

along the path to an arborescent bench, upon which they seated themselves. The Honorable Bob pulled a fresh cigar from his pocket, lighted it, and, without looking at Clarke, who was imperturbably staring at the tips of his boots, said:

"You and me ain't known each other very long. About three or four months, ain't it? Well, I've got to tell you a lot of things, so you'll see just where I stand. None of you folks over here seem to realize quite what all this means to me. A few minutes ago, I told you that 'twas the first public job I ever had, and that I wouldn't go to Congress. When Charlie came out of Vassar College, and heard about that Congress business, she didn't seem to like it much. I s'pose she'd got tired of being the daughter of old Bob Marshall, the cattle king—that's what they call me out home. She was brought up with a feller named Whitney. He was a little maverick when I got hold of him, and it was me that sent him to West Point. He's a captain now. Well, Charlie and Dick got their heads together, and, before I knew it, and without my asking for the job, the state department appointed me consul to this country of yours. The governor brung me the news, and I told him that I wasn't lookin' for any political thing. He said there was nothin' to do over here, and Charlie was bound I should take it."

The consul faced about on the bench, looked into the Englishman's eyes, and said in a confidential tone:

"Say, do you know, I've never been farther away from home than the stockyards in Chicago, before I became consul to Morocco? The congressman from our