

The President Presides

Flores early on the previous day, came to his tent and asked for him.

She introduced herself, and Philip was most polite.

"My father sent me——" she began.

"I ought to have waited on the President," he said, seeing that she hesitated, "but several of my men are wounded, and we have so few doctors."

She smiled, and Carmela could redeem much of her plainness of feature by the singular charm of her smile.

"Dom Corria is a good doctor himself," she said.

"His skill will be much appreciated in Brazil at the present moment," said he, rather bewildered.

"He mends broken hearts," she persisted.

"Ah, a healer, indeed!" but he frowned a little.

"He is in demand to-day. He asked me to tell you of one most successful operation. The—er—the engagement between Miss Iris Yorke—is that the name?—and Mr.—Mr.——"

"Bulmer," scowled Philip, a block of ice in the warm air of Brazil.

"Yes, that is it—well—it is ended. She is free—for a little while."

There was a curious bleaching of Philip's weather-tanned face. It touched a chord in Carmela's impulsive nature.

"It is all right," she nodded. "You can go to her."

She left him there, more shaken than he had ever been by thunderous sea or screaming bullet.