

at the corners of his eyes and to the very roots of his close-cropped gray hair. He looked sharply from his giant's height squarely down into the Englishman's eyes.

"See here, general," he remarked, "this thing's no joke with me. It's the only official business I've had since I landed in this camp, and I've got to get His Majesty, the Sultan, Mr. Muley Mohammed, to agree to leave naturalized American citizens alone, or I'll go broke. When he throws 'em in jail, I bribe the jailers to let the poor devils go. The United States don't give me no funds to foot the bill. The United States don't back me up when I try to fight. This is the only public job I ever had, although the boys out in Wyoming did try to get me to go to Congress — a job I wouldn't take because a congressman ought to know a mighty lot that old Bob Marshall never had a chance to learn."

The kaid started to interrupt with some reply, but the consul held up a restraining hand. He glanced over his shoulder at the two girls.

"Come on," he said, addressing all, "let's go back into the garden," and he led the way. The others followed him through the inner court and out to the enclosure where the shrubbery was in bloom. The kaid walked by his host's side, and exchanged comments with his sister as they passed along the graveled paths. The consul and his friend looked round when the noise of the following steps ceased. The English girl, dark, stately and dignified, was looking at a rose, which the American girl, blonde, bright and smiling, had pulled forward on its stem for her inspection. The consul slipped his arm through that of his companion, and led the kaid