

CHAPTER XXIV

WITH THE GOVERNOR

LORD MALLOW frowned on his secretary. "Mr. Calhoun to see me! What's his business?"

"One can guess, your honour. He's been fighting for the island."

"Why should he see me? There is the general commanding."

The secretary did not reply, he knew his chief; and, after a moment, Lord Mallow said: "Show him in."

When Dyck Calhoun entered the governor gave him a wintry smile of welcome, but did not offer to shake hands. "Will you sit down?" he said, with a slow gesture.

Calhoun made a dissenting motion. "I prefer to stand, your honour."

This was the first time the two men had met alone since Dyck had arrived in Jamaica, or since his trial. Calhoun was dressed in planter's costume, and the governor was in an officer's uniform. They were in striking contrast in face and figure—the governor long, lanky, ascetic in appearance, very intellectual save for the riotous mouth, and very spick and span—as though he had just stepped out of Almack's; while Calhoun was tough and virile, and with the air of a thorough outdoor man. There was in his face the firm fighting look of one who had done things and could tackle big affairs—and something more; there was in it quiet exultation. Here he was now at last alone with the man who had done him great harm,