

self upon the ground and with slow fumbling fingers, breathing hard as he bent over the zither, he began to elicit a wavering melody. It was the melody to which Durrance had listened in the street of Tewfikieh on the eve of his last journey into the desert, and which Ethne Eustace had played only the night before in the quiet drawing room at Southpool. When he had done Nejonmi began again :

"You are a spy."

"I have told you the truth," answered Feversham stubbornly.

Upon that Nejonmi took a different tone. He called for food and the raw liver of a camel covered with salt and red pepper was placed before Feversham. Seldom has a man had smaller inclination to eat, but he ate none the less even of that unattractive dish, knowing well that reluctance would be construed as fear, and that the signs of fear would condemn him to death. And while he ate Nejonmi questioned him in the silkiest voice about the fortifications of Cairo and the strength of the garrison at Assouan, and the rumours of dissension between the Khedive and the Sirdar.

But to each question Feversham replied :

"How should a Greek know of these matters?"

For the one chance upon which he counted was that his captors should remain perplexed as to his mission and his goal. But it seemed that his chance had failed him. Nejonmi rose

from his angareb and roughly gave an order. Two of the guards seized upon Feversham and bound his wrists with a rope of palm fibre and poured water upon the cords so that they swelled and bit into his flesh. He was dragged out again into the sunlight, he was placed upon a donkey, and tortured with the pain of his wrists, mocked at by the crowd, he was driven out of the town to a high gallows upon the river bank.

He saw an angareb mounted high beneath it. He was forced to lie upon the native bedstead while the noose was fitted about his neck. He lay still, expecting the bedstead to be drawn away from beneath him, and as he lay Nejonmi came to his side.

"Speak, Kaffir!" said he. "You are a spy. You carry promises to Kordofan! Speak the truth, for in a few minutes you will be dead!"

Harry Feversham was silent. For a few moments he pondered whether it might not be wise to admit that he was a spy, entrusted with a Government mission. But he felt that he could not think clearly. The plan for so long conceived and so carefully criticised he must cling to without diversion.

"How should a poor Greek know anything of these matters?" he asked, and Nejonmi turned about and gave another order.

"To-morrow," he said to the prisoner, "you shall go to Omdurman."

As they lifted Feversham from the angareb he fainted.



CHAPTER XX.—GENERAL FEVERSHAM EXPLAINS

"HE knows half the truth." With that reflection Durrance encouraged himself as he dressed early the next morning. "He knows half the truth. Sutch told me so," and he went down to his breakfast in a more hopeful mind; while his servant was pouring out his tea another thought occurred to him.

"Just get your Bradshaw again, Williams," he said, and when the Brad-

shaw was fetched: "Find out the last train of the day from Kingsbridge to London." Williams puzzled for a little over the intricacies of the connection between Kingsbridge, Brent and Newton-Abbot.

"Two thirty-six," he said, and Durrance smiled. If you chanced to be in the garden of Mrs. Adair's house at lunch time and had only a sailing boat to carry you against the tide up