

turning his head over his shoulder, motioned toward Charlotte. In pitying tears, she dropped to her knees beside Buhammei, and took his hand in hers. With a last desperate effort, the Moor found strength to raise it reverently to his lips, and then drooped listlessly, as if weary of ambition, pain and life. The kaid, suddenly reaching over to lift the dying man up, caught a tragic, gasping whisper:

"The *Jehad* is done!"

With more respect than he had ever shown Buhammei alive, the kaid gently lowered the dead leader down upon the cushion. The stately shereef and sheik dropped upon their knees, with faces to the place of rising sun, and so muttered prayers. An added majesty had come to the quiet face of Buhammei, as if death had still further ennobled his features.

The sand-diviner's prophecy of so many years before had come true, and the final chapter was written in the tragic history of that tragic spot—The Garden of Fate. And it seemed to those who looked down upon the still form, dead on the spot where his mother had so cruelly died, in the very entrance to the palace builded for her by the stately prince of long ago, that they heard, for an instant, above the splash of waters, the sound of swirling, silken garments, the joyous shouts of boyish laughter, and the faint strumming of a lute, accompanying a sad and tender mother-song.