

TAUCHNITZ EDITION

COLLECTION OF BRITISH AND AMERICAN AUTHORS

VOL. 4785

O. L. M. T. P. H. K. S. C. H.

SHEIKH BILL

M. W. S. C. H.
BY

ALICE M. WILLIAMSON

(MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON)

IN ONE VOLUME

May 31st 1927

LEIPZIG: BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ

PARIS: LIBRAIRIE HENRI GAULON, 39, RUE MADAME

A complete catalogue of the Tauchnitz Edition, with a list of the latest additions on page 1, is attached to this volume

Not to be introduced into the British Empire

Latest Volumes — May 1927

Introduction to Sally. By the Author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." I vol.-4759.

While allowing the brilliance of her wit to play around the finely drawn characters of this most amusing tale, the celebrated novelist draws forth all our sympathy with the beautiful girl from the lower classes who is driven from her husband by his efforts to educate her. Her escape from her high-brow suburban mother-in-law and subsequent adventures in a ducal family, where she is made much of, are delightfully told.

Rachel. By BEATRICE HARADEN. I vol.-4760.

This interesting story, told by the celebrated author of "Ships that pass in the Night," begins with the divorce of an unsuccessful marriage. In treating the problem of a divorced woman's position, the author contrasts types of to-day with those of the Victorian Age, and brings out the good points in both.

The Merchant of Souls. By DOUGLAS GOLDRING. I v.-4761.

Mr. Goldring always captures our interest by unusual themes, treated in a most skilful manner. In "The Merchant of Souls" we see Everard Powis, a member of London "Society," using his occult powers in order to enslave his fellow creatures. One woman loses her life and that of her son in her struggle against him, whereas another victim discovers her true personality in submission.

A Woman in Exile. By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL. I vol.-4762.

Here, as in "Watling's for Worth" two types of outlook are successfully contrasted and weighed. In Chester Cowlard, the Californian husband of a beautiful English aristocrat, we learn to know the best type of selfmade-man who sacrifices his life for the good of his country.

Summer Storm. By FRANK SWINNERTON. I vol.-4763.

Mr. Swinnerton probes the secrets of the human soul, and possesses to a wonderful degree the power of expressing what he finds there. As in "The Elder Sister," we are shown love in work-a-day London, the atmosphere of which great city is treated with consummate art in its relations to the emotions of two women who love the same man.

Show Boat. By EDNA FERBER. I vol.-4764.

This is an arresting story, combining a fine sense of humour with romance, by the author of the phenomenally successful novel, "So Big." Captain Andy, the genial owner of a Mississippi "Show Boat" or floating theatre, and his forbidding, nonconformist sponse, provide the humorous element. Romance is supplied by the adventures of their charming actress-daughter and the ne'er-do-well, Gaylord Ravenal, against a background of the wondrous river-landscape.

So Big. By EDNA FERBER. I v.-4765.

The enormous success of this celebrated "best-seller" is well founded by its fine psychological merits. All the splendid qualities of the American woman, efficiency, imagination and adventurous spirit are shown in Selina De Jong who succeeds in raising crops to feed the great City of Chicago where her husband had failed. She herself however fails in raising her son, nicknamed "So Big," to her own level, which causes mutual disappointment.

Told at Monte Carlo. By A.M.WILLIAMSON. I vol.-4766.

The author's thorough knowledge of the Mediterranean coast enables her to see the life there from the point of view of a great variety of persons. In a series of thrilling short stories we are given a number of most entertaining events, told in Mrs. Williamson's best vein. Two of the wittiest are related by a French maid and an American duchess, respectively.

COLLECTION
OF
BRITISH AUTHORS

TAUCHNITZ EDITION

VOL. 4783

SHEIKH BILL

BY

ALICE M. WILLIAMSON

(MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON)

IN ONE VOLUME

TAUCHNITZ EDITION

By C. N. & A. M. Williamson

	Vol.
THE LIGHTNING CONDUCTOR. 1 vol.	3980
LADY BETTY ACROSS THE WATER. 1 vol.	4177
THE MOTOR MAID. 1 vol.	4200
LORD LOVELAND DISCOVERS AMERICA. 1 vol.	4226
IT HAPPENED IN EGYPT. 2 vols.	4483. 84
THE WEDDING DAY. 1 vol.	4527
THE LION'S MOUSE. 1 vol.	4534
THE LADY FROM THE AIR. 1 vol.	4591

By Alice M. Williamson (Mrs. C. N. Williamson)

CANCELLED LOVE. 1 vol.	4725
TOLD AT MONTE CARLO. 1 vol.	4766

SHEIKH BILL

BY

ALICE M. WILLIAMSON

(MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON)

AUTHOR OF

"CANCELLED LOVE," "TOLD AT MONTE CARLO," ETC.

COPYRIGHT EDITION

LEIPZIG

BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ

1927



SHEIKH BILF

ALICE W. WILLIAMS

1875

1875

1875

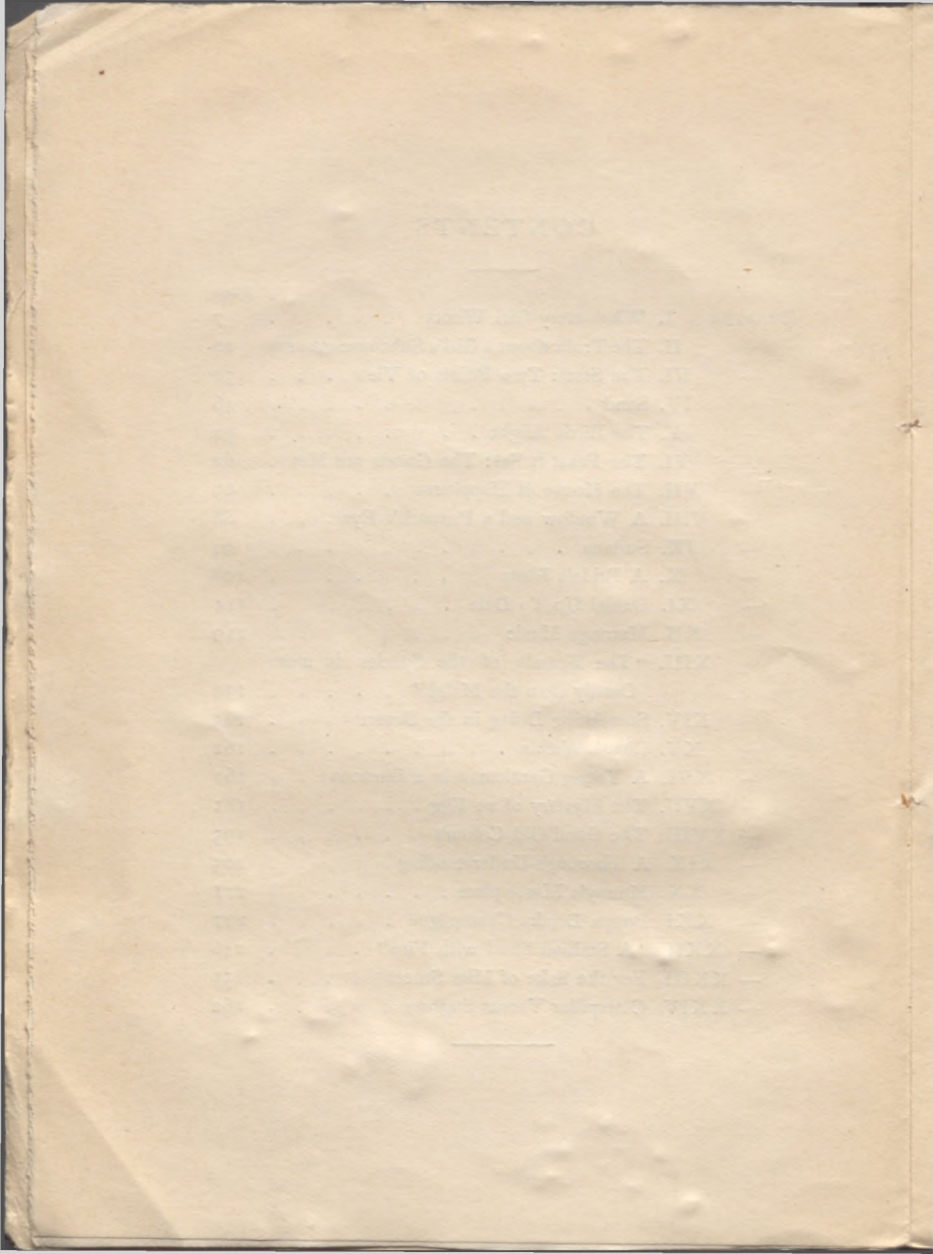
BRITISH ASSOCIATION

1875

1226560

CONTENTS

	Page
CHAPTER I. What every Girl Wants	7
— II. The Truth about a Girl's Subconsciousness	20
— III. The Start: Two Points of View	30
— IV. Sand	46
— V. The Birds Alight	54
— VI. The Feast is Set: The Guests are Met	62
— VII. The House of Happiness	69
— VIII. A Window and a Peacock's Eye	88
— IX. Sultana	94
— X. A Bride's Ideas	108
— XI. Daniel Up To Date	114
— XII. Marriage Music	119
— XIII. "The Female of the Species is more Deadly than the Male!"	134
— XIV. Something Doing in the Desert	145
— XV. Chaos Within	161
— XVI. A Young Gentleman in a Burnous	167
— XVII. The Mystery of an Egg	181
— XVIII. The Good Old Colours	195
— XIX. A Thorough Understanding	205
— XX. Mouny's Masterpiece	221
— XXI. Poppa Drinks Champagne	227
— XXII. "A Stallion Shod with Fire"	246
— XXIII. For the Sake of Miss Smeet	255
— XXIV. Caterpillar Versus Stallion	262



SHEIKH BILL

CHAPTER I

WHAT EVERY GIRL WANTS

HE was unutterably miserable, was Bill.

Nothing about him seemed to please her.

When he first dawned upon New York and Long Island to play polo, complete with ponies and groom, and fell headlong in love with the girl, he had an idea that his chances ought to be fair. He was jolly good at polo, and a number of Americans—the right sort, too—had made a fuss over him. They'd given dinners and dances in his honour, and so on. It was at one of those dances that he had met Corisande Smith, who was visiting his hostess, and she had seemed to like him.

Smith! And she had an awful father. There was no use in blinking matters. Poppa was awful. His nickname among his more intimate friends was "Tubby," and he looked it. He wasn't even enormously rich, like some of those Americans who almost exude millions; but just rich enough to retire from whatever his business had been (chewing gum, or cheese, or chocolate, or something that began with C), to give his daughter pretty clothes and moderate-sized pearls, also let her do whatever she chose, such as going on absurd ocean trips.

They were on an ocean trip now—a Mediterranean one—and Bill was on it, too. He was on it because these Smiths were on it. No other reason in the world. He hadn't felt able to sail away and leave the girl. His groom and his ponies had been sent back to England via Southampton. He himself was now *en route* for home via Madeira, Gibraltar, Algeria, Southern France, Italy, Egypt—heaven knows what, or when, he would get anywhere, if ever!

You would have imagined that a Smith girl from the middle west (was St. Louis middle west?) might have been caught by his success—even fame, you might call it!—as a polo player, or that she might have fancied what Americans sometimes speak of as a “lord.”

There were quite a lot of people who did seem to tumble to that sort of stuff, even in these post-war days. He *was* a “lord,” all right!—though it was merely a “courtesy title” because he happened to be a younger son of the Marquis of Lakelands. Nor was he one of those down-at-heel, poverty-stricken “lords” on the look out for a rich wife. He had a tidy bit of money, left him by his mother, well invested in Imperial Tobacco. And he had always meant to settle down as soon as he'd seen something of the world (he was not yet two years out of Oxford, having been delayed by his big adventure in the war, rushed into when he was seventeen) and make a lot more in some big business or other. He really felt, at times, an urge for work! Well, then, if he wasn't exactly a *matinée* idol, he wasn't too bad-looking, either!

But what this Smith girl wanted—well, it was their exhaustive conversation on the subject that was making Bill Borrodaile so immensely miserable.

They had passed Madeira and Gibraltar, at which latter place Bill had been proud of things his father's old friendship with the Governor had enabled him to show Poppa Smith and Corisande. He and she had danced a good deal together on ship-board, and played deck games. But there was something about the Smith girl that made her terribly popular ("terribly" was Bill's word), and everybody, especially every man, wanted to be with her every minute. You would have thought that if Bill fancied himself so much as a sportsman and a "lord" he might have elbowed his way in, ahead of the others. But that was the trouble with Bill—or one of the troubles. He *didn't* fancy himself; not really—in any shape at all. He merely paraded his best qualities before his own eyes, to see if by luck there were reason to hope. He tried desperately to persuade himself that he possessed advantages which ought to attract Corisande—known to her intimates as "San," "Sanda," and even "Sand." At heart he was shy with girls, especially American girls. He was never sure whether they liked him or not, or how to make them like him if they didn't. And in their society he couldn't think of funny things to say ("wise cracks," in Americanese) and send them into gales of laughter as their own men, who were more used to their little ways, did. He felt stiff and self-conscious, and afraid that Sanda might prefer to be with others. Which was why those others—many

others (for to Bill the ship appeared swarming with American youths all in love with Miss Smith)—got the better of him so easily, and why he'd never been alone with the girl since sailing on the "Auretania" at New York—sailing entirely for her sake!

They were leaning on the rail together now; and fortunately it is an unwritten law on ships that if a man and a maid lean on a rail together no third person of any sex or age may join them.

"I wish you wouldn't say such things, please, Lord Bill!" the Smith girl scolded in her sweet and gentle voice that made a scolding sound like a benediction gone wrong.

The thing he had said was that he had come on this trip to be with her. And he said it again. "You know it's true," he insisted with unusual boldness. "It's the same with at least a dozen other poor brutes, too. Or no—not the *same*. None of those blighters can care half as much for you as I do."

"You're entirely mistaken," argued Sanda Smith. "They *haven't* come on my account. They wouldn't! Men don't do romantic things like that, in our days—at least, Anglo-Saxons don't. I wish they did! The men on board this ship are here because they want to see the world. And even if they *had* come for what you think, it wouldn't do them one bit of good. There isn't a man of the lot who—who has any *appeal* for me, though I can like them very much—you, and the rest—as *friends*."

"What do you mean by *appeal*?" Bill caught her up, his heart turning in his breast to a large, cold,

boiled potato or turnip or other pallid vegetable. Being lumped in by the girl you passionately adore, among males who possess "no appeal," seemed like the bitter end, just when it ought to be the sweet beginning.

"Why, if I ever fall madly in love it will be with—but I don't suppose I *could* marry him if I did! Still, just to *know* him would be wonderful. Particularly if he *cared*. It would be something to remember all my life," Corisande answered mysteriously, her voice softer and sweeter than before. Her mother had been a southern woman, and Sanda had gone to school in the south, so she talked like a southern girl. Jealous cats said it was an affectation, but all men were sure it was as natural as the wave in her hair.

Bill gazed at the girl, in the moonlight. There was moonlight, floods of it, more moonlight than there ever seems to be anywhere except at sea. He gazed, and in contrast with what appeared to him her perfect, her divine beauty, he felt himself to be insignificant, and altogether unworthy. No wonder she said he had no "appeal." Why should he have an appeal? He wasn't tall, and though he was a muscular, wiry type, there was nothing suggestive of Jack Dempsey or Gene Tunney in his figure, if that was what the girl wanted. He had crinkly auburn hair, and his eyebrows and lashes were darker than copper. His tanned skin was ruddy rather than brown, and dusted over with freckles. Though his father's family had been "carrying on" without many *mésalliances* since the dim ages of "Domesday Book," Bill could boast of no particular features, whereas

this daughter of one or two Smiths had the most exquisite, piquantly finished little profile in the world and the hands of a dainty princess. Her face was one of those short, pearly ovals with immense dark eyes (hazel, but they could look black), which, set on a long, slender throat, as hers was, must remind even the unimaginative of a flower on its stem. As for Bill, he had thought of many similes for Sanda Smith's face, especially when the sun or moon happened to be shining on her hair, turning it to spun gold with silvery gleams.

"Anyhow," she went on when he remained speechless, "that's why I've persuaded Poppa at the last minute, almost, to take me away—away, ever so far into the desert after we get off the 'Auretania' at Algiers."

The cold potato or turnip or what not in Bill's breast seemed to drop down through endless spaces in his anatomy.

"Desert—far away into the desert!" he stammered. "But how will you get back before the ship sails for Naples?"

"We won't get back," explained Miss Smith.

"But—good Lord!—this is sudden!" floundered Bill. "Surely you meant to go the whole round——"

"Poppa meant. Not me."

Bill wanted to slay her. Not that he loved her less, but he hated her more. He loved and hated her so much at the same time that it hurt horribly.

"You meant, even when we came on board at New York, to chuck me—everything—the whole

business—at Algiers!” Bill flung heavy words at the girl, which was next best to stabbing her through the heart. “I never heard anything so beastly cruel.”

“You’ve no right to call me cruel,” Sanda Smith defended herself. “You know, Lord Bill, you have no rights over me at *all*.”

“You might have told me what was in your mind.”

“I couldn’t tell anybody till I’d talked to Poppa and got his consent. And I got that only to-day. I wouldn’t have got it then if I hadn’t cried. Poppa hates to see me cry.”

“Any man would. You count on that!” stormed Bill.

“Well, I’ll cry now if you go on being so horrid. I can’t stand having people horrid to me.”

“I’m not horrid,” he protested. “I’m bowled over, knocked out, that’s all. And so will be the other dozen blokes. We came on board for you, and it’s not likely any of us will stay on board without you——”

“I *won’t* be followed!” broke in Sanda, quite fiercely for her, as a dove might turn and peck at a teasing finger. “That would spoil everything! Anybody who likes can get off the ship and stay off the ship, but they can’t come trailing after Poppa and me. Luckily, very few of them would be able to afford it after paying for the round trip, even if they wanted to, which they won’t be silly enough to do, with all the pretty girls left on board *much* more attractive than I am.”

“That’s a matter of taste,” said Bill.

“Sh! I oughtn’t to have told you my secret!”

exclaimed Sanda. "I won't tell anyone else, and you must promise not to!"

"Oh, I'll promise that, all right!" he growled.

"And you must promise not to follow us—Poppa and me—into the desert. I don't *want* to be followed."

"If you're so keen on desert stuff, why can't you wait for Egypt, and get a little more use of your passage money!" Bill tried to make the girl see reason.

"Because, if you must know, the man I want to meet is in this desert—the Sahara desert, down in the south of Algeria."

"Man!" Bill almost gasped.

Instead of answering, Sanda asked the question. "Did you ever read a book called 'The Sheikh'?" (She pronounced it "Sheek.")

Bill hesitated a moment, not because he was trying to remember the book, but because he was torn with a venomous desire to be sarcastic. He resisted, however, and merely used a somewhat strong emphasis in replying, "No, I never *read* 'The Sheikh.'" Afterwards he congratulated himself because he had resisted. If he had said what he wanted to say then the whole wild scheme he had already begun to cook up would have fallen flat.

Sanda took it for granted that his words meant ignorance concerning "The Sheikh" in particular, and probably sheikhs in general. Naturally he would know nothing of the novel which had captured all flapperdom and spinsterhood!

"Men made fun out of the story out of sheer *jealousy*, I believe," she went on. "But women loved

it. And the film that was done from the book, with dear Rudolph Valentino! We just *ate* that! As for me, I don't mind telling you, Lord Bill, that from the time I read 'The Sheikh' and saw the film, I was *spoiled* for American and English men. It's *not* funny! You needn't grin like that. It's rather *sad*."

"I never felt less like grinning in my life," replied Bill. Which was true. Yet perhaps he *had* grinned. "It's more than sad. It's—it's——" But he decided not to put into words what he thought it was. Sheikhs indeed! If the little fool only knew what *he* knew——

"The desert always did fascinate me, ever since I was small and used to hear my mother, before she died, sing a thrilling song:

'Out of the desert I come to thee,
On my stallion shod with fire!'

or something like that. And there was more about 'Under thy window I call.' Oh, it was gorgeous! At school we girls all read desert books, whenever we could sneak them in. I mean stories about the desert, and marvellous Arab men, who dared do anything, even to kidnap you, and had dark eyes of smouldering passion. Just then 'The Sheikh' was published, in my last year at school, and that simply *finished* us! I wasn't seventeen, but I was tired of school and wanted to *live*, so I made Poppa let me come out, without graduating. That was nearly three years ago, yet in spite of all the fun I've had since (of course I've had a lot!) I never *have* lived. But I shall live

in the desert. Live! *Live!*—I'm like Robert Hichens' heroine, Dominie, in 'The Garden of Allah.' I want the 'Desert to take me.'"

The desert would doubtless be delighted to "take" Sanda Smith, but Bill didn't see it readily absorbing Poppa. Poppa and the desert would be about as unsuited to each other as anything in human shape could be unsuited to large, rolling spaces of yellow sand.

"I did read 'The Garden of Allah,' and saw it played," Bill said. "So I suppose you and Mr. Smith are going to make for Mr. Hichens' favourite pitch, Biskra?"

"Biskra!" Sanda sneered sweetly; for even her sneers were sweet. "Why, people who have been there say it's hardly desert at all, and since the crowds began pouring in it's too sophisticated for words. We're going far, far beyond Biskra, into the *true* desert. That's where *the man* lives that I want to see, even if I'm broken-hearted for all the rest of my life after I've seen him."

As she spoke, instead of looking utterly silly, as she ought to have looked, the moon spiritualised her small face, so eagerly lifted to the glory of the night. Alas, you can't shake a spirit or box its ears, whether you love or hate it!

"Who is the 'man,' if you don't mind telling me?" Bill inquired. He sounded furious as well as curious; and he was both. But he had special reasons for being curious, reasons even beyond jealousy and rage. Sanda had had her secret. He now had his.

"The 'man' is a great Arab chief," replied the girl with pride.

"A sheikh?"

"More than a sheikh. I think he's an Agha or something. That's what the magazine article, which told the wonderful romance of his life, said."

"Oh, an Agha!" and then Bill nearly blurted out a question that would have brought down the whole scenery for the next act.

"Yes, his name is Halim ben Mahmoud. Isn't it like music—desert music?"

It was all Bill could do not to snort. But he did not snort. Snorting is not done during conscious hours by the best lovers. "Have you got an introduction to this bird?" he wanted to know.

"*Bird!* Well, if he's a bird, he's a hawk of the desert! No, we *haven't* got an introduction to him. But, though he lives in such a wild place, and is chief of—of I think the Ouled Mendil, a great Bedouin tribe, he has studied in France and England. He's a *very* great gentleman! When Poppa and I get to El Bouar, his oasis, or his principal one—his 'capital' you might call it!—I'll find—I mean *we'll* find—some way of making ourselves acquainted with him. There's certain to be some kind of a hotel, no matter how weird, I suppose. Or he'll invite us to stay a few days in his palace. He's sure to be chivalrous, and maybe he'll *like* to see people from the civilised world where he once lived."

"You seem to have the entire *dossier* of this Halim ben Mahmoud," sneered Bill. "Have you

Sheikh Bill



found out for sure whether he's the true, Valentino sheikh type you're out after? You'd better *be* sure, you know! It would be a da—it would be a jolly old nuisance to get so far, and then be disappointed in him—what?"

"I'm certain not to be disappointed," Sanda insisted. "I've never seen any picture of him except a snapshot in the magazine, or read an absolutely detailed description, if you mean *that*. But the article called him the 'most romantic figure to-day in the Sahara Desert.' It said he was handsome, not darker than a Spaniard, only about twenty-two when he inherited his Aghaship—or whatever it is—from his father, and not more than twenty-six now; speaks French and English, is a splendid rider—oh, *everything* I've dreamed of, and more!"

"The Arab who couldn't sit a horse would be an ass!" Bill exploded.

"I didn't suppose a man, especially a nice, good-natured one like you, would be a *cat*, Lord Bill!" she lashed him.

Bill took his punishment quietly. "Sorry!" he apologised. "I only thought you'd better be warned that maybe he—— Besides, he may be married. Quite a lot married! Arabs often are."

"If he were married, in the *horrid* way you mean, the magazine wouldn't have called him romantic," Sanda agreed. "It's not ever romantic to be married! Anyhow, please don't imagine I expect to be his wife. Even if—if we both fell in love, Fate would hold us apart, I suppose—unless, of course, he ran

off with me, or something like that. He's of the East, I'm of the West. But what a glorious adventure. Worth *dying* for!"

"I've had magazine articles, or anyhow newspaper stuff, written about me," the unfortunate Bill strove to "keep his end up." "They said *I* was a romantic figure——"

"Oh, in the American newspapers!" Sanda sniffed. "They'd say *anything*! Probably the reporters had never met you! Just because you're a 'lord' and can play polo! It isn't even as if you had a romantic ancient castle for a background! You told me yourself you hadn't, or your father either."

"We've got a jolly old house, and it's haunted, too. It's by a lake, among the mountains——"

"Give *me* desert!" cried Sanda. "Why, even my name belongs to the desert! And I had my fortune told a while ago. That's why I was determined to come on this trip and get off at Algiers without saying a word to Poppa first, for fear he would refuse——"

"The California Desert would have been simpler," said Bill, with renewed bitterness.

"There are no sheikhs in it!"

"There are sheikhs all over the place. I——"

"Those are not the kind *I'm* interested in! Besides, the gipsy said—it was at a bazaar—that she saw me 'where the sun rose.' 'In vast golden spaces you will learn the secret of life.' That was what the woman prophesied. 'You may find happiness, you may find sorrow, but I promise you will find *love*.'" "

"I was trying to tell you when you interrupted

that *I'm* a sheikh, if you'll only believe it," said Bill.

Sanda laughed. "Only I *don't* believe it! And now I must go, it's getting late. I'm awfully sorry, dear Lord Bill, if I've upset you or hurt your feelings; but it just can't be helped, and you must forgive me, please. You'd *much* better forget me, too. Good night!"

Bill didn't say he would forget her, or that he wouldn't, and he didn't try to prevent the annoying creature from leaving him. What would have been the use?

The moonlight was cold as steel without her, and sharp as steel was the pain that pierced his heart.

A sheikh! She wanted a sheikh! She was going into the far desert to find Halim ben Mahmoud! Ha!

This was where the strange and lurid light that had begun to flicker within him all of a sudden lit up the darkness of Lord Bill Borrodaile's troubled soul.

CHAPTER II

THE TRUTH ABOUT A GIRL'S SUBCONSCIOUSNESS

NEXT morning the "Auretania" arrived at Algiers, early enough for the sun to be gilding Notre Dame d'Afrique, the sailors' beloved church; to be turning the white houses and domes of the town to mother-of-pearl, to be touching the dark-green background, the Sahel Hills, with bright glints of emerald, and lighting the distant, fantastic shapes of the Atlas and Kabyle Mountains with opal fire.

The Smith girl had sprung up with the dawn, though it was not a habit of hers to do this. What was mere habit, however, on the day when Life was due to begin? Sanda was deliciously excited about everything in the present and future; but especially excited about herself. She could have sung for joy as she bathed and dressed, if it hadn't been that to sing at six o'clock would have drawn curses upon her head from all the dull, stuffy persons who preferred sleep to thrills. Besides, her father's cabin was next door, and she wanted him to be good-natured and well inclined towards her wishes to-day of all days. So Sanda Smith bottled up her happiness, but it was like bottling champagne, and she thought a thousand bubbling thoughts.

Halim ben Mahmoud, that great desert Sheikh——

How *mean* of Lord Bill to dash cold water on her hopes by suggesting that the wondrous chieftain of her dreams might be married! Something deep within the girl told her that he was not married, couldn't be married! Though he didn't even know that she existed, she felt that Fate had kept his passionate nature in leash, waiting for her. Destiny was now about to bring them together. It would not be so cruel as to have raised an impossible barrier between them before they even met, after she had been led to him from half across the world.

She could imagine how they would talk to each other. Vaguely she pictured herself and a glorious, dark man in a garden of palms at sunset; or maybe in moonlight. She would confess to him how, since

she was a child, the desert—*his* desert!—had called to her; how always she had heard that voice through other voices of life, soft and alluring, like the whisper of the sea in a shell. "You were my one ideal," she would say. "I refused dozens of men who wanted to marry me—even an English lord—because I waited for you, though I didn't know for certain if we should ever meet on this earth."

Then he would answer, "Just so I waited for you, my white moonflower, my little rose with a heart of gold." (Those were some of the adjectives which sheiks used for girls they loved.) After that he could hold himself in check no longer. He would seize her in his arms, crushing her breath away, and kiss her with bruising kisses till she nearly fainted with love and pain. But when at last he released her, panting, and she lay almost broken in his strong arms, she would still have the strength to gasp out that she could never be his wife. To lose her thus would make her father too unhappy! She must sacrifice herself. But for ever and for ever she would be faithful in her heart to her one love. No other man should ever touch the lips he had kissed. For his sake she would, through the rest of her life, be like a nun in a convent, denying herself to men.

Exactly what Halim would answer and do Sanda couldn't decide. It wouldn't be true to form for a Sheikh of the desert just quietly to give up. In fact he would not be a sheikh if he did! Perhaps he would *really* kidnap her, and snatch her up behind him on his horse—"a stallion shod with fire"—

carrying her into golden spaces even wilder than those whence Fate had brought her to their meeting! She thrilled and flushed and shivered at the thought of this, and all that would happen to her. Of course, she would *have* to marry him then, in spite of her convictions. It would be hard for Poppa, but it couldn't be helped. And once a year she and Halim would travel by caravan luxuriously, with high-bred camels and silk-lined tents, from their white-domed palace among oasis palms, back, back to civilisation. He would take her to Paris and London, perhaps even home to New York and St. Louis. She would be seen by some of the men who'd loved her hopelessly (like Lord Bill) in a box at the opera, wearing barbaric jewels and silvery gauzes. These men would long for her in vain, for Halim, passionately jealous, would be ready to murder any male who looked at her too long.

Suddenly she saw Halim trying to kill Lord Bill, and she didn't like that idea, really *didn't*, fierce as a sheikh ought to be. She'd rather the victim would be someone else, because she couldn't bear the thought of poor dear Bill dead, with those funny, jolly dimples of his out of work, and those curled-up, goldy lashes fallen for ever over half-closed blue eyes, bright no more!

As she pictured those eyes tears stung her own hazel orbs, which Bill so much admired. The salt drops came more from nervous excitement than soft emotion; for despite her gentle sweetness the Smith girl's nature had a side, where men were concerned,

that was hard and decoratively brilliant as lacquer. Though she could cry over loving men who suffered, she simply adored being a woman who could make them suffer, and causing them pain was one of Life's most delicious if unacknowledged pleasures.

This was far from nice in Sanda Smith, and she knew it, without remorse, however, because nowadays Freud has instructed even the youngest flappers that nobody is Nice. Girls realised (because such knowledge is in the air even if they couldn't be bothered reading books about it) that underneath their Benda masks of loveliness they were dark jungles of crawling complexes, and that they had a Libido—whatever that was. It sounded vaguely nasty, but to try and be utterly maidenly all the way through to your soul was stupid, because the clever ones said it couldn't be done; and even if it *could*, you would become dull, old-fashioned, and uninteresting in the mere effort.

So Sanda let herself rather shamefacedly admit that she would have married Bill if he'd been a duke, for the mere pleasure of being envied, though she could not be wildly happy with anyone so far from her ideal. You could marry a Duke and be divorced from him, yet still remain a Duchess, Sanda had heard; but even if you could cling to being a Lady William Borrodaile there wasn't much in it; very little more, it seemed to her, than in being the wife of a humble Knight, which Bill considered negligible, saying that since the war London had become a City of Dreadful Knights.

Anyone who could have psycho-analysed Sanda as she splashed about in her salt bath, "did" her beautiful bobbed hair (really it *was* curled by nature, so that a "water wave" gave it all the sophisticated charm of a "permanent"), and put on the two fragile garments which, if you didn't count the silk stockings and small white shoes, constituted the process of "dressing," he, or especially she, would have judged the girl as a hard-hearted, brutal young wretch. Yet in forming such an opinion he or she would have been mistaken in the deepest sense. Sanda was warm-hearted, sweet, true, loyal, and worthy to be loved even as much as Bill loved her—forming desperate plans as he was at that very moment in his distant bath, or ferociously scraping lather off the face she spurned.

He was thinking of her. How adorable the little beast was; and he was not at all mistaken in his estimate of the little beast's character, although as at school she had formed the feminine, innocent manner he judged her by, from seven little purple-covered paper volumes sent for the price of three dollars (unlabelled through the post) and entitled "The Secret of How Any Woman can Fascinate Any Man."

She was thinking of him, dabbing the pink lobes of her ears with perfume, created for her by a firm who studied your characteristics: a complicated, seductive perfume which made you feel alluring and complex, ripe for the love of a sheikh; and she was telling herself how *un-complex* Lord Bill was. While he was thinking her a sweet, silly baby whom he was going to

rescue from her own foolishness by an amazing expedient (if it could be carried out), she was thinking how easy it was to read every turn of that boy's simple mind. People you can see into like that are bound to be boring in the end, she told herself.

Still, she was very glad that Bill was in love with her. As a scalp he was quite worth while, on account of his name and his sportsmanship (not that polo was exactly athletic!), although he couldn't dance nearly as well as the American boys who had come on this trip for her sake. Yes, of course she knew they had come for her sake—Lord Bill and all the others—though naturally she said she didn't know; and she hoped that every girl on board knew also just what had shanghaied those boys on to the "Auretania." It was half the fun having your girl friends know such things about you.

Sanda was in a great hurry to start for the oasis of El Bouar, far off on a southern caravan route in the desert; but she had skimmed through two or three ancient guide-books for information on the subject, and had learned that after Biskra, or anyhow Touggourt, you had to travel there with camels and tents and men. It was far beyond the railway zone, and off the track of tourists. It would take a day or two, maybe more, to get together a caravan, consequently one might as well see something of Biskra and Touggourt. As for Algiers, she would *have* to see something of that town, for thoughtlessly (meaning to saturate him with the lure of the East) she had bought Poppa a very exciting novel about Algiers. He was being

dragged into the desert to please her (naturally she hadn't confided to him her designs upon Halim ben Mahmoud), but Poppa had bargained for the sights of Algiers first. The other passengers were being allowed nearly two days in Algiers before sailing for Naples; but Poppa must be content with a little less than that. One day would have to do for him, because Sanda wished to fade mysteriously away beyond the ken of her admirers before they could find out what had become of her, and too late for them to follow when they did find out. Poppa had promised that to-morrow morning, when the others were running about the neighbourhood in hired motor-cars, finishing up their last day with dinner and dancing at the famous Hôtel St. George at Mustapha Superieur, he and she would start in a hired motor-car for Biskra.

It was necessary, Sanda thought, to slip away like this; otherwise—as Lord Bill had said—she might be followed. On board ship you couldn't have too many young men hanging about after you—the more the merrier! But in the desert, journeying towards an unknown hero, even *one* follower would be worse than superfluous. As for poor Bill, by sheer frank brutality she had made him safe. He would be too proud to dog her footsteps, or rather motor-tyres and camel hoof-prints, when he'd been told so emphatically that he wasn't wanted.

If Sanda had left her bed at seven it would have been early enough, for breakfast didn't begin till eight, and nobody began going ashore till nine. However, she enjoyed the superior feeling of being the most

romantic-minded person on board, in the presence of the mystic East, because she'd been the first one up; and certainly she was the prettiest person among the hundreds who streamed off the "Auretania" to fill the pockets of Algerian shopkeepers.

She let Lord Bill Borrodaile go with her and Poppa in their taxi most of the time, partly because several other almost as pretty girls would have been glad to get him, partly because he was now in her great secret, and she wouldn't need to be on guard with him, as she would with others who must be kept ignorant of her plan to cut the Mediterranean trip. And she was very sweet to Bill, for he was easy to be sweet to, and this was the last day, and probably they would never see each other again on land or sea.

