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"Well, no, not exactly dead, but she waits no more. She has found another, Uyuni."

She shook her head incredulously. It could not be. Then with a slow smile dawning in her eyes, she whispered,

"Thou dost still wish to marry thy Arab?"

His answer was sufficient. From his arms she looked up, "A man has but one wife in thy land?" she asked jealously. He nodded smilingly. "Praise be to Allah," said Uyuni.

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Under tender, loving care the saiyyid's life had been prolonged. The spark of life was kept alight by the fire of the spirit. Broken in body, day after day he lay on his couch in the hakim's house scarcely moving, but one dawn he rose and called loudly for Uyuni. She hastened to him from her apartment in alarm.

"Thou art late, late, My Eyes," said the old man. "Already I feel the warmth of the day in the air. Lead me to the cave of the Mahdi." The last few days were forgotten, he was living his old self. He seemed under the strain of some great excitement, some exaltation that had given him strength. Earnestly Uyuni begged him to lie again on his couch; she said he was too weak to walk, that with the exertion he would die, but he caught her almost roughly by the shoulders. "Lead me," he commanded, "it is the day of Disorder. To-day He will come." Nothing could gainsay him. Again the suq