

"Ah, n'en doutons pas! a travers les temps et les espaces, les âmes ont quelquefois des correspondences mystérieuses. Er vain le monde réel élève ses barrières entre deux êtres qui s'aiment; habitans de la vie idéale, ils s'apparaissent dans l'absence, ils s'unissent dans la mort."

Before dawn comes the blackest hour of the night. The plans of rescue had to be spun with the utmost caution. To attempt it directly after the catastrophe overtaking the German consul would be to hazard its success. But as time went on and no connecting link was suggested between the attack upon his party and his visit to the prisoner of the tomb, the plans ripened for his deliverance.

It was on the tenth night after John Culver's risky visit to the tomb that a small Bedouin party with Ali as their leader fell silently upon the two watchmen. The men, first clubbed to unconsciousness, were then gagged and blindfolded with their own head shawls, and their feet and hands bound.

Quickly the stone barrier was demolished. At the first sound from without Pierre Marson started up as if waked from a frightful dream.

"Mort de Dieu!" he whispered in a hoarse voice. "Is it possible? Has it come at last? And which will it be—life or death?"

"Hoosh! In the name of Allah are you there, O prisoner of the tomb?" said a cautious voice. "Come forth if you can stand upon your feet."

"Dieu! Dieu!" muttered Marson, stumbling forward like a drunken man till he stood in the cleared entrance. He was shaking with excitement, and overcome by an extraordinary weakness that he had never felt through