She and Poppa and Bill had a very good day together. Poppa liked Lord Bill pretty well, because Bill never threw it in his teeth by sheer dead-eyed indifference that he was old and a bore, "and three was a crowd," as San's American "beaux" often did. They loitered about in the fascinating shops of the Bab Azoun and other exciting streets where the Smith girl bought quantities of things she thought she wanted. They flashed up the hill of Mustapha Superieur to the Oriental-looking St. George for lunch, and had coffee on the incredibly beautiful terrace, gazing over the tropical garden and between dark, framing cypresses to glimpses of turquoise sea. (Sanda loved the St. George and thrilled to its Eastern effects, imagining that something like this must be her desert

sheikh's palace at El Bouar!) Afterwards they walked in the Jardin d'Essai, choosing times to do everything when they imagined that their fellow-passengers would be doing something else, in the snobbish superiority of feeling which all tourists have towards other tourists, as if they alone were "different." The remainder of the afternoon and evening they spent in the ancient Arab part of the town, the Kasbah. They saw the Pavilion of the Fan, where in old days the Sultan struck the French Ambassador in the face, and with that one blow of painted chicken skin and gilded sandalwood gave his country to centuries of French rule. They ate kouskous in an Arab restaurant, and Sanda would have seen a native dance at Belle Fatma's if Poppa and Bill had not joined together against that. In order to punish Bill for his interference the girl said dreamily, "Oh, well, I don't mind. I can see enough of the real thing in the desert by and by. While *you* are doing the rest of the Mediterranean trip."

Next morning Sanda was a little afraid of having to go through a parting scene of tragedy and emotion with Bill. At least, she told herself that she was afraid of it; but when he must have overslept, and didn't appear as she and Poppa were ready to "sneak," the girl was intensely surprised and disappointed. She was even worried and humiliated, lest Bill didn't love her as agonisingly as she had supposed. This doubt practically spoiled the rich, sad pleasure of fading out of his life, and kept her thinking of him, when her mind should have gone

winging far ahead like a white dove towards Halim ben Mahmoud at El Bouar.

CHAPTER III

THE START: TWO POINTS OF VIEW

BILL had tacitly given the Smith girl to understand that he would not follow her. Nothing, however, had been said about his going in advance. That he might do this, and head her off, so to speak, had not occurred to Sanda. But it had occurred to Bill, with the one flash of lurid enlightenment which like a sharp knife had cut the black mass of his depression.

He was not a slow young man or he could not have been a "topper" at polo. He decided quickly if not always wisely. And he didn't care a hang whether or not it would be wise to do the thing he'd thought of. He was going to do it, and that was that.

Sanda and her father had not discussed with him the route they intended taking, though the girl had unfolded one or two ideas in his presence. It was enough that Sanda had mentioned El Bouar, the home-town oasis of the young Agha Halim ben Mahmoud, as her ultimate destination, and had spoken about the delights of caravaning. He, Bill, could deduce the rest.

Dimly, he was aware already that El Bouar lay far south-east of Algiers. He knew that any decent motor-car could go easily from Algiers to Biskra,

and less easily from Biskra to Touggourt; that both these places had also good railway services in these days; but that at Touggourt the dunes of the true Sahara began, and into the region between Touggourt and El Bouar no traveller could adventure save with the oldest mode of conveyance on earth, a caravan; or with the newest, a "caterpillar" motor-car with six twin wheels, made to conquer the dunes.

It was not strange that Bill had learned as much as this without asking a single question. He knew what he knew because he had heard the route described not once, but many times, by no other person than Sanda Smith's ideal sheikh himself, Halim ben Mahmoud, who had passed a year at Oxford while Bill was there, in the same college, and had there worn horn-rimmed spectacles. The sheikh had pressed invitations upon his English friend to visit him at El Bouar.

As a matter of fact, although Bill Borrodaile had often saved the Arab chieftain undergrad from making a mess of things at Oxford, also from being ragged unmercifully by youths to whom his desert principedom was less than nothing in importance, Bill had championed Halim not so much from liking as from a chivalrous kind of pity for a home-sick foreigner of alien race and alien colour. He hadn't cared much, personally, for "our Sheikh" as Halim had ribaldly been called by the few men who troubled themselves to call him anything at all. Through sheer good-nature he had frequently let himself be bored by Halim, and the last thing he

had intended ever to do was to pay a visit to El Bouar.

Even when he started on this long sea-trip Bill had hardly thought of Halim ben Mahmoud; much less had he contemplated going to see him; indeed, had events fallen as Bill expected when leaving New York there would have been no time for even the shortest expedition into the desert. He, in common with others, would simply have got off the ship for a little sightseeing, and comfortably got on again, bound for Naples and Alexandria. Now, as things had turned out, he might have to stay in the desert for weeks, or months, or years, or in an extreme case for ever, since he had vowed to stop at nothing. Once he was in the old desert maybe he would have more time than anything else! Nevertheless he *must* make all haste to get there.

Time-tables not having been designed to suit his special convenience, he couldn't hope to ramp in ahead of the Smiths, just by hurling himself into a train for Biskra, while they teuf-teufed along in a motor-car. It wasn't as simple as that. But you could seldom pick up a newspaper without seeing a paragraph about aeroplane flights over the Sahara; and while Sanda Smith and her father bought jewellery at Zagha's during the day of sightseeing together, Bill had darted off to a French tourist agency. There he had learned, not that he could *get* an aeroplane, but where aeroplanes had a lair in the neighbourhood of Algiers. There was, it seemed, a military aerodrome close to the small

village of Maison Carrée (named after an old Turkish fort), about six or seven miles from the town. The agent shook his head, and warned the Monsieur who spoke French so well of the extreme improbability that an aeroplane could be put at his disposition, especially at short notice. But then the agent didn't know who the Monsieur was, or that he had been a soldier, and it wasn't worth while to waste time boasting about his qualifications. Bill knew—somehow felt in his bones—that he *would* get a "bus," if he had to buy or steal one.

So far from oversleeping on Sanda's last morning as she suspected him of doing, Bill was up, off the ship, and in a motor-car with his hand luggage (the rest would have to go on alone to Southampton, via half a dozen countries) before Sanda had rung for her coffee and grape-fruit.

The car took him out to the aerodrome, where he found several soldier mechanics already at work; and again Bill scored with his knowledge of French. He and his elder brother, Lord Scawfell, had spent six home-sick months at Tours, long ago, and now he blessed the time he had then cursed. He had never dared let Sanda know how well he spoke the language she in her pride so gaily murdered. Poor darling, she considered herself a mistress of French! Bill could see her trying to tour Algeria with Poppa, on her "*parlez-vous*"! He hadn't even told her that she didn't know how to pronounce her "sheikh"!

The commandant, a slim, soldierly figure, as all flying men ought to be, received Lord Bill Borrodaile

with courtesy. Bill had the good sense to speak as one soldier to another before he broke the news of what he desired to do. He had cherished the presentiment before he came that he was bound to fly to El Bouar. Nevertheless his heart beat like a schoolboy's before an examination in mathematics as he made his request. Everything hung on this chap Le Normand, things he couldn't put into the explanations!

"*Mais, vous avez de la veine, milord!*" smiled the French officer. "It is to-day that we are making a little demonstration in the desert. I know well your name, and I have even bet on your polo in the States. I am what they call there a 'fan' for polo, *n'est-ce pas?* It is that I am charmed because by chance I am able to do you this favour which some other day might have been difficult. Since the last few weeks we have heard vaguely of unrest in the south. Oh, nothing, as your Tommies said in the War, 'to write home about'! Still, we shall show *nos amis Arabes-là* that we are not dead ones, we others! Still, we shall let them admire a few samples of our new all-metal fighting aeroplanes. Not yet have they at El Bouar or Dargla or Sidi Amra seen even one. To-day a number of Arabs will have the grand surprise of watching—still better, hearing (for it is the noise more than speed we find which makes impression!)—four at a time of our best and biggest. You shall be in one of them. The start is at ten, so I think I can promise that you say '*Bon jour*' to your friend the Agha before the hour of his afternoon siesta."

Bill seized Le Normand's hand and shook it. "You don't know how much you are doing for me!" he exclaimed.

"And you, milord, do not know how much you may be doing for us," was the enigmatic answer.

"I'd be jolly glad to do something," Bill assured him. "But what——"

"Have you not a statesman who once said, 'Wait and see?'" The commandant smiled. "Later I will explain, or—there is another saying, but it is American, 'I will put you wise!'"

* * * * *

People who oppose you are obstinate. You, when you insist, are firm. On that principle Poppa was "obstinate" because he wanted Thomas Cook & Son to store their luggage till they should call for it (or send, secretly, thought Sanda, with visions of wardrobe trunks rocking over desert dunes on the backs of pack-camels) and arrange the entire trip to El Bouar; whereas Sanda was "firm." She insisted that being so practical would spoil the whole romance.

In her heart she feared followers if she were in the practical hands of a world-known tourist agency, for one couldn't whisper in the ear of Cook, "Please don't tell!" No, the way to lose herself (and temporarily Poppa) was to go to an obscure French garage. The proprietor would be able to recommend a storage place, and the affair could be managed with a combination of mystery, romance, and common sense.

"What I want is a golden-yellow car, to match the desert," she informed Poppa. "I feel it will bring

us luck to have a sort of sun-chariot. And in it we'll be *in the picture!*"

Poor Poppa didn't see himself in a desert picture; but he had torn himself, so to speak, out of the home picture, which suited him well, to please his adored Sanda, the one thing he loved, and he was prepared to go far in order to complete the process. He considered Sanda to be the most remarkable girl in America, if not in the world. She had managed to stamp the impression on his brain that she planned to write a desert romance from her own experiences (and incidentally his) which would outsell the best sellers. He believed that she had talent enough to immortalise the name of Smith in a new way, and he was ready to help her at any price. If she needed a yellow car she must have it; and he let himself be led (when Sanda had "shed" Bill for a short time during their day at Algiers) from one garage to another.

Sometimes the people were fools enough not to understand their own language as Sanda spoke it; but after a few failures the Smiths found a big garage which not only possessed a yellow car (Poppa would have described it as mustard colour) but a fat proprietor who had a little English on tap.

This accomplishment seemed less welcome to Sanda than to her father, who had humbly hoped it might please her; and she kept the conversation to French whenever possible; but between the two languages business was done. The fat proprietor knew of a storage warehouse (that part was in English)

and employed an excellent chauffeur who knew the desert like a book.

This prodigy was produced, and had such splendid eyes—more like an Arab's than a Frenchman's—that Sanda engaged him on the spot.

All was ready for a start early on the second morning at Algiers, therefore, and Sanda should have been blissfully happy in the fulfilment of her wish. Yet, somehow, she wasn't! She wasn't even as pleasantly excited as she expected to be. Oddly enough, she felt lost and home-sick. It *had* been nice on the ship! Every one had been so kind, especially Lord Bill and the other men. Pets, most of them! But no, not Bill! Not *now*, when he hadn't said good-bye! Sanda felt a little sad and a little cross, as if something had gone wrong—she didn't quite know what.

Perhaps it was the weather? Really it could be nothing else!

Yesterday had been divine, with sunshine like gold lacquer on ivory, Sanda had thought, in the white town. Now the sky was grey and lowering—almost as if it might rain. But of course it wouldn't! She'd read dozens of novels about the desert, and had even glanced at several old guide-books (only one couldn't remember what guide-books said, they were so dull); one thing, however, was sure: it seldom or never rained in the desert.

For that reason, and because she didn't want to miss anything, it had seemed right that the golden-yellow car should be an open one, with only a hood to protect its passengers, in case protection were needed.

Fancy taking a limousine into the desert! But, as Poppa would say, where the heck *was* that desert?

Sanda had supposed that once Algiers was left behind they would enter the gates of the Sahara. But on sped the car, mile after mile, driven by the Algerian chauffeur, whose hair was less romantic than his eyes (in fact, it resembled rows of black pins strung on brownish leather), and always there were trees, and the greenest grass ever seen, and hills, and roads the same as in America.

No desert, no sun, and a bitter wind.

Sanda's eyes watered, her little nose reddened, her cheeks paled, and the Cupid's bow of her much-admired lips became outlined in mauve.

She glanced at Poppa. "Oh, I hope I'm not as bad as *that!*" she prayed.

Not for the world would she confess that the wind was rushing through her pores like iced water through a sponge, nor would she ask if Poppa suffered as she suffered. No, she wouldn't admit that anyone could suffer in this country of her dreams. For she had laughed Poppa to scorn when he fussily proposed bringing the heavy fur coats they'd worn on ship-board.

"How silly we'd look in the desert muffled up like Eskimos at the North Pole!" she had said. Nor would she yield to the suggestion that if the desert got too hot they could take off their wraps. Still, it was impossible not to pity poor purple Poppa, shivering in silence and a thin overcoat better fitted to keep out sand than cold! But, oh, there was no sand, and there was much, much cold!

There was not even dust, for it must have rained in the night. Pools of water had collected in the white road, and splashed muddy drops into their faces now and then, as the Arab-eyed chauffeur drove the golden car at undiminished speed over bumps and puddles.

"Not so fast!" Sanda longed to say, especially when they sprayed mud over trudging Arabs who could not jump out of the way in time. But, per-versely, she was unable to remember the right French words. And when she almost burst with desire to say other things, she could call up no French words at all. It was as though Aladdin had cracked the magic lamp, and rub hard as he might the Geni would not come!

Presently the lowering clouds could no longer contain their burden. A fine, misty rain blew into Sanda's face—also Poppa's face. It doubtless blew into the face of Meddine, the chauffeur, as well, because even professional chauffeurs are, possibly, more or less human. Sanda hoped that Meddine might hate the stinging mist as much as she did, and Poppa must. But Meddine appeared unconscious of it. Instead of pausing to put up the hood he drove on faster.

"Perhaps he knows we'll soon run out of the rain," the girl told herself. But meanwhile her smart, white felt *cloche* and the charming tufts of blonde curls it pushed forward, like little bunches of gilded grapes, over her chilled cheeks were becoming more and more damp. So was her expensive sports coat of white, hand-knitted silk with its collar and cuffs of snowy fur.

Poppa, too—poor Poppa, who seemed so awful to Bill, and to his daughter so very dear, though slightly negligible and created to be bossed! Oh, well, if the chauffeur *wouldn't* see reason of his own accord he must be made to do so.

"Say, San, Greenland's icy mountains ain't in it with the climate of this darned Algiers of yours!" Poppa lost patience and exploded. "I told you we'd ought to have our fur coats, but you——"

Sanda's pity turned to gall. Fathers have no right to say "I told you so" to daughters.

"It *isn't* mine, and it isn't Algiers," she snapped. "Algiers is a town and the capital of Algeria. Only tourists say 'Algiers' all over the place."

"Well, I *am* a tourist, ain't I?" Poppa barked back. "And if this goes on I'll wish to heck I wasn't!"

"It *won't* last. It *can't!*" Sanda protested. "We—we'll run out of the rain——"

"Where's that confounded desert!" Poppa cut her short. "I'm goin' to have the hood of this old mustard-plaster raised right now, till we get some of that blue sky and yellow sand they show on their lyin' posters. Tell the guy to stop, San. You're the French scholar!"

(Maddening, how foreign words slide like quicksilver out of your brain when they're most wanted!)

Desperate, Sanda leaned forward and tapped Meddine on his warmly clad shoulder. He started, glanced round, and nearly ran the car off the road; then turned again to business without a word.

"*Arr-ett!*" shrieked Sanda. But just because she didn't, perhaps, pronounce the word *exactly* as he did, the creature feigned not to understand. She punched him in the back, but he shook the black pins and stepped on the gas.

"Stop!" she yelled. And, oddly, this word reached his intelligence, as his own language hadn't done. But he merely flung over his shoulder a stream of gibberish and raced on.

Sanda and Poppa began to hate the pig. Those rows of black pins that were his hair, bright with moisture between cap and coat collar, got on their nerves. The girl sympathised with tyrant kings and queens of old, who bawled, "Off with his head!" and the head fell, black pins and all.

Fortunately, after an hour more tedious than most whole days the car did pass beyond the rain; but during their moist martyrdom father and daughter realised bitterly that Meddine was master of their fate. What seemed wet to them seemed to him merely damp; and unless the sky had fallen he would not have deranged himself to put up the hood.

Sanda understood dimly that they must stop a night *en route*, reaching Biskra (where she would engage a caravan) late next day. But with innocent conceit she had pretended to know the whole programme from A to Z when the man of the garage mixed his native tongue with broken English. As the day wore on, and still the desert was as invisible as New York, she lost confidence in herself. *Did* she, after all, know what was due to happen next?

They had brought a picnic luncheon from the ship, and they ate it in the car about noon, after the sky had cleared, thus avoiding a long stop at the town of Aumale. The weather was still bitterly cold, though the rain had stopped, and Sanda secretly gave thanks that the big thermos contained hot coffee instead of the iced lemonade she had suggested sipping in the desert. The Smiths gravely shared their food and drink with Meddine, who seemed careless and gay, not realising that he was in disgrace. He puffed the smoke of vile cigarettes into their eyes and jabbered excitedly about the group of aeroplanes—four very large ones—which had flown over their heads at a high altitude soon after the morning start. Sanda understood little except the word "aeroplane," repeated again and again. She gathered, however, that there was an aerodrome somewhere or other. Poppa wished to learn whither the planes were bound, but Sanda scorned such technical subjects. In fact, she cared less about anything than she had thought possible on this first day of her adventure. The importance of being cold and draggled crowded out all other emotions, leaving no room for the thrill of romance. The girl wondered desolately if Bill and the others were regretting her deeply by this time on the dear old "Auretania"!

She and Poppa recovered slightly, however, as the way grew wilder and they encountered their first camels: a string of thick-legged beasts of burden, heavily loaded, driven by Bedouins dressed apparently in soiled sacking. Neither the camels nor their guides

took notice of the motor-car, unless it was to show by an expression of haughty disgust (peculiar to Arabs and camels) their scorn of these crude Roumis who broke the peace of sacred spaces.

"If those men knew where we're going!" thought Sanda, annoyed by the dullness of the Arabs' eyes, which appeared to die in their faces with sheer lack of interest in her beauty, "if they could guess that perhaps their own prince and sheikh may kidnap me, and make me his wife in spite of his religion and everything else!"

But they didn't know, and in any case the camels would not have cared.

Towards three o'clock the car came within sight of curiously shaped, table-like mountains, which reminded the Smiths of the mesas in New Mexico, whither they had travelled luxuriously by the Santa Fé limited last August to see the Indian snake dances. Poppa loudly wished himself back in that wonderful train, instead of in this God-forsaken desert of Algeria, if you could call a few chunks of sand mixed with grass "desert"; and where the wind grew colder and colder every minute. Sanda bore these complaints in stony silence. She feared that her teeth might chatter if she tried to argue, and that Poppa would so far forget himself as to say, "I told you so!" again.

Not even Poppa could help admiring the scenery, however, as the car progressed, for grass receded and desert sands flowed in crinkled golden waves to the feet of the strange mountains, which turned from brown to copper red as the sun dropped westward.

Then broke upon their vision an oasis town, which, in the rose and amber glory of late afternoon, took on a magic beauty; dark, tall palms; pale domes and towers of mosques and crowding houses; a river-bed where the water lay like a robber's store of rubies scattered on a bed of violets and rose leaves.

"Can this be Biskra already?" Sanda exclaimed in joy. "Maybe it is! He's driven so fast all the time! Perhaps that was what he aimed to do when he seemed so obstinate about stopping! I didn't see any big oasis before Biskra marked on my map. But I did think there was some town where we had to stop to-night."

"Well, I hope to billiken it *is* Biskra!" Poppa sighed. "We'd be just that much nearer to the end of this crazy trip. And I heard some folks on ship-board say there were good hotels at Biskra. By heck, I could do with one that'd give me a hot bath and a highball!"

"Biskra?" questioned Sanda, tapping Meddine's back.

"Bou Saada," he responded lightly, as if imparting welcome news. But Sanda could have cried.

She knew about Bou Saada. She had read of its charms in those hastily absorbed guide-books, but had decided against the place, as it was many kilometres off the direct route.

She had said at the garage in her best French, "*Biskra le plus tôt—er—vite—possible.*" And the fat man had nodded, exclaiming "*Oui-oui-oui!*" five or six times over. He *must* have understood! This was

a plot to get more money out of Poppa for the trip. But, well, here they were, and it was beautiful, and they might as well make the best of things. Doubtless the landlord of the attractive little inn which the car approached would know English and help put the fear of God into that black pin-cushion which was Meddine's head!

But the landlord's one lingual equipment was French, spattered with Arabic. He did his best for the distinguished guests, who happened to be the only ones that night, as it was still early in the season. He gave them clean rooms with balconies looking over the oasis to the desert and—still more important—fat little stoves with wood fires in them; a decent dinner, at which meal Sanda was soothed by the open admiration of several French officers; and a modified dance of Ouled Naïl girls specially arranged afterward in a private Arab house.

Poppa didn't get his highball, but he drank more than he was used to of rich red wine, and began to blossom out in a way Sanda hardly approved in fathers. He liked the dance, and presented each Ouled Naïl and each dark musician with five American dollars.

Next morning, when Sanda's command to the landlord, "*Deet au chauffeur Biskra veet,*" was received with a bewildered bow, Poppa hoarsely laughed.

"Bet we find ourselves somewhere else where we don't expect to get!" he remarked. "These people don't seem to understand your French very well, do they? Maybe Algerian is different."

His hateful prophecy was fulfilled. After much fine scenery they arrived at an astonishing city, which, instead of being in the desert, rose like the crown of a pirate king on a great cushion of rock. Constantine! And the next thing that happened was Timgad, the African Pompeii.

This was the classic round for tourists. Meddine and his employer had seen no reason why these two should not take it, in spite of themselves, as others did. To let them miss some of the chief glories of North Africa had seemed a pity, and to miss their money was equally bad business. So the Smiths were forced to be sightseers on a large scale, whether they wished or not, and very good for them, too! After all, they lost only a few days; and, as the Arabs say, "What are days in the lifetime Allah has given?" Besides, Poppa was able to buy a goatskin coat for himself in Constantine, hideous and bad-smelling; but what was a smell, even with a capital "S," to a man whose very bones were turning to ice? Naturally he purchased a warm garment for Sanda also, not quite so repulsive to the senses; and though at first she proudly refused to wear it, now and then in the bitter chill of the high desert she was driven to change her mind.

CHAPTER IV

SAND

BISKRA at last, and, Allah or what not be praised, good-bye to Meddine! The latter's bill was large,

but so were his black eyes and his brilliant white smile. At parting the Smiths forgave him everything, which was generous on their part, but unluckily Meddine remained unaware that there had ever been anything to forgive. He had saved his passengers from their own foolishness, and if the red-faced, bald-headed, round-waisted old gentleman had given him even a bigger tip it would not have seemed excessive.

Biskra should have been the second stage of the journey: the first stage of real importance. Fate and Meddine had caused it to be the fourth; and at last Sanda had reached the true threshold of her adventure.

Here was real desert! Or if it wasn't exactly desert, but only hard, yellow earth mixed with sand from the dunes beyond, it *looked* like desert, especially from the gold-paved, palm-roofed garden of the Count Landon which Robert Hichens had described so beautifully—the garden where "Larbi" played his flute—beyond the limit of whose white wall seemed to stretch illimitably a land of golden light.

Far off to the south-east lived Halim ben Mahmoud, like a desert prince, son of ancient beys and saints whom Mussulmans name "Marabouts"!

Sanda and her father had quarters in a big, ornate hotel, where the servants were picturesquely clad in native garb, and looked ready to be "shot" for a moving picture. The place would have seemed divine to Sanda (for it was indeed an exquisite oasis) if about ten thousand other tourists of all nations, especially

the American and English nations, hadn't been there admiring it at the same time. There was hardly room for their enthusiastic hordes, therefore the natives were crowded out of sight, except beggars and would-be guides, and bold merchants determined to sell rugs, or know the reason why.

"Oh, you should come before the 'igh season, or after it is finished, if you would see Biskra, as once it was before the great Monsieur Robert 'itchens make it the fashion for all the world, and also make its fortune for itself," said the concierge, who, like most others in the hotel, spoke English.

He it was who told Sanda (knowing Americans, he harangued the girl, not the man of the party) that travellers need no longer journey through the dunes by caravan. He explained, what Lord Bill Borrodaile could have explained if it hadn't been against his own interest to do so, that now the desert was overrun by a species of baby tank, a caterpillar motor-car warranted to mount and descend any normal sand-dune. But Sanda could have cried with disillusionment at this abominable news, and burned to slap Poppa for looking pleased.

"Oh, I hope the horrid things don't go to El Bouar!" she moaned. "I *can't* bear it if they do."

The concierge, seeing her distress, assured the young lady that El Bouar was not on the list of desert show-places where the agencies sent tourists.

"It is beautiful—yes," he allowed, "but it is very far from the route of other oasis towns, and the natives there do not like foreigners. They do not cater for

their comfort or wish for their visits. That is perhaps strange, because the Agha makes his home at El Bouar, and he is a young man, educated in England and France while his father, the old Agha, lived. But it is said that the people, who are old-fashioned and prejudiced, do not approve the young man's foreign ways. He sent to France, when he took the place of his father, for a load of furniture from Paris, and our Arabs here have heard from their friends of El Bouar, who come with caravans at the season of the dates, that the tribe was displeased."

"More reason for us not to go in one of those disgusting caterpillars!" said Sanda. "Not that I *would*, anyhow! It would spoil everything. We'll have a caravan, with tents and camels."

"But, Baby, he says it'll take five days with camels and only one with a caterpillar," Poppa urged. "Besides, I can't ride a camel. I'm not built that way. I'd do a lot for you. I guess, maybe, I *am* doing some things for you, honey. But I've reached fifty-four, and would like to get as near par as possible before I drop. Goldurned if I risk my old bones on one o' those cross-grained, sky-scrapin' brutes!"

"Darling, your bones are *not* old." Sanda sang the siren song which lures all ageing men. "You're young as anyone—you *know* you are! Didn't the widows and old maids run after you like anything on shipboard? You're *brave* too! I've often noticed it, when you'd go right straight to the dentist without breaking your appointments two or three times as other men do. If a poor little thin thing like me can

ride on a camel, a great big, strong, wonderful man like you can do it, I guess. And all the people in this hotel say it's *lovely*."

"They say that to us, for the same reason the fox who lost his tail told the other foxes they'd never be happy till they got theirs cut off," replied Poppa, who had a certain shrewdness. Without it he could never have piled up the fortune which enabled Sanda to tyrannise over him so sweetly. But his protest was in words only. To show his manly courage and the youth of his bones he let Sanda pick out a sturdy camel for him to ride.

Though the concierge warmly recommended a guide with one eye and three teeth, who vowed that he was Mr. Robert Hichens' best friend and had practically written "The Garden of Allah" himself, the girl insisted upon engaging a handsome youth whose name was plain Ali. Almost every other Arab in Biskra was called Mohammed, after the Prophet, but none had as fine eyes or teeth or clothes as this mere Ali. His camels and men were less fine it turned out, unfortunately, in the end; in fact, as Poppa remarked, they looked as if moths had eaten at them for years. They were many, however, more than you would suppose necessary to conduct one middle-aged man and one young girl on a five-day trip through the desert. But that was a matter of opinion—Ali's opinion: and Ali's pocket (a large, soiled bag which he wore beneath all, or most, of his underclothes) benefited; while the concierge shrugged his shoulders and registered quiet amusement.

The start was arranged, but had to be delayed because of a storm. The Smith girl had read about these sand-storms. In novels they happened when you were alone with your lover in a tent, shut away from the fury of the gale in the protection of his strong arms. But she was in a hotel crammed with tourists of every possible size, shape, sex, and accent. All the windows were closed, and the air became offensive. You would hardly believe that a grain of sand could penetrate into the rooms, yet millions of grains did—apparently about half the Sahara. It worked into your eyes and stung. It sifted between your teeth and gritted. It crept into your skin and hair and made you want to scratch, a desire outside all romance. It got into the food and made it uneatable. It sprinkled your pillow and made you sneeze.

Also, it made every one very cross.

Poppa was cross, and suggested not proceeding to El Bouar at all. Why, wasn't one bit of desert as good as another? When you'd seen one you'd seen the lot! Here they were at Biskra. Why not pay off that guy Mess-whatever-he-was and stay till they were so sick of desert they wanted to go *home*? Think of St. Louis! Think of New York!

Very regrettably, Sanda replied, "Damn St. Louis! Damn New York!" which would have shocked Poppa years ago, but did not shock him now, because he knew by experience it was the fashion for flappers to say "damn" and other words of equal strength; and it was Sanda's aim to outflap other flappers. His sole protest was, "There, there! *Don't* think of 'em then,

if it takes you like that, honey!" The storm was responsible for her snappishness, he reminded himself, as it was for the fiendish temper of others. The most popular game in Biskra that day would have been boxing ears, pulling noses, and kicking shins.

No doubt the simoom was to blame, yet there was a deeper cause for Sanda's vapours. It was not strange, however, that Poppa did not suspect this, because Sanda didn't suspect it herself.

She thought that she was bored with life because she was shut up in an hermetically sealed hotel, packed in with other creatures each less interesting than the rest. And she thought, too, how disappointing and spineless *men* were, even those who pretend to adore you as no girl was ever adored before. Wouldn't you think that a man like Lord Bill, for instance, would have the spunk to hurl himself off the ship, despite the order which forbade him to follow, instead of over-sleeping, probably snoring, and not even seeing the last of his love?

Before reaching Biskra it had occurred to the girl that, just possibly, Bill might have decided to hop off the "Auretania" at Algiers and travel to Biskra by train. She had said to herself, between Bousaada and Constantine and Touggourt and Biskra, "*What if we find him there?*"

Even when they hadn't found him it might have been because he couldn't find them. At least, so Sanda argued; though the bare, stark truth of these matters is that a man can *always* find a girl if he wants to find her. She argued that he might be at

some other hotel; but when the second day came—the day of the storm—and he hadn't appeared, she gave him up.

"I should have been very angry if he had disobeyed me," she said. "*Still—*"

And "still" is an even more expressive expression than "if."

The morning after the simoom was clear as a bell, and they started at an hour so early that Poppa grumbled. Why Sanda did these things for amusement was more than he could see! Yet if he could have seen his own plump, tweed-clad body mounting the sturdy camel he might have realised how much innocent amusement you could afford to others without experiencing any yourself!

He'd been warned what to do, but in the confusion of the moment did the opposite; so that when the camel lifted its head to rise he was bowing his forward. The two heads all but telescoped, and Poppa's nose bled for the first time since he was twelve years old. It is sometimes well that few Arabs know such American words as are not contained in dictionaries. Sanda had never heard her parent use as strong ones in her presence; but her sole emotion was fear—fear that the same accident would happen to her.

Luckily she escaped this humiliation. She performed the crucial act as gracefully as she did most things. And as her thin camel followed the stout camel of Poppa she cried out joyfully, "Oh, I'm going

to *love* this! It's like—like dancing the tango, sitting down!"

But that was the first day.

There were five days to come.

Five days are five times longer than one day.

CHAPTER V

THE BIRDS ALIGHT

FLEETING glimpses of dark, spreading forests; blue flashes of sea, like bright eyes that open and quickly shut; tumbled masses of mountain, carbuncle-red and amethyst-purple, in light and shade, then waves of gold that seemed to stretch to the end of the world, with here and there a brilliant spot of green, vivid as a bunch of emeralds—these were Bill Borrodaile's bird's-eye impressions of Algeria in a French military aeroplane between the big white city of Algiers and the small, still whiter desert town of El Bouar.

The four planes had flown the whole distance in impressive regular formation. When they had passed beyond the mountains, and had before them the ocean of desert dunes interspersed here and there with oases that looked like dark islands in a golden sea, they dropped to lower levels. This, Bill somehow guessed, was to alarm the desert dwellers of the south by their size and power and noise. They flew over Ouargla and El Oued, so low that Bill could see women on roofs, in bright colours which made them look like grouped flowers, and men in great market squares surrounded by domed white buildings. He could see

caravans winding over the desert like long black serpents with many joints. Then followed vast, empty waves of gold with violet hollows that were shadows of high dunes, and then a larger oasis than they had passed yet.

"El Bouar!" yelled a voice over the noise of the motor; and suddenly the plane dropped so close to earth that to an amateur who had seldom flown they would have seemed dangerously near to the crown-like tops of immense date-palms.

An imposing grove of these glorious trees spread like a mantle over the desert. It seemed cut in two by a river in a deep, sandy bed; and this river twined a crystal belt half round a smaller grove. Beyond the river-bank to the left, and looking across to the palms, was a city of huddled white buildings, walled in as if for defence. The wall had two tallish towers and several others of less height. Within the city itself, peering down from the aeroplane, which travelled slowly now, Bill saw one big white building with towers and domes of its own, evidently a mosque; within the walls of this odd mansion there was one huge court and two or three smaller ones. Some delightful Arab villas outside the white, crowded beehive (which must be the district of the poor) had gardens, on which their own flat roofs looked down, and there was one house of dignified dimensions whose chief court was almost as large as a miniature oasis. This building had a gateway of its own, with twin white towers; its roofs had low crenellated walls, and little domes shaped like the breasts of a marble

Titaness; and besides its private palm grove more than one green and flowery garden spread like a patterned carpet between dividing walls.

It was only a glimpse which Bill caught flying over the place, but he looked at this imposing Eastern palace with wide-open eyes, for he was sure that there must reside his friend the Agha.

Crowds craned their necks to stare at the four aeroplanes—from the market square, from house roofs, and even from the surrounding desert; but Bill noticed that people did not run, jostling one another, to reach the spot before the planes could alight as men and boys would have run in Western countries. These Arabs were either haughtily indifferent, or too intensely proud to betray excitement over European inventions which dared intrude upon their solitudes. Or, possibly, they realised that this was a “demonstration” directly intended to fill disloyal souls with awe!

The four planes landed without incident about half a mile outside the town of El Bouar, in a flattish space of desert, evidently chosen from previous knowledge of the country's formation, or from a military map. The desert dwellers who refrained from vulgar show of curiosity nevertheless approached with dignity in slowly gathering throngs. There were so many fluttering white robes, it seemed to Bill that the whole city must have turned out; yet the officers of the squadron were disappointed. “There's surely a rival attraction somewhere!” one of them said, laughing. “There aren't half enough^{em} of these Sidis!”

The commandant, after spending a few hours at El Bouar, meant to fly farther south, with a view to extending what he called his "*beau geste*." A call was to be expected from the Agha, who, though a great lord of the desert, was officially supposed to be less in rank than any person representing the military power of France. "He will know why we are here, if there is truth in the rumours that reach us," said Le Normand. "If he does not know, others may, and no harm is done, but, *au contraire*, much good! If we had come on a private errand we should call on him, but this is a military mission and he must come to us. We shall be invited to the so-called palace of your friend, milord, but we shall plead haste to finish our manœuvre and excuse ourselves. He will pretend to be sorry, and in truth he will be glad to have only one guest—you!—instead of a troop of French officers to entertain formally."

The aeroplanes had not long landed when an elderly Arab, tall and of fine presence, wearing a high white chechia or head-dress, wound round with the Bedouin cords, a handsomely embroidered red cloak flowing over his cream-white gandourah, and a pair of splendid filali boots, came marching through the sand. "*Marching*" was the word! Humbler men might have ploughed through the thick, rippling gold-dust, but this was a figure which would have marched against a tidal wave.

The red-cloaked dignitary was accompanied by two young men; one—handsome and remarkably fair for an Arab—was well under thirty. He held

himself proudly, though he was insignificant in stature compared to the man of the red cloak. He, too, was richly dressed, but his heavy silk cape was white, over a purple gandourah, and a twisted scarf of emerald green floated from his chechia. The third man followed a few paces behind the others, and had the humble air of knowing himself to be nobody.

"The old Sidi in the red cloak will be the Caid," said Le Normand to Bill. "Caids always wear these gorgeous red cloaks as an emblem of their office. They have a sort of judgeship, you know, and are very important in their districts. The young man with the emerald scarf on what you call his 'bean,' is a Hadj. That means he has made the pilgrimage to Mecca. I saw him at the Governor's ball last spring. He's Hadj Ahmed ben Amar el Chorfa, the son of a Marabout descended from the Prophet and a cousin of our young Agha. If the stories of him are true he is a naughty boy from the French standpoint. You may find out what I mean for yourself later! He's probably visiting the Agha; and, anyhow, I hear that of late he practically lives at El Bouar. As for the third chap, he is some little assistant of the Caid, I suppose—a secretary, or taleb."

