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ence was in repose, he had learned that Clarke was generally feared and respected. On the other hand, the fact that Bob Marshall was the first American consul in the country who dared to "get right up next to the throne" had called the kaid's respectful attention to him. Thus, their intimacy had begun.

The consul, followed by the two girls, led the way, to the door that gave on the outer garden, to greet the trusted general of the Sultan. Clarke came rapidly toward them, wearing his white turban, blue burnous, red drawers and yellow boots as gracefully as though he had known no other uniform throughout his military career. The only mark of the foreigner was the short crop he carried in his hand, with which he idly switched his leg. There was little in his face to suggest the fearless mastery of a throne and of an army.

"Good-morning. Late," he said, by way of salutation, and gave his sister a peck on the cheek, the consul a quick nod, and a hand-shake to the American girl, into whose eyes he looked with a rather steady scrutiny, which traveled to the crown of her head in a look of approval.

"How's everybody?" he asked, as he tossed his crop upon a marble bench near at hand. "I hear," he continued with a fleeting smile, addressing himself to the consul, "that you have been in trouble again — had one of your subjects in jail, got him out in some surreptitious manner. Odd diplomacy — deucedly odd, but successful! Eh? Successful — I hope!"

The lean, grim face of the consul flushed, from the point of his grim, resolute chin upward past the wrinkles