

looking up, saw that Charlotte's eyes were filled with tears.

"And you, Mr. Marshall — I want you to know that for no great length of time did I bear malice. You followed your belief, even as I have always followed mine. Life is not long enough to harbor personal enmities."

He was seized with another violent fit of coughing, which left him almost unconscious of his surroundings, and again they stimulated the fitfully glowing spark of life. The kaid shook his head at this, signifying that he thought the end had come. But the dying Moor rallied once more, and, in a voice so faint that it sounded as if coming from the vast outer spaces, addressed the kaid:

"Why cannot you forgive?" he asked. "Why do you drive your soldiers on into the very hearts of our mountains relentlessly to slaughter those who fought only for what they thought was right? I came to you to surrender myself, hoping by my poor death to purchase peace. The Berber is conquered. The *Jehad* is done! Then, why lay waste the fields of men who fought you bravely? Is it a part of the Christian creed to kill, and kill, and kill, when the cause no longer exists? Must you demand blood from dying men, when the throne that you have reared is occupied without opposition? I came to beg you, in the name of Allah — in the name of that God to whom you bow your head — to desist. You have put a prince upon the throne. Can he do better to win the hearts of those who were not with him than to declare amnesty? Call