"Do you speak Arabic?" Bill hurried to ask the commandant, as the three floating figures drew near.

"A few words," answered Le Normand. "But the Caid and the Hadj are sure to speak French. All the desert 'smart set,' as you say, take pride in doing so. Most of them have studied at the French University at Algiers, as well as their own Moslem

colleges, where they seem to learn nothing but long passages of the Koran."

As he finished, the Arabs arrived within saluting distance, and the laughing Le Normand froze into official solemnity. The other officers grouped behind their commandant, and the mechanics stopped work to stand at attention in the shadow of their aeroplanes. Bill noticed that there was not the vestige of a smile on any face, and the desert dwellers were if possible more grave than the Frenchmen.

The commandant had not been mistaken. Conversation began in French; and if Bill hadn't learned the Arab custom from Halim at Oxford he would have been surprised to hear the intimate "thee" and "thou" used instead of "you." But he had had to break Halim off that very habit, which had been a cause of much chaff among undergrads.

"Welcome to thee from the Agha, Sidi Commandant," announced the Caid, "with messages of greeting and welcome to his Roumi friends the French Officers of the Air. I am instructed by Halim ben Mahmoud to ask if they honour him with this visit on account of his wedding festivities."

Bill started visibly at these words, but luckily no one was looking at him. He could have tossed up his cap and yelled with malicious joy. "What ho, Sanda? What price sheikhs now?" he chuckled inwardly, suppressing a wide grin.

"No, Sid Caid," replied Le Normand, "we are on duty, engaged in manœuvres which will take us far

south during the next few days. We did not know that the Agha had married."

At any other time than a wedding for an Arab to speak of, or be spoken of, about his wife would be in the worst of taste. But a wedding is public property; and the young Hadj Ahmed ben Amar took the answer out of the old Caid's mouth.

"My cousin is not yet married, Commandant," he explained in precise French. "The week of feasting has not yet reached its end. This is the sixth day. Perhaps thou knowest enough of our customs to understand that a bridegroom cannot leave the bridal guests, especially when they are under his own roof, as in this case, for Halim's bride is a cousin brought up with no other home than that of his harem, protected by his mother until that lady's death. The Agha trusts that the Sidi Commandant and his companions will understand and pardon him for sending us as his representatives. He begs that the honourable officers will let us conduct them to his house, where he offers the hospitality of his Salemlik during the remainder of the fête, if they can accept."

Every one, even Bill knew that the imposing word "salemlik" merely meant the men's part of the palace, just as the harem was mysteriously sacred to the women; and Le Normand politely gave thanks for himself and his comrades. The Agha was most excusable in the circumstances, and all his French friends wished him joy. They must, however, continue their journey southward almost at once, and

were obliged therefore with deep regret to forgo the pleasure of congratulating the bridegroom in person.

All this was said as if the Frenchman did not know that the Arabs were charmed with his refusal, and were on their part aware how pleased the foreigners were at being able to excuse themselves.

"We shall, however, leave one member of our party," Le Normand added—"the English Milord William Borrodaile, an old friend of the Agha's college days, who has come to Algeria expressly for this surprise visit. It has been a pleasure to us that we were able to expedite his journey by giving him a place in one of our machines as far as El Bouar. And it is a good stroke of Fate that he arrives in time to wish his friend joy on this occasion."

The commandant indicated Bill by a gesture as dignified as his language, and the young Hadj and the old Caid, turning to him, both gave him the graceful Arab salute, their hands on their breasts.

"I have heard my cousin speak of his friend the Lord William," said Ahmed ben Amar. "Halim will be as much delighted as surprised."

Thus spoke his full red lips under their faint shadow of moustache, but the green-brown eyes, flashing a glance into the blue eyes of Bill, then turning away, spoke otherwise.

Whatever might be the Arabic equivalent of "Why the devil did this blighter drop down on us out of the blue?" was the thought that Bill seemed actually to see behind the heavy lashes of the smart young Hadj.

CHAPTER VI

THE FEAST IS SET: THE GUESTS ARE MET.

SCARCELY a quarter of a mile lay between the landing-place of the aeroplanes and the house of the Agha, for his palace, with its large gardens and palm grove, was nearer than the town.

The Caid condescended to enjoy the society of the foreigner, who complimented his French, and spoke the Arab language fluently himself. The old man insisted that his mild secretary should lug the neat London suit-case, which was the one piece of baggage Bill had brought. He explained that the three would have ridden to pay their respects to the French officers had not all the servants of the palace gone "out of their heads" with excitement over the fête. It had been quicker to walk than await the saddling of horses, but the Caid regretted that the Agha's friend must go on foot through the sand.

Bill replied that he liked sand. It was much better than the mud of London or Paris—or even New York. At this the Caid smiled for the first time; but Ahmed seemed not even to hear. He kept pace with the Caid and the stranger, but his thoughts were far away, or he wished Lord William Borrodaile to think so.

To those on foot the "palace" showed only the low, pale domes of its flat roof above the white wall that belted its gardens. It had been far more imposing seen from the air; but there was a wide, arched gateway with a squat tower on either side.

The gates were of dark, reddish wood, with huge ornamental locks of old copper; and on the archway were inscribed two words in large Arab lettering which had once been gilded: "Dar Erraha," which Caid Ali Ben Zaccar translated as "House of Happiness."

Something made Bill glance at Ahmed as he repeated the name of the mansion in French and he saw the clear-cut lips of the young man turn down in a sarcastic smile.

"Evidently," thought Bill, "this Hadj-egg has a character of his own!"

Waves of Oriental music broke over the top of the wall like spouting water dashed against rocks; shrill cries of raitas and Arab flutes, the wild chant of three-stringed African violins; a monotonous, droning song; and under all, like a rumble of thunder, the savage drum-drumming of tom-toms.

Two tall negroes, who must have been watching, opened the gates, and it was for Bill Borrodaile as if a curtain had risen on a scene in some Eastern operetta.

The front of the palace was as blank as the outer wall, except for a few small windows decorated with elaborate plaster-work, and a magnificent portal. Two doors of old red cedar, more beautiful and more richly ornamented than the gates, were set wide open to show a lattice of delicately carved bronze. Through this lattice gleamed the blue and gold of mosaic and the jewelled green of flowering plants; but in the space before the house there were neither trees nor grass. The gold of the desert had flowed in through

the gates; and on the level sand many men wearing gaudy gandourahs sat cross-legged on rugs of soft, faded colours, listening to the music, drinking black coffee from tiny eggshell cups, smoking, or munching oddly shaped cakes piled on copper trays that negroes passed among the crowd.

"These good people are the humbler guests, not the Agha's private friends," explained the Caid. "You will find those beyond the doors, where Sidi Halim himself will greet you. No doubt your coming will be one of the most pleasant surprises of his fête."

The Pleasant Surprise threw another glance at Ahmed, which told him that the Hadj, in any case, did not share the joy prophesied for his Cousin Halim!

"That egg likes me almost as well as a bull likes a red rag," Bill told himself, "and he's just as glad I've come as the bull's glad to see the picadors."

It was Ahmed, however, who pushed open the doors of bronze lattice-work for the new guest, standing courteously aside for Milord to enter a tunnel-like passage lined with mosaic and lovely old tiles. The vestibule was of that curious design needed in ancient times for defence. It had a wall-screen jutting out half its width, and, beyond, tiled seats were let into the wall for the use of servants, once slaves. Bill was impressed and at the same time annoyed by the Eastern beauty of the place; and, wondering at his own vexation, deduced its reason from his very casual acquaintance with Freud.

"It's a dashed complex!" he decided. "My subconscious, or whatever the silly thing calls itself, is upset because it's afraid Sanda's going to like this Sheikh's palace too well. I suppose I'd be better pleased really if poor old Halim's house was a regular pig-pen instead of being glad it'll give me a sort of background when I go on for my act!"

There was more music in the inner garden or court, into which Bill was led by his guides—much more music; and to his ear it mattered not at all that this music was quite unconnected with the music outside. Suddenly he caught sight of Halim, in what would have been gorgeous fancy dress for a costume ball at home, and was moved to wave his hand with an impulsive shout: "Hello, old bean—old top!" Bill was surprised to hear himself yell above the screaming raitas and pounding tom-toms.

Halim lost his Arab sang-froid for an instant. His olive face paled, then flushed. He stared. His lips parted in rather a weak way, which Bill remembered. He pushed back his chechia, so that it sat rakishly on his dark head. Then he appeared to realise that this was no day-dream. Seeing nobody in his path (though there were several bodies) he rushed to welcome his Oxford friend with arms outstretched.

Fearing that he might be embraced Bill seized Halim's hands and shook them both heartily.

"Is it indeed thou—I mean you?" the Agha began in French and ended in English.

"You can bet your sweet life it's me," replied

Bill ungrammatically. "You invited me to come and visit you, you know, and here I am."

"There is no man I would rather see." Halim answered so warmly that Bill felt somewhat touched. Though he had grown a bit fat, Halim was almost handsome in his glad rags: rose-coloured gandourah embroidered with gold, over a vest of mauve crusted with beads that looked like real pearls, and draped with a white silk cloak. Bill found himself leniently recalling the best things about his Arab pal in Oxford days.

"Funny to see you all dolled up like this! No horn-rimmed spectacles with this rig—what?" he was chuckling. "I feel as if we were in a play!"

"Were you in Algiers? Did you hear of my marriage? Is that why you came?" Halim flung question after question.

"I *was* in Algiers, but hanged if I heard of your marriage, old fruit," Bill answered. "If I had, maybe I wouldn't have come."

"But you are more than welcome—I can hardly tell you how welcome!" Halim insisted in the precise English that Bill remembered. "Schoolmaster's English," some of the fellows had called it.

"I know—I know! Thanks all the same, old man. But I mean something different from what you think. When I get you alone I'll explain. I've got a whole lot of things to explain!"

"And I to thee—I mean you," returned Halim. "It will do me much good to speak with you! It is more than I could have hoped for. If anyone could help me I think it would be you, Lord Bill!"

"Chuck the 'Lord' part, please," ordered Bill. "As for help—all this festive business doesn't look as if you were in want of S.O.S., my dear chap. In fact, that's what I came to you for—S.O.S., I mean. But just by the simple act of marrying yourself off you've given it to me."

"I do not understand," said Halim, gravely puzzled, though Bill's manner was gay. "It is, on the contrary, *because* of this marriage that I would wish for your help, if help were possible. Alas, it is not, I fear, except from Allah Himself! But your counsel, your sympathy I can count on."

"You may just bet the headpiece of your Prophet that you can count on all there is of me!" Bill assured him, in the strong, manly language which he had absorbed during his New York and Long Island visit. "Or you can bet your own bean if the other is against your religion. Maybe we can sort of give each other mutual support."

"Allah grant it!" exclaimed Halim, who had fallen back into the old Arab habit of speech out of which Bill had taken pains to jolt him at Oxford. "Soon we shall be able to talk alone. Now, I must introduce you to a few of my intimate friends and relatives. But in a few moments there will be a diversion, and even the bridegroom will be forgotten at his own feast. The great dancer who says she is from Constantinople and calls herself Zulikha is coming to entertain us. When she has begun her dance of the Seven Veils no man will have eyes for anyone but her alone."

"H'm! Sounds interesting!" said Bill, struck less by the words than by Halim's tone, which expressed a strange bitterness.

"I wouldn't mind seeing the lady myself! But why do you say she *'says'* she is from Constantinople and *'calls'* herself Zulikha?"

"That is among the things I will explain when we are alone," Halim answered. "But you shall see the woman. When you have had enough of her we will slip away. Now for introductions. I must not put them off any longer, or these men will begin to think there is some mystery in your coming."

Bill opened his mouth to laugh at this suggestion; then suddenly recalled the look of dislike, almost of anxiety, in Ahmed ben Amar's eyes. He closed his lips without emitting the laugh, and allowed himself to be introduced in French to various desert dignitaries, young and old. He noticed how carefully Halim "explained" him: an English Milord, his fellow-student at Oxford, who had always promised a visit, and now was able to keep his word at this auspicious time. It was quite by chance, Halim added, that he had arrived with the French officers. Having only a short time to stay, he had asked for a place in an aeroplane, in order to save days of travel.

All this (except the promise to visit) happened to be true; but as Bill had not had time to describe the circumstances in detail he admired Halim's subtlety and quickness of resource.

"I wonder if the mystery-stuff has any connexion with Le Normand's hints about something that's 'up'

in these parts?" Bill asked himself, in an interval between polite speeches.

He hoped he was doing Halim credit, and that he wouldn't put his foot in his mouth, so to speak, among these magnificent gentlemen who in their secret hearts, doubtless, considered him a Christian slave and son of dogs. His tact was not to be strained too far, however; for while he squeezed his brain for flowery compliments in French a curtain was drawn back with a sharp click of sliding metal rings, the music stopped, and all heads turned towards the newly uncovered doorway.

CHAPTER VII

THE HOUSE OF HAPPINESS

BILL had been received by Halim in an open court paved with green and rose-coloured tiles, and adorned in the centre with an octagon-shaped fountain that sprayed small, curved crystal plumes like the three feathers of the Prince of Wales. Here and there were round openings in the pavements for the dark, soaring pillars of cypresses and orange-trees in fruit and flower. At the end opposite the entrance where Bill had come in the house wall had no important doors, though a sort of loggia supported by delicate pillars ran round the entire court. On this side the white wall behind the columns was decorated with antique Persian placques representing life-sized peacocks whose jewelled tails spread like blue and purple fans. Above the green and old-gold tiles of

the loggia roof grouped a row of windows behind carved woodwork through which eyes could look, though no eyes could see what passed within behind the screen.

On two sides of the court were double doors standing wide open. Those to the left showed a large reception-room furnished with cushioned divans and little tables of ebony or cedar inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl. On the right the opening had been hidden by curtains of purple and gold brocaded silk; and it was the clash of the curtain-rings which had stopped the flutes, derboukas, and tom-toms of the squatting musicians.

In this doorway posed a tall and slender young woman.

From head to feet she was covered, not with one veil, but apparently with many, and each of a different tint, so that she seemed to gaze out at the fascinated company of men as if through a floating, semi-transparent rainbow. Yet so thin were the veils that the face and figure under them were no more concealed than those of a bather rising below the surface of shadowed, glass-clear water.

As the dancer appeared, Bill saw that Ahmed slipped unobtrusively closer to the doorway. And he saw, too, that a woman heavily draped in a haik and a thick veil (such as he had seen in the streets on women of Algiers) joined the musicians. She was the only female among them, but they gave her no attention. Apparently they were used to her presence, or had expected it. She had an instrument that was

different from the others, rather like a small guitar, and when she touched the strings even Bill's untrained ear told him that her music was different also. She played alone, except that now and then the tom-tom came in like the beating of a heart.

The rainbow figure remained within the room just past the threshold, so that as she danced the doorway framed her like a proscenium arch.

"Now where have I seen some blooming thing of this sort before?" Bill asked himself. "The music, too—I seem to know it. Not a bit like the Arab stuff those chaps were tootling and drumming. Why, I'm hanged if it isn't 'Salome'!"

Veil after veil was cast aside, but there were three or four left for the lightly clad form to discard when Bill felt a touch on the shoulder. Halim was giving the sign agreed upon; and behind the close-pressed throng of hypnotised Arabs the two slipped into the uncurtained reception-room on the opposite side of the crowded court.

Apparently no one had observed them; but inside the room, out of sight from the doorway, Halim stopped. "Didst thou see whether Ahmed looked at us?" he asked in a low voice.

"No, I wasn't thinking of him," said Bill. "Does it matter?"

"I have things to say to thee that he of all persons must not overhear," murmured Halim.

"For the Lord's sake don't take to thee-and-thouing me again," begged Bill. "I tell you it gives me the creeps! Let's go where the blighter can't

overhear, if you've got such a place in your bally palace, old Haroun-al-Raschid!"

Halim smiled, though bleakly. "It is like old times to hear thee—*you* speak thus. Come. There is at least a place where we can *see* when we are followed."

He led the way out of the big room, with its pale rugs and divans and hanging brass lamps, into a smaller room, which, to Bill's amazement, looked as if it had been furnished from the catalogue of a Paris department store.

"My own sitting-room, where I bring only my close friends," explained Halim, indicating with a proud gesture the terrible gilded chairs and contorted tables which the catalogue would have described as Louis-Seize; the crimson carpet, violent curtains to match, and a crystal chandelier stuck full of coloured candles, with a Christmas-tree effect. There was a desk too, designed by an artist of Pullman talent, and a bookcase where bright red bindings were protected by a gilded lattice. On the wall were several nudes by mediocre French artists, interspersed with a surprising quantity of clocks, each ticking, though most of them told different tales: clocks from Paris, clocks from London, clocks from Berlin, and a cuckoo clock from heaven knew where. But, after all, thought Bill, dazed by so much ticking, why not, when clocks had been invented by Arabs somewhere about the beginning of time?

"I like to remind myself of happy days in Europe, especially Paris, because at present Paris holds my

heart," said Halim. "My people do not approve that I love what is foreign, but this room is for a few eyes alone."

"Is this where we're going to talk?" Bill wanted to know, hoping maliciously that Sanda might see the horror, even if she never saw her Sheikh in his student spectacles. "If it is, for the love of Mike stop a few dozen clocks or we can't hear ourselves think! Or are they to prevent your dear cousin Ahmed from——"

"We are going into a little private garden of mine," Halim cut his friend short. Then he opened a French door-window and beckoned Bill into the oddest "garden" that ever owned the name. It was no more than ten yards square, and was shut in on all sides by the windowless two-storey walls of the house. Only one door led into it—the one which Halim's European taste had converted into a French window. Not even a moucharabieh looked into it; and those who did not know need never suspect its existence, unless they came in from Halim's room.

"Here we can talk," said Halim. "It is better not to lock doors, for that would look suspicious. We are quite safe!"

"I should say so!" echoed Bill. "But what makes you call it a garden!"

The ruler of the Ouled-Mendil smiled as his eyes followed Bill's. He glanced at the pavement, which had six or seven oblong blocks of marble at irregular spaces among its tiles of faded green and rose. Not a flower was there, not a blade of grass, nor a bush;

for the sun could look down into the square only at noon, and had no time to give its blessing.

"Once it was a garden of the dead," Halim answered Bill's question. "That was in the time of my great-great-grandfather, when we Arabs had no French masters, and aghas were as kings, with power of life and death—death of slaves—death of women! You see those blocks of marble. They are the size and shape of coffins, are they not? If you were to lift them and dig down a little distance under each stone you would find a skeleton—the little skeleton of a woman. Either she deceived her husband—her master—or some jealous one made him believe she was false. The sultans and beys of old time had their women tied up in sacks and thrown into a river; and even in these days pachas of the north can hide their harem scandals at the bottom of a deep well in some such hidden place as this. But we aghas of the desert, where wells are not, and river-beds dry up in a night, must find other methods."

Bills horror of this cool revelation was mixed, to his own shame, with a flickering respect for Halim ben Mahmoud. In Oxford days the "Arab chief" had been a musical comedy figure even for him, who had befriended the dark-faced alien. He hadn't taken Halim seriously at all, though he had kept others from laughing at him. And in several instances Halim had regrettably shown symptoms of something very like cowardice, which had disgusted Bill with his protégé.

Now, suddenly, the Englishman saw the Arab in

a different light—a lurid light. Maybe the fellow *had* some flame left in him from his ancestors, after all, and hadn't been able to do himself justice in such an environment as Oxford!

Of course, it was reprehensible to murder your wife, no matter what the provocation, and throw her down a well if you had one, or bury her in a back-yard if you hadn't. Still, there was in it a suggestion of red blood and iron resolution which Bill had never associated with Halim. He was reluctant to associate him with it now, not because he was especially shocked, but because he feared that if his darling idiot of a Sanda heard the Sheikh talk in this fashion she would thrill with silly admiration. And then this house—it was *too* interesting—all but the room with the clocks and near Louis-Seize abominations! Well, lucky it was that Halim's good old Allah was marrying him off at the last minute! If the man were still a bachelor, in spite of too much fatty development and a certain biliousness of aspect—— But the thing didn't bear thinking of!

"My hat!" was the exclamation that fell from Bill's lips as he stared at the coffin-shaped slabs of marble. "I say, old man, even if you could you wouldn't—er—what?"

"Wouldn't I!" Halim echoed viciously. "If I could put the lady for whom all this song and dance is going on under one of these stones without anyone knowing, I would do it as I would crush a desert viper with my foot; although once, before I knew a better love, in a way I cared for her."

"My sacred aunt!" gasped Bill.

"Unfortunately she is more likely to feed *me* with chopped horsehair or powdered glass, and so end me, a few weeks after the wedding festivities are over," added Halim.

"She must be a charming person," Bill observed.

"She is beautiful, but she is a devil," the Agha answered. "She is capable of anything, and so is her brother Ahmed. They play into each other's hands. I should be surprised if they have not got my death arranged between them, to take place after a lingering illness, when the right time comes. Perhaps thou knowest—I mean you know—that powdered glass or chopped hair is the classic method for our women to rid themselves of someone in their path—a rival, or the son of a rival if a jealous wife is childless?"

"I say, you talk like a penny dreadful!" Bill protested. "You're pulling my leg!"

"Do you think I would leave the guests at my own wedding and bring you to the one private place I have to pull a leg? No! I am telling the truth. It is a blessing little expected to have a friend drop on me from the air when I need him most! You cannot help at present, so far as I can see yet, my dear Bill; but if you consent to make a long visit, and if you see me sickening, you may have power to get me away to a French doctor—to a place of safety—before it is too late."

"I wish some bird would pinch me and wake me

up," Bill muttered. "If this nightmare lasts much longer I suppose I'll be browsing on powdered hair and chopped glass myself! What I mean to say is, to speak out frankly, Halim, why do you tie up with this beauteous female devil? Has she got you hypnotised?"

"She and her brother Ahmed hold me bound with invisible cords which I cannot break. Listen to the story, before some messenger is sent to recall me to my duty as host! You saw that dancer with the seven veils, who calls herself Zulikha Bent Pedar and is really named Dozia Pedroff?"

"I couldn't well help seeing quite a lot of the lady," replied Bill. "And, honest Injun, I wouldn't have been sorry to see a bit more if you hadn't dragged me off the scene before her big act. I love Doze—in all her clothes. But in her veils—my Prince of Wales! But what has Dozia, *alias* Zulikha, to do with your forthcoming murder?"

"Directly, nothing. Indirectly, everything. She is Ahmed's mistress, of course. And the player of the behdir—the Arab guitar—is a countrywoman of hers. Both claim to come from Constantinople. But does the name of 'Dozia' suggest anything to you?"

"It sort of suggests more Moscow than Constantinople."

"Ah!"

"Great guns! You can't mean——"

"Thou hast as quick a scent as the Arab sloughis, our dogs of chase."

"Holy howling Hades, are the Bolshies poking their ugly noses in here? It can't be true!"

"Not *ugly* noses, my friend—pretty noses of beautiful girls, chosen for their charms, as your Life-Guardsmen are picked for their height. Men would have been suspected and caught at such work—not women. Do you find this so incredible? Do you suppose the hand of Moscow does not help direct the hand of Fatma in Morocco? The trouble there would never have begun, nor in Syria, without the same devil's spoon to stir the mass that stirs it in China, India, Egypt, everywhere throughout the East. Are we not close neighbours of Morocco, easy to get at from there? And are not the blue veiled Tuaeregs and other wild tribes of our far southern desert, like your southern Irish chiefs, always ready for a fight?"

"By Jove!" mumbled Bill.

"Thy word is good! Jove was the Allah of Ancient Rome, and the pillars of his temples still stand in Allah's garden, the desert. The passions of our hearts are older than those temples, and change only as the sand-dunes shift in the Sahara. With most of us Arabs the great passion is love—or avarice. Few of us are ambitious. But with Ahmed and his sister Mouny ambition rules. Their father, my mother's half-brother, was a Marabout, which with us means saint. He founded a Zaouia, a religious monastery that is also a school. He was rich, from the tributes paid by many tribes and oasis towns, fine camels, sheep, dates, presents of all sorts, such as beloved marabouts receive to this day. A saint indeed, till in his middle age he met in Algeria at the Governor's yearly reception for Arab chiefs a beautiful Russian

woman, with the blood of nobles in her veins. But she was not legitimately born, and she made her living as a writer. My uncle the Marabout loved her, and she seemed to love him. For love's sake she forsook her religion for his, and they were married by Eastern as well as Western law. Soon she became the mother of Ahmed, and four years later of Mouny. By that time the lady was tired of her husband and life in his harem. She escaped—some said by the help of a Russian serving as an officer in the French army. My uncle's heart broke with grief and shame. The two children were left alone. Ahmed was taken into the Zaouia and educated. When he grew up he became one of the free brothers, or Khouan, of the monastery, and obtained much honour because of the gifts he obtained for the Zaouia. He went to Algiers, to Paris, and even to Turkey; I suspect that he went also to Russia, and that years ago he somehow got into correspondence with his mother. The French have believed that through his influence the Zaouia has been taught the modern spirit of loyalty to France. But that is far from being the truth.

“As for Mouny, she was brought into our house, and grew up under my mother's care in my father's harem. It was always intended that I should marry her, and being my first cousin, living in our house, she has never been veiled for me. When I returned home from Oxford to my dying father I promised him that without fail I would carry out his wish; and no doubt I would have married Mouny then, when the year of mourning was over, if my mother

had not died, and another year of mourning followed. In this last year, since Ahmed came back from his travels, many changes have happened, all for the worse!

"Mouny is now twenty, and ripe in body and brain, as your Western women of twenty-five or more. She and Ahmed are of one heart and mind. They consider that their father the Marabout was a greater man than my father. But mine was an Agha, next to the Bach Agha in power over all the desert. At present I am Agha in my dead father's place. Therefore, though she does not love me, and always we have quarrelled and disputed, Mouny is determined to be my wife."

"I thought from what you said a few minutes ago," Bill broke in, "that she was determined to be your widow?"

"First she must be my wife; and before my death must be sure that she will be the mother of my child."

"H'm! You Arabs don't hang much drapery around your ideas!"

"We are not prudes in our speech."

"Well, neither are we, since the war! Though maybe I've always been a bit squeamish. But since you began the subject, won't the lady prefer to keep her husband the Agha, till she—er—knows whether she's produced a little Agha, or—would you say an Aghess?"

"There is no such thing as an Aghess," Halim explained gravely. "A cousin, not Ahmed, but the son of my father's brother, would rule after me if I

died without a son. Mouny would not need to wait, however. It is easy for the queen of a harem, a woman with influence such as hers, to change at birth a girl child for a boy. It is rumoured that this happens not seldom. Once it is known that Mouny is to be a mother she is safe."

"Well, then, why not nip the blighteress in the bud by not marrying her? It's not too late yet to hand her the 'frosty mitt' at the last minute—what?"

"If I do Ahmed will light the torch of revolt among the desert men against France. He and Mouny have learned through their spies that my heart is elsewhere, and that I would refuse this marriage if I could in honour. Ahmed has threatened me, and it is in his power to carry out the threat."

Bill felt his ears burn. "Hell, you're not afraid of that spindling bantam-weight, are you?" he exploded.

Halim's sallow face flushed. It was not the first time that Bill Borrodaile had whipped up his faltering courage! "For France I am afraid," he excused himself. "I am loyal, heart and soul. But my Cousin Ahmed has worked behind my back, and the key of power is now his. He pretends to Faith inviolate. All the ancient fanaticism, the intolerance and hatred of the Zaouia are behind him, and he has made the tribes believe that freedom from Roumi rule can be theirs if they follow him. It is a great plot. Ahmed has at last had the coolness to admit all to me, for he knows that he and Mouny have got me in the hollow of their hands! Men, with Ahmed the Hadj

in their counsels, have planned the scheme in Moscow. But women, and women alone, have been chosen as men's agents: women beautiful and young—dancers, singers, musicians, disguised as Mussulmans from Turkey; stealing the hearts and souls of simple men, making men their slaves, fools glad to risk all for love of these houris. Now do you begin to see where I stand?"

Bill did begin to see. And he saw how little his friend was the man for the situation.

The drama that, with his first moment in the "garden of death," had captured Bill's imagination bade fair to prove a sort of "Hamlet with Hamlet left out." He might have spared himself that pang of jealousy lest Halim should prove to be the typical sheikh. The poor chap was still what he had been at Oxford; a rather picturesque weakling—even without the horn spectacles! Selfishly this was comforting, unselfishly it was sad to be pitying this gaudily dressed up figure of an agha.

"Something has jolly well got to be done about all this, my dear old lad, for your sake and France's," Bill said. "What's the trouble behind the trouble? Is it a case of cold feet? Are the Agha's boots a bit to big for you?"

"Would I could step out of them into the seven-leagued boots of the English fairy-tale!" sighed Halim, still dully red. "I would soon be away from this wasps' nest and in Paris, where I have told you my heart is."

"There now!" exclaimed Bill. "That's really

why I dropped down on you: to see if you didn't want to trot off and play in your jolly old Paris that you used to say you'd give two Londons for."

"I would give twenty Londons for it now, and a million El Bouars!" Halim answered. "But do you mean that you came across these many miles of sea and desert to invite me to go with you to Paris?"

"Well, no, not *with* me!" Bill admitted. "I sort of planned something else for myself to do while you were away. When I found you in the midst of a wedding—your own—I turned down the Paris idea. But, look here, old chap, there may be something in it yet to your advantage and, well, yes, the country's, though I do say so myself—if not to mine, as a private person. This needs some thinking and talking over between us. The fact is, I mean to propose a kind of bargain—you to chuck your job in my favour for a bit, not dreaming then what a kettle of fish it was, do you understand?"

"No, I do not understand," confessed Halim, bewildered. "Why should you, my friend——"

"Let me explain, and save time, as you're expecting a hurry call any minute. You see, I'm in love—head over ears in love."

"Ah!" said Halim. "But you have seen no woman here except the dancer."

"Hold hard, old sport! I'm dead nuts on a girl who won't look at me because I've got red hair and freckles, and was born a happy English child instead of a desert sheikh. She read about you in some darned old magazine that had your photo in it. I

shouldn't mind betting 'twas struck off before you put on your last stone or so of weight! But that's a detail. You're her hero, and she's on her way now in train and on camel-back to introduce herself and vamp you for all she's worth. Her Poppa is with her, but he is another detail! I headed her off by aeroplane to get a few days' start. I hoped I might persuade you to lend me a costume and a bit of walnut stain to try and show her—what she wouldn't believe—that I'm as good a sheikh as anyone, while you breezed off for a jaunt to gay Paree. However, when the joyful tidings that you were a bridegroom were broken to me by that old ace of trumps, the Caid, I thanked my lucky stars. No good bothering even to explain why I came, much less to get you away, because you're out of the market. Safely married and all that."

"Safely married!" Halim echoed, in a hollow voice.

"Safely, from *my* point of view. Out of my girl's reach is what I mean. But I'm no heartless swine, old top! I'm ready as it is to stand between you and the hair and glass, at the risk of my own tummy. Not that it would be in danger. What I mean is, I wouldn't hesitate a minute to do you good if— But there it is! *Could* I do good?"

The Agha looked thoughtful, even (it might have occurred to Bill if he hadn't been gazing absent-mindedly at a grave) *cunning*.

"Let us reflect together," Halim said, his eyes suddenly so much brighter and larger that once more

he faintly resembled the portrait admired by Sanda Smith. "Even from your point of view—to go back to that, my dear Bill—I am not so safely married as you suppose."

"Ah, but you will be," argued Bill, "before that girl gets here—if you stick it out, as you say you're bound to."

"Not even then," explained Halim. "I should not be safely married where women are concerned, even after the seventh night of feasting, when I meet my bride in the nuptial chamber."

"A blithering idiot you will be to meet her there on any night, if you ask me," cut in Bill. "But if you're hinting that you can add as many wives as you like to your harem, and scare me that way, perhaps you forget expounding to me at Oxford that a Moslem noble marrying a woman of equal rank doesn't get a chance at his legal four, because the haughty princess would kick the harem down if he tried it on."

"He can and does, if he chooses, have his remaining three legal wives—outside the harem—to say nothing of illegal ones."

"Well—er—sort of Saturday to Monday wives, wouldn't they be, or they wouldn't stand for it? Even if they would, don't cheat yourself that you could bluff a Western girl, my weary old worm!"

"That proves how small is thy knowledge of women, Bill. Is the lady you love English or American?"

"As it happens she's American. Not that it makes any difference when bigamy comes in."

"That is as may be, even if you call it bigamy," said Halim. "I do not wish to seem conceited, and in other circumstances I would not mention this; but the lady of your heart is not the first who has come from the United States, since that magazine article was published, to see for herself what the Agha of the Ouled Mendil is like. Nor would she be the second. As for the article itself, I have had many copies of it sent me by post from England and America, in letters containing portraits of my correspondents, asking me for my autograph—and sometimes suggesting *more*. A few of these ladies have taken the trouble to learn that an Arab divorce is easier even than in the easiest American State—or in Paris. And some of the writers talk of novels they have read, where if an Arab chief was married he discarded his other wives at once for a Western love. I do not say for one moment, dear Bill, that *your* lady—— By the way, will you tell me her name?"

"It is Smith—Corisande Smith," returned Bill, fiercely. "But you needn't intimate that *she's* corresponding with you, because if she had been she'd have told me when she told me the rest. Dash it all, she'd have been proud of it!"

"Why not?" questioned Halim mildly. "Is she beautiful, Bill?"

"Naturally I think so. But she's not your style, I'm sure. Not that it's any of your business whether she's pretty or plain."

"As it happens, I adore someone else, or I might *make* it my business if Miss Smith comes here. Mouny

has no love for me. Even as my wife she would not be jealous of another love, if kept at a distance."

"Go a bit slowly, old thing, if you don't want to be murdered before the hair and glass begin!" Bill advised grimly.

"Pardon me, my friend." Having made his impression, Halim hastened to change it in the right direction. "I told you that I adore another woman. If you see a way to help me reach her, had I a kingdom it would be yours."

"By Jove, I *will* see a way or die!" exploded Bill. "I say, if an Arab bridegroom got sick from overeating or something like that, what would happen? Could he go to bed like a human being, and hide from the crowd, while the fun went on without him?"

"I have not heard of such a thing," Halim answered. "But no doubt he could do so if he were sick enough."

"Could *you* be sick enough?"

They looked each other in the eyes.

"I could!" said Halim. "I can even feel it coming on now. In the hope that you will help me to escape I would go as far as death's door."

They smiled at one another.

"Hurrah!" said Bill. "Perhaps you are saved! You are supposed to be ill. In reality, you'll be on your way rejoicing. It will be Bill the understudy who——"

"Listen!" hissed Halim. "There's a tap at the window. We can talk no longer now. But I will make a chance again soon—very soon."

"Sure?"

"Sure. For to me this is a matter beyond life or death."

CHAPTER VIII

A WINDOW AND A PEACOCK'S EYE

"It's all settled then as far as we can settle anything?" repeated Bill at last, after a second conversation with the Agha, part of which concerned a new "baby" caterpillar which Halim had thriftily bought.

"It is all settled," echoed Halim. "I pray Allah we succeed."

They were sitting close together in the court on a tiled wall-seat where the players had made their wild music an hour ago. The garden, with its feathery fountain and cypresses and orange-trees, was silent now save for distant echoes of the joyous "You-you!" of the women, with a mingled drumming and screaming of tom-tom, bendir, and raita, which had been transferred, at the bride's request, to the garden court of the harem. As for the men guests, at the moment they were feasting in some *salon*, with Ahmed playing host.

Halim seemed to think it a great piece of luck that the chance for another talk should have come so soon. Indeed, if it had happened less naturally he would have feared a plot to trap him. But this was the first day of the Bride's Bath at the private Hammam of the palace (there would be a second day, followed by the famous Nuptial Night, the earthly Paradise of

good Mohammedans); and Mouny was an imperious girl of many moods, all of which must be obeyed. Had not her pet name in the household since childhood been "Sultana"? It was natural that she should clamour for the music and the dancing of veiled Zulikha, as to which Ahmed had doubtless excited her curiosity.

