

when I had to have this big fountain in the middle patched up, that every one of the vases is a fountain."

The girls gave exclamations of delight, and looked about them.

"Here!" the consul called to the squatting figure that had never changed its position by the door. The porter slowly and with natural grace arose, and waited for the command.

"Turn on the lot of them!" was the order, issued in very bad Arabic; but the man seemed to understand, and disappeared.

From the twelve vases, which had been cleared of the plants they had formerly held, sprang twelve jets of water, leaping into the air in tiny, ragged streams that fall back in broken drops to the basins below. The girls were expressing their pleasure and surprise, when the porter from the outer door entered, with softly flowing garments, and approached the consul.

"El Kaid Clarke," he said, softly.

The consul nodded his head, and smiled. The Arab hurried away.

"Your brother is coming," he said to Margaret, "and I'm mighty glad to see him."

To the Honorable Bob, men were largely like open books, and from the day he had met the brother of Margaret Clarke in Tangiers, he had formed a liking for the strange English adventurer. The reticent, sun-tanned little man, clad in the uniform of a general of the Moroccan army, had impressed him. Stories of a brilliant career came to his ears after he arrived in Fez, stories endowing the quiet kaid with phenomenal prowess. To