

Only the other day, someone told him there was constant danger of an uprising among the hill tribes, and that the Sultan had deferred a visit to some place or another for fear of it."

"Yes, but they do have uprisings you know," Margaret responded. "My brother, I am quite sure, is in a mild state of anxiety half the time."

"Mr. Buhammei, with whom I became acquainted on my first visit to Paris, the man you met when we stopped on the way here, is from one of the oldest of Moorish families, and, when I asked him whether there was any danger, and whether it was safe for us to come here, he merely laughed at the idea of an uprising."

The English girl did not accept the evidence as being unqualified. For a moment, she appeared thoughtful, and then, her breakfast finished, reached over to a vase of flowers in the center of the table, and selected one, breaking the stem slowly, as if still in thought.

"I do not quite understand," she said doubtfully, "how his word could be authoritative. He has been in Paris ever since he was a boy — a very little boy, I believe. He dresses like a Parisian, he talks like a Parisian, and, indeed, appears a Parisian. What can he know of this — the country which he has not seen for years?"

"Men of his country visit him there, I know," asserted the consul's daughter, intent on championing her side of the argument. "I have seen some of them — tall, dark men, who look ill at ease in their European clothes. I'm sure he is well informed."

"You seem to give him much credence."