In any case, the two men had the court to themselves, with the tinkle of the fountain just loud enough to drown their subdued voices in case of hidden listeners. Besides, they spoke in English, of which even Ahmed and Mouny—so far as Halim knew—understood little, if anything.

Greatly as Halim desired (so he said) to escape from the tyranny of his cousins, nevertheless he insisted on consummating the marriage in traditional style. The illness must develop later.

This was not, he carefully assured Bill, because he burned to caress, and be caressed by, that uncrushed viper Mouny. It was solely because on the bridal night there must be a bridegroom in the Nuptial Chamber of his ancestors, or the bride would have the right to raise the roof. In that case things might become awkward for the bridegroom's understudy in case by that time the real bridegroom's escape had been contrived.

After the Nuptial Night, however, the part of husband would not be too embarrassing. As Moslem law forbids a bridegroom to make love to the bride for a week after the first night of marriage, Bill would have seven days of comparative safety. In the case

of Halim being smuggled away, Bill, keeping to Halim's room and bed, supposed to be the Agha, would reign even in retirement as master in his own house, save for harem wiles. There should be time for the Sanda Smith reel of this moving picture, if she arrived according to schedule, also a strong reel featuring French interests; and it was upon the latter's importance that Halim dwelt with what seemed to Bill a certain over-emphasis. As if they didn't both know that Halim was considering himself to the exclusion of all else; as if he didn't bless Bill for offering him this undreamed-of chance; and as if he wouldn't snap at it, though France were to fall!

Luckily for Arab pride two birds could be killed with one stone—or even *three* birds; for there was the advantage Bill hoped to gain; and Halim, realising this fact, diverted attention from his own affairs to those of his friend as often as possible.

All details of the drama, where Halim was concerned, had been noted; but Bill had a few questions to ask about the acting of his own rôle, when he observed that Halim had become unresponsive.

"Just like the beggar!" thought Bill, remembering various episodes at Oxford and Arab egotism; but this time he did Halim an injustice: for once he was not thinking of himself. His eyes were fixed upon a moucharabieh opposite their tiled seat.

Bill's eyes followed Halim's, and he was intrigued to see that a square of carved wood in the midst of the screened window was opening.

Perhaps, Bill told himself, in this bally old house,

where a harem might be anywhere, it would be more tactful not to look. Maybe he ought to go on chatting to Halim and take no notice? But he could think of nothing to say on the spur of the moment, and his gaze remained glued to the square of cedar-wood. Suddenly it was pushed completely back, like a movable pane, and a face was framed in the aperture.

It was a beautiful face, a strange face, so beautiful and so strange that seen thus Bill wondered if he were having a brain-storm. From the face looked down a pair of eyes; they stared deliberately into Bill Borrodaile's eyes, and he would have been only half a man if his pulses hadn't jumped.

Girls, even modern, much-enlightened girls, like to believe that love for them makes a lover immune to other sex appeal. But this, of course, is an illusion, as they might judge from the effect upon themselves of any handsome man.

What eyes! Bill had never seen such eyes! He had just time to get the thrill of them through the whole length of his spine when the square of carved wood snapped shut.

Halim was Bill's friend, and Bill was about to risk his life, maybe, in the effort to save Halim. Still, you never knew with one of these desert chaps! If he asked, "Is that the wonderful Mouny?" perhaps the Arab would smite with a concealed dagger, or attempt to feed him to the lions which Halim had once told him Aghas kept as family pets.

"Best let him speak first if he wants to," thought Bill.

Halim did want to.

"Someone must have told her about thee," he said.

"Oh—er—then that was—er——" Bill ventured.

"Yes. That window looks on this court from a room where my cousin's own negress sleeps. Mouny did not show her face by accident. She must have done it for one reason only—to anger me."

(It occurred to Bill that there might be another motive, which it would be conceited in him to mention. Not the meanest-spirited Agha would like his bride to crave admiration from a Roumi!)

"But she little knows me," Halim went on. "A man who has spent years in England and France could only be glad that a friend should behold his wife's beauty!"

"There couldn't be two opinions about that," admitted Bill. "If things were different I should congratulate you on having such a peach of a bride."

"You find her so handsome then?" persisted Halim.

"No woman could be easier to look at!"

Bill was a little ashamed of himself, because he now understood more clearly Halim's wish to see the marriage business through. Apparently this could be done in safety, and the real Agha could sneak out of the palace while Bill held down the job, and, so to speak, kept "the home fires burning." According to Halim's optimistic theory the glass and horsehair stuff was not due to begin immediately after the marriage.

Bill had never liked his friend the Sheikh less than at that moment. If it were not for Sanda he

would be hanged if he would not let the fellow stew in his own juice after all! But it *was* for Sanda. It was just as much for Sanda as ever it had been—in spite of that pair of eyes at the window! No doubt their owner deserved to be deceived. Most likely the eyes had, so to speak, been chopping horsehair and powdering glass even as their light dazzled the hearts of men.

Halim heard Bill's reply in silence, and for a moment the two sat without speaking, their backs against the wall. The polished tiles had struck cold through Bill's clothing when first he had sat down, but the chill had passed and been forgotten. Now it returned. Bill even felt that a sudden draught was blowing upon his spine. It was a small though powerful draught, like a breeze whistling through a key-hole, and Bill leant forward to glance over his shoulder. One of the tiles, representing an eye in the tail of a peacock, seemed to be set deeper in the wall than the rest. But, no—yes—— Why, it had almost imperceptibly moved again and become level with its mates!

He glanced at Halim. Halim glanced at him.

"I thought no one now living, except myself, knew that trick," said the Agha; "but I see I was mistaken. My father showed it to me on my eighteenth birthday, the age when it is revealed in our family to the heir. Perhaps in my absence he showed it to Ahmed also."

"Well, not much harm is done, as you say Ahmed understands only French, no English!" Bill soothed him.

Halim shrugged. "I said, '*so far as I knew*'! It might suit him to lie about that, as he has lied about many other things."

"Well, we made no remarks to offend anyone concerned, so far as I can remember, while the breeze was blowing through that hole," said Bill. "We merely paid friend Ahmed's sister a few compliments, that's all. What?"

But Halim did not answer. He was thinking hard.

And then another thing happened which banished ladies' eyes and peacocks' eyes temporarily from Bill's mind.

Through a low doorway, hitherto unnoticed by him, something large and yellow was loping slowly into the court.

CHAPTER IX

SULTANA

No days are more dazzling in the dreams of an average Arab girl than the days of the Hammam in the week of her wedding. But Mouny-bent-Amar-el-Chorfa, daughter of a Marabout descended from the Prophet, was not an average Arab girl.

In no country, at no epoch, in no house or palace would she have been an average girl.

Her cousin the Agha, who had known her all her life, did not misjudge her as a tigress, or even as a viper. But as to her feelings toward him, and her intentions, he was mistaken. He flattered himself far too much!

She was marrying him because he was the Agha—yes; but as for murdering him when sure of becoming a mother, she considered aghas of desert tribes in these days too unimportant to assassinate.

Not that she would not be ready to make a killing if necessary! If so it would be in the game. But at present her game was different.

Once she was married—"safely married" (as Bill Borrodaile had been snubbed for suggesting)—Mouny the beautiful, the strong, the intelligent, believed that she would henceforth be sufficient unto herself—at least, so far as a husband or even a son was concerned. She despised Halim, and, Agha or no Agha, she did not want a son of his. As for his cousin Hassan, who would take his place if Halim died without an heir, she scorned him even more intensely than she scorned the present Agha.

What might become of Halim she cared little except that she meant to give him a reception in the Nuptial Chamber such as no Arab bride had ever given the most repulsive bridegroom.

If he tried to revenge himself, Ahmed—the one man whom she admired and almost respected—Ahmed, her brother, would save her from harm. Then, if there came a fight and Halim should fall, what did it matter? Ahmed was now loved by the tribe as Halim had never been loved. As to the legitimate heir, the effeminate Hassan who spent his time among degenerate foreigners in Algiers, let him try to claim the Aghaship! She and Ahmed would rule the Ouled

Mendil and its lesser kindred tribes, who would support them to a man, in peace or war.

War was what she wished! Freedom from the French given to the tribes by herself and Ahmed. She dreamed of the day when she would be one of the rare, great women of the East, a true queen whose personality had earned the name of "Sultana." There were a few such women, all with European blood in their veins—blue, aristocratic blood. They were never *wives* of sheikhs or aghas. They were widows, or noble ladies who had divorced inferior husbands for wise reasons.

Mouny did not mean to spend her life in this or any harem. She counted herself, young as she was in years, among the enlightened women of her tribe, and not since custom forced upon her, with the veil—or Hadjba—the giving up of all childish joys when she was twelve, had she cherished the religion of her father's people. She had secretly abandoned it then and become an atheist, though she had certain superstitions which would not be thrown off. One God was as good as another for her. The Russian woman, Ahmed's mother and hers, had laughed at gods also, so Mouny had been told with horror by the Aunts. For the Marabout's sake, because she had the whim to marry him, the Russian had become a Moslem. When she had tired of him, and eloped with a Roumi lover, perhaps she had gone back to icons again!

Mouny had one god—herself—with Ahmed as prime minister. She had two beliefs: the first, in the power of her own brain and beauty; the second,

in the reincarnation of souls, because she was sure she had been Cleopatra of Egypt, whose history she had read with eagerness, and perhaps later, before incarnating supremely as Mouny-bent-Amar-el-Chorfa, her soul had passed a little time as Fatma, favourite daughter of the Prophet; again, as Mary, Queen of Scotland and of Love; and she might have returned once more as some Sultana in the days of Turkey's might.

Now, at all events, she was "Sultana" in name and nature. She would become a Sultana in power. Somehow she would emancipate herself, if not by the help of Ahmed, then by that of her own will, or through some man of importance whom Destiny would provide—an altogether different man from Halim.

She dreamed of a time when she might travel, not only seeing the world, but letting the world see her and marvel at her beauty. But the first step toward freedom of life was to marry her Cousin Halim. He was the best *parti* who offered, and she had always been meant for him. An unmarried Arab girl, whether of high or low birth, was nobody after she had passed the bloom of youth. Mouny had not dared to delay, lest she should do worse than the Agha of the Ouled Mendil. Besides, she knew that Halim was in love with a Roumia. This was an insult to her, Mouny, and he should pay by marrying her, without the joys of marriage.

There was little knowledge which Mouny wished to get that she did not get, and promptly. Her own woman, Azula, a majestic negress of middle age, was

faithful as a dog and sly as a fox. Also, Halim's chief negro servant, Bou-ed was an old-fashioned Moslem who disapproved his young master's foreign ways, and was now more devoted to Ahmed than to the Agha. Mouny had heard of the French actress Liliane de Lys, who had come to the desert with a troupe of film actors, and finding no hotel at that "unspoiled oasis," El Bouar, had camped outside the walls. She knew how the director had called on the Agha, and how the Agha had returned the call. She knew all that had happened afterward: how Halim had found a house in the town suitable for the women of the company to live in; how he had sent furniture and rugs from the palace, and lent one of his own chief cooks. She knew that, despite the strong religious prejudice of the Ouled Mendil to being photographed (had not the Prophet forbidden his people to create images of human beings?) the Agha had used his influence and spent money upon obtaining "crowds" for the picture.

The Aunts, though this scandal spoiled for them the peace of the harem, would have kept it from the girl at all costs, but Mouny soon heard of Halim's infatuation. She hated him for preferring another face to hers; and if she could ever have given him a wife's loyalty, his love for a Frenchwoman—his desire to marry that woman!—turned Sultana against him for ever.

From that time she joined heart and soul with Ahmed in plotting to raise the south against France. It was Mouny who thought of bringing women pro-

paganda-makers into the desert towns. All came with Turkish passports, but there had been difficulty in placing them, until Mouny set the fashion for the new dances and music. The invitations to her wedding had been given weeks ago, although the feast was but now in course of celebration. Already the supposed Turkish women had ingratiated themselves with the ladies of other noble households; in others they had also captured the men, which was the real object of the secret invasion. And for Mouny the dullness of life had been broken. She could never go back to it again.

It was not that she hated France or other European nations with the fanatical hatred of many Moslem women. She was too modern in spirit and too devoid of religion for such prejudices. But Ahmed had got into touch with their mother during his two years' absence from home. The man with whom the Russian woman had eloped had adopted Bolshevik views and was now on a diplomatic mission in Paris. Ahmed, who had no more religion than Mouny, believed that a rising of the tribes would oust Halim, put Hassan out of the running, and give power to him—such power as Abd-el-Krim wielded in Morocco. To meet his lost mother—still beautiful and a personage of importance—appealed to the romance in Ahmed's nature, and Mouny was with him in heart.

The two laughed at Halim; at his love affair; at his European furniture; and, above all, because he imagined them ignorant of English. It amused the pair to make fun of him behind his back in that

language, which Ahmed had picked up from a pretty chorus girl in Paris, and Mouny had learned from an English artist, a young woman who came to El Bouar to paint desert types.

• Miss Wilson had studied a little Arabic, had hired a room in an Arab house, had scattered presents from Paris upon the women and children whose portraits she wished to paint, had conquered their prejudice with sweets and jewellery, and had become for a while the sensation of the harems.

This had happened while Halim was studying at Oxford two years ago and before the death of the old Agha; and such was Mouny's influence that Miss Wilson was invited to the palace harem to show her studies. And that first visit was but the entering wedge! Later, the artist spent part of each day with Mouny, teaching her English. She made sketches of the Grandmother, of the Aunts, and at last did a portrait of Sultana herself.

This, it must be said, was done without the knowledge of the old Agha, whose health had failed, and who thought of little except his own aches and pains. By the time Miss Wilson was ready to go home to London, taking many studies and leaving behind in Mouny's hands numerous Tauchnitz edition novels, the girl could speak not only the English language but a quantity of amusing slang in which the lady from Chelsea had delighted. The gem of Miss Wilson's canvases was, of course, her slightly idealised portrait of Mouny. It was the best thing she had ever done, and, being safely out of the Agha's way,

she offered it to the Academy. There it was accepted, and under the catalogue name of "Sultana" made a certain sensation. Something in the dark, voluptuous yet rebellious face appealed to all men, even critics.

If Bill Borrodaile or Halim-ben-Mahmoud had been addicted to picture shows, or to reading art criticism, they might have chanced upon this canvas; but, as it was, neither ever heard of the portrait which inspired several young poets and started a new fashion in hair-dressing just before the "bob" broke every record.

Miss Wilson knew that Mouny, at least, would not be offended by her anonymous success, no matter what her family might feel; and she risked sending newspapers with marked paragraphs, also a copy of the London "Graphic" with a reproduction of the picture. The lady knew Mouny well enough to be sure that her correspondence would not be tampered with!

So, after weeks on the way, these appreciations from London reached the Arab girl in her uncle's harem, and confirmed an opinion that had long been hers. She became wholly certain that no woman in the world was more beautiful than she. And she grew more and more impatient to follow her portrait abroad.

If Halim had not met the film actress marriage with him might have seemed something higher than a stepping-stone for Mouny. He was modern enough to introduce a wife to London and Paris! But, loving the Frenchwoman, he would marry his cousin from sheer fear of Ahmed's threats. He would never take

Mouny to Europe—or, if he did, once out of Ahmed's reach he would desert her. Mouny's sole use for him, therefore, was as a figurehead. There was little danger that a Frenchwoman would play "second fiddle" to an Arab wife; so even in absence Mouny's spite against her rival would be satisfied. Or, at worst, if the actress accepted a married Moslem never would she enter the sanctity of his harem at El Bouar.

"Sanctity" seemed to Sultana a right word for the dignified dullness of a harem. She and Miss Wilson had often laughed together at the picture of Moslem home-life imagined by Christians. Her aunt, the old Agha's wife and widow, had reigned a stately lady in the palace. When Lalla Saada died, the fiancée of the new Agha had been left with plenty of chaperons—too many for her convenience. There was the Honourable Grandmother, seventy years old and looking a mummied hundred; there were the Aunts, Embarka and Fatma, widows with daughters of less than Mouny's age; there were several vague, middle-aged cousins and other flotsam and jetsam such as most aristocratic harems contain rather than any female relatives should be left lying about the world unprotected.

All harems with which Mouny had acquaintance were the same: swarming with helpless, elderly ladies, but never, never harbouring more than one wife at a time for the Sidi, or Master. Only common women, of the poorer classes, would meekly share their home with rivals in these modern days when bowstrings and

drownings of rebellious wives were no longer permitted to the lords. Let Halim, if he had the pluck to take his Frenchwoman, have her for a mistress!

For brides who loved their bridegrooms the days of the Hammam were days of heart-beating excitement. Not so for Mouny. But she liked being the centre of attraction, and enjoyed her secret thoughts, which none save Ahmed guessed. In the bath sacred to the ladies of the Agha's palace and their invited friends Sultana wore the air of a queen.

As a matter of fact, she wore nothing else, except the long mantle of her hair. This had just been dyed a golden red, according to the custom for Moslem brides, by a famous "Hennena" always imported from Tunis in honour of these occasions, by the ladies of great Arab harems.

Mouny sat naked and beautiful under a dome pierced with small, jewelled lights in patterns of flowers, which cast rose-and-mauve and amber gleams like fallen petals over her head and the polished ivory of her perfect body. Not only the ladies of the palace grouped round her, but friends of her own age whose birth entitled them to invitations. The room was very hot and the steamy atmosphere heavy with perfumes—Mouny's favourites, attar of rose, oil of jasmine, and amber. Charming young girls, her cousins or the daughters of neighbouring Caids, had brought gifts to the Hammam, as to a princess. But Mouny had seen the "Graphic" at the time of Princess Mary's marriage: a special number, picturing the trousseau and presents and England's tribute to

the royal bride. All these trifles seemed despicable to the Arab princess.

What were a few crystallised fruits, gold-spangled sweets, and coloured almond cakes? What were mother-of-pearl and tortoiseshell, or sandalwood boxes, or silver fetish cases containing teeth or hair of saints? What were gilded scent bottles, or even bracelets, and silk scarfs for the head, when remembering the pearls and diamonds of Princess Mary?

Luckily, the givers of the pretty gifts were content with the bride's conventional words of gratitude. They paid her extravagant compliments, the unmarried girls praising the beauty of her eyes, her face, the young married women becoming more intimate, congratulating the bridegroom on the treasures to-morrow night would reveal, or trying to frighten the bride with stories of their own experiences.

Servants of the harem—tall, handsome negresses, and little black girls like ebony dolls—scattered cool blossoms or sprinkled perfumes over the warm limbs of the queen. All were naked, and even the guests wore no more than a foulard twisted round the loins, for clothing would have been intolerable in the moist heat. In the harem garden outside the chattering of voices almost drowned the music for which Mouny had asked.

As for Zulikha, *alias* Dozia, the dancer, and her veiled accompanist, they did not form part of the programme, as Halim had imagined. The puritanical Aunts did not approve of Zulikha's efforts for the amusement of a harem party; and as Mouny had

often been privately entertained by the foreigners, through Ahmed's auspices, she yielded to the wishes of her elders. Indeed, she was equally indifferent to the love-music played so madly for her pleasure, and had only requested it at Ahmed's wish.

He had sent her a note, hastily yet formally written in the manner of Arabs even to their nearest relatives:

"MOUNY SULTANA, MOST BEAUTIFUL OF BEAUTIES,

"Thou must have heard an hour ago a noise as of Sheitan flying over our heads, and wondered. I hasten to tell thee that it was caused by four French fighting aeroplanes sent forth no doubt to frighten us desert men with a demonstration of Might.

"I have just returned from a call on the officers, as the Agha's deputy. They have refused our invitation to eat his bread and salt, and they now go southward hoping to spread terror as they pass. But they have left one member of their party. Thou mayst remember hearing of Halim's friend, William with a name I cannot write, and the title of Lord, whatever that may mean in England. He is the man who remains. His story is that he comes to visit his college friend. I suspect another motive.

"He and Halim have retired to the Garden of Death to talk alone. And may death be his portion if he is a spy! As thou knowest, conversation there cannot be overheard. But I will send a message recalling thy bridegroom to his duty. The two must not be given too much time in that private place. I wish them to continue their talk in the

cypress court, but first the court must be cleared of guests. If thou wilt request Halim to have the musicians play in the harem garden I will order coffee to be served and another entertainment supplied for the men in the Tunisian *salon*. As for Zulikha, let her and her friend go to rest in their own house. They have work for to-night.

"Thou mayst recall the secret of the peacock's eye which my uncle told me just before I set forth on my pilgrimage to Mecca? Halim knows it, as all heirs of the Aghas know on coming of age. But believing me with his guests, and ignorant that I understand English, he will choose that seat, his favourite in the court. If the Englishman has a hidden reason for coming, it should soon be ours.

"Thy faithful and loving brother,

"AHMED."

Sultana had smiled at the letter and Ahmed's suspicions. He fancied nowadays that every stranger was a spy! She thought Lord William's "other motive" more likely to be a romantic desire to meet her!

Of course she remembered about Halim's friend. "Lord Bill," Halim had called him! She had even seen the friend's photographs, taken in strange and scanty clothes which Halim had explained were worn by men in England for athletic sports. She had liked "Lord Bill's" face. It was so unlike the solemn faces of Arabs, of which she was weary! He had laughing eyes that looked out of the photograph into her eyes. And he had smiled at her, such a smile that she had

found herself smiling back! In his cheeks were those little round dents which Arabs seldom have, and the English call "dimples"—the French "*fossettes*."

Oh, yes, she remembered Lord Bill!

Halim had boasted that a "great English lord" was his best friend at Oxford, where some men were disrespectful to Arab students. A young English lord, a kind of prince, would hardly be a spy for the French, and in a friend's house!

There was no doubt in Mouny's mind that in England Halim had thrown aside Arab formality and talked to Lord Bill about his cousin. Perhaps Lord Bill had seen Miss Wilson's portrait of "Sultana" when it was exhibited in public. If so, his coming was easy to account for. How must he be feeling now if he had learned, after travelling far, that tomorrow would be her Nuptial Night?

Mouny thrilled in imagining the Englishman's sensations, much as Sanda Smith had thrilled on board the "Auretania" thinking of the brave, dark Arab Sheikh who would most likely kidnap her.

The naked ivory statue, with its reddened, gilded hair, wondered in its secret heart just how great a prince this English lord might be. Was he the equal of the Prince of Wales, or as nearly so as possible, not being the son of a king? As the tom-tom beat and the bendir sobbed of Arab love Mouny Sultana dwelt in thought upon English love. She had read Tauchnitz novels of "Ouida" about English noblemen and their reckless deeds for women's sakes. Those

were old books, but England was an old country, and her men would not change.

This Lord Bill had fought in the war and had gained medals. Then he had gone back to Oxford to finish his interrupted studies. Halim had told her that. Halim had gone to fight for the French, but he had gained no medals. He had caught a bad cold and had a bout of rheumatic fever. After that he had fought no more. Mouny was sure that he had hated fighting. Halim was no hero! *Au contraire!*

Could this princely stranger be the Man of Destiny of whom she had dreamed—the man who would liberate her and show her beauty to the brilliant world where he was a lord greater than any desert Agha had ever been?

Was he at this moment vowing to steal her from the harem—from her bridegroom—before the fatal Nuptial Night of which that music chanted with cries of passion? If so, would it perhaps be worth her while to help him?

CHAPTER X

A BRIDE'S IDEAS

KHADRA was the name of the Hennena, most famous of beauty specialists.

She had perfumed pastes of her own invention, concocted of almond-meal and lily-petals, which brightened ageing complexions and gave the glory of dawn to youthful skins.

Dyeing the hair of brides was only one of Khadra's least accomplishments; but even that she could do as no other could; and to-day she was devoting her whole soul to the luminous beauty of Mouny's long locks.

No one else would she trust to dry the mass, lest some drop of dye might stain the rosy ears or the ivory white forehead of the queen. One hand of Khadra gently stirred the glittering cloak which could have veiled the naked form as Godiva's nudeness was hidden. With the other hand Khadra moved a huge fan of sandalwood and ostrich plumes, while with her tongue she flattered the fiancée or told *risqués* stories of brides less pure and perfect than Sultana.

The guests, especially the young girls—sitting cross-legged on the floor or on low benches, like grouped maids of honour—hung upon the woman's words. But Mouny hardly listened.

"Lalla Khadra, my hair is dry long ago!" she broke into the recitation. "I am tired of being fanned! There is a favour thou canst do for me and for all the friends of my age assembled here! It is not difficult to do, and there is no harm in doing it. So do not cry out and say it is impossible when I tell thee my wish."

"Flower of the moon, I would go to the moon for thee!" Khadra protested. She was tall, thin as Frenchwomen liked to be, and she was old for an Arab woman, even as old as forty, the age of many grandmothers in harems; but owing to her own skill she was still beautiful, without a line on her long, oval face, and her hair was of the red she was giving the bride's gorgeous locks.

"Well, then, faithful one, thou needst not go so far as the moon!" Sultana answered laughing. "Take thyself only to the room of my maid Azula, and peep out through her moucharabieh into the cypress-court. There thou wilt see the Sid Agha, with a friend of his, an English prince who has come to assist my bridegroom in his wedding feast. I think they will be sitting together on the bench of the Peacock. Look, and form an impression. I wish to know what a prince of England is like."

"Oh, is he the King's son!" chirped one of the youngest cousins. (None would have thought it at all strange that the Prince of Wales should visit the Agha.)

"Not a son—a nephew, perhaps. I am not quite sure," said Sultana calmly. "Go, Lalla Khadra, then return and tell us what thou thinkest of the Roumi lord."

"Mouny, my daughter, in the heart of a bride should be room for dreams of one man only," chided the severe Aunt Embarka. Luckily, Honourable Grandmother was stone deaf, and Aunt Fatma was asleep, or all three together might have been too much even for Sultana. But she was more than equal for Aunt Embarka alone.

"I wish to judge how far a prince of England can compare with a prince of the Sahara," she explained haughtily.

The sentiment rang well. Aunt Embarka, dazed by its grandiloquence, was silenced. With gentle gestures and graceful bows to one and all, the Hennena oozed away like a drop of honey trickling down a

steep incline. She registered willingness to obey the bride and reluctance to displease the aunt with ability that would have scored on any film. In reality she was enchanted with the mission.

Soon she returned, and awaited the first question. But her eyes and Mouny's met across the pretty heads of squatting maidens.

"What is thy judgment, oh, thou who hast seen much of life?" Sultana gave the cue.

"Oh, light of the harem, thou wert right to send me," answered Khadra, with the virtuous look she would have worn at the entrance to a Mosque. "This English prince is nothing when seen beside our glorious Sid Agha. For one thing, he is half the Sidi's width, though taller, and instead of orbs like jet he has blue eyes. His hair, which should be black as an ebony frame for a picture, is red as if dyed with henna. Thou wouldst indeed be more proud than before of thy Bey couldst thou see him side by side with this young English nobleman."

A murmur of approval followed the descriptive comparison; but each little naked virgin longed inwardly for the forbidden joy of judging for herself. As for Mouny, she intended to judge, and had thus intended from the first. She had sent Khadra to Azula's window in order to make sure that Halim and his friend were actually in the cypress court.

Now she smiled at the Hennena, who bent over her as if to see that no stain of dye marred the spotless bridal skin. "He is good to look on, not with the beauty of Arab or Roman images, but with the face

and figure of youth, and a brave man," Khadra whispered significantly.

Many intrigues she had furthered or suppressed, according to incentive; and here was something that promised well.

Mouny thrilled slightly. A mischievous and amusing idea had sprung into her head. Khadra's words, "the face and figure of youth, and a brave man," sung themselves over again in her mind, though she seemed to have heard nothing.

The girl adored courage. She despised Halim because he was lazy and, she thought, a coward. Ahmed was brave enough, but his courage was more mental than physical, his sister judged. He was nervous, and morbid, too, because thus far his ambitions had been thwarted. There was more of the leopard than the lion about Ahmed.

The bride laughed and clapped her hands. "I have planned a new entertainment!" she exclaimed. "The national emblem of England is a lion. I know from Miss Wilson how English people talk of the 'British Lion,' as if lions belonged to them alone. Well, here we have lions from far-off South Africa for our pets, even as the English have dogs! This prince cannot know that they are gentled, and so never dangerous. Let us have the fun of surprising him with the sight of our lions and watching the effect from Azula's moucharabieh! But first, since Khadra says this prince is thin and of no physique, I will first take one peep at him myself. If he seems too weak to bear a shock, we must not, after all, risk

his death of heart disease in the midst of a wedding feast. He is my bridegroom's friend and guest."

"Sultana! Thou art mad!" cried Embarka. But Mouny was on her feet, had snatched from the negress Azula a robe-like Turkish towel, had slid into her slippers at the threshold of the hot room, and dashed away without seeming to listen.

Such conduct was unheard-of—incredible! But it was, in fact, Sultana, not her aged relatives, who ruled the harem nowadays; and to-morrow she would be the Agha's wife. Aunt Embarka cursed Miss Wilson in her heart, because of the bold, foreign ideas she had brought into the harem. And Halim, too, was not free from blame! He had talked with his cousin about England and Englishwomen. There was some terrible word which sounded like "flapper," and seemed to mean an abominable young creature who considered herself equal with men. Let Halim's blood be on his own head if evil happened here!

Aunt Embarka rose stiffly and looked for covering, that she might follow Mouny. It was the Hennena herself who found a suitable wrap for the Lalla, but she and Sultana's negress were both a little officious about offering their own. When the bride's chaperon reached the not-distant room of Azula, Mouny was in the act of closing a movable pane in the moucharabieh.

"Oh, obstinate one, say, at least, thou didst not commit the sin of showing thy face to this Roumi's eyes!" groaned Embarka, as the bride turned to her an innocent and maidenly countenance.

"Couldst thou believe me capable of such

enormity?" demanded the Queen. "I but looked for an instant while the Agha and his friend talked together. I do not think that the English prince has heart disease or will die at sight of a lion, or even of two lions. So we may have our little game."

"Mouny, most earnestly I counsel and entreat!" urged Embarka. But the bride was skipping back with the sprightliness of twenty years to the Hammam and to her young guests.

She gave an order to Azula, which must be passed on at once to old Bou-ed.

CHAPTER XI

DANIEL UP TO DATE

BILL looked at the yellow thing in the doorway, and found himself recalling a sacrilegious story.

Who was the king chap the Prophet Daniel had gone to visit? Anyhow, according to that story Daniel had 'phoned the king and complained about his bedroom.

"What's the matter with it?" the question came back, peevish and hurt.

"Why, the place is full of lions, simply crawling with 'em," Daniel had begun to explain when King What's-his-Name cut him short.

"If there are any lions there you must have brought them yourself!"

Probably that's what Halim would say now if Bill drew his attention to a pair of yellow objects that

were slinking into the court. Halim was nervously lighting a cigarette, and his attention was divided between it and a doubtful match. If Bill nudged him the match would go out, and at the same time the semblance of lionhood would doubtless burst like a bubble.

Or, rather, two bubbles.

Bill quite wished they would burst. The cypress court had looked far nicer and more restful without these unsuitable apparitions.

He had always liked lions—in their place. When he was a small boy he had even been sorry for one in a nursery picture of Roman revels: a poor, disappointed lion left with nothing to chew when the rest of the lot had all secured martyrs. But suddenly his point of view changed. This court was *much* smaller than one of those arenas, and if lions were really streaming in like that they could not help noticing you. In fact, the two semblances appeared to have noticed him already. They were taking an intelligent interest in him, to the exclusion of Halim, who seemed rather to bore them.

The question was, What did Halim think? If the things were really there he must have spotted them by this time. But somehow Bill wasn't inclined to turn and look to see what Halim was doing, if anything. He seemed to remember that if you were able to fix a wild animal firmly with your eye you would succeed in overawing it. The worst trouble was, though, that only a wall-eyed chap could fix two animals with one gaze at the same time.

Bill felt a more chilly sensation in his spine than the keyhole draught had produced.

This was doubtless a plot.

A short time ago he had told himself, jokingly, that he might be fed to the family lions, but here it was actually about to be done. Halim might or might not be destined to share his fate. That depended upon the lion's opinion of Halim.

Evidently Ahmed *had* been listening at the spy-hole! And—the beautiful face that had looked down! Brother and sister were in this together. Not a doubt that SHE was peering through that damned slab of wood-carving at this minute, to watch the sport begin—and end!

Bill's spine warmed up with rage, until it felt like a hot-water pipe. Wouldn't that female devil adore to see an Englishman give a song-and-dance act of terror? Well, she just jolly well wasn't going to see it, or anything like it. He would show her how much afraid an Englishman was of her damned old mangy, milk-fed lions!

With this resolve Bill's hair relaxed tension on his head.

Ha! That's exactly what they were. Milk-fed lions. Of course. And when he had been thinking about the blighted beasts no more than a few minutes ago he had dimly recalled Halim's stories of the Agha's "Marabout lions." Weird they had sounded at Oxford! But they were even weirder to meet socially, like this, on their own hearth-rug, so to speak, than to hear about in England.

H'm, yes. Aghas had to have them, to keep up traditions of past grandeur. Lions were the smart thing, and were imported from South Africa as pups or cubs or what not, and gentled, as bulls are gentled into oxen.

Certainly, when you looked right at the specimens they *had* rather sweet faces, though preferable at a distance; and that distance was diminishing every second.

The creatures were not moving fast; but they were moving. Harmless family pets as they were supposed to be, according to Halim's accounts of Arab home-life, they might not find an Englishman's face as sweet as he was finding theirs.

If I sit on this stile and continue to smile,
I may soften the heart of——

Queer, what silly thoughts you had!——

Bill recalled things that had run through his mind in the war, with his eye on his watch ready to sprint over the top in front of his men. He had almost laughed sometimes! Though he had never really relished the idea of a bayonet through his waist line, he had managed to keep his end up; and what were a few lions compared to German steel and lead?

That was what he would do: continue to sit on the stile, and smile, while the Female Devil watched. Then it suddenly dawned upon him that these Exhibits, Lions One and Two, might be on show because of an Arab sense of humour, rather than a murderous design. The Woman with the Eyes would be capable of testing Halim's guest with a close-up of the family live-stock.

The same sense of wild exhilaration following feeble fear at zero hour between 1914 and 1918 warmed Bill Borrodaile now.

He leaned back, crossed his legs, and chirruped to the Exhibits.

"What are the dear little things' names?" he asked Halim, his voice surprisingly natural in his own ears.

(Pity Ahmed and Mouny didn't know English, for he meant to bring a few good gags as well as business into their silly act, although he had had no chance to rehearse!)

"Praise be to Allah thou art not afraid," exclaimed Halim. "When I saw them coming I kept quiet, for quietness is best. They are tame, but it is not wise to startle them with loud exclamations. They never have liked me, and I am not fond of them. But I cannot destroy them. Their lives are sacred. Some day they will die of their own accord."

"Any day will suit me," said Bill. "Not that I mind just seeing them! Only—er—they're a bit *high* when you get their scent—what? Don't like to hurt their feelings though, poor old eggs. They look as if something sad had come into their lives about the year 1809, and they'd never got over it! Come along, then, Tibbie—Bobbie! Good boys, then!"

"It's kill or cure," he added to himself, gingerly scratching Exhibit A on the nose, and tickling Exhibit B under the chin, as both rallied round him, strongly—in every sense of the word.

"Allah il Allah! I would never have done that

myself," muttered Halim. While above the light splash of the fountain and the pleased snuffle of the lions trilled out a tinkle of girls' laughter. Invisible hands clapped: "You-you! You-you!" yodelled women's voices in Arab applause.

The unseen audience approved the show! The palace harem, headed by Mouny, had gone joyously mad.

Bill's experiment in the first rules of Sheikking seemed to have been a success—albeit with the wrong girl!

CHAPTER XII

MARRIAGE MUSIC

NONE save women were supposed to see the bride till her bridegroom came in state to the Nuptial Chamber. But Sultana was not as other brides, and her brother was an exception to all laws.

After the first day of Hammam, while Mouny was resting, Ahmed came to her room!

"Thanks be to Allah, thou art rid at last of all that chattering flock until to-morrow!" he sighed. "I have news for thee which it has been hard to keep till now."

