

consulate and on out through the wide-swung city gates, on their march to the desert.

The desert had claimed its own, and had given the dead leader rest. The desert had given him title to a throne, and then, when fate wrested it from him, had taken him back to its bosom. The hope of the Derber was gone!

That the fierce tribesmen, who had ~~s. out~~ entered the consulate and partaken of his salt, had sworn friendship to him and his, mattered little to the Honorable Bob. For some reason inexplicable, he was filled with a sense of regret that this was to be his last night in the intensely foreign city, which he had invaded in so careless a way. With a lingering look over the splendid moonlit panorama, he turned to the stairway leading downward.

In the middle of the courtyard was a miniature pyramid of casks and bales, wrapped in waterproof and securely lashed in readiness for the panniers. In the half-bare *salon* on the side sounded shouts of laughter from his household, which was not participating in his melancholy mood. The kaid, with new volubility, was telling in terse sentences of the ceremony attendant upon his resignation.

"The good old Sidi was bound to outdo himself. Two-and-twenty times he fired the guns, although four is all a Sultan gets. Quite possible, it seems to me, that he wished to show the troops just what a new minister of war could do. Everything was very stately. The only regret they had was that the Right Honorable Kaid Whitney could not be there to hear the