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"I found her in the dawn," ended the saiyid, "at the foot of the tomb. I heard a child's wail and found her torn by a scimitar blade, where thou had cast her, O Scorpion."

"See," said Galt to Uyuni, "the djinn who struck you, Uyuni, the djinn of the tomb." It was quite easy to understand how the hideous experience of that night so many years ago had been distorted in the mists of her childish mind. But the girl was not thinking of the djinn of her imaginings.

"Drowned . . . drowned . . . " she murmured. She was pondering with almost superstitious awe of the unknown mother who had escaped the Scorpion only through death.

As the saiyid had spoken, a marked change had come over the Muslimin in the street. Deep in their hearts they held a great respect for the old Koran teacher. They knew that the story he had told was true, that the girl was Nasrani born. They began to feel shame that the girl had been stoned, and that they had come boisterously clamouring at the gate of the good hakim, the friend of the Arabs. Gradually the crowd began to disintegrate; it slowly thinned and melted away. Galt's heart warmed as he looked down. He could see that all danger save from the sheikh and his hoshiyah had passed; he saw further that the day was saved and caught a glimpse through the fading clouds of a bright future among these people with whom he would be working with Uyuni by his side. He felt grateful to the saiyid, and marvelled at the great love which had overcome his fanatical zeal for his religion. Her injuries at the