

hands of the mob had broken down all barriers. Galt realised what a heavy sacrifice the saiyid had made.

He straightened. There was a new sound in the air that brought a cry of exultation from his lips. An alarm was raised in the street below and as if by magic it was cleared, as a little band of Gurkhas rushed towards the sheikh and his hoshiyah. They had no quarrel with the fleeing Arabs of the town and paid no heed to them. The hoshiyah swept down the street in mad career. In the melee, deserted, alone, helpless in his blindness, the saiyid was cast down and trodden under the flying hoofs. Uyuni uttered a cry of horror, and Galt with a shebana ran into the street. Raising the saiyid gently they carried him into the courtyard and laid him on some rugs. He was clearly in a desperate condition ; his breathing was laboured and fitful, and it seemed to Galt as if the spark of life would at any moment go out. The lips muttered fragments of suras of the Koran. "The mountains shall be as carded wool in the wind." Despite her own injuries Uyuni was almost instantly at his side, eager to minister to him, while her tears flowed unheeded. Galt felt almost as an interloper as he watched this pitiful picture of great love.

There was a heavy knocking at the gate, and Galt opened to a Gurkha officer. All was well, the young fellow reported. A guard of Gurkhas had been placed at the gates of the town and as the sheikh and his hoshiyah had tried to escape to the desert through the North gate, the kukri of a little soldier