

the whole of his imprisonment. The revulsion from despair to joy had been too much for his exhausted body.

He took deep inhalations and looked up at the sky, strength and hope streaming into him as he breathed.

"Water! Give me water, and bread if you have it," were his first words. He was given bread, and to drink out of a small flask of weak aniseed and water specially provided to fortify him.

While alternately he ate and drank, and lifting his face to the sky continued to breathe in deeply the overpowering, priceless air of freedom, Ali and his friends carried the bound men into the tomb, then tumbled the stones and rocks pell mell into the doorway.

"Come my brother," said Ali in a low voice. "We must ride far before sunrise."

"You have horses? Good, for I am still very lame."

"Lame? Have you always been lame?" said Ali, amazed.

"No, they tortured me."

"They tortured him," repeated one to the other, breathlessly. "Hanna knew nothing of this."

Not without difficulty and help was Marson able to reach the tethered beasts on the off-side of the hill. Once in the saddle he was a new man. As they rode forward together he felt very near to safety, and yet only safe as long as the darkness endured. Yet the confident bearing of the Bedouins did not alter with the daylight, and with every hour that passed he was conscious that the danger of any pursuit diminished.

Veronica would have had pains to recognize Pierre had they suddenly come face to face. A thick black beard straggled over his chest, his hair was long and unkempt. His cheeks were hollowed and the clear bronzed