

of the ascent, dismounted, and came bounding up. The men in Bastion Z got ready to fire. But Zipporah Katti, snatching Grant's binocular, flushed suddenly red.

"They are friends—don't shoot!" she cried. "Eza, Eza, come here and order them not to shoot. It's Paul—Paul Wester—Paul that I told you about! I was sure he would come."

And, lest any one should yet make a mistake, she went the tour of the fort knocking up all the gun-muzzles, so that when she got back most of the welcomes were already said, and Eza was clinging fondly to Paul Wester. For she had already kissed him several times—to see how Amisfield and Grant would stand it. She had also kissed his father and Lazun.

So when Zipporah Katti came forward, she merely held out her hand to Paul and said: "Thank you for coming—I was sure you would!"

Down below, the face of the desert swam in plain tragedy. The dead lay thick along the line of pursuit. The surviving mutineers were being handcuffed for transport to the ships in Souk harbour. Only sixteen of them were on their feet. They found Lupo the Wolf with a knife hafted in his back. He had been leading the attack, as Zipporah Katti had expected, but somehow he and Raif Palafox found themselves too far ahead, and so——. But the matter did not need to be explained to Paul Wester the Younger, who remembered the dingle at the back of the Red Haven. Paul and his father drew Lupo's body into a "sangan" and stood side by side covering it till his daughter had passed by.

Raif Palafox went to his place in the loyal ship's company of the *Neptune* in spite of the growls of "Clydeside," and his tenfold strengthened resolve to be done with playing shipmate to such a scoundrel. But Lazun nodded to Raif as he passed, and all the ship's crew knew what to think of that.

The whole caravan, with the two young men, Grant and Amisfield, went back to Souk, where it was broken up, and all claims duly satisfied with usury thereto.