

“When and where did you save Jack Kilpatrick’s life?” asked Mr. Perryman, turning to Dr. Pruden abruptly.

“I’m sure I could n’t tell you,” replied the surgeon placidly. He was engaged in wiping his spectacles, but turned to Flora.

“Is the wounded man your brother, Miss Kilpatrick?”

“Certainly,” she answered.

“I’m glad of it,” he said simply.

“You’d better be glad!” exclaimed Mr. Perryman.

The surgeon threw his right hand upward. “Nonsense, man! I’d be glad if I had to be shot or hanged in half an hour.”

“Come in and see Jack, Mr. Perryman,” said Flora, with such a change in her voice and attitude that both men looked at her.

Mr. Perryman stepped into the hallway, and Flora led the way to Jack’s room.

After that no explanation was necessary. Mr. Perryman talked to Jack with tears in his eyes, for behind his savage temper he carried a warm heart. He and Jack had been companions in many a foxhunt and on many a frolic, and there was a real friendship between the two.