

The doctor stood speechless, surprise, disgust and rage struggling for supremacy among his emotions. He stood gazing stupidly from one to the other, utterly at a loss for words.

"You see, Mr. Smith," began Moira somewhat lamely, "had something to say to me and so we—and so we came—along to the gate."

"So I see," replied the doctor gruffly.

"You see Mr. Smith has come to mean a great deal to me—to us——"

"So I should imagine," replied the doctor.

"His self-sacrifice and courage during those terrible days we can never forget."

"Exactly so—quite right," replied the doctor, standing stiffly beside his horse's head.

"You do not know people all at once," continued Moira.

"Ah! Not all at once," the doctor replied.

"But in times of danger and trouble one gets to know them quickly."

"Sure thing," said the doctor.

"And it takes times of danger to bring out the hero in a man."

"I should imagine so," replied the doctor with his eyes on Smith's childlike and beaming face.

"And you see Mr. Smith was really our whole stay, and—and—we came to rely upon him and we found him so steadfast." In the face of the doctor's stolid brevity Moira was finding conversation difficult.

"Steadfast!" repeated the doctor. "Exactly so," his eyes upon Smith's wobbly legs. "Mr. Smith I consider a very fortunate man. I congratulate him on——"

"Oh, have you heard? I did not know that——"