

and the fatalistic teaching of the Muslim. The words broke on the noise of the rabble like a voice from another sphere.

"If she is a Nasrani, it is the will of Allah. Maktub. It is written."

Galt gazed into the street; a sudden silence had fallen at the blasphemous speech. At the head of the sheikh's horse the saiyyid stood, his tall, bent form, now erect, defiant, breasting the storm. Galt wondered how alone and unaided he had found his way through the ruins from the cave of the Mahdi, but the words he had just heard filled him with hope.

"Praise be to Allah, the Compassionate, the Forgiving, King of the Day of Judgment," continued the saiyyid. "Whence come you, children of El Ragi? Why do you whine and bark like jackals in the streets? Get you to your homes and pray Allah to forgive you for this night's work."

"Thou dost not understand, thou blind fool," said the sheikh wrathfully.

"I have heard. Praise be to Allah," was the astounding reply of the saiyyid.

"Art thou djinn possessed? Art thou too a Nasrani?"

"Nay," boomed the old man.

"Is it not written that a Believer may not wed with an Infidel?"

"Yea, it is written, but she who is called Uyuni is not a Muslim."

"Thy daughter not a Muslim," cried the incensed