

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

THE full moon had come again. On the terraced roof of the consulate, regardless of the Moslem rule which declares that the roofs "belong to the women," the Honorable Bob was taking his last look over the city of Fez. Stretching away from him on every side was a sea of flat-topped terraces, towers white and austere, the gray roofs of ancient forts, and all relieved here and there by the green pointed minarets, lifted appealingly upward to the stars. Up in the heart of the city stood the ruins of the ancient fortress, and beyond all, seeming almost a part of the brooding sky, towered Mount Zalag, the silent witness of the rise, growth and state of the ancient capital. The murmuring sounds of harems, the soft twanging of stringed instruments, the crooning lullabies of song, and once the sound of a flute, mellow and melancholy, were wafted across from other terraces.

The consul looked over into the dark depths of the street below, and thought of that time, but a few weeks before, when the thoroughfare had been filled with silent white-clad men, fierce Berbers all, who, under the proclamation of amnesty, had invaded the city to pay fealty to the boy Sultan, and to claim their dead. He remembered the turbid silence of their departure, as they carried Buhammei in state from the doors of the