

before, he was now discoursing learnedly to my father on artesian wells and sundry other things.

As for my dear father, now that the heavy load of care was lifted from his heart, he seemed ten years younger. It was a glorious home-coming.

As for the poor Hadji Seyid Rahimoon, I did not forget his memory in this hour of triumph.

And then when we turned the bend of the drive leading up to the dwelling-house, there were my mother and sister Amy waiting for me on the verandah steps, and my heart went out before me.

THE END