

did not the Government let him return to Washington; or, say, to Washington Square? Truly, orders were strange things, past finding out. There must be a reason behind them. But it was nonsense not to trust a man.

"A cable for you, señor," said a waiter, laying a yellow envelope on the table.

Purdy nodded, but did not take his hands from his pockets. So here was something definite at last. But, since it had been so long in reaching him, there was no hurry about it. He, too, could take his time. Pride has its demands, after all.

The theatre-like room was drowsy under the spell of the late afternoon. Overhead a number of creaking rotary fans, with long wooden arms as crazy as Don Quixote's windmills, drove down the hot breath of the Tropic of Capricorn, but fell just short of creating a breeze. In an hour the city would begin to wake from its siesta, and fill the café with gaiety carefully imitated from