiration by leading the Confederates to her rescue.

Surgeon Pruden drummed a brief tattoo on the windowpane, and then threw back his head with a contemptuous laugh.

“I see!” he exclaimed. “My comrade and myself have been drawn into an ambuscade. I thank you, Miss Kilpatrick, for this revelation of Southern hospitality.”