"If it is grave, let us laugh together for a moment first," the girl said. "Thou hast heard of the play I staged in the cypress court this afternoon? Or perhaps thine eye was even then within the peacock's eye?"

"No, I had finished," Ahmed answered. "But I

heard the tale from Halim himself, who boasted of English courage to the wedding guests. So the trick was thy work? I thought it might be by accident the animals had strayed into the court while all was excitement and confusion throughout the house!"

"I was bored," announced Sultana. "I needed a sensation."

"Thou mightest have saved thyself trouble," said Ahmed. "My news for thee—what I overheard—will give thee sensation enough! Thou wouldst never guess it."

"Tell me then!"

"It is not wholly clear, for the two must have talked more fully in the garden of the graves. But they have made a plot between them. Halim means to come to thee to-morrow night, as if all were well. Then, when towards dawn thou hast fallen asleep, he plans to leave thee—for ever. But that is not all. So far, thou couldst believe easily, knowing Halim. The rest—the part that would be far beyond believing if my own ears had not heard it—concerns the Lord William."

"Ah!" breathed Sultana. She looked down at her henna-stained fingers, red as delicate branches of rosy coral, and her long lashes hid her eyes. She knew there was a light in them that even Ahmed, her brother, must not see.

"The Englishman—I think from what was dropped that it is *his* plot, not Halim's—dares to dream of staying here, disguised, in Halim's place, feigning illness and keeping the secret for some days—how

many, I do not know. I shall, of course, kill him and Halim too. As thy brother there is no other course open to me. At this time of political crisis trouble may come before we are ready for it. Yet thou knowest our old saying: 'When a man finds himself in the mud, let him walk through the middle boldly.' That I shall do, and when the conspiracy is known among our people I shall be praised, not blamed, for taking vengeance into my own hands."

"Thou wilt do nothing of the sort," Sultana ordered.

"I will not? Who will stop me?"

"I will stop thee, brother. Thy hot head causes thee to see as through a red glass darkly. Think of the French! They know this Englishman is here. Their aeroplane brought him. Already they suspect the brewing of a storm. They are prepared to spring. This man is a lord in his own country. If he is killed, no matter how righteous the reason, they will have the excuse they wish, to pounce upon thee."

"The French will not know. Our friends keep palace secrets, as palace secrets have been kept before, and will be again. The French will suppose that the Englishman has gone."

"They are not fools. They will have to know if Halim dies. The rest they will suspect, even if we have no spy among us."

"Let them suspect, then! Our moment will but be advanced. The torch will be alight—the torch of the Prophet. Down with the Roumis and their rotten rule! We will all stand together, and the flame will spread."

"It is too soon to light the torch," Sultana said. "Thou knowest that in thine heart. We must have Hassan, Halim's heir, in our hands before the flame can light the way for thee. He would not come to the wedding! He was afraid—or he had been forbidden by his French masters, who watch us. Ahmed, dost thou trust me and value my help and counsel?"

"Thou knowest I do," said Ahmed. "Thou hast the beauty of Troy's Helen and the brain of a Machiavelli."

Sultana laughed. "Which pleases thee most—to show thy knowledge of history or to pay me compliments? But if thou dost truly respect this brain of mine, prove it!"

"What proof dost thou ask which I have not given?"

"I ask thee to let Halim go, and to let the Lord Bill stay here hiding his head in the sand as the ostrich is supposed to do and does not."

"Mouny Sultana, it cannot be that I hear thee aright!"

"Thou dost hear me aright. And unless thou wishest to lose my help in future thou wilt trust me."

"Explain thy meaning then, at the least."

"Not to know, but to have faith, is the trust I expect from thee, my Ahmed."

"Thou wouldst have me permit Halim to make thee his wife, and then sneak away from thee like a thief in the night—as indeed he would be—while his cursed friend——"

"I am competent to deal with Halim, I assure

thee; and afterwards with his friend, who is no spy, I would venture my head. I warn thee, Ahmed, leave them both to me!"

Her eyes flashed up to the eyes of her brother. Always he had known that she was stronger than he; but now he realised this as never had he realised it before. He would have to obey this girl, or he would lose her for ever. And that he could not afford to do.

"Thou askest much of me!" he said. "Surely thou wilt show me something of thy mind?"

"No more than I have shown thee now. Halim is to go. After I have talked with him—*talked*, I repeat to thee—in the Nuptial Chamber to-morrow night, you and I will need him no longer. The one thing thou canst do is this: have a sleeping draught put in the Lord Bill's coffee to-morrow night, and see that he drinks it. But not too much! Not to the point of danger, or thou wilt regret thy lack of faith in me throughout thy life."

Next morning the sound of Arab musical instruments, and the shrill "You-you" of the women, which Bill Borrodaile now knew was a sign of rejoicing, began at an early hour.

He had not rested well in his bare white room in the salemlik, in his Tunis bed of green and gold carved wood. When he had slept, he dreamed that lions gambolled over the floor carpeted with pink and yellow modern Biskra rugs. When he waked, he saw to his relief by candlelight and that of his own electric torch that the gambolling creatures were no larger

than an outsize in cockroaches. But they were super-cockroaches, which looked to Bill's eyes to have the form and colour of huge, oval beads of amber, supported on dozens of scuttling legs. He almost thought that he could see the expression of their dull faces as they returned his look.

The whole palace was permeated with a heavy perfume of black African incense, mixed with the scent of jasmine oil, but underneath was a faint odour of mice and beetles and camel's hair. There were beautiful Tunis mirrors in Bill's room, with gilded decoration of fruit and flowers, and there was not much else except a small wash-hand-stand such as servants' rooms have in old French houses. Under his window a peacock screamed, but he was so glad it was not a lion that he enjoyed its piercing yells. Other sounds broke what he had imagined would be the desert peace of a moonlight night. But a thousand convulsive, unseen things were so annoyed or delighted with the moon that they gave voice to their feelings without cease until the music and "You-you-youing" began. Then they stopped, or the music drowned them out.

Bill had not much minded staying awake, for thus he had gained extra time in which to map out sheikh-stunts for Sanda, and with each passing hour he tried to lay plans; so to speak, he tried to rehearse his play. But how can a play be rehearsed when it is not even written? However, Halim had told him an Arab legend about Luck.

Once Luck and Reason made a bet over a Worthy

Man, whom Reason wished to befriend. Luck laughed, and said that Reason alone could never help anyone to fortune. Reason scouted this and set out to win. He lent the man money, and gave advice. He hired a house for the man to live in. But everything went wrong with his protégé. Then, one day, Luck tossed the poor mortal a bit of lead he happened to have in his pocket. It seemed utterly useless; but it happened to be just what was needed to fashion a fishing-tackle. The man caught a fish with a Koh-i-noor of a diamond in its inside. This jewel had been lost by a sultan, and when the fisherman returned it the reward was great. He who had been in vain befriended by Reason was made rich for life by one stroke of Luck.

"That's my case exactly!" thought Bill. "Reason can do me no good, but Luck may throw me a bit of lead."

As day dawned, and he lay wondering how or where he should get a bath, his eyes fell on a silver-framed, full-length photograph of Sanda, presented to him in New York. The pictured face was not as startling in its beauty as the face which for a moment had gazed through a moucharabieh. But Bill preferred it. The portrait was so sacred to him that he brought it out only at night, when he was sure of being alone, and locked it up in a hat-bag by day.

"I wonder if Halim's Sultana has got any more lions up her sleeve for me?" he asked himself, as the "You-yous!" and raitas screamed.

The harem was a hive of thrilling industry to-day—this last day of Mouny Sultana's maidenhood.

Marvellous cakes were being baked. Negresses in reds and greens and blues ran to and fro like hens with their heads cut off! The air was heavily scented with amber and the fragrance of Turkish coffee. Lucky emblems were prepared for the bride. Again she was escorted in triumph to the Hammam for the Bath of the Perfumes. These would be rubbed into her skin until they permeated her pores. All natural down was removed from her body with pastes. Her limbs were polished till they gleamed like ivory. An egg was brought her, in the bath, by Azula to break under her bare foot, so that she should crush out the eyes of all persons jealous of her happiness. On the sole of her shoe honey was rubbed, that sweetness should for ever follow her footsteps in the house of her husband.

Songs composed in her honour by Arab poets were sung, while her thick plaits of reddened hair were twined with jewels and surmounted by a crown.

The ancestral throne of the Agha's bride, occupied by her on the last day of feasting, was placed in the chief reception-room of the harem. It was a heavy, gilded object, cushioned with purple and crimson, its fan-like back hung with embroidered draperies used for many beautiful brides; but none—so said everybody—as beautiful as Sultana.

She was crowned, and dressed from head to foot in spangled tulle of white and silver. From the diadem of emeralds and pearls and very old diamonds hung

a golden veil, and bands of golden ribbon bound her limbs from the knees to the little feet in white, brilliant-studded slippers with golden heels.

According to the time-honoured custom for brides on this day, Mouny had become a magnificent doll, or idol, unable to move. She was carried to the throne, and set upon it like a graven image of silver and gold and ivory, there to remain till she was borne to the bridal bed.

Meanwhile, the Nuptial Chamber was being made ready, while its glories and joys were chanted by young musicians.

There would be ten hours of physical torture for the dazzling queen on her throne, but the ceremony was endured by all Arab brides of race, and none would wish to avoid or shorten it.

Processions of girls and women passed and repassed the throne where Mouny sat stiffly in her voluminous draperies of tulle. She was sung to, played to, praised and petted, fed with sweets, sprayed with perfumes, given syrups to sip, as the hours dragged on.

Halim, too, spent a strenuous day. He gave Bill certain instructions, and secretly packed valuables, jewels, and papers which he could not leave behind.

At last, as night drew on, the music shrieked with passionate prophecies. The bride was borne in the arms of her relatives to the so famous Nuptial Chamber, undressed, and slipped into the delicate Nuptial Nightgown, that robe which Arab poets have woven in a thousand verses.

It was a wonderful room and a wonderful bed.

Both had been the pride of the Agha's palace for generations of palpitating, perfumed brides.

Where were all the "dear, dead women"? They still survived in song and Arab legend. Their beauty had been garnered in verse and perpetuated in honour, as Mouny's would be in time to come. Men had loved them—men who had looked into their dark eyes on the wedding night for the first time. But this living, breathing woman no man save her brother loved. Her bridegroom, for whom she had never been veiled because they were cousins and had grown up under the same roof, hated and meant to deceive her. Nevertheless he was coming, in the custom of bridegrooms, to make her his wife before he turned his back upon her for ever.

Mouny's heart burned against Halim, yet she laughed to herself when she was alone, to think how they had made her swallow a bowlful of spiced *bouillon* with a subtle stimulant in it, to help her through the coming hours of love. Halim had certainly been given such a drink also, only more of it, and stronger. But he would need no stimulant for love. Rather might he wish for some draught to strengthen him against the punishment his bride was waiting to inflict!

At last she heard a hand on the door. It could only be the Agha's.

For the first act in the play she shut her eyes and pretended to be asleep.

Halim entered, in the silk burnous of the Arab bridegroom. He was much perfumed; his friends and his own negro attendant had seen to that.

Until this moment he had felt comparatively courageous. He had drunk the whole contents of the Bridegroom's Cup, and he had kept out of Bill's way since early evening, for he did not quite fancy the expression of Bill's face. His Arab friends were more acceptable to his mood to-night. Yet it helped to feel that Bill was in the offing and would pilot him past the rocks when the time came to set forth on his adventure. Besides, without Bill he could never have dared that adventure.

As he shut the door of the Nuptial Chamber, however, he wished that he had refilled the Bridegroom's Cup.

Mouny, a marvellous figure of beauty extended on the bridal bed, looked to his eyes a statue of Fate rather than a blushing bride.

The room where so many of his ancestors had first met their brides got upon Halim's nerves, and his conscience reproached him. He was going to betray the faith of his forefathers!

It was an imposing room, by far the finest in the palace. Its walls were of mosaic, gold, and soft, rich colours. There were fluted marble pillars, very small and delicate. The windows were shaped like trees and flowering plants, bits of tinted glass, rose and blue, set in decorative plaster and green mosaic. A miniature fountain played at one end of the room, spraying perfume into an alabaster basin, faintly illuminated. Three fine old brass lamps hung from the ceiling and splashed opal gleams on Persian rugs.

The immense copper bed, whose carvings were

adorned with semi-precious jewels, stood on a low platform raised above the tiled floor. It had a canopy hung with crimson velvet imported in ancient times from Genoa by some rich Agha. The velvet curtains were drawn back to show the piled cushions and sheets of silk on which reclined the bride in her embroidered robe, a long plait of shining hair laid carefully over each shoulder.

On the platform, at either side of the grand copper erection, lay a rug of silk so soft that it could be drawn through a woman's bracelet; and at the foot of the bed was a low table, or maidah, inlaid with silver and mother-of-pearl. On it were plates of cakes and sweetmeats. There was an equipage in very old silver studded with turquoise, for making Turkish coffee, and two eggshell cups in their silver supports. Cigarettes, too, in a gilded repoussée box, and sticks of rose and amber incense sending up blue tendrils of perfumed smoke.

All this, and Mouny with her eyes shut, seemingly oblivious of the bridegroom's entrance!

Rather than risk touching the statue in its cold repose, Halim was driven to the expedient of coughing.

Mouny opened her eyes and looked at him.

She was conscious that her beauty was without flaw. Also she was far from averse to rousing a flame in her bridegroom which she would presently douche with iced water.

After long seconds of silence which Halim found himself counting she greeted him.

"Ya Sidi!" and then broke abruptly into col-

loquial English. "Hallo, Halim! Have you packed for Paris?"

If a real statue of marble or bronze had suddenly moved and burst into torrents of American slang Halim could hardly have been more taken aback.

"English! Thou knowest English!" he stammered.

"Oh, yes!" Mouny answered proudly, drawing her consonants in the guttural Arab way. "I learned, it is now years! Mees Wilson the painting lady, she teached me. She give—she gave me many books too. And me with Ahmed, we practise always very much together. He has bring from Europe a Nenglish gramophone with fifty, sixty disks—records. There is no thing you can say, oh, great, wise Sidi, me and my brother we do not understand and answer—if we wish. But we can keep our secrets well—better than you can!"

"Allah!" gasped Halim.

"Oh, yes, Sidi Agha, any god you like. All are the same to me."

Halim stared, utterly dumbfounded, and his full lips fell apart, pale as veal.

"You look much silly when your mouth goes open so," remarked Mouny, pillowing her beautiful head on her perfect arms, a position she knew to be tempting. "Better not look so when your French mistress see you. She not love. She send you back to me. I not want you."

From sickly olive Halim's face turned mahogany red. He would not speak in English to this creature who defied him. "Thou shalt not use that word

'mistress'! Never has my loved lady been that, never will she be!"

"Ah, you have the blood very cool, and you have the patience of the turtle, to wait for the acting woman to be your wife, my dear bridegroom! Some day she may be. Maybe not. It depends on me."

"Thou talkest as if thou wert Agha and I thy slave!" retorted Halim. "I came here in kindness, as thy bridegroom——"

Mouny laughed. "When I have a bridegroom he must come with more than kindness!" She relapsed into Arabic. "Dost thou dream, my fool of a cousin, that I, Sultana, would give myself to thee for an hour, and then let thee steal away from my arms to seek another woman not worthy to put the shoes upon my feet? But no! Doubly wert thou a fool. Thou didst not know that Ahmed and I had learned thy secret. Thou hast not dared answer my question yet, if thou hast packed to start for Paris! Fool, fool! And coward!"

In the good old days, when Aghas were as kings of the desert and royally brave, life was different for Arab brides. Even a Mouny would not have ventured so to lift her voice.

In those times, had a bride on her Nuptial Night made an undue fuss about anything that happened, or at all events a fuss loud enough to be heard outside the door, a majestic mother, grandmother, or aunt, tyrant of the offended husband's harem, would have swept into the room to put the naughty one in her place; to show her, so to speak, "where she got off,"

and flatten her as if elephants had sat upon her for years.

The sacred Nuptial Nightgown would have been replaced by another garment, that it might be taken away and preserved by the bride's family as a tribute to her virtue and a souvenir of the event. She would have been ordered to placate the bridegroom with cakes and to restore him with hot and fragrant coffee. But now, alas! though existence was still extremely primitive in the Agha's palace at El Bouar, foreign influence had slowly sapped the ancient pride. No woman of Halim's harem—no, not Honourable Grandmother herself—would have risked life and limb by entering a room dedicated to Mouny Sultana's marital love, or even by placing an ear at the keyhole.

In fact, after watching from a respectful distance the pale silk burnous of the bridegroom pass from his bachelor quarters to the Nuptial Chamber, his female relatives and guests of the harem had flitted and twittered away. No woman would venture into the corridor again—the corridor leading from harem to salemlik—until the servants should be summoned at dawn.

As things were the bridegroom was free to assassinate the bride, or vice versa. And in fact no deed could have given Halim more keen satisfaction than to choke out Mouny's rebel life. He would have liked to make that word "coward!" her last word on earth.

CHAPTER XIII

“THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES IS MORE DEADLY THAN
THE MALE!”

PARTLY because she had spoken truth, and he *was* a coward, aware that if he suppressed Sultana he would be suppressed himself, partly because he was at bottom a young man whose mildness would have caused bold ancestors to wriggle in their graves, Halim compromised by calling Mouny a devil!

“Thou and thy brother are vipers that sting the hand which feeds them!” he shouted. “Thou and Ahmed have spied on me. I knew it. But I did think at least——”

“Thou didst think I wished to be the mother of an Agha’s son, and thou wert ready to grant that desire before rejoining thy French actress. I thank thee for nothing! And I need nothing from thee. Not even a son. I would not bear a coward’s son! It is my brother whom thy people love. Thou and the painted man-doll Hassan might die together, and leave no scar on any Arab heart.”

“Doubtless thou hast planned with thy fox brother that I shall die this night!” Halim cried. “As for Hassan——”

“Hassan is a worm, and thou art so lowly that thou couldst crawl under him,” answered Mouny. “Ahmed and I are so far above thy creeping track in the sand which turns towards Paris that we do not need to crush thee or thy legal heir. Didst thou

not hear me ask twice over if thou hadst packed thy luggage? Did I not say that thy going depended upon me? . . . Why, Ahmed and I knew well, when thou wouldst not let him try thy new toy caterpillar from here to Ouargla, that thou feared he might purposely damage it and prevent thee from fleeing in haste when thine hour came!"

"I heard thee speak of Paris; but what thy lips utter thy wicked eyes of a serpent contradict," said Halim. "If thou and thy brother mean harm to me, beware! I have told all I suspect to my English friend. He came here for love of me. He is a powerful prince, whose influence spreads from his own country to that of England's ally, France. Hurt but a hair of my head and he will avenge me. Touch but his little finger and an army of French and English aeroplanes will swoop on El Bouar like locusts!"

"Thy hair is as a camel's hair to me, though not so useful," replied Mouny. "And I have no designs upon thy prince's little finger. Listen to our conditions, Ahmed's and mine, oh, coward who hides behind another stronger than thyself! I let thee come into the Nuptial Chamber that thou mightst listen to me, and for no other reason. I know well that thou hast sold me to the Englishman. Thou hast bargained with him that he shall stay and thou, when thou hast had thy will of me, shall escape from danger. He at least is brave, as our own Aghas used to be, and as perhaps princes of his land may be unto this day. Ahmed thought him a spy. But

I saw his worth. He risks his life, to disguise himself in thy clothing, that he may see me again and perhaps win me."

"Vain woman, thou deceivest thyself!" Halim began to shout her down, then stopped abruptly. His subtle Arab soul came to his rescue in this crisis. Quick as light flashed the realisation: Mouny and Ahmed would let him go because Mouny believed Bill had fallen in love with her, believed him a prince; believed that he was hers.

"Allah is on my side!" thought Halim, falling back in his extremity upon the name once revered. "Allah has saved me but just in time. In another second I should have lost myself and Bill also. Our throats would have been cut."

As to Bill's throat it was doubtful if in the end its safety would be assured by deception now. But Halim had to think of himself, and think fast. At least, it would do Bill no good to tell these two in power—Ahmed and Sultana—the truth about him: that he was not taking on this job for Mouny, but to play a silly farce with some sentimental American flapper. Indeed, it seemed best for Bill as well as for Halim that Mouny should believe her beauty had lured a great English prince into a wild adventure.

"How do I deceive myself?" Sultana caught him up.

"Thou deceivest thyself in dreaming that thy brother would let thee wed a Roumi, even a prince," Halim was able to substitute for the words he had hastily swallowed.

Mouny smiled, satisfied. "That is my affair," she said. "Thou needst not trouble thy thick head about it. Once more, for our conditions—the bargain thou must make for freedom. If thou wilt write and sign a paper swearing to abdicate from thy position, and add that it is thy wish for Ahmed to become Agha in thy stead, thou mayest go where thou wilt. And as the English say, 'good riddance'!"

"Thou presumest on thy weak womanhood and that I cannot punish thy impertinence with blows!" said Halim.

"Arab women have to be the men in these days," Mouny answered. "Even my brother, though twice the man thou art, depends upon my help."

"I know thou hast helped him with his female Bolsheviks, who have bewitched our men and deluded the women!" Halim flung at her.

Sultana's eyes darted bright arrows of anger. "*Thou* hast done what thou accusest us of doing: thou hast spied!"

"This is my house—my palace. It is my place to guard its honour."

"If thou canst! But thou canst not; or even guard thyself. While Ahmed let the people think thou wert marrying his sister thou wert safe. One of us two has but to raise a finger and thou art safe no longer. I see by thy face thou knowest that too well. Try to leave this room without writing thy resignation!"

Halim turned without a word, and walking to the door opened it. As he did so Ahmed entered, shut

the door without noise, and stood with his back to it.

The two men were eye to eye.

"Ahmed, hast thou brought the paper and thy French fountain-pen?" Mouny inquired. She gathered herself together now and sat up on the side of the bed. On the floor close by were her gold-heeled slippers. She slid her feet into them.

"I have the paper and pen," Ahmed answered, as if from a French book of school exercises.

"Thou wouldst chase me from my home, a beggar!" Halim said.

"Wert thou not going of thine own free will, leaving another man to play thy part till we found him out?" Ahmed taunted him.

"But I intended to go for a time only, as I have gone before, and then return again."

"Times have changed since thy last visit to Paris. To hold what thou hast thou must stay here and grasp it. But it is like grasping in thine hand a nettle. Thou hast not the strength or pluck. I do not even believe thou hadst it in mind to return—at least while this unrest fires the hearts of our people. Thou thoughtest thyself fortunate to escape, screened by thy friend. As for money, I would wager mine and Mouny's that thou hast piled up a good banking account for thyself in Paris. What thou lackest in courage, Halim, thou makest up in thrift. Wilt thou write on this paper at my dictation?"

Halim made a rush to pass Ahmed, but the slighter, quicker man drew a revolver from his belt.

It was small and old-fashioned, its handle inlaid with ridiculous silver and ivory, but at close quarters it would do its work. If Halim had dreamed that his plans were known he would not have come here to play the bridegroom, or he would have come better armed than his cousin. It was too late for "ifs" however! He stopped short, breathing hard.

Ahmed smiled. "Even if thou hadst strength to pass me, or a weapon to kill, thou wouldst not go far," he said. "And as for Ibrahim-ben-Nakket, whom thou hast had trained to drive thy baby caterpillar, he would not stir without my orders. He is *my* man!"

"If I do write and sign what thou wishest, how can I tell thou wilt not send murderers after me into the desert?" Halim hesitated.

"How can we tell that when thou hast signed thou wilt not try to break thy word?" asked Ahmed. "Each must to some extent trust the other."

Sultana had wrapped herself in a long silken haik. "To as small an extent as possible," she said drily. "Ahmed, hold the door. Give *me* the pen and paper."

Ahmed gave them.

She walked to a table on which stood gilded and painted bottles of perfume, and above which hung a mirror brought half a century ago from Venice. Putting the pretty, foolish bottles aside, she beckoned Halim. "Write!" she commanded.

The "Sheikh," said by an American magazine to

be the most picturesque figure of the Sahara, sat meekly down to write.

Ahmed dictated with deliberation; and as Halim wrote in the Arabic characters which resemble fine embroidery, Mouny stood looking over his shoulder. Presently the Agha added his name to the document, in still more elaborate embroidery.

"There! I am forced to betray my people!" he exclaimed, rising from the low chair where he had sat to write.

"They will call it a blessing," said Ahmed, taking the paper. "Mouny, art thou now ready to part from thy bridegroom?"

"More than ready!" she mocked. "But not yet ready to have him start upon his journey. Let him go to his room. Is his negro there, with the luggage for Paris?"

"Yes, I looked in before I came to wait outside this door."

"And the man Bou-ed is thine at heart also?"

"He is."

"Thou art sure?"

"As of myself."

"No harm can be done, then, if Halim's things are taken to the motor-car, according to his plan. But there is one test I wish to make, my brother, before the motor moves."

"Very well. This is thy bridal night. Though thy bridegroom deserts thee while thou art still virgin, thou art and will be queen of the harem!" Ahmed opened the door, bowing to his cousin with a sneer-

ing smile. Halim averted his head not to see it, as he passed out.

When he had gone the brother turned to his sister. "Thou hast a whim of some sort which thou hast kept a secret from me till now!"

Mouny faced him steadily. "Didst thou not guess it when I asked thee to have a sleeping draught put in the Lord Bill's wine?"

Ahmed flushed. "No!" he shot out harshly. "I did not guess, unless the draught was to keep him quiet while Halim was yet in the palace."

"Partly it was that. But there was another reason. Hast thou seen the Lord Bill since he drank?"

"Yes. He sleeps like a hog on the bed in his room, where he threw himself with all his clothes on."

"Good! Go back to him with thine own trusted man, and if he still sleeps so heavily that there is no danger he may wake before we wish, both together carry him here; place him on this bed."

"Mouny!"

"Oh, have no fear! Thou shalt stand by me and witness all that happens. Presently thou canst again summon thy man and return Lord Bill safely to his own room or take him to Halim's, as they planned. Thou hast promised to trust me, Ahmed. Do not fail me now and I will not fail thee."

Bill had never been so sleepy in his life. He had flung himself on his bed to doze for a moment, and that was the last he knew until a wonderful dream

began. He knew it was a dream, yet it seemed truer than anything in waking life. It was so beautiful it must and should be true! He could not wake even if he had wished to waken; and to wake was the last thing he wanted.

Sanda had sent for him, from somewhere. It was a long way off, but he called out "Coming!" and flew to her in an aeroplane in no time at all.

Before he reached the ground he saw her. She had wanted him because she was afraid of two perfectly charming lions who sat admiring her, purring like kittens.

He hopped out of the aeroplane and said, "Here I am!"

She said, "Oh, *there* you are! I do hope the lions won't eat you, because I love you dearly, darling Bill."

He said, "Angel!" pushed the lions away, and hugged her.

She said, "Oh, how brave you are! You're a hero."

He loosed her for a moment, and asked, "Is a hero as good as a sheikh?"

"Much better!" said Sanda.

Then he took her again into his arms. Or did she take him in hers? It was a little confusing, but heavenly. He kissed her, and she kissed him. He was perfectly happy. He put her in the aeroplane and started it. They were going to a church, or somewhere, to be married. But the sun shone strongly in his eyes, and there was a wrong kind of perfume

in the air—a perfume that would not suit Sanda. He tried to steer the aeroplane away from it. It was a hateful perfume! It was making him wake up. And the light was forcing him to open his eyes. The aeroplane had stopped. Sanda had gone. If he had to wake up he would lose her!

“Lord Bill! Lord Bill!” a woman’s voice was murmuring.

It was not Sanda’s voice, yet he had not waked up; and that was very strange, because his eyes seemed to be wide open, though heavy, as if fingers pressed down the lids.

In the new dream he was staring straight into a glorious pair of eyes shadowed with thick, black lashes. He had seen them before, and thought them splendid. But he did not want to see them now, because they were not Sanda’s.

No! He *would not* see them—dashed if he would! He would go back into that other lovely dream, and find Sanda there. He frowned, shook his head, grunted disagreeably, and gritted his teeth. He then snapped his eyes shut as if he had seen something the dog had brought in.

“Take him back to his room!” Sultana ordered. “And then, Ahmed, come once more to me.”

That aeroplane began moving and jolting up and down. Bill felt rather sick.

“Well?” asked Ahmed.

“It is *not* well,” answered Mouny. “It was an

experiment. He fell in love with me at first sight yesterday when for a moment I showed myself to him at Azula's moucharabieh. He stays for love of me, and sends Halim away. I thought I could make him believe that he dreamed of me if his eyes opened, and that I should see him wonder at my beauty as, dozing still, he looked into my face. I knew the drug would send him back to sleep again with a vision of me in his mind to remember till next time."

"One would have said from his face that the vision was a nightmare!" mumbled Ahmed. "But the drug I gave him was hyocin, which I got in France. Its effect upon different men is different. But have no fear; it was a small dose. It will not kill him."

"It is of no importance that I failed," said Mouny proudly. "I know that I am beautiful and that he loves me. To-morrow when he awakens——"

"I think I would let him alone to-morrow," Ahmed suggested. "He may be rather ill for some hours; that is quite according to their plan. But what has all this to do with Halim?"

"If Lord Bill thinks that Halim has not gone his jealousy and anger will be roused. And yet I do not want Halim here. There cannot be two Aghas in the palace. Lord Bill has stayed to play the part. Tell Ibrahim to let the motor-car go for ten miles, as far as the little oasis of Teni-oued. Then something must break which cannot be mended till Ibrahim receives a message from thee."

"I do not understand thee, Mouny Sultana," said Ahmed. "Often I have thought thou hadst the in-

telligence of a man, and no man could have helped me as thou hast done. But now—thou art very strange and very maddening to-night, my sister. Thou hast an infatuation for this Englishman?"

"It is not infatuation. It is my reason that speaks," Mouny answered. "Is not the man a great lord—a prince? And was I not born to be a princess? A hundred times thou hast told me so. Now perhaps the time has come when I may fulfil my destiny."

CHAPTER XIV

SOMETHING DOING IN THE DESERT

SANDA sometimes wondered, lying awake in her small tent, why the books she had read about the desert told only of its beauties and not of its defects.

Of course the desert *was* beautiful—except the *black* bits. And of course the air was glorious, when not too hot or too cold. There never were such sun-rises or sunsets. There was a richer violet in the shadows than you could have believed. And it was not exaggerating to say that the sand turned from gold to coral in a minute, just as a pale girl can blush rose-red. Then, there was the moonlight! With just half a sheikh in the offing to add spice to the effect it would be worth coming all the way from New York to see. But with Poppa snoring in the next tent, or slapping mosquitoes, or shouting "Damn!" even desert moonlight may be bleak.

Now, the mosquitoes for instance! Had no mosquitoes ever bitten the authors of those novels? Had

no swarm of big-bodied flies devoured them alive? Had no dogs and nameless desert things disturbed their sleep by yowling, howling, miouing, and caterwauling through what should have been the dead watches of the night? Had no camel ever spit in their faces?

Sanda had supposed the desert to consist of one vast, golden silence.

And it could be like that for hours—by day. But wait till bedtime! Then began an assortment of sounds some of which, strange to say, were more trying than taxis beneath your window in a Fifth Avenue hotel.

Dogs of nomads, caravan camels, jackals on the prowl insulted each other across wide spaces. Even the mosquitoes shrieked like steam whistles, or so it seemed when the one noise you could not stand began to get on your nerves, making you long to add to it with a scream.

As for the camels, no wonder they had nightmare, and groaned like lost souls, considering the food they got! They had greenstuff, of course. It was that which they chewed and squirted into your face whenever they saw a chance. But Sanda often saw Ali, the leader of the caravan, and one of his men forcing quarts of date-stones down the wretched brutes' long throats, actually for breakfast before an early start!

Ali said that the camels *loved* date-stones, and made that grumbling noise simply to be disagreeable, because they enjoyed being disagreeable. Also it was good to give them date-stones, which took many hours to digest (Sanda could well believe that!);

therefore the animals need not be fed soon again. He said, too, that camels never grew fond of anyone, and had less than no souls; consequently it was a waste of time to be kind to them.

But the more Sanda knew of the handsome young caravan leader whom she had chosen against the advice of the hotel concierge the less she believed his statements about anything whatever, and the less she liked him.

At first he had been very gallant—too gallant. He had made the most of those eyes which she had foolishly admired. And riding by her side on the spare camel (which each Arab was supposed to have a turn at now and then, but seldom got), he told her stories of English and American and French ladies who had become passionately attached to him during desert journeys when he was their guide. To this day, according to Ali, these ladies frequently sent him post-office orders for thousands of francs enclosed in love-letters.

Sanda did not know, because no one had warned her, of the incredible conceit and impudence of lower-class Arabs; but, good-looking as Ali was, she refused to believe that dozens of famous beauties and millionairesses had "fallen for" a mere caravan leader with less intelligence than an American boy of ten. Besides, there was something leering and sinister about the Arab at times. Instinctively Sanda felt that he would say disgusting things to her if poor weary Poppa, on his bearded beast, were not lolloping eternally in the rear.

Another trait which she detested was Ali's manner to his men. He was a tyrant by nature, and there was a small and apparently useless (but really important) child of twelve or thirteen to whom he was especially brutal.

This boy, Sadik, was with the caravan only because a certain camel would obey no one else. Though Ali pronounced no camel capable of affection, this beast loved Sadik. It belonged to Sadik's father and had been reared with the boy. The creature rejoiced in the high-sounding name of Abdel-Kadr, and was ridden by Mr. Smith. Beside Abdel-Kadr its fellows were weaklings, and though it was an ill-natured monster, it needed but a glance or a playful slap from Sadik to produce on its countenance a quiver resembling a smile. It never spat directly at anyone when Sadik was present. In his absence it often did. And partly because of his magic influence on this camel's djinn, or partly because he was "put upon" by Ali, Sanda liked Sadik as she liked none of the other caravan Arabs.

Like many Biskra boys, he had a little English, and it amused Sanda to talk with him. This seemed to rouse Ali's jealousy, and he became more and more harsh in his dealings with the child.

"Better let things alone," Poppa advised when Sanda suggested his remonstrating with Ali. "The fellow's got it in for the little chap for some reason. To lecture him would only make matters worse, I guess."

They did let "things alone," for even Sanda now saw that a mere father might be right at times, and

three days dragged on. But with each of these days she trusted Ali less. She told Poppa and herself that their caravan must be the worst conducted in the whole Sahara.

Had not Ali assured them that all food supplied was fresh, whereas Sanda and Poppa were both attacked by ptomaine poisoning after eating stuff that had spoiled in tins? On top of that, had not Poppa's bed broken and let him down with a bump just at the moment when he was sickest? Had not Ali more than once collected too little drinking water in the weird skins and bottles in which he carried it? This, though the water at many oasis towns had the effect of Epsom-salts even when boiled for soup or tea! It was only more vexing that he should say these trifles did not trouble Arabs. He had known when he engaged to escort the Smiths that they were *not* Arabs!

Perhaps beyond all was Ali's forgetfulness in the matter of mosquito nets. Who would have thought that mosquitoes would infest deserts? They made a pet of Poppa in particular. They bit his bald spot even more passionately than they sucked blood from Sanda's legs and ankles.

Sanda was so sorry for Poppa that her bitterness toward Ali increased to venom. He *ought* to have looked after them better! The price he had named for the caravan was high enough, goodness knew!

When Lord Bill had first met the Smiths he fancied that he had seen Poppa's face before. Then he realised that he had not. There was but a resemblance between its expression and that of all the fattish, middle-aged

men in patent food advertisements, portrayed when about to partake of Whirled Wheat or Rolled Rice. Now, alas! Poppa had lost that look, together with several pounds of weight. And he talked of little save hunger; and bruises from camel bumps; and FLIES. His way of uttering that word—FLIES—gave it capitals.

“This time,” he would say, almost with a hint of insanity, when they arrived at some spot deemed suitable for lunching—“this time *all* the FLIES of the Sahara can’t know beforehand where we’re going to feed and rush to get there ahead of us. No! Because this isn’t a *place*. It’s only a bit of sand and a bush. The FLIES can’t have any geographical knowledge of it. Now see, here we are. There isn’t a FLY. But, yes, watch ’em come! They’re all bound to be here again. *All!* There won’t be any left anywhere else. My gosh!”

