

now dragged her off with her arm round her waist.

‘That I should be bundled up is one thing ; I must, it is the law. But you, who are not compelled—and to go two yards—and in this part of the city, where you never see even a cat.’

They ran downstairs two steps at a time. Kondjé-Gul and old Ismaïl, an Ethiopian eunuch, waited for them at the bottom to attend them ; Kondjé-Gul muffled from head to foot in a green shroud spangled with silver, and the man buttoned and belted into a black European frock-coat, in which, but for his fez, he might have been a country attorney.

The heavy door was thrown open ; they were outside on the hill, in the bright sunshine of eleven o’clock, looking down on a wooded cemetery, thick-set with cypresses and tombs with tarnished gilding, which sloped gently down to the deep bay crowded with shipping.

And beyond the inlet of the sea at their feet, on the other side, half-hidden by the cypress-trees in the sad, peaceful wood, high up against the sky in the clear, limpid air, the mass stood outlined of the city which for twenty years had haunted André Lhéry with longing. Stamboul sat enthroned, not dim in twilight as in the poet’s dreams, but sharp, luminous, and real.

Real — though veiled in a diaphanous blue mist, in remote silence and splendour, Stamboul was there, Stamboul the immemorial, still the same as when the old Khalifs had looked out on it ; as when Suleyman the Great had imagined