

was garbed as a shereef, a splendid specimen of the Berber tribe.

The prostrate figure in white was being supported on the knee and arm of a man whose dress proclaimed him to be a sheik, who seemed no less a warrior than the stalwart shereef. The kaid sprang up the steps, looked at the fallen man, and gave an almost imperceptible start of surprise. It was Buhammei!

The consul, leaning on the opposite side, was forcing brandy down the wounded leader's throat, and Dick, on one knee, was endeavoring to assist. Charlotte and Margaret were standing to one side, bending far over in suspense. Sidi-Suleyman stood at Buhammei's feet, motionless as the shereef.

"Ah, Kaid Clarke," Buhammei said weakly, in his musical English, "I did not expect to come to you thus. I had hoped to surrender to you a man whose life was worth while; but Allah, in his greatness, has cut my span."

He gave a groan of pain, and gasped; for Dick, anxious to prolong the man's life, had thrust his hands beneath the folds of the burnous, endeavoring to stanch the flow of blood from cruel wounds.

"Clarke," he said gently, "can't we do something for him? I'm afraid he's hurt pretty badly."

The fallen man turned his head toward the speaker, and faintly smiled.

"No," he said, answering for himself. "You can do nothing. Three times the mob, fighting Sidi-Suleyman, thrust me through. Please, let me talk while I may."