And poor Poppa was cold at night—very cold; even colder than Sanda. Ali had not brought bedding enough. Sanda knew that Poppa slept in everything, even his hat; and that he was glad—disgustingly glad—when the only bath to be had was a pint of hard water in a tin basin. So was she glad.

At last Sanda could hold in no longer. She cared more on Poppa’s account than her own for the unnecessary discomforts, because she had, by insisting on this trip, let him in for them. But somehow the row—the Great Row that had serious consequences—began about herself.

“You should have thought of a bassourah for

me," she said sharply to Ali on the fourth day, which seemed like the fourth year. "I suppose a man can't have a bassourah? He'd think it effeminate." (She couldn't picture Poppa in a palanquin, any more than she could see him in a blue and white bassinet!) "But you might have got one for me! I didn't think at the time. I was too excited about starting. Besides, it was *your* business to think, not mine. I've read about the bassourahs Ouled Naïl girls travel in when they go from one oasis town to another."

"I not have such things," Ali defended himself with a superior air, and many guttural consonants. "Ouled Naïls very naughty girls. No good Moslem make caravan for them. Journey wid Ouled Naïls bring Mussulmans ill luck. Me never do!"

"Well, Arab brides and other women have bassourahs too, don't they?" Sanda persisted. "As for Ouled Naïls, the night before we left I *saw* you sitting on a bench talking with one of them in that café close to their shocking street in Biskra."

Ali, confused, recovered himself with more than usual impudence. "Lalla ought not go to that café. But American and English gentlemens let deir lallas do bad tings—shame us Arab men. Yaas, we not look at dancers, only wid much clothes. De Christian mens dey pay me money hire room see Ouled Naïls dance in der skins. Dat's why you see me in café! Must make business. But we Mussulmans much more good dan you Christian peoples. Me and de music men, even black ones, we turn our back and shut our eyes when Ouled Naïl girls take away clothes."

"I never heard such dreadful stories!" protested Sanda. She was sure Ali had been drinking alcohol, a thing forbidden to all Moslems. "No friends of *mine* would be so horrid. Shame upon you for telling such tales!"

"I not shamed," said Ali. "You tink we Arab men not know tings English and American mens do in Paris. We know all. It is Christians should be shame. You not talk to me like you do, lalla, as if Arab was dog. Dis *my* caravan—my men—my camels—my everyting! Little more sauce from you, I go back. Leave you and your Poppa in desert. What you do then?"

"Don't try to frighten me!" the girl exclaimed. "You wouldn't dare desert us. Besides, you love money. You lose——"

Ali laughed. "You not know your Poppa he pay me three hundred dollar before we start? I tell him I need spend much dollar down, get mens and food. I say it done always for caravans. Your Poppa cross, but he pay. I like money, yaas. But I very proud high man; I used to ladies love me. I like best take ladies alone, not with Poppas or husband men. Three hundred dollar more dan my caravan cost. I too high Sidi care about one hundred dollar more end of journey, when lalla all time cross, say bad, mean tings, find fault all I do. Plenty fine lallas in Biskra now glad pay Ali four, five hundred dollar because odder caravan mens got squinted eyes, or deir teeth out, or small pock-holes on deir faces. Ali-ben-Sliman fine handsome young man: de lallas come from long way off lookin' to find.

'Nice sheikh!' Dat's what I hear dem say. 'Sheikh!' Ali-ben-Sliman handsome-looking sheikh."

Sanda shuddered. In her heart she knew that the brute's impudence was founded on fact. Oh, the poor, silly old maids she had heard on shipboard, drivelling about "sheikhs." She had drivelled too: she and all the girls at school. It was not quite so silly for girls, of course! But now she began to feel that never, never did she wish to hear the word "sheikh" again. An *agha*, yes: a desert prince. There was all the difference in the world between a desert prince and the vulgar slang-word "sheikh"! She realised that it was a cliché—a potted word gone bad in its tin, like the food this wretch Ali provided.

Oh, what an idiot she had been to force Poppa to engage him, ignoring expert advice! But it was too late now for regrets. She must pull herself together, and be wise for present and future, till this creature should no longer be needed.

"You don't look handsome to me," she said icily. "There isn't a man or even a camel in this caravan that doesn't look better in my eyes than you do. You are a horrid man! It is nonsense to threaten that you will leave us. You are a coward and a black-mailer. I hope you know what that means! If my father was near enough to overhear you, or if I told him only *half*, he would kill you."

Ali laughed, showing his white and perfect teeth, part of his stock-in-trade. "What, dat fat old gentlemen kill me and all my mens? We six. He not count so much as one."

Six! He was lumping in the boy Sadik, who had confided to Sanda when bringing her some desert crystals that when he grew up he meant to kill Ali. An idea occurred to the girl, and she welcomed it. Though she pretended not to be frightened by Ali's impudence and threats she was inwardly scared. Not only was Ali wicked and degenerate: he was so vain that he might attempt to show his power by some alarming *coup*. If he did, Sadik, at least, would be against him.

"I don't intend to tell my father," Sanda said. "But you would see! He'd be equal to all six of you, because he has a pistol, and he knows how to use it."

"He *had* a pistol, lalla. He not got one now. I tink I see it somewheres else. Pistol more good to desert peoples, these times, than to old American gentlemans."

"Oh, you have stolen it!" exclaimed Sanda. "I knew there was a thief in this caravan! We've missed several things."

"Sadik very bad boy!" sighed Ali, shrugging his shoulders, and gazing skyward with inscrutable dark eyes.

Sanda ignored this diversion. "I wouldn't have told my father if he had a dozen pistols," she said. "I have made him enough trouble already. When we get to El Bouar, the Agha shall be told! He has great influence all over Algeria. I'm sure he will write to the Bureau Arabe about you, or the Governor, or someone, and you will probably be put in prison."

Ali shrugged again. "De Agha! He nice young

man, but his peoples, dey not love him no more. If he expect dem to stay round him he must do what dey want. And dey not wish no writings to Bureau Arabe or French Governor. I not afraid of Bureau Arabe, or Agha, or anyone. Not no more. Tings change very much soon in Sahara. Maybe begin now. You see. Lady better be nice to Ali, if she like get to El Bouar wid her Poppa all right."

"It is only one short day more after to-day to El Bouar," Sanda said. "In a few hours now we shall be at Dargla. Probably they have a telegraph place there. Almost everywhere in the Sahara you can telegraph, it seems! We can wire the Agha to send an expedition for us, if you go and leave us alone."

"De Agha much busy now," Ali answered. "I tink too busy send his mens to Dargla. He marrying himself to noble Arab princess, his cousin. De old womens dat go around telling mens how handsome de young lallas are, dey spread everywheres de word dat lalla Mouny-bent-le-Chorfa, she most beautiful lady in world, heap more pretty dan American and English womens."

This was too much! "I don't believe a word you say!" Sanda cried. "You are a wicked liar, Ali!"

"All right, all right! Ali wicked liar. Mees remember that word!" As he spoke the Arab hit his camel with the short driving stick he carried, and the beast wheeled gallumping back to the rear of the caravan.

Sanda wished to stop and wait for her father, not because she meant to tell of Ali's monstrosities, but because she pined for Poppa's companionship, as she

had never pined before. She had not, however, yet learned to stop a camel unaided. When her animal desired to pause, it did so—not otherwise. But seeing the girl look wistfully over her shoulder, the boy Sadik left his place beside Poppa's camel, changed his trot to a run, and padded through the sand to her side.

The beast behind, taking advantage of its Sidi's absence, playfully tried to bite Poppa's leg, but fortunately its neck was half an inch too short. Nothing happened except a slight yelp from Poppa, and Sanda therefore kept Sadik a moment.

"Ali is a bad man," she whispered hastily. "He pretends he will leave us before we get to El Bouar to-morrow. He wouldn't dare, would he?"

"Maybe he would, lalla," said Sadik. "Your Poppa pay him plenty money already, and I think he steal more. Arabs not afraid of French people now. They going to rise up to do something. I hear talk—much talking in the nights."

"Oh, Sadik, if you think there's danger, try to save us from trouble, if only to spite Ali, whom you hate," Sanda urged. "If I give you all the money I have—not much, I'm afraid, but some jewellery too—can you escape and go to the Agha? You could hide behind a dune, perhaps, and so get to Dargla before us. There you could telegraph—"

"No telegraph at Dargla. No dunes hide behind. All flat sand from here to El Bouar," said Sadik.

"Well, you could hire a fast camel."

"No camel faster than mine, except Mahari racing camels. But not need to go now. No trouble till

Dargla. Ali take you there. I know; I hear him speak wid Knett, his friend he makes some plans wid."

"Do they plan something bad for Dargla?"

"Lalla not see Ali is different after last place we stop?"

"That oasis we camped near last night? Oh, certainly he is much more impudent. Why do you ask?"

"Ali get some news there. He much pleased. He drink whisky brandy. He no Marabout! Alcohol not turn to milk in *his* throat! He what Roumis call very cheeky mans! Yaas, lalla, I tink someting happen maybe in Dargla. Ali got uncle dere."

"Oh, Sadik! How dreadful!" Sanda gasped. "It seems too awful to be true! I didn't think such things could happen to Americans *anywhere* nowadays! Can you do anything to help us?"

"I try," Sadik said. "I myself got grandfather at El Bouar. I go dere many times."

Here a sum of money quickly changed hands.

According to the boy's prophecy Ali went on quietly as if there had been no words between him and the young lalla. He looked sulky, but did not speak to or come near Sanda again. Late in the day, however, she saw him pushing his animal close to Poppa's. The two men talked for a few minutes, but when Sanda coaxed her camel to join theirs Ali rode away.

"What was the pig saying?" she asked.

"Oh, he wanted to know whether we would camp to-night or sleep at the borg."

"Borg?" Sanda echoed.

"Sort of desert hotel, Ali says, with bedrooms—a few of 'em—and a stable place for animals. Sounds pretty good to me: bedrooms!—after their goldanded tents! And there's a nasty wind risin'. I won't soon forget the night my dinged old tent blew down—or rather *up!* But Ali doesn't recommend the borg."

"Oh! He *doesn't!*" If Ali had recommended it Sanda would have fought for the camp at all costs. Now she hardly knew what to think, or say.

If Ali wished to prevent them from going to the borg that was a sign that they ought to go. But suppose the creature were subtle enough to lure them into some murderous lair?

"Dirty, full of fleas and smells, according to him," Poppa was chatting on. "All the same, I'm *for* it!"

"What if the borg-keeper should be a—a robber—or worse?" Sanda suggested, her teeth chattering a little.

"Pooh!" snorted Poppa. "Your lovely desert's just so much punk to me; but I bet the mosquitoes and flies and beetles and jackals are the only real dangers in it at that. Arabs are sheep these days, I guess. Let's sample the borg!"

"Well, we can *look* at it," Sanda agreed.

She wondered if she ought to tell Poppa about Ali. Maybe it had all been "bluff," meant to frighten her. But this night would be their last before El Bouar loomed dark ahead.

They came to Dargla before dusk; not a picturesque oasis to experienced eyes; though had it been Sanda's

first she would have thrilled to the group of palms, dark against a crimson fan of sunset, and the few huddled houses, white and blue, pink and gold.

The borg, which Ali sullenly pointed out, was perhaps half a mile distant from the small town, on a high, knoll-like bank of the river, or oued. All the travellers could see of the borg was a long wall of brown adobe, with two or three lumps, which might be low domes on a flat roof, showing over the top. In the wall was set a pair of wide gates, and as they looked the gates opened. A man (shabbily dressed like a European, except for a red chechia perched on his huge head) looked out.

"Dat fellah ask us pay much money eat and sleep his house," Ali announced. "Better make our camp!"

"It's like someone saying, 'They charge high at the Ritz so it'll be cheaper to sleep in the park,'" said Poppa. "I guess I can foot the bill, and the insects'll be no worse there, maybe, than out in the sand."

"Is that man your uncle?" Sanda sprang the question suddenly, remembering what Sadik had said.

Ali's eyes opened in wide innocence.

"That half European mans?" he said. "His name Mr. Issak."

Sanda was silenced in spite of the red chechia.

A grossly fat, yellow man with slits of eyes greeted his guests in a broken mixture of French and English. The caravan meandered into a big, dirty courtyard. Facing the gates were a few windows and doors which gave a sketchy effect of house. On two sides were stables, where squatted three or four camels. In

front of a door several shabbily cloaked Bedouins grouped and talked. A couple of mangy dogs sniffed at the newcomers. But there was an odour of cooking that suggested a more varied cuisine than Ali's.

Mr. Issak's French was not very French, or his English very English. What with a dozen stock words and many gestures, however, it was understood that the American gentleman and his daughter could have rooms adjoining.

They were ushered in. "What, no beds!" Sanda and Poppa exclaimed together.

Mr. Issak, who appeared to have neither wife nor female assistant, pointed to mattresses covered with striped red and black rugs. A strong smell of camel haunted the place.

"Oh, Poppa!" the girl exclaimed, shuddering.

"Would you rather sleep in your tent, after all, honey?"

Sanda was on the point of answering "Yes!" when she met Mr. Issak's eyes. She had seen a large lizard in the desert while they lunched yesterday. It had looked at her. And it had eyes like Mr. Issak's. She and Poppa had better be careful what they said to each other!

"Oh, no!" She tried to speak cheerfully. "We're here. Let's stay."

Each room had a rough door opening into the courtyard, and a tiny window, covered with cobwebs, set high up in the wall. Sanda went to the door of her room and looked for Ali. He was talking with the group of cloaked Bedouins. The other caravan

men were there too. All but Sadik. She could not see Sadik anywhere.

There was no lock on her door.

CHAPTER XV

CHAOS WITHIN

It was well for Bill that his campaign had begun in advance of the enemy's possible arrival (or was Sanda the friend?), for the drug chosen by Ahmed had a peculiar effect which lasted for two days.

Hyocin—used in the war to soothe nerve-centres shattered by shell-shock—often has a far from calming influence upon healthy nerves.

After a night of fitful sleep and ugly nightmares interspersed with charming visions, Bill was sick: sick as he had never been in any storm at sea! Next day he had turns of being slightly delirious; and even his best moments were abnormal.

The only persons who entered his room, or rather Halim's room, for he had been moved there, were Ahmed—with an air of indifference that masked curiosity—and old Bou-ed, Halim's negro servant. Towards evening Bill—who had eaten and drunk nothing since the night before—recognised these two: but instead of seeing one of each, saw his room peopled with Ahmeds and black with Bou-eds.

His reasoning faculties, as they slowly returned, told him that there was only one Ahmed, only one Bou-ed; yet his eyes continued to multiply them. His head ached as he hadn't known that heads could

ache, and when he stood his knees threatened to give way. "Like poached eggs without any toast to support 'em," he thought dreamily. "This room, wherever it is, looks about a mile long. I don't see how I'll ever get to the end of it to find a brush and comb, or what not! Wonder how I *got* this way? Wonder if I'm drunk? Jove, it's all I can do to stand on my quills!"

On the second day the crowd of Ahmeds and Bou-eds reduced themselves to twins or triplets. Bill understood where he was, and guessed how he had got there. But he no longer wondered if he had been drunk. He told himself that he had been poisoned.

The sole argument against this grim theory was the fact that Ahmed seemed to be more or less concerned about his health. This might mean remorse, or something might have come up which made it necessary to question the prisoner.

Just one fact rose like the top of an ugly rock above a thick fog. Halim's plan and his must have gone biff! from its first step!

The two had arranged that Halim was to feign a return from the Nuptial Chamber to his own quarters. In reality, he was to tap at Bill's door, with an "All's well!" Bill was to leave his own bedroom and go to Halim's, taking his belongings with him that he might appear to have gone by night in the caterpillar. Bou-ed alone at El Bouar was to know that the Agha, not his guest, had departed. The old servant, being in his master's secret, was to guard the Agha's room. He was to spread the bad news in the palace that the

Sid Agha was ill. He was to calm the fears of the ladies and other persons interested, by saying that the malady was slight. The Agha would refuse to see the Arab doctor who attended palace invalids, but, after two days' repose, would send to Ouargla for a French *Médecin Majeur*, if his health didn't improve.

This plan had struck the pair as being well thought out. The delay in getting a French doctor would give Ibrahim time to return in the baby caterpillar from Touggourt, where Halim was to take train for Biskra and Algiers. The bringing of a Roumi doctor into the house would be excused by the Agha's illness; and Bill would be able to give the Frenchman certain notes of Halim's—notes valuable to the Government in case, by ill luck, Halim failed to escape.

Later, assisted by Bou-ed the pseudo-Agha would have such freedom as he needed; and Bill had pictured himself in full sheikh rig, his face stained a light brown, and all but hidden with the hood of Halim's burnous, nobly riding Sultan, Halim's best "stallion shod with fire," to meet the Smith caravan.

Just what would happen after that had to be left more or less to Fate. But naturally Bill had his own bright ideas as to how he would jog Fate's elbow. He had begun vaguely to develop these ideas from the moment he decided to visit Halim, and they had bred like rabbits since then. All were dramatic, and some—the ones Bill favoured—even sensational.

But as he came to himself after this strange attack which for hours had almost destroyed his personality, Bill realised that Halim and he had been found out.

Ahmed was with him, Ahmed knew that the Agha had gone—or had tried to go—and that the Englishman had remained. No doubt Mouny also knew. He and Halim must have played into their hands, betrayed perhaps by Bou-ed.

Bill tried hard to recall his own last actions on Halim's bridal night. He remembered eating a meal with Halim, and drinking, in forbidden alcohol, luck to all their several schemes. After that—nothing. Except dreams. And then this sickly, abnormal waking!

He supposed that the wine had been poisoned. Maybe the poison had been meant for Halim rather than for him? And yet—that bowl given to Halim, the "Bridegroom's Cup"! It would have been so easy to kill him alone, if his friend had not been destined to share his fate.

Well, it was all beyond comprehending—anyhow until the cobwebs were out of the old brain!

Bill was far from wanting to die. He had a lot to live for, and really could not calmly contemplate death until, at least, he had carried out his great sheikh act with Sanda. At present that alone seemed worth keeping body and soul together for! It would be a bad anticlimax to go west with Sanda coming east, every minute a little nearer. And with this strong will to live within him, he hated to risk another dose of poison. When food and coffee were brought by Bou-ed, after the sickness had passed, Bill refused to eat or drink, though he longed for the hot, fragrant coffee. Again and again this happened. And by evening of the second day Bill began desperately

to plan a food-foraging excursion on his own at night.

If only this Ahmed beggar would stay out of the room for an hour, and the old nigger would drop off to sleep, there might be a chance of finding a few eats! If that could be brought off, Bill must squeeze the wool out of his brain-pan and think up something else to do. For he was not a fasting professor! He could not save Halim (if Halim still existed), restore a loyal desert domain to France, and meet Sanda Smith as a glorious Sheikh, all on an empty tum!

Night drew on. Ahmed was sitting in the room, with the patient air of a sick nurse, reading a French book by the light of an extremely unbeautiful oil lamp. Bill was feigning sleep and thinking hard, mostly of things to eat. When he could detach his mind, however, from a wide range of viands, such as steak, fried chicken, and Christmas pudding, he thought of Sanda, and Halim, and the disappointing attributes of Arab sheikhs in general, judging from his own late experiences. Take Ahmed, now! Good-looking fellow, but weak chin, and irritating habit of sniffing from time to time, which would certainly disqualify him as a figure of romance in any girl's eyes. Yet Halim had been afraid of Ahmed; and Bill wondered if Ahmed were worth it. What mysterious train of thought, against him—Bill—was going on in Ahmed's mind? What would happen, for instance, if Bill bounded off the bed and attempted, for instance, to kick Ahmed in the waistband? Was Ahmed subtly prepared for attack, though he looked so peaceful?

And was he ready with a revolver for just such an emergency? To hear Halim talk you would think that this slim youth was a panther-like foe, against whom it was practically hopeless to fight; or, at least, that, in partnership with the viper, Mouny, he was invincible.

"I may have to try my luck, when I'm a bit stronger on my quills—say to-morrow," Bill was telling himself—eyes on Ahmed's worst feature, the chin—when a slight sound at the door turned his gaze in that direction.

The sound was something between a scratching and tapping; perhaps a signal, for Ahmed instantly laid his book down, rose, and walked to the door. From the Tunis bed, where Bill lay, the door itself acted as a screen in opening to conceal the person or persons outside. Nevertheless Ahmed glanced over his shoulder, to see whether Bill had waked.

Luckily, the semi-darkness of the large room left the bed in shadow. Bill lay still, and Ahmed spoke in a low tone to someone outside the half-open door. Then, after a second glance toward the bed, he slipped from the room. Softly the door closed behind him.

Since Bill's return to consciousness he had never been left to himself. If Ahmed went out Bou-ed came in, or vice versa. They were like the two figures of a cheap German barometer. But this time Bou-ed did not appear.

Long moments passed—perhaps half an hour—and Bill—with his wits still far below par, was wishing that he had the brain of a Sherlock Holmes or an Arsene Lupin. Beans like those always knew the right thing to do in impossible situations! *They*

would say, "Open Sesame!" or something, and be through the wall before anyone came back!

Not that Bill wanted to get out of the palace. There was the rub! He desired to stay where he was till Sanda came. But he wanted to be master of his own fate, Mouny's and Ahmed's fate, and above all the fate of Sanda Smith. In fact, he wanted to eat his cake and have it too.

Eat! There was a word to rouse a man to action, quills or no quills to stand on!

"Shall I risk a peep outside and see if the coast's clear?" he asked himself. "If I could get as far as the kitchen—not the harem one!—heaven save me from that!—I might grab a loaf of bread or a raw egg! I can pretend to be bats in the belfry if they catch me. I remember Halim telling me once that mad folks were sacred to Arabs."

Bill sat up in his clean silk pyjamas, which a few dozen Bou-eds had helped him into that morning, and had just put a bare foot to the floor when the door opened. A new figure stood on the threshold for a second or two, then with long, graceful steps approached the bed.

CHAPTER XVI

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN IN A BURNOUS

THE figure was that of a slender youth, about Halim's height but of a nobler bearing. It was draped in a purple silk burnous, with the hood up, covering the head and shadowing the face, just as Bill had

often pictured himself alighting from Halim's "stallion shod with fire" to welcome Sanda Smith. The slim legs were clad in fine filali boots reaching almost to the knee. And beneath the burnous there was a glimpse of an embroidered belt, with a jewelled Arab yataghan thrust under it.

Bill withdrew his foot that had sought the floor, and stared at the apparition. "Now who the devil are you, I'd like to know, and what business have you got walking into my room without knocking?" he remarked, more to himself than to the intruder, for he spoke English, without expecting or wishing to be understood.

To his great surprise, however, back flashed an answer, in a light voice half muffled in the burnous. A delicate brown hand with deeply henna'd fingers was holding the hood across the apparition's mouth. But the lamplight struck into a pair of bright eyes, and Bill saw that they were fixed on him.

"I am a cousin of Halim's. I come to help you," replied the youth in the same language, showing no offence at his reception. Then, having introduced himself with drawling consonants, he drew a European chair close to the bed and sat down.

It was the darkest part of the room, lighted only by the ugly French oil lamp on a distant table. The burnoused figure turned its back to the lamp, the light of which—such as it was—shone into the Englishman's face.

Bill's impulse was to jerk the bedclothes up to his chin, but he controlled himself. He was feeling

more or less like a "moron"—that expressive word, or epithet, which he had learned to hurl at offending persons in America. But even with less intelligence at his command than he had he would have guessed the secret of this purple burnous.

"Aha, my lady viper!" he said to himself, "so *you* are taking an active hand in the game! And you can speak English? Well, I must watch my step."

A pull at the coverlet would betray his modest impulse. He forced himself to lie still therefore, though his blue silk pyjama jacket was generously unbuttoned on his chest.

"I will talk in French," the visitor went on, in that language, "for to me it is easier, and my brother Ahmed tells me thou speakest it as well as thine own tongue. Did Halim tell thee of Ahmed's younger brother, Amar, named after his father?"

"No," replied Bill. "Halim must have forgotten to mention that one. You see he had quite a lot to think of."

"A very little to think of is still much to Halim!" sneered the youth.

"Poor Halim doesn't seem to be popular with his cousins," remarked Bill. "By the way, since you're kind enough to say you've called with the idea of helping me, it would help me a good deal to hear what's become of Halim. Do you happen to know, or—are you too young to be in the family secrets?"

"I am twin with my sister Mouny," announced Amar, "named after our father. We are twenty years old. That is not too young to know all the

secrets of all families, and of all persons—even some persons who may not suspect that their secrets are found out.”

“It’s considered a bit young in my country,” said Bill. “But about Halim?”

“Halim is safe. Have no anxiety for him, nor for thyself. My brother Ahmed, whom I have asked to leave me alone with thee for a time, says that thou hast eaten nothing, drunk nothing, since thy illness abated. Is it that thou fearest poison? Answer, I beg thee, with the truth.”

“Well, if the truth’s what you really *want*, and you won’t think me rude,” apologised Bill, “it did just occur to me that—er—but perhaps Arab bread and salt, which I’ve heard a good bit about, don’t agree with foreigners.”

“Thou reproachest us in speaking of our Arab hospitality, as if we were traitors to our own bread and salt! It is not so. Thou hast been given no poison,” Amar assured him. “Thou art the guest of true Arabs, and thy life is sacred. I was sure that poison was in thy mind. That is one reason why I wished to see thee myself, and bring thee a message from my sister, whose heart is one with mine. I am even nearer to her than is our beloved brother Ahmed.”

“I can well believe it,” assented Bill.

“And dost thou believe also when I say thy life is safe?”

“Oh, of course, of course,” agreed the other politely.

Amar clapped his hands to summon a servant. "Bou-ed shall bring us a meal. We will eat it together," he said.

The old negro must, Bill thought, have been waiting in the wings for his cue! He came at the third clap, and received instructions in Arabic.

"He will not return for ten minutes," announced the youth. "We can talk much in ten minutes. I will begin by telling thee my sister Mouny's message. She begs thy pardon for the illness thou hast suffered. She did not know, when she ordered a drug to be given thee, that it would do more than put thee fast asleep."

Bill was conscious, as his visitor made this frank admission, that the bright eyes under the burnous hood were fastened upon him. He determined to disappoint them by showing no astonishment whatever.

"I'm flattered that your sister, my friend Halim's bride, took enough interest in my humble self to order me a dose of medicine," he replied pleasantly. "I suppose she thought it would do me good, though I'm at a loss to understand how she knew what illness to prescribe for!"

A faint laugh trilled out between the hood's silken folds.

"Thou hast what an English lady who stayed with my sister would call a 'sense of humour,'" said Amar. "She took pains to explain what that meant, for we Arabs have not the same sense. Our humour is more bitter. I am to explain to thee, for my sister, the reason of the drug, for she thinks that to Englishmen it is best to tell the truth. In return

thou wilt answer on thine honour as a prince a question she wishes me to ask."

"I'll answer truthfully if I answer at all," bargained Bill. "But I'm bound to tell you I'm not a prince!"

"And I to tell thee that my sister Mouny is not thy friend Halim's bride. She changed her mind at the last moment and is still a maiden."

"I—er—I congratulate her," stammered Bill. "I see that Arab ladies have the same privilege of changing their minds as those of other nations."

"Arab *princesses* have. Mouny is a princess. And she *knows* thou art a prince. Halim told her so, and that is one thing he would have no need to lie about. But he told her also—and Miss Wilson said many times the same thing—that Englishmen like to belittle themselves. They are not of those who, if they are plain Sidis, claim to be Bach Aghas."

"Well, no, I hope we're not like that," said Bill modestly. "But you've made me rather curious, Monsieur Amar—or shall I call you prince?—about this drug business. Out with it, please!"

"My sister Mouny saw thee with the lions in the cypress court!" answered Amar, apparently apropos of nothing.

"Oh, did she? And I saw—— But no matter! *Nice* little pets, those lions!"

Amar laughed again softly.

"My sister respects a brave man. Thou showed thyself very brave, she thought, with the lions."

"Oh, that was nothing!" said Bill. "Besides, as we've started to tell each other the truth, as a matter

of fact I was showing off a bit of swank with the lions, if you know what I mean. I saw someone peeping out through a kind of hole in a handsome carved window, and—er—I got an idea that it was a beautiful lady. Maybe it isn't etiquette in this country for a man to look at such a thing as a beautiful lady, but I've fallen into that habit in my own land and others, so I meant no harm. And I—well, I put my best foot foremost with those lions, you know, in the hope of amusing her!"

"Thou didst amuse her," answered the laughing voice, "and her friendship was won for thee from that moment."

"Still, I suppose she didn't at that very moment propel the drug to me through one of those blowpipes you read of in detective stories?" inquired Bill.

"I have read *love* stories, but not detective stories, so I know not of the blowpipes," returned Amar. "My sister Mouny ordered for thee a drug in thy wine that night. She wished thee to sleep soundly, so thou couldst be brought unconscious into her presence."

"Oh, indeed, and did I have that honour?" Bill desired to know.

"Thou hadst. Thou wert carried into the Nuptial Chamber itself."

"My holy hat!" exclaimed Bill.

"I know not the meaning of that expression," said Amar, puzzled and interested together.

"It means—well, it means my sacred aunt!" explained Bill. "For Allah's sake, what did I do in—er—the place you mention? Nothing indiscreet I hope?"

"Thou didst something very disagreeable—so my sister Mouny said."

"I *did*? Well, I *must* have been sound asleep! All I've gone through since has evidently served me right."

"Thou thinkest that?"

"I'm dead sure of it! But—if it isn't too dangerous a question—what the dickens did I do?"

"Was it not disagreeable to grimace when thine eyes opened for an instant with my sister's close to thine, though she is said not to be unbeautiful? And then to shut thine eyelids as if on a loathsome sight?"

"By Jove, so that wasn't a dream!"

"Thou rememberest?"

"Sort of. But, look here, I can explain. I shut my eyes for fear of finding the lady *too* beautiful. Honest Injun, that was why!"

"Oh!" Amar uttered a sibilant sound between a sigh and a cry of pleasure. "It was that which she thought possible! She wished to be certain. Much hangs upon thy truth in answering—so she sent me to thee. I thank thee, Sidi Prince. Now, quickly, before Bou-ed comes back—ask any other question thou hast at heart."

"I can't think of any at the moment," Bill reflected aloud.

There was an indefinable air of disappointment about the purple burnous. It seemed, as Bill thought, to "slump."

"But there's sure to be something by and by," he added. "It will come to me later on."

The youth straightened himself. "Then I will

now ask my question. Didst thou come to our house as a spy for the French?"

"No, I didn't," Bill was able to reply, without prevaricating. "I had a motive—of my own. Something I wanted Halim to do for me. Then it turned out I could do something for him. Evidently you and your brother—and the lady your sister, too—have found out how I planned to take the Agha's place for a few days. You see, I needed to work out a scheme of my own, while at the same time helping Halim——"

"We have found out. Thy talk with Halim was overheard. But of thy scheme itself we are not sure. Ahmed thought thee a spy. My sister Mouny had another theory."

"I bet she was nearer the right track than Ahmed! Women always are on the spot in these—er—matters." Bill checked himself carefully.

"I, too, believe my sister was right," said Amar. "I shall be happy to tell her what thou sayest. It may be that, later, I can arrange an interview. It would not be conventional. But Mouny is modern. Her spirit is free. And she would be veiled. Thou wouldst see only her eyes."

"They alone are well worth seeing, if they're the eyes that looked at—er—er—the lions," Bill answered.

Evidently the answer pleased.

"Here comes Bou-ed," the youth announced. "We will now break bread and eat salt together."

Bill felt that he could do with several more substantial specimens of food than the traditional bread and salt. To his joy, therefore, a fragrance of coffee

and other nameless good things entered the room with the servant, who carried a large copper tray well furnished with covered dishes.

Amar motioned Bou-ed to place the tray on a maidah, which stood near the bed. "Now thou canst take thyself away till I summon thee to return," he said in Arabic.

The old man bowed and went out.

Immediately the high manner of the youth changed. Already he had forgotten to hold the folds of his silk hood over his mouth, but he still remained with his back to the light. He now began moving about with gracious and graceful gestures. He peeped under the covers of the dishes, and announced their contents, his voice sounding even lighter and more feminine than at first. Despite the slight guttural roll of the "r's" it was very soft, as the voices of well-bred Algerian Arabs are, and even those of the commoner people compared to the loud, harsh accents of Morocco.

He filled two cups of coffee, and laughing, told Bill to choose. "There will not be poison for both!" he said. "I do not wish to die yet!"

"Nor I!" agreed Bill. "I have something to do before I leave this earth. It's a thing I want to do very much. But I believe what you've told me about the drug, queer as it seems that a lady of this house should trouble herself so much for me. I trust you, and I ask no further proof that the food you give me—is—er—unadulterated."

"I thank thee for my sister and myself," said Amar. "Thou speakest like the gallant prince we

know thee to be. Is the coffee to thy taste? Yes? Another cup? And now thou mayst begin with this cous-cous of chicken and maize. Eat slowly. After thy long fast thou must take care, or thou wilt suffer again, and my sister will blame me. She can be angry with those who offend her. But, too, she can love. I think no women have such love to offer as my sister Mouny when she wills to give."

"Poor old Halim!" murmured Bill, eating cous-cous from a bowl made of half a carved coco-nut on little silver feet. "He was out of luck that your sister couldn't love him—what?"

The cous-cous was good, and it went straight to that place known by hungry men as "the spot." Yet Bill was not at peace even though the dread of poison was temporarily eliminated. This young gentleman in the burnous was a little anxious to keep the conversation on one subject—Mouny! And Bill was not quite ingenuous enough to misread the signposts on the road where he was being led.

"Halim was unworthy of her love," replied Amar hotly. "He insults her by caring for some low-born Roumia who acts in moving pictures. I have even seen one of those pictures in Algiers, where my uncle the Agha took me and my aunts when I was quite young. We sat in a box, veiled (I mean, my aunts and I were veiled), while huge faces, bigger than the faces of oxen and as foolish, came and went upon a screen. My sister saves her love for a prince in nature as well as title."

"So Halim wasn't a good enough sheikh for her,"

said Bill thoughtfully. "I wish him no harm—on the contrary; but, by Jove, I'd like a certain girl I know to have one grand pow-wow with your sister on the subject of sheikhs."

"A certain girl thou knowest!" Mouny's twin caught him up. "Thou knowest many girls?"

"A good few," Bill informed him. "The world's fairly full of girls, isn't it?"

"But this one whom thou wishest to meet Mouny," the boy persisted. "What is she to thee?"

Bill, refreshed with food and coffee, felt his brain coming back to life. His plans were badly upset by their premature discovery. However, apparently he wasn't under sentence of death, so hope remained that, to a certain extent, he might still succeed. He had only to hang on here and—as he had told himself—"watch his step" for a few days, to be alive and kicking not only when Le Normand's air squadron returned, but when Sanda came seeking her Sheikh. The ice was thin, though! He could see that. "Lie low, Brer Rabbit!" he cautioned himself. Then, aloud, he answered, "Oh, *that* girl?" he repeated. "Why, she's just a friend."

"With us," said Amar, "a virtuous maiden does not have men friends."

"So I've understood. That's awkward, isn't it?" replied Bill. "But in my country and America, and quite a lot of other countries maidens don't worry over their virtue, you see. They just sort of take it for granted they're safe; and that's that! Then they have all the fun they can. They don't think it *is* fun

without men friends. Dozens! Why, they won't go to a dance even without at least four men friends tagging along to fox-trot with them and with nobody else."

"Ah, yes, I have heard," Amar muttered. "In thy country men and women dance together. It is shocking!"

"Funny how queer each other's customs seem," Bill couldn't help exclaiming. "Now *we* find it a little odd that one man can have four wi—I mean, what? Why, what I mean is, there are several things we don't see eye to eye about."

"I would gladly go to thy country!" said Amar. "And my sister. If thou couldst meet her thou wouldst perhaps find her as good to look at as thine own young countrywomen—what they call, flappers."

"Flappers," corrected Bill. "But it's all the same. Who'd have thought they'd have got as far as here?"

