

skin of his face had paled to the sickly hue of those long shut out from the sunshine. And his eyes once so keen and bright shone with a curiously disturbing light, the look of one who had faced under terrible odds both mental and physical torture.

Yet, wrapped in an abbai, and his head muffled by a keffiyeh, he differed in outward appearance scarcely a jot from his companions.

By degrees he learnt the story of all that had happened to the Severin family since his arrest in the lane. Pierre could scarcely contain himself upon hearing of Veronica's constant great peril, and the events leading to her rescue.

"Then that devil incarnate told me the naked truth," he ruminated. "My precious girl was at that moment in his clutches. If I had known neither stones nor mortar could have held me back from flying at his throat."

One instant he exulted in the fact of Rosen's swift retribution, the next he would be savage at being balked of his share—the biggest share—of vengeance.

Rest and secure shelter came to him in the Bedouin camp. In a day or two he neither felt nor looked like the same man. It was like a real resurrection from the tomb.

John Culver came back in another two days with the great news of the encampment on Jebel Moussa, and bearing a little letter from Veronica, who had never doubted of her lover's rescue. The warm throbbing heart with which she had written was revealed in every line. Pierre read and re-read the letter a few dozen times forgetting all the torments of his captivity. Every detail that John Culver could relate he asked him to repeat a score of times over.