

"I have sent for you to say I am returning to Yildiz to-day, and should have asked you to accompany me but for what I have learned in your absence. Where is Abdullah Bey?"

"I do not know, your Majesty," I replied, surprised at the question.

"Was he not one of the villains with whom Mr. Grant found me that night?"

"My poor friend is dying, as the result of rescuing your Majesty, and is too ill to be questioned," I said, with a touch of Eastern evasion.

"I am not asking Mr. Grant, but you, Mr. Ormesby. You can answer if you will."

"By your Majesty's leave I prefer not to do so."

"But I do not give you leave. I require an answer. Is it not the case that he was brought here a prisoner and that you yourself took him away?"

"What I have done, I have done under your Majesty's own written authority," and I produced the paper that had been of such signal service to me.

"Give it to me." He took and tore it up with the impetuous passion of a child. "This was not granted for you to use it to shield the villains who with their own hands sought my life. You have proved unworthy of the trust I placed in you."

"As your Majesty pleases," I answered firmly. "But I would remind you it was granted that I might do anything and everything that was necessary to rescue the sister of the man who gave his life to save yours; and there was no other course save that which I took. But I am in your hands, and it is for you to remember or forget, as you will."

"I am not ungrateful to Mr. Grant for the service