

Ten minutes later Grahame met Walthew, who looked disturbed and indignant.

"What are they doing at the council?" Grahame asked.

"Fooling!" said Walthew fiercely. "Seems to me they're mad! Last night they were solid for Don Martin, but now a faction that means to make Castillo president is gaining ground."

"A number of them must know he gave their plans away to save his skin."

"They know, all right. One fellow urged that Castillo did so as a matter of policy, because he meant to force Altiera's hand. Guess the crowd who want him would believe anything that suited them!"

"Well," Grahame said thoughtfully, "I've had my doubts whether they'd get on with Don Martin. His code of political morality's rather high; they want a man who won't expect too much. I dare say they feel that after turning out Altiera they're entitled to a few opportunities for graft themselves and for finding their friends official jobs. I'm sorry for Sarmiento, though. What does he say?"

"Haven't seen him this morning. Father Agustin believes he'll respect the wish of the majority, although the fellows who did the fighting are all on his side."

Grahame went to look for Evelyn, and it was noon when Walthew met him again.

"After a glorious row, they've chosen Castillo—and I wish them joy of him!" he said. "Don Martin withdraws his claim, and wants to leave to-morrow. He's going to live in Cuba, and if Cliffe's fit to travel, we may as well all clear out. I'm sick of this place."