

“Into an ambushade!” cried Flora, her color returning.

“Why, certainly! into a trap! I have but one favor to ask of you, Miss Kilpatrick. Let them take me and leave my comrade. Surely he can do you no harm!”

“They will not take you,” she said with a calmness he thought assumed.

“Will they not? It will be their fault then. If I could escape by raising my finger — so — I would scorn to do it. Not if I knew they would furnish you a spectacle by hanging me to the nearest tree.”

She looked at him so hard, and such a singular light blazed in her eyes that he could not fathom her thoughts.

“What do you take me for?” she cried.

“For a Southern lady loyal to her friends,” he replied, in a tone bitingly sarcastic. “Call them in! But stay — you shall be spared that trouble. I will go to them. I ask only that my comrade be not disturbed.”

He started for the door, but she was before him. She reached it just as Mr. Perryman knocked, and opened it at once.

“Good morning, Mr. Perryman,” said Flora.