

## *The Great Mogul*

the score of your youth and zeal. But it is unbearable that you, who preach the gospel of Christianity, should pursue with rancor the son of the man you killed with a coward's blow. Now, after the lapse of twenty-four years, I have requited both his untimely loss and your continued malice by saving your wretched life. What sayest thou, Geronimo? Does the feud end?"

"On my soul, Walter!" cried Sainton, "I think he is minded to spring at thee now."

But the glazed eyes of the unfortunate bigot were lifted to his rescuer with the non-comprehending glare of stupor rather than unconquerable hatred. He murmured some reference to the miraculous statue of San José, to which, lying at the bottom of the bay of Biscay amidst the rotting timbers of a ship bearing the saint's name, he evidently attributed his escape. So they left him, with instructions as to his tendance, and rode back to the Garden of Heart's Delight.

All fighting had ceased. Some few Samaritans were tending the wounded; ghouls were robbing the dead; a mild rain, come after weeks of drought, was refreshing the thirsty earth and washing away the signs of conflict.

"What kept thee so long on the road?" asked Walter, when Roger confessed that the shower was the next most grateful thing to a flagon of wine he did not fail to call for and empty at the palace.

"Gad! I was forced to wring Fateh Mohammed's stiff neck," was the unexpected answer. "Having received Jahangir's orders, he held by them as if they were verses of the Koran. The fat knave was backed