

“Why, my God! the man’s a Yankee! Your guest! I know you are mistaken. Why, he’s the fellow that stole my horse!”

“My horse is in the stable,” remarked the surgeon coolly, yet reddening a little under the charge. “If he is yours, you can have him.”

“I know how it is, Miss Flora,” Mr. Perryman insisted. “You’re a woman, and you don’t want to see this Yankee dealt with.”

“I’m a woman, Mr. Perryman; but I am beginning to believe you are not as much of a man as I once thought you were. This gentleman has saved my brother’s life. He is more than our guest; he is our benefactor.”

Mr. Perryman stood dumbfounded. As the phrase goes, his comb fell. His mustachios ceased to bristle. The surgeon on his side was as much surprised as Mr. Perryman. He turned to Flora with a puzzled expression on his face — and the look he gave her was sufficient to prevent Mr. Perryman from throwing away his suspicions.

“Do you mean Jack?”

“Certainly, Mr. Perryman. I have no brother but Jack.”