

He accepted another drink of brandy, and, seeming strengthened by it, raised his head a little higher on the sheik's knee.

"Clarke," he said, "you and I have not been friends, nor could we ever be. But you are an honorable man. There is no use in pretense. For twenty years, the people of my mother have waited for me to take what was mine. You know it!"

He was interrupted by a fit of coughing, and doubled over with spasmodic pains. Dick was still holding the folds of the burnous over the wounds.

"You may regard the *Jehad* as right or wrong, but it does not matter now. To me, it was right. It was my only inheritance. I fought it as best I could. You defeated me, but you will admit after I am gone that no civilization of yours could have fought a more honorable fight. I am that unfortunate thing in which conflict a mixture of heritage from free-born kings, a religion different from yours, and a training among civilized people of your own kind. My only memory of a mother is that of a bright-clad figure rolling in agony down these steps. I am the prince who played at the fountain!"

He lifted a hand strengthened by passion, and gestured to his side and out to the glowing mass of color, through which blue and golden drops of water, like a stream of gorgeous jewels, were dropping into the basin below.

"I am he who was carried over the wall, and the Berber woman who saved me died years afterward in my arms, weak in body, but not in will, imposing upon me