

**Author of
The Wings of the Morning**

He began to tell her what he discovered, but soon she interrupted him.

said. "I can even tell you what I shall do to-morrow. I will hang you by the neck, and execute your sentence. I will inform he can lay hands on me, and I am doomed. With me dead, you shall uphold us, but one course open. We will have our own set of daybreak, and ride to vengeance, whilst you shall go not unrewarded."

The friends of her tongue, Morgray as greatly as the Moghul, approved of her proposal. When he heard Roger's advice he found that had swung round to the view of a hopeless non-doing.

"I will do it," he said. "The number a man can lead is small. Sher Afghan's retainers gave me the use of security, and, once in the capital, there was a escape."

So Nur Mahal was told to adopt her counsel, wonderful to see how a woman of distress and danger will on every man she meets.

It was Nur Mahal who said to the retainers of her father's, "I will embalm the body of my husband, and give safe conveyance to Burdwan, who sent couriers to Sirvan of the Ferighins on a false report. It was to send the details of the first march, nothing, but correcting every experienced of Sher Afghan's retainers when he declared im-

after a last look at the face of
she revered more in death
rode out again into the dark
the garden of Heart's Desire.
this time, Walter Mowbray
Salntone rode with her, and
as it happened, held the future
in the hollow of their hands.

CHAPTER XIII

"Who ever loved that loved
right?"
—Marlowe, "Hero and
Leander."

Of all the perils encountered
Mowbray since he left his
Wensleydale, there was none
able, and therefore none so
the daily companionship of
She met no wiles, no treach-
her little meanness was the
power of the lodestone. At
never was woman more reli-
bray and Salntone were re-
From her side she never sepa-
only when the exigencies of
demanded a few simple words
ror of Sher Afghan's death.

vivacity was almost wholly
her face would kindly with
when acknowledging some
and the fragrance of her
beared to the scent of
garden by night. It was
ing the very air, whilst it
mained invisible. The
many were hours, and
out a murmur hardships
her more robust waiting
one by one, until five out
the left hand, and the
small towns passed on the
never lost that wondrous
light-femininity which com
bined attraction and her most
movement.

In guiding, counselling,
her intellect was crystal ice,
man render her a service, I
the almost imperceptible
water, and, with the touch
the flash of her deep violet
thrilled him to the core. It
that Waiter should be. It
could on many occasions
greatly to be regretted in
of Nellie Rose, whose saucy
and golden locks were too

Nur Mahal's bewitching personality truth to tell, England had a shadowy aspect in those days—three years of seclusion in the harem, a few years of faithful devotion no better off than who was along the North Road into the fair summer's afternoon to the Thence. The equipment, and a few their pockets. Their case worse in this semi-barbarous land. The men were furious, the spleen of a vengeance.

Not even Roger was proof magic of Nur Mahal's smiles close of the third march, the legation's horses were taken to the hamlet of Manipura, the goal of the night, they camped tope of trees, lit fires, and make themselves as comfortable as they could. The night with Nur Mahal, having taken leave with her accustomed grace, a small tent which was carried to the Mowbray's camp. The saddles piled near a fire, it showed the trend of his thought—

ing—

the wind. Welter

long in Burdwan after we had my lady children?"

"How can I answer? We degree removed from beggary, and the wife, with two children, went to Calcutta, why should I remain at Burdwan?"

"You parry one question well. I may be much mistaken, but your lady thought out for the sake of the journey."

Mowbray, who was striving a rusted bit, looked sharply at her, and she, with a smile, comprehended, whose words were, "I have hands, well clearly set in the dancing fables."

"Out with it, Roger," he cried, "but not been so chary of thy money as I fear."

"Well, to be plain," said the other, "I think you bonny head is well witted brain. Here is a land wedded to a good sword, call it what you will, and she is a jump not in that fashion, like a hook, else I may deem them thrown—were you and she a pair, say, she is just what you need for a kingdom, for herself, you have Mahmoods, Rajput

stauls, Bengal, and the Le what hotch-potch of warring at variance with the other, a ed against a galling yoke suc fairly be expected from Jahang man, were you lord of Burdwan band of Nur Mahal, you m through India like a red-hot through a tub of butter."

Mowbray breathed hard on the