

knew where to find my grandfather. And you took care of me for a month and wrote to my grandfather about me and then sent me out to him."

"So I did! So I did! I recall it all now. You're the French boy with the Scotch name."

"That's one reason I have come," continued Rochette. "I have always wanted to thank you for what you did. As I remember it, I was too embarrassed to say anything at the time."

"It was nothing at all."

"It meant a great deal to me and I want you to know that I appreciate it."

"Forget about it. It was nothing at all. Any one would have done the same. I am glad you dropped in."

There was a moment of awkward silence. Pattison frankly waited for the visitor to state his errand, for it had been apparent from the first that there was something more than a desire to express appreciation of a past kindness.

"That is not all I came for," continued Rochette. "I want to know if there is a place open in any of your posts."

"Sorry, but there is nothing, absolutely nothing."

There was a finality in his tone which was unmistakable.

"I am perfectly willing to work up, to start at anything."

"My staff is full," and Pattison no longer made any attempt to conceal his impatience at the insistence of the other.

"And I have had experience."

Pattison looked Rochette over curiously. The