

"You owe a good deal to November."

"I am well aware of it," replied Petersham.

"I am convinced I owe him Linda's life."

Something in his tone showed me his further meaning, I dropped my fishing-rod and stared at him. I knew Linda had enormous influence over her father, but this was beyond imagination.

"You'd never allow it!" I exclaimed.

"Why not?" he retorted angrily. "Isn't Joe better than the Hipper dude? Or Phil Bitshiem—or than that Italian Count with his pedigree from Noah in his pocket? Tell me, where is she going to find a man like Joe? Why he's got it in him to do things, *big* things, and I hope I'm a good enough Republican not to see the injustice of nailing a fellow down to the spot where he was born."

"But November would never dare look so high! He's modest."

"He'll get over that!"

"I doubt it," I said. "Besides, you are reckoning without Linda . . . how do you know that she——"

"Naturally I don't know for sure about Linda," he answered shortly; then glancing at his watch he got up. "Just about time to get my mail ready."