"And the girl thou wishest to meet Mouny, where is she?"

"Somewhere in Algeria," Bill admitted. Best, perhaps, to prepare for eventualities!

"Is she beautiful?"

"You mightn't think so. Beauty's a matter of taste."

"Ah! But thou hast seen my sister. What says thy taste of her?"

"There can only be *one* answer to that," replied Bill.

Amar smiled with pleasure. "Thou hast not told me thy motive yet for coming here. Let me guess. Had it to do with love?"

"Um—well, I wanted to try being a sheikh. For the sake of love."

“Being a sheikh? But thou art a sheikh in thine own land.”

“Some people don’t think there are any sheikhs except Arab sheikhs.”

“And thou camest here to become one?”

“To prove I *could* be one, if I got half a chance! For instance, there were those lions. They were something to practise on.”

“I see thy meaning. Thou wouldst learn to be one of *our* sheikhs?”

“Or go one better.”

“But why—since thou art already brave? Thou hast fought in the war, and won medals, so Halim said, and thou canst play with lions as if they were cats. Thou canst ride too——”

“Yes—polo ponies, if you know what polo is. But what kind of show would I make on an Arab stallion—it must be a stallion, yes!—all dolled up as Halim was for his wedding, and going like the wind at the head of my men—I mean his——”

“At the head of the ‘*goum*,’ we would say. Why thou shalt practise with a stallion when thou art well and strong as thou didst practise with the lions. And I, Amar, will be of thy *goum*, oh, Agha!”

“Thanks! Thanks awfully!” said Bill. “You’re jolly kind and all that. But maybe I’d better go without you—what? Some—er—some accident might happen.”

“I have no more fear than thou hast!” protested Amar. “What thou wouldst do for a woman’s sake that would I do—for thee.”

"That's dashed nice of you," said Bill. "But what—er—makes you think it's for a woman's sake? I didn't say so, by chance, did I?"

"I read thy mind. To me it is like a book. I came here to learn it, and I did not come in vain." Amar rose as he spoke. "I go now to tell my sister Mouny of our talk."

"And just what *will* you tell her?" Bill dubiously inquired.

"That the prince is worthy of the princess. Adieu!"

And with the Arab salute the young gentleman in the burnous went out.

CHAPTER XVII

THE MYSTERY OF AN EGG

HERE was a kettle of fish!

Bill had never flattered himself that he understood women. On the contrary! But he couldn't help seeing where friend Amar of the purple burnous meant to lead him.

"Hope I've not swum out beyond my depth," he thought, staring at the shut door. "Hell's bells! I'll be a sheikh and a half if I ever get back to shore with my hair on! And so pleased I was with my own tact! Ready to grab the stallion and the goun. Seemed so dashed providential; the girl offering them to me off her own bat—just what I wanted and didn't see my way to ask for. How was I to know she'd throw herself in, like a pound of tea. 'The prince

is worthy of the princess.' Howling Hades, what rot have I let myself in for, simp that I am?"

On top of everything, did the "princess"—Bill wondered—guess why the prince wanted to fare forth into the desert astride a stallion? Maybe she did. Maybe not. But he must keep on her good side—now matters had gone as far as they had—if Sanda was to pay a visit, no matter how short, to the palace of a desert sheikh. Deciding this, Bill had a nightmare vision of Halim's viper cousin making things hot for Miss Smith from New York, and his hair crept on his head. But so far as he could see there was nothing he could do about it all at present. "Except pray!" Bill said to himself. But unfortunately he could call to mind no prayer at the moment, except "Now I lay me down to sleep."

He began to count the days before the Smiths could arrive at El Bouar, and wished to shorten, as once he had wished to lengthen, the journey for them.

If they'd kept to their programme and travelled straight from Algiers to Biskra by motor, news from their caravan ought to come soon. But they might have changed their plans. Sanda might have put off her meeting with the Sheikh in favour of sightseeing. Well, Bill could only hope that no new trouble, internal or external, would break out at El Bouar before Sanda and Poppa (and Bill Borrodaile too, with Allah's aid!) shook its sand off their feet. He wished that baby caterpillar of Halim's would come back! It might be useful! To nobody's bill of liberal words

So far as the harem knew Sultana was now legitimately its queen. No whisper of the row in the Nuptial Chamber had as yet gone round the palace, even among the women, whom gossip usually reached first. Mouny was supposed to be the Agha's wife; and it was believed that Halim, overcome with excess of joy, had fallen ill.

Except the Agha, and Ahmed (who was also related to every occupant of the harem) Bou-ed was the one man who had free access there. He was keeping guard over the Agha; and though the "English prince" had gone, it was said, in the desert car for an excursion, his room was guarded too. Perhaps he had left valuable possessions!

Ahmed politely excused his Cousin Halim to the Aunts, who wished to make personal inquiries for his health! While, on the other hand, with equal politeness, he promised Lord Bill a visit from the French military doctor at Ouargla, which in reality he had no intention of allowing.

Meanwhile, Mouny no longer lived among the other young girls in the harem, Aunt Embarka's and Aunt Fatma's daughters. She was lodged in the Nuptial Chamber, waited upon by Azula, more free than ever she had been to do as she pleased; and she had pleased to keep Khadra the Henna from Tunis.

Her plea to the Aunts for this extravagance was that Khadra had supernatural powers which, united with prayers to Allah, might hasten Halim's recovery. But it really was an extravagance, for Khadra had

to be well paid for sacrificing another important engagement.

Secretly, Sultana had little faith in Allah; but she had her superstitions, and she more than half believed in Khadra's spells.

Besides, the beauty doctress was very wise in ways of the world. She had had vast experience, of which she willingly talked. Many moving tales of tragedy and intrigue had she told to the bride during the feast days before Lord Bill dropped down from the sky. And in these histories it was always Khadra who helped unhappily married wives to meet their lovers. She it was, again, who saved the ladies from their husbands' vengeance when by ill luck they betrayed themselves and all seemed lost. In fact, Khadra, behind her profession of Hennena, was what the Arabs name a "Ma Settoub": one who introduces suitable brides to the families of bridegrooms; one who praises to a young man the most intimate charms of his fiancée, so that he may desire to hasten the marriage; one who accepts money from both sides; one who finds a place in some famed café of Tunis, Algiers, or even Paris for beautiful dancers; one who can read the future; a Merchant of Love and Joy.

It was by Khadra's advice that Mouny had become "Amar" in order to visit Lord Bill. And it was to Khadra that Mouny repeated each detail of that visit on her return.

"Now what is thine opinion, ya Hennena, since thou hast heard all?" the girl asked eagerly. "Dost

thou think as I do, that this Lord Bill saw my portrait in London and that his coming to visit his friend Halim was but a pretence?"

"It may well be so," agreed Khadra, anxious to please though inwardly dubious. Versed in the ways of men, it seemed to her that if Lord Bill had fallen so madly in love with a picture his madness would have rushed him to El Bouar many moons ago. "It may well be so!"

"But what of the girl he talked of? My brother says that after the drug Lord Bill repeated again and again a name which sounded like a woman's."

"It may have been the name of a sister. Or even the name of a woman he does not know, for when a man is drugged there is no accounting for his dreams."

"Ah, well, I do not repent ordering the drug," said Mouny. "At first I feared Ahmed had given too much. But now the prince is out of danger, and while we can make him keep his room I shall have time to win his confidence. '*Amar*' will go to him often. And maybe in the end his sister will go instead. Lord Bill has much self-control, as Miss Wilson said all Englishmen and Americans have, even with women they love; so I could not read his feelings well. But I asked myself if he suspected who I was!"

"I am sure he suspected. Thou hast saved thy dignity by not appearing as a woman before thou art certain he will ask thee to go home with him as his wife. But the perfume of thy beauty cannot be hidden under a man's burnous."

"I would he had not so *great* self-control," sighed Mouny.

"Have patience, lalla."

"But patience I can never have, as all who know me know. I love this English lord, Khadra! I loved him from the moment I saw him with the lions. I had sent them to test his courage, and nobly it stood the test. He is worthy to be my mate—a brave, true sheikh, such as he desires to be, and Halim never was! How *can* I be patient, not knowing if there is another woman in his life? My fingers tingle to touch his hair, and I long to feel his kiss—to kiss him in return! Khadra, thou must foretell me my future! It was partly for that I kept thee here."

Khadra smiled, but not with pleasure. Sultana must be served; yet a prophecy likely to come true, and one that would content Mouny, might be two very different propositions!

"I have no faith in sand fortunes," the girl announced. "A sand diviner foretold my future only a month ago, and said no word of Lord Bill. Thou shalt divine for me in the way thou hast spoken of, with an egg. See, here is one that is fresh, with the mark of the crescent on it in charcoal and the date when it was laid. I told Azula to have it ready for thee."

Luckily Khadra had time before her in which to think. For important ceremonies must be gone through with the egg in order to cast the spell upon it. She bade Sultana hold it to her lips and speak her wish aloud, thinking of the person she loved best.

This was easy!

"The person will not be Halim!" Mouny laughed.

She made the wish, "The love of Lord Bill for me, and my happiness with him."

Then the egg had to be placed under her pillow, at a safe angle where it would not be broken. The rest of the ceremony was for the next day.

When morning came Sultana did not wait to dress before summoning the Hennena. "All night I have dreamed of him!" she said. "Now see if my dreams are to come true."

"Were thy dreams happy," asked Khadra, "or dreams of sorrow?"

"I will not answer that question," cried Mouny, "till thou hast told my fate."

Khadra had prepared for the fortune telling. On a maidah by Mouny's bedside she placed a copper bowl. This she half filled with clear water. Then on a copper plate near by she sprinkled small morsels of black incense, which she lighted with a few lumps of charcoal that Azula had been ordered to bring in. Not till sparks and a blue, perfumed smoke began to rise did she take the egg which Mouny held in her hand. Then, with one deft stroke Khadra broke the shell, and yolk and white dropped into the water.

On her knees by the low table the Hennena began to move the bowl back and forth over the plate of burning incense, murmuring mysterious words which sent a faint chill along the spine of Mouny.

Lying in the bed the girl could not see the contents of the bowl. To her superstitious mind, which

was ready to accept signs and omens though it rejected religion, the things that happened behind the opal veil of incense-smoke seemed surely to have magic meaning.

The egg lying in the water took singular forms and colours. Parts turned to pearl, others became deep red and orange. Separating and joining again, the white and yolk swelled, heaved, mounted to the surface of the water and sank once more.

Mouny saw that Khadra seemed utterly absorbed. She appeared to be conscious of nothing except the strange movements of the egg in the water, while the glowing incense sprayed up tiny spangles. As she clasped the bowl, Khadra's ringed fingers were spread like the sticks of a broken fan. She turned and returned the bowl. Her eyes were never lifted from it. For the first time Mouny felt something like real awe of the woman, and dared not speak, though the minutes dragged.

"There must be something in this!" she told herself.

And there was much in it: all Khadra's wiliness and wit. The minutes that were long for Mouny were not too long for Khadra's brain to work.

She did not believe that the "English prince" had come to El Bouar for love of Mouny. Though Mouny was indeed beautiful with the beauty of her race, and something bizarre added from her mother's Russian blood, it might be that a Roumi would prefer a woman of his own race. Besides, it would not be short of madness for a Christian to dream of taking

a Mussulman's bride from him. In Khadra's mind it did not stand to reason that the Englishman had plotted this odd scheme of disguise for love of a harem beauty whom he had seen but once, and then only for a moment.

Of course, it might be as Mouny believed about the portrait. All is possible with a man, Khadra admitted; yet instinct told her there must be some other explanation—political perhaps. She did not wish to risk her reputation as a woman of supernatural powers by prophesying honeyed nonsense to Sultana, and then having her promises in a few days prove untrue. Yet, if she allowed the magic egg to disappoint the girl, she would not only lose prestige but money.

A certain sum had already been guaranteed to her for giving up the engagement she had made in Tunis; but she knew harem life well enough to know that, if she pleased this imperious princess, presents would be heaped upon her.

Khadra, therefore, felt that she stumbled between the two stools of destiny; she tried compromise.

"Ah, lalla Sultana, thou art born to bring storm into the lives of men, and I see storms in thine own future. One is near. It has come from far off, and is blowing hotly upon thy heart, as the simoom blows from the south. I see a woman! Thick clouds of yellow sand hide her face from me. But she is young. She is of another nation and belief from ours. She will steal love and joy from thee if she can."

"Ah! But *can* she?" breathed Mouny.

Khadra had worked up to this point.

"I see a battle between women," she went on as if she had not heard. "A battle of hearts, not hands. The stronger of the two will win. Gird thyself against the storm and the enemy who is on the way. Yes, yes, thou must use all the lure of thy womanhood upon the English prince, who it would seem is bound in honour by some vow. But thou canst enchant him to forgetting honour for love of thee. So speaks the egg-magic. I am bidden to say that all is in thine own hands, lalla—failure or success."

Mouny's vanity was touched, her courage piqued. "Does the egg advise thee what spells I am to use upon the prince?" she asked.

"Thine own woman's wit will tell thee that, when the time comes. But it will be best to throw off thy disguise as Amar one day, when health again warms the veins of the Englishman. Then thou shalt dazzle him suddenly with thy beauty as Sultana."

"I will wear the dress in which Miss Wilson painted my portrait," said Mouny. "I have kept it."

"Yes. Perhaps thou couldst wear it under the burnous of Amar. Watch thou the right time for the surprise. Do not let the lord ride out, as thou hast promised him. Make some excuse to keep him in the palace."

"I will do that," Mouny agreed: "for a time in any case. But Ahmed must take him into the salemlik garden. While he is gone there will be a chance to have his travelling bags opened secretly. There may be photographs of some woman there, and

love letters which would tell us much. I will read them myself if they are in French or English."

"Thou hast the wisdom of the serpent," praised Khadra, hoping that no information found in those letters would discredit her prophecies.

"Thou hast given me much to think of, Hennena," Mouny said. "But before thou leavest me with Azula I have one more thing to ask. If what thou callest my 'spell' should leave the Englishman cold, wilt thou make for me the famous love potion of which thou hast boasted?"

Khadra could have torn her cheeks with her sharp nails in Arab fashion, or kicked herself in the crude English or American manner, for mentioning that decoction. In truth, she was somewhat afraid of it, for the ingredients were strong and, to some, injurious. She gave it only to women who were desperate, and would therefore take all consequences upon their own heads. Even so, she expected not only high pay, but a sacred vow to be sworn upon the life of the best beloved that her name would not be spoken whatever happened.

"I thought thou hadst had enough of drugs for thy prince," she temporised.

"I have told thee I do not regret the other. It has worked well for me in the end. The love draught I will give only if without it he is cold. And rather than he be cold for me, and burn with love for another, I would see him go mad or die."

"So be it." Khadra resigned herself. "But the ingredients are rare and secret, and the cost is dear."

"I am not poor," said Mouny. "And I can be generous, thou knowest. Get the ingredients together, and make the draught soon, that it may be ready if I need it."

"I will do so, lalla," replied the woman of Tunis. "If, indeed, I can get them, which is not sure in a short time. But look not angrily upon me, moon flower; for if we cannot make the love draught there is another decoction I know of which would equally well keep the English lord from leaving thee for another."

* * * * *

Later, Ahmed came to his sister, sulky and sneering.

"This perfect knight in whose love for thee thou hast so much faith asks to have a messenger go for him to Dargla," he announced.

"Dargla?" echoed Mouny, surprised. "It was to Ouargla he wished to send for the French *Médecin Majeur*, and thou toldest him the garrison there was changing station."

"I know," said Ahmed. "It is no doctor he wants now, for he is well again, and can make no excuse to sneak a Frenchman into the palace. It is to Dargla he would send, and he explained his reason. An American gentleman is touring the south, with a caravan from Biskra. This gentleman must be much beloved by thy lord, who cannot rest without news of his welfare. He would pay a man generously to go, if I could spare one, he says. What he would like best is, if Halim's motor has come back (he is not

ignorant, you see, that I know the real secret of my cousin's flight) to have it sent to Dargla to-morrow. By then he thinks the caravan may be arriving; and he would wish the car to return in haste with news of it. This would give him time to ride out on Halim's horse, Sultan, attended by the *goum*, to meet his friend's caravan some miles from here—at Teni-oued, he suggested."

"Allah!" cried Mouny. "Has he found out that Halim has only got so far, and that we are holding him at Teni-oued?"

"Who could have told him? No one knows except our two selves, Zulikha, and Bou-ed. Everyone else thinks that the Agha is ill in his own selamlik."

"Thou hast had the prince down in the garden?"

"Yes. But thou dost not say what thou thinkest of his demand?"

"That is because I must think more before giving a wise opinion. Did he tell the name of this American gentleman?"

"But certainly, or the messenger could not bring word of him. The name has not a musical or distinguished sound. It is Smith." (Ahmed pronounced the name "Smeet.") "Nor is this all I have to tell thee," he added, betraying by the light of malice in his eyes that he had saved the spiciest item for the last. "When the Lord Bill learned that I wished him to walk in the garden, at first he protested. But I explained that, if he would serve Halim and himself he must keep his health by taking exercise. At that he agreed to go. When all was ready, on a sudden

thought he looked for his bunch of keys; but, as thou knowest, they are not to be found by him. Bou-ed made gestures to show that he knew nothing; and the lord could not well ask me if I were a thief. He made a gesture which Roumis have when they are puzzled—to us a very vulgar gesture. He scratched his head, the while he whistled. Then he jumped to open one of his bags. With an air of not noticing I watched. There was a large photograph in a silver frame. This he wrapped round with a pyjama jacket, so that no eye could see it, and carried it so wrapped under his arm down into the garden, and he stayed so short a time we dared not rouse his suspicions further. I cautioned Bou-ed to leave the bags alone till further notice.”

“Couldst thou see if the photograph was a woman’s?” asked Mouny, her cheeks hot.

“I could not see. But of course it was the portrait of a woman. Otherwise, why should a man hide it?”

Mouny brooded. Her fears were justified—unless by glorious chance the precious picture was a copy of her own portrait. It might be so, and that would explain Lord Bill’s anxiety to keep it out of sight.

“Well, he cannot live with the photograph under his arm!” she said. “He will return it to the bag, or hide it somewhere——”

“He has already returned it to the bag.”

“And thou hast the key of that bag and the other?”

“I have.”

“Then the picture can be taken from its hiding-

place, while the lord sleeps, by old Bou-ed, who moves with no more noise than a cat. To-night it must be done; and no matter how late I shall be awake and waiting."

"I expected this, though I see no joy that can come to thee from gazing upon some Roumia's picture. If the Lord Bill loves another than thee, he loves her. Kismet! Mektoum!"

"It is knowledge I shall gain. Joy may come later. For I am strong, thou knowest; and I suppose women are not the only sex to change their minds! As for Lord Bill's request—the messenger to Dargla—keep him waiting. Say the motor-car has not yet come back; that to-morrow it may be here. Meanwhile, I trust to thee and old Bou-ed. I shall by then have seen the photograph, even if there are no letters."

"Is that photograph to make a difference in our answer to his wish?"

"It may make all the difference."

CHAPTER XVIII

THE GOOD OLD COLOURS

"YOURS ever, Sanda Smith," Mouny read that night, in the black, up-and-down writing affected in New York this year by the latest edition of Flapperhood.

And the photograph!

Perhaps Sultana, in her jealous rage, exaggerated rather than belittled its beauty.

Save for a month in Algiers while she was still a

child her life had been cloistered in the palace harem at El Bouar. A few visits received and paid, the Hammam, the Friday outing of women to the ghost-white cemetery, the usual existence of a high-bred Arab girl in the desert towns. It was only Mouny's wild spirit that had roamed to cities described by Halim and Ahmed, and in the novels she had read.

In Miss Wilson's day the girl had sometimes seen a copy of "The Bystander," or an English fashion magazine; but Miss Wilson had returned to England over two years ago.

Fashions had become even more daring since then, if this photograph of "Yours ever, Sanda Smith," were a true sample. Sanda's low-necked, sleeveless dance frock composed—what there was of it—mostly of sequins, showing off each line and curve of the slim young figure and reaching just below the knee, gleamy silk stockings that gave an effect of polished marble to the delicately moulded legs, the little feet poised in high-heeled, brilliant-sewn shoes, and above all the perfectly marcelled, bobbed blonde hair, to the palace girl embodied the essence of feminine lure for man.

To Mouny's fierce irritation she felt humbled. She saw herself for once at a disadvantage. She was not sure how to deal with such a creature. But somehow she would do it!

"*Yours ever!*" In Mouny's ignorance of European etiquette in correspondence this signature gave Sanda Smith to Bill Borrodaile for ever. Bold hussy! And yet, Lord Bill must return her love to some extent,

or he would not travel with this photograph and hide it from curious eyes.

This was the girl he had lightly said was "somewhere in Algeria"!

It must be so; for the gentleman with the caravan was named Smith. This girl had followed Bill to Algeria! She had tracked him into the desert! But far from hiding, he wished to be informed of her arrival in advance, that he might ride out to meet her in state, as a sheikh with his Arab stallion and *goum*.

"He has deceived me!" Sultana told herself in blazing anger. "He flatters my beauty with another image in his heart! He shall pay for that. So shall *she!*"

Yet Mouny could not see her card-castle fall without trying desperately to bolster it up. She remembered Khadra's prophecy with the egg: "A battle of women, and a storm!" Well, the battle would soon begin. And the storm was rising in her heart. "It may be as Khadra thinks," she told herself, "that he has made a vow of honour. I have not even tried my strength with him yet. To-morrow Amar shall change into Mouny before the eyes of Lord Bill. And a change it shall be! No man with red blood in his veins could stand against Mouny Sultana as she will be then."

The photograph of Sanda was safe in the pigskin kit-bag bought in far, far-off Bond Street, when Bill took a peep soon after dawn. The piercing prayer of the *muezzin* in the mosque tower, El Fejur, generally woke him then, and his first thought was for the girl he loved. Not being a finger-print expert he noticed

nothing peculiar about the picture's frame, except that it needed a rub down with some good silver polish.

Bill had been looking forward to this day. Ahmed had assured him that the baby caterpillar, which had evidently been delayed somewhere, could hardly fail to return. Then, if it were in good condition, they would discuss sending it to Dargla, according to Lord Bill's request. "Amar will talk to thee and learn more of thy wishes, in case I am called away," the Hadj had added.

Bill was far from overjoyed at the promise of another call from the "twin." He had, in fact, been rather dreading it, for the ground he must tread with Amar was delicate. However, there it was! He expressed polite pleasure in the prospect; and though he would gladly have avoided danger, since it had to be met he was human enough to take special pains with his toilet: plenty of honey and flowers to flatten his curly hair (which, alas! badly needed cutting and a bit of shaving powder to hide a slight cut.

How much more sensible it would have been to let natural hideousness prevail and disgust the too-enterprising twin! Bill realised this, but remembering those eyes of Amar's, felt his stern strength of character melt. If he must see and be seen, he would be at his best!

The bedroom he now occupied in the salemlik had a small window commanding the front courtyard, and facing the gateway with its two squat towers. Bill could look out as much as he liked, or, rather, peer through the modern curtains from Germany or

some such land which simulated stained glass; and occasionally his boredom was mitigated by amusing sights. But, Ahmed had reminded him, he must not show himself—no, not to the most insignificant old man or child.

“There are spies about,” the Hadj mysteriously said. “Remember for thine own purpose as well as Halim’s thou art masquerading as the Agha and feigning illness. Unless thou wouldst make trouble for thyself and him thou must beware whilst thou art in Halim’s house.”

This warning Ahmed spoke with the first faint twinkle Bill had seen in his suspicious, hostile eyes, and Bill had welcomed that twinkle. He, who had come here to learn “sheikhing” in all its branches, had feared that a sense of humour was not included. So far as he had yet seen a sheikh must never laugh—not what you could call really *laugh!* And then, as to firmness of chin—no! Halim had little or none, and even Ahmed’s profile sloped back below the nose. Bill could have snorted aloud, thinking how Sanda had once said, gazing at an “Arrow Collar” advertisement, “I *do* love a man with a chin!” After that speech Bill had practised for days protruding his lower jaw beyond the upper, and would doubtless have continued the exercise had not some blighter remarked, “Say, are you qualifying for first prize in a British Bulldog Show?”

All for nothing this painful plastic work when it turned out that what Sanda wanted was an Arab sheikh; an Arab sheikh at any price, with or without chin!

Halim the chinless should have reached Algiers by this time, Bill reflected; or it might be that he had already embarked for Marseilles. Just the point of a real chin sticking out between curtains might awaken suspicion, and Bill obeyed Ahmed's warning to "beware." The salemlik had no secretive moucharabiehs made to hide fair, unveiled faces from profane eyes. The Agha's windows were—just windows; and glances were often directed to them from the courtyard beneath.

Anything to see was better than nothing! But to-day Bill had a new incentive to watch the gates when now and again they opened and shut. He might get a glimpse of the returned caterpillar!

Hours passed, however, without luck. The courtyard filled with the usual crowd. Arabs of every age and stage of shabbiness came, Ahmed had explained between pride and scorn, for his benediction—the supernatural "baraka" or blessing which Ahmed, a Hadj in his own right and son of a great Marabout, could bestow. None were refused by him and many who looked like beggars brought offerings of dates, maize, or ancient heirlooms in the shape of jewellery which they would never have given to the Agha. Sometimes the Hadj would appear in the courtyard, where his sacred shoulder, arm, knee, or foot would submit to kisses from humble lips; or at other times persons of more importance would, for the Prophet's sake, be welcomed by him within the palace, where he seemed practically to live during Halim's absence. Bill did not doubt that Ahmed's religious zeal was

cultivated a bit more for his own sake, and for that of the wide influence he was ambitious to exert, than for Mohammed's!

Young Arabs, old Arabs; Arabs with eyes, Arabs without eyes; Arabs in torn and dirty burnouses, Arabs comparatively clean. As one day telleth another, so one Arab had begun to resemble another for Bill, behind his curtain. Nothing in the scenario with any human interest or sex appeal! So he grumbled to himself when toward noon a shabby boy separated himself from the group, or *smala*, with which he had entered the gates. Sneaking along the wall, presently he took his stand under the windows of the Agha's room.

At first this action meant nothing to Bill. But when ten minutes passed without the child removing his gaze from the "stained glass" curtains it struck the alleged Agha that something possibly was "up." He agitated the curtains slightly and watched the effect. It was immediate and surprising. The boy drew from some obscure receptacle under his burnous an orange. Then, with his eyes still on the window, he slowly wrapped round the fruit a rag of silk. The thing looked like a torn necktie. It was a torn necktie! And no man who had been at Oxford could fail to recognise that particular combination of colours.

"A messenger from Halim!" Bill said to himself. And suddenly there was plenty of human interest in the scenario!

For an instant he opened the curtains, standing

back out of sight. Up soared the orange and flew in through the open window. Bill jumped to retrieve it, where it had rolled into a corner; then, with the wrapped fruit in his hand, hurried back for a look at the messenger. But the boy had gone, or had mingled so successfully with his *smala* as to be unrecognisable.

There was something pathetic to Bill about the old necktie with the remembered colours which Halim, as well as he, had a right to wear. He guessed that Halim must have taken the tie away with him on his journey, perhaps in case of just such an emergency as this.

The torn bit of silk held nothing. It had served its purpose as a signal; but the hole in the top of the orange had been stuffed with a bit of bread. Under the bread was a small phial made for pills (Halim was sure to have owned pills!) and, protected by a cork from the orange-juice, was a twisted bit of white paper.

The door had no lock, but Bill turned his back to it in fear of intrusion and carefully extracted the paper from its hiding-place.

“DEAR BILL,” he read, in tiny cramped handwriting—“I have bribed a boy going to El Bouar to get this to *the Agha!* I have told him to stand under a certain window in the hope you may look out. They (you will need no names) have let me go no further than Teni-oued, twelve miles from home. Ibrahim the chauffeur is in their pay, for

he pretended that the car had broken down here. I believed his words at first, and agreed to spend the night at a small house on a date farm of my own. But I knew by morning I had been trapped. Ibrahim and the car had disappeared.

“You were in a strange state when I left you. I thought then you had had too much wine! After what has happened to me, however, I am sure you were drugged. I could not tell you of the scene I had gone through with Mouny, even if there had been time, for you were fast asleep. But she and her brother made me sign an abdication in favour of Ahmed, not Hassan, who should by rights be my heir. And Mouny told me that you had fallen in love with her. On an impulse, I almost betrayed you, but not quite. And until you can free yourself, or the French come to El Bouar (unluckily I am powerless to warn them now), you *must not* tell her that she deceives herself. For my sake, for the sake of the American girl, if not for your own, I beg you to pretend love for Mouny! *Keep her happy.* Feed her vanity. If she thinks you will take her to England as your wife I shall doubtless be allowed to escape. Otherwise, she will not only wish to vent her anger on me, but she will find it important for her interests and Ahmed’s to be the widow of one Agha and the sister of another.

“Yours,

“HALIM.

“P.S.—This is very serious for me, and may

be no joke for you. Mouny supposes you to be a great prince."

Bill whistled, but not in gaiety of spirit, as he finished reading the letter, and tore it into tiny pieces.

So Halim was marooned at Teni-oued, only twelve miles distant, and the car, which Ahmed said "might return to-day," had in all probability arrived home the morning after Halim's attempted flight.

"That precious pair are just marking time with me," he told himself. "Keeping me sweet, making me think they mean to send the old caterpillar on my business to Dargla. The way things begin to look now it won't do me much good cooling my heels here waiting for the Smiths. I must hop it somehow to Dargla and head the Smiths off. Damned bad luck, after all I've gone through for it, to let the sheikh stuff slide. But there it *is!*"

As for making love to Mouny, no less incentive than saving Sanda from grievous bodily harm would induce him to do that thing. Not that Mouny was not attractive. She was a new and distinctly thrilling combination: viper plus peach. But he was not taking any!

The immediate question was how to get away from this nest of spies—as it no doubt was. Bill tried to concentrate, but had not got even as far as Halim at Teni-oued when a gentle tap sounded at the door—too gentle for Ahmed's. It was upon Amar that his thoughts dwelt.

"What was Joseph's best stunt to keep Mrs. Poti-

phar off?" he wondered, and flung the door open with a gesture by which he intended to register boldness.

But the veiled figure on the threshold was not Amar, was not Mouny.

Over the black silk face-screen, such as women of Tunis wear, a pair of slanting dark eyes looked at him curiously.

CHAPTER XIX

A THOROUGH UNDERSTANDING

"PARDON, Monsieur le Prince!" purred a soft voice in French (more of that sloppy prince-stuff!), and continued in the same language: "My mistress, Mouny-bent-Amar-el-Chorfa, sends me to thee with greetings, and I am bidden to conduct thee to her."

"The devil you are!" Bill exploded in English. But as his visitor understood not a word, there was no need to apologise.

"Tell the Lady Mouny that I am very sorry," he replied suitably, when he had composed himself, "but I have a sort of idea that the gentlemen's quarters in an Arab palace are more healthy than harems for foreigners. At least, that's what I've gathered. You might say to her she'd better send me her brother Amar—what?"

"I dare not take such a message to the lalla. Surely the Prince is not *afraid*—he who played with a pair of lions as if they were kittens?"

"Oh, you know about that business, do you?"

said Bill. "Would it be indiscreet to inquire who you are when you're at home?"

"I am one who helps beautiful ladies to become more beautiful," explained the veiled woman.

"I see! Sort of Elizabeth Arden of the Sahara—what? Well, *I* wouldn't become any more beautiful with my ears cut off! I met a chap without any at Monte Carlo last winter. Every one said he'd had 'em clipped for staying around in a harem. My ears may be nothing to make a song and dance about, but they're a jolly lot better than none."

"The lalla has her own room, separate from the harem, where she waits to receive thee," Khadra the Hennena persisted.

"You tell the lalla I'm much obliged," said Bill stubbornly, "but if she's receiving to-day I am sorry I can't be among those present. On the other hand, if she's paying a few calls, why not drop in on me? I seem to be turning into quite a home body here, and I can't go gadding about all over the place. It's different with her, and she can bring both her brothers and you as well. I'll promise that a good time shall be had by all! Now, that's my last word on the subject, madame, the last word of an English prince, if you like! So good-bye. 'Pleased to have met you,' as they say on the other side."

Khadra was literally swept out of the room, and, bewildered for once, fled back to Mouny.

"Lalla, the lord will not come," she announced.

"He will not come?" echoed Sultana.

"No. He said many words in English mixed with

French. His talk was like a fountain. I was nearly drowned in it."

"He dared to refuse my request?"

"Lalla, I think this is a prince who would dare anything. I think if thou wouldst talk with him thou must obey his wish, not he thine."

"And what is his wish?"

"He invites thee to come to him."

"Thinkest thou he means to insult me?"

"No, lalla. He asked that thou wouldst bring both thy brothers and me also."

"*Both* my brothers! Khadra, I could have him dragged here."

"Lalla, it might take many Arab men to drag this Englishman."

"There are many at command!"

"Wouldst thou have many men know that there is a Rumi in the Agha's room and that thou hast ordered him to thine?"

Mouny made no answer.

"And would it cause the prince to love thee to have him dragged into thy presence? Remember the advice thou asked me for and I gave. Nothing has changed since then. Nothing has happened that the magic of the egg did not foretell."

"Yet there is no storm!"

"There is storm in thy heart—*that* is the storm the egg foretold—and in other hearts."

Mouny sprang to her feet. "No man has ever forced me to do a thing against my will."

Khadra looked at her with a wise, deep look.

"That is why, until now, thou hast respected no man. Jasmine flower, it is good in our religion, and in all religions—or even in no religion at all except love—that the man should conquer the woman."

"Very well. I will go to this man," Sultana said. "But I go not because I am conquered—I go to conquer!"

"It is well," answered Khadra. "Wilt thou send for Sid' Ahmed, or wilt thou have me only at thy side?"

"I will not have anyone!" Mouny decreed, and went quickly from the room. Yet not so quickly that she did not take time for a glance at a long Tunisian mirror near the door.

She had made herself beautiful to receive a call from the English prince. But she wished to be equally beautiful when making a call upon him. Or, if possible, more beautiful.

Her knock was less gentle than Khadra's.

"Now," Bill asked himself as he threw away a cigarette and stalked to the door, "which one of the twins will it be?"

"No burnous this time!"

He thought that he had prepared himself to confront Mouny; but the vision that appeared was more dazzling than his expectations. "By Jove!" he heard himself exclaim.

"By Jove!" as an exclamation may mean almost anything. Mouny had heard it from the lips of Miss Wilson behind a cigarette, but looking at Lord Bill over the spangled veil laid just beneath her eyes the

girl knew that his "By Jove!" meant startled admiration.

Even Alice Delysia was nothing to this, thought Bill. Heavens, here was the real thing—the goods! It needed no stage setting. Jewelled diadem of old, square diamonds, emeralds, and pearls (wouldn't quite do of an afternoon in England, you know, but all right at El Bouar!); eyes like wells of ink with brilliants and green tourmalines in their depths; faint veiled suggestion of delicate nose; wide, red mouth and dimpled chin, under some stuff thin as chiffon; glorious hair, dark, with red lights, plaited and looped with pearls; breast-band like a strip of silver armour; gauzy shirt underneath, and bare arms hung with bracelets; waist wound with a scarlet sash; then a voluminous mass of gold tissue drawn in, trouser-like, around each ankle; bare ivory feet thrust into jewelled slippers.

Sanda Smith would be at her worst in such a costume. Mouny Sultana was at her best, and she knew her best was good. She knew also that it had impressed the prince!

"Thou hast refused my invitation. I have accepted thine," she cooed, in French, because in French she could be more eloquent than in the stiffer English. "It was pressing for me to talk with thee, so I have come."

"Awfully good of you," stammered Bill, recovering himself slowly. But he was no King Solomon to receive with equal majesty the Queen of Sheba! "Delighted! Heard so much about you, and all that, from your—from your brother."

Mouny smiled beneath her film of veil as she stepped daintily into the room.

"Thou seest, I suppose," she said, "that I have brought my brother with me?"

"Ah! Your twin?" ventured Bill.

"Thou hast guessed the truth of him?"

"Well, no boy was ever quite so—so—you know!"

