

Finally Mr. Perryman turned to Dr. Pruden. "I'm mighty glad to meet you, sir, and I hope you'll allow me to shake your hand. You've been caught in a trap, but I hope you'll find bigger and better bait in it than is often found in such places."

Just then there was a knock at the door. The captain of the cavalry squad wanted to know what was going on, and why the Yankee prisoner was n't brought out. The state of affairs was made known to him briefly.

"That satisfies me, I reckon, but I ain't certain that it'll satisfy my men."

"What command do they belong to?" asked Mr. Perryman.

"Wheeler's cavalry."

"Aunt Candace! Aunt Candace!" cried Flora. "Give Wheeler's cavalry a drink of buttermilk and let them go!"

The hit was as palpable as it was daring, for the men of this command were known far and wide as the Buttermilk Rangers.

It need hardly be said that Surgeon Pruden had a very comfortable time in that neighborhood. Within the course of a few months the war was over, and he was free to go home; but in 1866 he came South and set-