

you are always thinking of.’ And he peered curiously at her.

‘Goodness me!’ murmured the Princess, in an Arabic much more soft and fluent than the original gum. ‘So he does—look like him.’

‘And do you know you look like him, too? Would you mind taking a walk around together?’

They did, amid the acclamations of the crowd. The likeness was perfect. The Princess, however, was quite white as she eagerly rejoined the doctor.

‘And this means——?’ she hissed in a low whisper.

‘That he is the real ‘Arry Axes! Hush, not a word now! We join the dahabiyeh to-night. At daybreak you will meet him at the fourth angle of the pyramid, first turning from the Nile!’