

of the desert, supporting between them a limp figure, whose chin had dropped weakly forward on his breast. Sidi-Suleyman, with drawn saber, grinning fiercely and with clothes almost torn from him, stood in front of a little cordon of soldiers, ready to fight to the last.

"What does this mean, Sidi?" demanded the kaid.

"It means that I've got three prisoners, who surrendered on condition that they be turned over to you personally, and I've done it," the captain answered in fierce Arabic. "And, by the beard of the Prophet, I'd have brought them here, if I had to cut down every scurvy Moor in Fez to reach your excellency!"

"Take them inside!" the kaid ordered, and turned to the mob. "Disperse, ye men of Fez," he said. "I shall hold the prisoners safe." For an instant, the mob hesitated, and then began to murmur in assent. Voices arose, calling:

"Obey his excellency, the great kaid. He never breaks his word. Let us move on."

The kaid, seeing that all danger of disturbance was over, reëntered the courtyard, while the soldiers barred the big gates behind him. He saw that it was empty, and, suspecting that Sidi-Suleyman, anticipating a fight, had hurried his prisoners to the rear, he walked straight back to the garden. A figure was stretched out on the topmost step on a profusion of cushions hastily thrown there by the group round about. At the very bottom of the steps, with arms folded, stood one of the most fiercely majestic Berbers that the kaid had ever seen. The man turned fearlessly to look at him as he approached, and he saw that the mountaineer