

Mr. Perryman took off his hat and was in the act of politely responding to the salute, as was his habit, when, glancing over Flora's shoulder, he saw Surgeon Pruden staring serenely at him through gold spectacles. Thus, instead of saying "Good morning, Miss Flora; I hope you are well this morning," as was his habit, Mr. Perryman cried out: —

"There's that scoundrel now! Surround the house, men! Look to the windows! I'll take care of the door! Watch the side window yonder!"

Mr. Perryman was so far carried away by excitement that he failed to hear Flora's voice, which called out to him sharply once or twice. He was somewhat cooled, however, when he saw the surgeon drawing on a pair of heavy worsted gloves instead of trying to escape. And at last Flora got his ear.

"Mr. Perryman, this gentleman is our guest. Dr. Pruden, this is our good neighbor, Mr. Perryman. Under the circumstances, his excitement is excusable."

The surgeon acknowledged his new acquaintance with a bow, but Mr. Perryman's surprise gave him no opportunity to respond.