

"He slipped his mouth free again.

"Quick, then, quick!" he groaned.

"The Chapter of the Camel?" I suggested.

"Yes, yes."

"Or that of the Fleet Stallion?"

"Yes, yes. Only proceed!"

"We had passed the window and there was no candle, I settled down to recite the Chapter of the Stallion to him.

"Perhaps you do not know your Koran very well, monsieur? Well, I knew it by heart then, as I know it by heart now. The style is a little exasperating for any one who is in a hurry. But then what would you have? The people in the east are never in a hurry, and it was written for them. I repeated it with all the dignity and solemnity which a sacred book demands, and the young Englishman he wriggled and groaned.

"When the horses standing on three feet and placing the tip of their fourth foot upon the ground, were mustered in front of him in the evening, he said, 'I have loved the love of earthly good above the remembrance of things on high, and have spent the time in viewing these horses. Bring the horses back to me.' And when they were brought back he began to cut off their legs and—

"It was at this moment that the young Englishman sprang at me. My God! how little can I remember of the next few minutes! He was a boxer, this shred of a man. He had been trained to strike. I tried to catch him by the hands. Pac, pac, he came upon my nose and upon my eye. I put down my head and thrust at him with it. Pac, he came from below. But ah, I was too much for him.