"Art thou paying me compliments? But do not answer! I have not come to play games with thee to-day. I am here to say in all frankness that thou hast done me a great injustice, my lord."

"Who? Me? Done you an injustice?" It seemed that Bill could only stammer, he who had been so bursting with brave intentions a moment ago!

"Yes. Why didst thou not trust me?"

"Do you mean about going to call on you? Why, I've never been one of those lounge lizards, you know, who can buzz round at harem teas——"

"I mean, why didst thou not tell me that the maiden thou spokest of—the Roumia thou wishest me to see—is on her way to El Bouar? Why didst thou not say, 'It is the maiden I love, the one I would ride out on Halim's horse, with Halim's *goum*, to meet'?"

Bill was stricken dumb. Heads of gentlemen cannot be scratched in the presence of ladies, no matter what the emergency. It is simply not done, or else a magnetic touch of nails to hair might have produced immediate inspiration.

Mouny Sultana was gazing at him with significant

and discerning eyes, rendered more brilliant with a generous upper dressing of *kohl*.

To lie, or not to lie? Which would be wiser?

Bill compromised. "Well, you see, what I mean is, the young lady, Miss Smith, has no idea of finding me at El Bouar."

Naturally, Sultana did not believe this. Her eyes hardened. But she was silent. There was a chilly atmosphere of waiting, such as had occurred to Bill, watch in hand, with a minute or so to spare before going over the top.

Something had to be done, and Bill did it. He tried to make his explanation more convincing, and as the truth was much easier to speak when rattled than thinking up flowery fibs, he told the truth; he told what seemed to be the completely innocuous truth.

"As a matter of fact, Miss Smith is hoping to meet Halim. She thinks he's here."

"Does this Mees Smeet know Halim?" Mouny inquired coldly.

"Only from reading about him in a magazine and seeing a snapshot of him. Maybe he showed the article to you—or no, he didn't know you had any English!"

"Yet he did show the magazine, because he was vain of being in it for all the world to see. It was a much flattered portrait."

"I thought of that—er—I mean—well—what?" stammered Bill, sorry to seem disloyal to an absent and unfortunate friend.

"Well—what?" echoed Mouny.

"I mean—anyhow—the young lady has a great idea of sheikhs—Arab ones. She thinks they're the cat's pyjamas—the only men worth loving."

Mouny began to understand, and even partly to believe. But there was much which must still be made clear, and she intended that it should be without delay.

"An Arab sheikh!" she repeated. "The Mees Smeet prefers an Arab sheikh to an English one?"

"She won't believe there *are* any English ones, or American, or European ones! We're all a bunch of no-accounts."

"One sees," said Sultana with a bitter smile, which was effectively viewed through a veil, "that she had never met Halim."

"I'm glad you think I'm not inventing the story," replied Bill, "though it does sound phony."

"I see more!" Mouny exclaimed. "I see why thou didst rave to me about 'sheikhs' when I played Amar. It is for the Mees Smeet you wish to be an Arab sheikh?"

"Well, it seems silly, I know," said Bill, "but I thought I'd like just to show her once that a bloke who wasn't an Arab could ride a horse, and maybe do a few stunts that might get across with a *matinée* audience at a movie."

"Ah!" breathed Mouny. "Thou must love this maiden much, if thou hast come from so far to show that thou art as good a man as the Agha of the Ouled Mendil! And she must have a heart that is hard and a head that is soft if she needs proof! I am only an

Arab girl, it is true, and I have met few men. Yet something told me the moment I laid eyes upon thee in the cypress court that thou wert as brave, as fine as any!"

"Thanks frightfully, Mademoiselle—er—Princess!" said Bill, those ears which he wished to preserve, reddening at the lobes. "I suppose those nice little lions impressed you? I ought to be jolly grateful to them, but I confess I had a sort of *idée fixe* that their strongest feature was their smell."

"Tell me exactly what thou wishest to do in order to show the Mees Smeet thou art a sheikh," commanded Mouny with a velvet voice and hot iron in her blood. "In my turn I will show thee that an Arab girl can be as true a friend as one of thine own race. Already I have proved my trust in an English lord by coming alone to talk with thee, which I could never do with a man of my people, save a father or brother. Thou shalt not regret throwing thyself upon my honour."

So beautiful she looked, so did her tones tremble as if with deep womanly emotion, that Bill was moved almost to tears. There was actually that stinging sensation in his nose which from childhood's hour to this day he felt when told a tale of pathos, such, for instance, as that of Beth Gelert. It would have needed a man fifty years older and fifty times colder than Bill to distrust this sweet, soft Mouny!

Though in words she offered friendship the gorgeous eyes of the girl spoke a different language. They said (it even seemed that she didn't mind their saying), "Man of my heart, to my sorrow I love thee,

but because of my love I sacrifice myself for thy happiness."

Bill had heard about the light that lies and lies in women's eyes, but at this moment he simply could not believe there was a falseness here! Evidently Halim had got the poor girl all wrong! Or she might even have been a bit of a cat to him, for her brother's sake as well as because she just did not like the chap! In some ways Bill, though disapproving her tricks, could sympathise with her there. Poor Halim certainly did not, in all ways, come up to the scratch from a woman's point of view!

It was all Bill could do not to kiss those ringed and henna'd fingers; but he stoutly refrained, aware that a kiss at this juncture would be distinctly a wrong note. There was one thing he *could* do, though, and that was to assure the Sultana that he did trust her as she would have him do.

"You're a *grand* girl, that's what you are, Princess!" he ejaculated warmly. "You're top-hole! Of course I'll trust you, after this, as if you were my own sister."

"Your sister!" echoed Mouny, with difficulty restraining herself from hissing the word.

"Yes, since I can't look forward to the—er—honour and pleasure of any other relationship," Bill explained. "Lots of our sweetest girls offer to be sisters to us men. If I hadn't fallen in love with Sanda Smith, who thinks so little of me she just stops short of telling me to go sell my newspapers, I'd probably make you a lot of trouble by doing sheikh

stunts on *your* account: kidnapping you, throwing you over my shoulder, and carrying you off to England. It's a jolly good thing for you that I've got this dashed complex for Miss Smith, because I'm really no prince whatever—absolutely not—and so am only fitted for a wife from some democratic country like the U.S.A. Now, shall I really tell you what you asked me to tell—I mean about what I want to do for Miss Smith—if it's not too great a favour, or would it bore you to hear?"

"It would not bore me," Sultana said.

"You *are* good to me—as good as you're beautiful, if that could be possible!" Bill broke out, letting himself go a little. "Well, then, here it is! I was going to ask the loan of a costume and a stallion from Halim, and maybe a few retainers, to create the right sheikh effect. Then I meant to ride out in the desert, and—er—caracole a bit, you know, which I *can* do, because, honest Injun, I'm not so dusty on a horse! I sort of had visions of myself—stained a light brown, you know, to hide the freckles, etc., keeping far enough to the background so Sanda'd not say to herself, 'Hell, where have I seen that nose before?' I thought I'd use an interpreter, if I could find one—Arab bloke, with a few words of French—inviting her and Poppa to Halim's palace. They would say 'Yes!' of course, which would give me a chance to be extra sheikh-like, riding swift as a whirlwind to the girl's side before she got a real chance to lamp my features under Halim's jolly burnous hood, snatch her off her camel to the back of the stallion, and spur him to the palace gates,

which would naturally be standing wide open. By that time the lady would be half fainting and Pop in an apoplectic fit trotting far behind. When she began to breathe, I'd choke the breath out of her again with fierce hugs and kisses. That's the way sheikhs act in movies! As she screamed for Poppa to save her, hoping to hell he wouldn't be in time, I would coolly throw off my disguise and remark, 'How do I do it, dear Miss Smith? Is this the sort of stuff you want? I can supply any amount of it in future, if you'll give me the right. But I'm sorry for your sake to tell you that the real Agha of the Ouled Mendil has gone to Paris to buy some Pep pills, marry a French girl, and have his horn-rimmed spectacles mended.' Do you get me, Princess?"

"I understand," answered Mouny. "As I made a play of being Amar with thee thou wouldst make a play of being Agha with the Mees Smeet?"

"Quite!" said Bill, charmed with her quickness. "Just for a few minutes, don't you know, until I'd cave-manned her, cave men being, I should judge, the predecessors of sheikhs in our modern girls' affections. After that she'd be free to do as she chose: kick me into kingdom come or murmur, 'Dearest Bill, forgive me; you have earned my love, I am yours.' See?"

"I see," Mouny echoed softly, unable at the moment to speak aloud without danger of frothing at the mouth. "I know," she added when she could better control herself, "of the cave men from Miss Wilson, and from books. It is that cave characteristic

in thee, Lord Bill, which won my—friendship. When I saw thee caress the lions, a thing which Halim would never have done, though they are harmless as large cats, I said within myself, ‘Here is a cave man!’”

“Only, I suppose if the true cave man wanted to impress a lady in that way he’d have been driven to pet a mammoth or pterodactyl, which would be a bigger test of the stuff a lad was made of,” Bill reflected. “As for those stuffy old lions, they do seem to be always bobbing up, don’t they, attracting moths and conversation? But what I said to myself at the time was, ‘If you don’t tickle their noses, old top, they may bite off yours!’ I wish to the high Jinks Sanda could have seen that act, since you, another woman, think so well of it. However, it wasn’t the will of Allah, or what not. And when I first tackled Halim about the sheikh business I supposed it was all off. He was being married—or he thought he was—but, on further talk, he was willing to get out and leave me in those jolly filali boots of his for a bit. What happened next you know as well as I do, or maybe better——”

“Perhaps!” Mouny murmured.

“And now we’re sister and brother, and if you really *will* help me to keep to my programme with Sanda, why, if she takes me on for life, you’re invited here and now to visit us whenever you like, and for as long as you like, in England and the U.S.A.”

Sultana breathed hard as she thanked him. Her evident emotion endeared her more and more to Bill.

“Indeed, my lord, I will aid thee in every way to win this maiden,” she assured him, her breast

heaving. "Is there nothing else beyond this *very* small favour which thou hast desired me to grant?"

"Well, since you ask me, there is just one thing," Bill burst forth, on a generous impulse. "I meant to do it on my own, but as you're so fine——"

He stopped. Halim's eyes seemed to warn, to beseech!

Old wooden-head Halim, he'd never read the real nature of this girl! There was no doubt—none whatever—that she was true blue. Anyhow, she had become so since experiencing a change of heart, as criminals do when they drop in at a Salvation Army pow-wow or hear Billy Sunday speak. Still, perhaps he, Bill, hadn't the right to give away another's secrets, even though it was for that other's own good. As for Le Normand; that was another matter. No question as to silence there. Bill only hoped the girl wasn't as deep in that political rubbish as Halim supposed.

"Why dost thou hesitate?" Mouny prompted.

"Why—er—I was just wondering," he hurried along, "with all the rest you're doing, if you could fit me out with that brown stain—sort of furniture polish effect, you know, warranted to come off in the wash? I don't suppose Halim has such a thing in his wardrobe. But you harem ladies may use some stuff of the sort about the house. Er—I say, coffee might do the trick—what?"

"I am glad thou hast asked me this thing," said Mouny as indeed she was glad. It was the first truthful speech she had made to her lost—or almost lost—prince.

"Halim's new car has returned within the hour." (This Bill knew to be a fib. But only a white one; for surely a girl has a right to save her face.) "It shall leave for Dargla as soon as the chauffeur can be ready to start again. When it comes back it will be to bring thee news; and at the right time thou shalt set forth to show thyself a sheikh."

Bill thanked her again and again. He told her that she was the most wonderful girl, with the exception of one, in the world. He apologised for his rudeness to Amar in refusing his company for the ride, and said that, of course, if the "princess" would like to go, in Amar's clothes, to have a look at an American girl, why, after all her kindness, she was welcome to do so. "Not that I'd advise it," he finished anxiously. "People might recognise you, and that would be awkward. If I bring Miss Smith here to the palace you'll have a chance to make each other's acquaintance. I expect, being so mad about sheikhs, she won't feel she's got her money's worth without an inside view of what a harem is like."

"She shall have an inside view if she comes here, I promise thee," Mouny vowed, so emphatically that her body quivered.

She had seated herself on a low divan to talk with Bill, but now she rose. "I must go and give certain orders," she said. "This evening the light brown stain thou wishest for will be ready. It must be applied to the skin before thou goest to bed at night, and by to-morrow morning when thou wakest it will have taken effect. I am sure thou wilt be sur-

prised by the change it will make in thee. Thou wilt find thyself no longer an English lord, but a true man of the desert."

This time Bill did kiss her hand, which trembled slightly under his lips, and smelled strongly of amber. He opened the door for her, and bowed her out with gallantry that would have done honour to a Frenchman.

"Hurrah! This is duck soup!" he said aloud. Then he sang a little. The words that came to him were those of a ribald chant popular in the war: "It was Christmas in the harem, and——" But he broke off abruptly, shocked at himself.

Mouny Sultana raced to her room, where, by request, Khadra awaited her.

The girl neither looked at nor spoke to the Hennena. She flew at a vase of roses on a maidah, threw the flowers on the floor, stamped them into the rug, dashed down the vase after them, and laughed when it broke in a dozen pieces.

"So I meant to do to her and to him!" she panted. "But now, for him, I have thought of something better!"

She kicked over the maidah, broke that also, and flinging herself on the grand copper bed with its red velvet draperies shrieked with hysterics.

Khadra knew better than to exclaim or argue. In silence she took perfumes from one of the quaint cedar-wood wall-cupboards and sprinkled the girl's face, hands, feet, and hair, in the soothing Arab fashion.

"Oh, yes, I have thought of something *much* better!" Mouny gurgled. "I know—I know what to do!" But as she became calmer her wild laughter ceased. She looked thoughtful and mysterious.

"Thou mayst be sure I will help thee if I can," Khadra said at last.

Mouny began to laugh again. "Thou canst help me!" she thrilled. "Thou canst. Thou shalt. Thou *must!*"

CHAPTER XX

MOUNY'S MASTERPIECE

BILL had much to occupy his mind: how to help Halim; how to keep faith with Le Normand without betraying his wonderful new friend, Mouny, and above all how to make the most of the chance that friend offered to give him.

He hoped she wouldn't forget the brown stain. She'd told him that it would take a whole night to work, and to-morrow might be *der Tag!*

But he had not trusted her word in vain. When old Bou-ed was about to take away the evening meal—a particularly delicious meal, according, anyhow, to Arab taste—the tall female who had paid Bill an earlier call appeared once more. She had brought the desired dye, and with elaborate detail kindly explained the best method of application.

Lord Bill must dip the piece of old linen produced for the purpose into the large bowl of coffee-coloured liquid the woman had brought on a small tray. When

the linen was thoroughly saturated it must be passed over such surface of skin as the lord wished to darken. At first, he was warned, there would be little or no change visible. If he chose he could repeat the process, according to the tint he wished to obtain; if very brown, three or four times would not be too much. And by morning the full effect would be apparent.

Bill thanked the veiled lady, and the moment she had gone, prepared to follow her advice.

He shaved himself carefully, undressed, and then, standing before a Tunis mirror, resolved to be thorough while he was about the business.

"These Arab duds of Halim's that I have to doll up in are a bit *décolleté*," he reminded himself. "Better make sure of showing no white bits around the wishbone!"

The liquid in the bowl gave only a pale brown tint to the linen rag, and when rubbed as evenly as possible over the face, ears, neck, arms, and hands seemed scarcely to cast a shadow over the freckles. In order to be sure of obscuring them Bill perhaps overdid instructions. In any case, not quite half the generous dose of dye remained in the bowl when he was painted from forehead to breast and tips of fingers to represent a sheikh.

The stuff smelt rather nice; and sniffing with relish his own rare, Oriental fragrance while his features dried, Bill assembled the spare parts of a costume for to-morrow.

He must be prepared for *der Tag*, even if it did not materialise immediately; and to be ready at a

moment's notice to vault upon the stallion he must be dressed, as well as painted, for a sheikh. He selected the seroual, haik, and burnous which he admired most in Halim's collection—quite nifty things of their sort—and a smart pair of filali boots not more than a size too small for him. Luckily he had no corns, and pain would be a pleasure borne in such a cause.

When all was laid ready for a quick toilet to-morrow Bill went to bed, his mind in a state of mingled excitement and rosy hope. He romantically pictured days of old when knights were bold!

"Those birds must have felt a whole lot the way I do when they had their minions gird them into about a hundred pounds of armour to joust for their ladies' favour," he said to himself. And then said no more, for dreams stole the place of waking thoughts. Sanda Smith and Mouny Sultana flickered across the screen of his visions in close ups and flash backs and cut ins, and led him a dance that called for the genius of Harold Lloyd, Douglas MacLean, or Buster Keaton.

According to habit he slept without waking until the first light of dawn filtering through a window opposite the bed touched his eyelids. They opened responsively.

"Heavens, I hope I haven't overslept!" was his first thought, as memory brought back to his intelligence the promise of this day.

But no! The light was still of the faintest rose, which told that the sun had not risen above the horizon. Bill was all right; but, as it was winter, even in the Sahara sunrise accomplished itself late, and he might

as well be up—nay, better, for there was daylight enough to see if the stain had worked.

With a bound Bill was out of bed and peering into the mirror. Then after a second of stunned, trembling silence, he emitted a howl like that of a trapped wolf.

Oh, it could not—it could not be true! No, it was one of those nightmares. He would wake up in a minute. He shook himself, pinched himself, charged round the room, and brought up once more at a stand-still in front of that double-damned mirror.

Allah! Krishnu! Buddha! Gosh! There was no waking up to find he had dreamed the horror. This awful object facing him in the mirror was himself, Bill Borrodaile.

Sickening, he forced his eyes to absorb the sight.

From his forehead, under a tousled mop of curly red hair, down far below the collar-bone he was purple, delicately spotted with green. In fact, each freckle was green. He resembled nothing in the world so much as some appalling vegetable, grown with the view of taking first prize among monstrosities at some country fair. An egg plant perhaps was the nearest approach to him. Or, yes, there was the mandril at the Zoo! In his anguish, Bill compared his own appearance unfavourably with that of this popular, high-coloured beast!

He gave vent to short, sharp groans, alternating with words he had subconsciously picked up in the war—words which would have given points to a Thames bargee.

He cursed himself, he cursed Mouny, and cursed

himself over again for believing in Mouny. He sympathised passionately with Bill Sykes. In some circumstances, surely, it was excusable to kick, jump upon, and utterly squash a female! He saw himself mingling Mouny with the pattern of the carpet, shouting "Take that—and that! You vixen! You hell-cat!"

Then, in the midst of his Berserker madness, Bill seemed to hear a tinkle of mocking laughter. He stopped swearing and listened. He must have imagined it. And yet he was sure that Mouny too would awaken early, not to be Queen of the May, but to revel in the thought of his predicament. No doubt the young devil was chuckling with glee in her bed at this moment! He yearned to choke the chuckles down her wicked throat. And yet his yelps suddenly turned to a wild fit of laughter.

He roared, yelled, he held his sides as he stared at his own image; a mandril, an egg plant, a purple what-not, spotted with green and crowned with hair that in contrast was as red as a bunch of carrots. Eyebrows, too, and eyelashes, they were violet. They would drive a bull to drink! Ha, but he was funny! He put himself in Mouny's place, and gazed at her masterpiece. The dashed viper was a genius—a card!

"But I'll get even with her if I lose my ears for it!" he told the purple pest in the mirror. And then, with a heady rush of optimism, he wondered if things were so bad, after all! Perhaps the stuff would wash away.

He lost no time in trying. He tried soap. He tried shaving stick. He tried rubbing with a rough

towel. But though the skin might be torn off the stain stood fast as the Rock of Gibraltar.

Fury had yielded to humour, and humour yielded to a cold despair. Sanda Smith might be at the very gates of the palace. She'd have to stay there! As for him, he would be confined to this room for the rest of his life, or at best for weeks or months, till his Easter-egg hue slowly, slowly faded to normal flesh colour—if it ever faded!

Well might that hell-cat Mouny promise he should ride forth on Halim's stallion to greet the lady of his love. She had known that it would be as easy for the sphinx to turn a somersault as for him to show his nose outside his bedroom door.

"I suppose she hopes I'll commit suicide and save her and that guy Ahmed the trouble of killing me," Bill thought savagely, glaring at the door. And as if his glare had been a signal there came a quick, anxious tapping.

"H'm! If the dashed harem thinks it can pour its whole contents into my room to watch me wriggle it can think again!"

But the tapping went on.

Bill paid scant attention. The lock had no key, but he hardened his heart, and resolved that, male or female, anything that tried to intrude should get a hot reception.

CHAPTER XXI

POPPIA DRINKS CHAMPAGNE

WHEN Sanda, in the borg at Dargla, saw that the door of her room had no lock her heart seemed to drop a long way down.

She thought of horrid things, such as you just glanced at in the newspapers, looking over Poppa's shoulder at breakfast—things that could never of course happen to you or yours, or even to anyone you knew. And then she thought of Bill, and how trifling had been his boasted love after all! If it had been *real* love he would never have let a poor little thing like her go off alone—that is, only with Poppa—into the vast, unfriendly desert. He had not even waked up to say good-bye. And she would never, never see him again.

She had pretended to feel toward him precisely as she felt toward several other young men who, like Bill, had presumably embarked on the "Auretania" trip more or less for her sake. But somehow or other he had been different, and now she would have given anything she owned if he had—well—loved her enough to follow Poppa and herself to Biskra.

Only think, if he had he would be here at this minute! With him at hand she could have been terrifically brave. And adventure like this would simply be glorious fun if Bill were in it. He *was* so cheerful and said such funny things!

Almost, for a minute, it seemed as if he were

really with her, laughing and showing his absurd dimples, for she saw his face so clearly. But he was not—he was not! By this time he was hundreds of miles away on the "Auretania," no doubt, forgetting her and falling in love with some other girl, some *hateful* girl.

"Not that, maybe, it doesn't serve me right for talking to him the way I did about the desert, and saying that no man except my gorgeous Arab Sheikh could give me the very least thrill," she reproached herself. And then she shivered a little. How utterly Ali had spoiled that word "sheikh" for her! She could not even long to see the desert prince she had made this endless pilgrimage to meet! She did not long for him in the least! She did not love the desert. She did not want it to "take" her. It was no comfort at all to know that, if she and Poppa won safely past this threat of danger, she would probably see the Agha to-morrow. He was an Arab, too. She felt to-night as alien from Arabs as if they were not human beings. She did not even care if the Agha were being married—no, but not to a *hundred* wives!

Sanda did not know whether she were shedding a few dreary tears, or whether it was just a renewal of desert snivels which caused her to sniff, and make her eyelids sting.

In the midst of these thoughts, all of which had raced each other through her mind in less than a minute, some other, more practical part of the girl's brain had been busily deciding that Poppa must be told about Ali.

Thank goodness for the door between her room and his! It was open; Sanda could hear Poppa moving about, unpacking a few things, and grumbling to himself some refrain about dirt, dust, dirt!

She glanced at the open door as she passed through to break the bad news to Poppa. There was no lock on it either—only an old-fashioned latch, like the one she had just examined on the door leading in from the courtyard; and Poppa's outer door, she soon saw, had the same primitive sort of fastening. Not even a bolt!

"Poppa, I do believe they're planning to rob and maybe even murder us here to-night!" Sanda flung at her parent.

Poppa, with a sponge-bag in one hand and a razor strop in the other, turned to her, and in his innocence laughed. "How do you get this way, Dolly?" he wanted to know.

Then the girl hurriedly told her story: Ali's impertinence, his threats, what he had said about the pistol, Sadik's doubts of him, and mention of a mysterious uncle at Dargla.

Poppa listened, and bristled beautifully with rage at the badness of Ali. Sanda's heart warmed to Poppa. The dear thing was not afraid at all! He was just plain American *mad*, as he announced with the blood mounting up to his darling bald spot:

"I'll go out now and show that putrid swine where he gets off!" he sputtered, and started for the door; but Sanda caught him by the lapel of his coat and cast herself upon his breast.

"Oh, Poppa, how *quaint* to hear you use Lord Bill's special adjectives!" she quavered. "What a comfort you are! I think you're a perfectly grand man. Still, even if there were two of you, don't you see the odds are against us, with your pistol gone? Of course I could use a pair of scissors in the last extremity, but——"

"Extremity nothing!" her father adorably snorted. "I'll just pop out and tell Ali to go to hell. I wouldn't have him lead us to this Bou something or other tomorrow if he went on his knees and grovelled for your forgiveness. He gets the *boot*, the low life! We'll hire a camel or two from this joint here, and——"

"Hush!" whispered Sanda, a finger on his lips. "Someone's knocking."

Poppa strode to the door with steps as long as his short legs could take, and with marvellous dignity, which Sanda admired with her whole heart. He was ready for Ali; but it was Mr. Issak who stood outside, so smiling and affable that Sanda gasped.

Expecting a demand for "Your money or your life!" she heard the mild announcement that dinner was ready to be served for Mademoiselle and Monsieur.

"I want to see that fellow Ali before I have my dinner," Poppa boomed.

Mr. Issak was apologetic. "Ver' sorry, Monsieur, Ali gone. Say ze young lady call 'im a *Menteur*, and tell him *allez au diable*. 'E have word, too, from zose man you see outside, zey come here little w'ile ago, bring message for Ali from Biskra. Very fine, rich

lady wait zere till 'e come, make up caravan for her. I tell 'im not go. Not right *laisser* Monsieur in a sudden like zis. 'E say 'e would not do if Mademoiselle she not insult 'im. 'E in a *fureur*, no listen to me; take 'is men and *chameaux*, and zey start back for Biskra in ze dark. But Monsieur can be calm. I 'ave chameaux and plenty mans. To-morrow Monsieur may go on. It is all raight."

"It is not all right!" Poppa protested; but if this big guy could be trusted, he at least was not to blame. No good blackguarding him, when instead of coming to kill them he summoned them do dine!

"I was going to discharge Ali for impudence, anyhow," he explained to his sympathetic host. "But all the same, it's monstrous he should walk off and leave us in the lurch. Well, he's missed a good bunch of greenbacks, and a big tip he'd have got if he'd behaved!"

"I t'ink 'e get much more moneys than 'e miss," Mr. Issak insisted. "But I regret Monsieur is troubled. Will 'e and Mademoiselle be pleased to dine now, or——"

"Well, there seems nothing to do except eat," said Poppa. "We'll finish our wash and brush up first, please, and then we'll have dinner, and talk about to-morrow. Got any decent wine?"

Mr. Issak said he had several delicious brands of Algerian wine, and also excellent champagne. The hour of the meal was at Monsieur's command.

It was perhaps an anticlimax to be fed instead of

knifed, but on the whole preferable. Poppa chuckled faintly as he washed, but Sanda barely smiled. She was wondering about several things. And among others she wondered what had become of Sadik and his devoted camel; whether the boy had contrived to get away, in the confusion of arrival, at which time he had seemed to disappear when her eyes sought him; or whether he'd forgotten his promise and with her money in some unspeakable pocket, had calmly ridden off with Ali.

"All's well that ends well, eh, honey?" remarked Poppa half an hour later, when Mr. Isaak had shown his guests into the alleged dining-room of the borg. "This may not be the Ritz Carlton or the Plaza, nor yet the St. George in Algiers, but it's a *room*. And so long as this feller says he'll get us to El Bouar all right to-morrow, why we're better off than we were with that darned piker Ali, even if I hadn't been obliged to kill him—which I *would* if he'd stayed."

"I suppose so," Sanda assented, though something within her refused to agree.

Dinner was not so bad. Indeed, to Poppa at least it was a festive occasion not to eat in a tottery tent, at a folding table, seated on folding chairs which now and then—like his camp bed—did unexpected Mack Sennett comedy tricks. Instead of paper napkins they had coarse but clean unbleached linen ones, with a tablecloth to match. There was almost no sand in the food, and only one fly—so far as they happened to see. The soup was hot, and tasted like home, because it was one of fifty-seven varieties;

there was a roasted chicken, certainly not more than a dozen years old, and a sweet omelet made with comparatively fresh eggs. The champagne was Swiss, and slightly corked; but when you have been travelling in the Sahara for days, with a caterer like Ali, be it ever so humble there's no wine like champagne.

Poppa became almost happy; and though Mr. Issak constantly hovered near, an attentive host, and numerous filthy Arabs and strong-smelling camels looked in at the window, he talked freely, more freely than he had talked to his daughter during their whole desert pilgrimage.

"Well, from what I understand, this El Bouar is our limit, ain't it, baby?" he asked. "You're not goin' to break it to me when we get there that you want to go on to Timbuktu?"

Sanda shook the golden waves of her bobbed hair.

"No. That's the place I always so much wanted to see," she answered. And in spite of herself, she sighed.

"Yes, the place you read about in the papers and magazines; the place that you're goin' to make the scene of your best seller," Poppa soliloquised, over his third glass of sweet Swiss. "Well, well, it does seem as if we've come a long way around for it, and I was mad enough for murder to-night. But Biskra was a mighty pretty place for anyone that loves deserts and Arabs the way you do, and when I think back now to our hotel there it seems like Buckingham Palace. If there's anything as good in El Bouar I guess I can settle down and make myself comfort-

able while you write out the notes for your novel, if they don't take you too long. Or, if that Agha you were always praising a while ago invites us to visit him in his castle, why, as Lord Bill Borrodaile used to remark in his English way, it will be a little bit of all right. And say, honey, speakin' of Lord Bill, I've done considerable thinkin' about him, for some reason or other, since that last day when the poor chap was taggin' after you in Algiers. Seems about ten years ago, doesn't it?"

"It does seem a little long," Sanda answered. "But why have you been thinking about Lord Bill? I can't see why!" (And she couldn't see why she'd been thinking of him constantly herself; but she had.)

"Well, he was a mighty nice feller," said Poppa, reflectively. "I used to notice him especially, on board ship. There was a bunch o' birds always eatin' crumbs out of your hand, but furrin as he was (if you can call a Britisher furrin, when so many of us Americans come from the same old stock) I used to say to myself, 'That's some boy!' He's a good sport, and a good sort. He never edged me off the side-walk or looked at me as if I was something the cat had brought in and then taken a dislike to, the way more'n one of our own American guys did if I happened to breeze along when they was havin' a *tate-ah-tate* with you. This Lord Bill, who was as wild about bein' in your society as any of the rest, if not more so, I must say he treated me like a man and a brother. I wasn't sure on board the 'Auretania'

whether I wouldn't hear one day that he'd asked the honour of enterin' my family."

"Why, Poppa, I *never* heard you talk like this before!" Sanda exclaimed. "I never thought you noticed the boys I played around with—at least not much."

"I guess we has-beens notice a lot more than our flapper daughters give us credit for," Poppa replied slyly. "Only we know enough to keep our mouths shut, unless there's a bad egg in the basket, or a fire alarm or something. I used to notice Lord Bill quite a good deal, on the 'Auretania,' partly because he never dug a hole in the ground with me if I butted in, and partly because there was two or three girls whose Pops have got all the money in the world and could buy and sell me in the day's work, who were always trying to make up to this English lord. He was a big gun at polo, I guess. But it's this *lord* business that catches some of our rich American lasses. They think they'd enjoy bein' 'Lady' This or That. I was real glad you weren't that sort! And yet, now and then, I'd say to myself, 'I wouldn't cry myself to sleep if my girl didn't turn that boy down in the end.' You see, I'm no millionaire. My money ain't big enough bait for one of these furrin lords who blow over to our shores fishin' for heiresses. I guess this Bill-bird loved you for yourself. And I was right sorry for him, darned if I wasn't, that day in Algiers when he knew you was goin' out of his young life without lookin' back at him over your shoulder."

"Why, Poppa!" Sanda cried, panting a little, be-

cause her heart beat almost as fast as when she had thought Mr. Issak et Cie likely to murder herself and father the next moment, "I just don't *know* what's got into you! It must be the champagne!"

"Maybe it is," Poppa admitted. "Not that the champagne put Lord Bill into my head, but perhaps it helps make me speak out the way I'm doing. And I haven't told you yet why he's been in my mind so much, joggin' along on that confounded camel in this gosh-darned desert. I've only been sort of workin' up to the subject. Because it's mysterious; I tell you, Dolly, it's *mysterious!*"

"Mysterious? What *do* you mean, mysterious?" Sanda questioned.

"Well, it's this way. I suppose Lord Bill is safe and sound on board the 'Auretania'——"

"Where he *overslept* on our last morning, and never said good-bye to me, though you think he loved me such a lot!" Sanda snapped.

"Apple sauce?" Poppa was heartless enough to retort. "I bet the boy didn't oversleep. I bet he was like that chap you read about when you are a boy and forget when you grow up: Achilles or some such guy, sulkin' in his tent. When a girl hands a man his hat—gives him the gate—as I suppose you did to this lord by the sick-cat expression of his face in Algiers, he doesn't hop up smiling to see her off and chirp 'Good-bye. Mighty pleased to have met you!' Not if he's a real *man*. Only a sissy does that. We poor old dads get sort of sat on as the years pass along, by our wives and daughters, and

maybe we do what they want us to do when we don't want to do it, because life's easier like that. But the young feller-me-lads haven't lost their pep. See?"

Sanda, through Poppa's eyes, saw one or two things she hadn't seen before—or saw the things in a different way. And since the affair of the unlocked door she'd seen Poppa too in so different a way from the ordinary "poor-dear-old-Pop" way that she hardly knew what to make of herself or him.

She did not answer his "See?" and after beginning a fourth glass of champagne (Sanda had had part of one) he rambled on:

"As I was sayin'," he caught himself up, "it's bin real mysterious the way that boy Bill has sort of haunted me in this damned desert! He may be happy as a clam in high water, dancin' attendance on some other girl by now, for many a good man's heart is caught in the rebound." (Here Sanda hastily tipped up her glass, which almost hid her face as she drained the last drops of wine.) "However, the *feelin'* I've had is this: as if the feller was with us. His ghost, I mean—though I'm no spiritualist, and the one time in my life I put my foot down with your poor Momma was about some of this table turnin' and spirit tappin'. But, as Lord Bill would often say himself, 'There it *is*, and that's *that!*' I feel his spirit with' us. Gosh! It's bin quite sort of creepy sometimes in the nights, with those durned jackals an' desert dogs howlin' like lost souls, an' my bed-clothes that narrow an' short, it seemed as if some unseen hand was twitchin' 'em off! I hope to gosh

the bird hasn't jumped overboard to save a drownin' man or woman, or some fool trick like that—which would be *him*, for all the world!—and his ghost has come trackin' the girl he once loved through the desert. The one consolation for him would be, I guess, flies an' other insects don't bother ghosts! What I want to ask you is, now we've got on this subject: Have you had any of the same weird sort of impression about this poor Lord Bill?"

Sanda was trembling. She had been in a nervous state, controlling herself with difficulty, ever since Ali's burst of impertinence in the early afternoon. The tension had increased after arriving at the borg.

"Oh, Poppa!" she stammered, "I *have* been thinking about Bill. I hardly know why. But—but my feelings were hurt when he didn't see us off the ship that morning. I thought he didn't care, after all. Not that *I'd* cared! I wasn't thinking of him that way. For years I've had an ideal—a dark, eagle-like man who would carry me off my feet. I told Bill so, but when he—when I thought he simply overslept, and didn't love me as he'd pretended to love—why, I sort of couldn't get him out of my head. And just as you say it's been with you, I've been—been just *haunted* by him every day since we left Algiers. It—the feeling—was so strong at Biskra, I imagined he might have followed us after all, and that it was his *will*—his thoughts—that had been with me the whole time. But it wasn't so. He didn't come."

"No. It wasn't so. He didn't come." Poppa echoed. "Well, he was a nice boy! I hope this ain't

any spook business. I hope he isn't dead. Not that we'll ever see him again, anyhow. He'll go home and marry some Lady Geraldine or Ermytrude. All I ask is to get him out of my head!"

Whereupon Poppa tossed off the last of the Swiss bottle's contents; and possibly the wine's effervescence took the place in his head of Bill's *Ka*, or *Doppelgänger*.

Mr. Issak, bustling in at that instant, with a few stale dates and something that had once been cheese, caused an immediate change of subject. They spoke of the time that camels would take to travel from Dargla to El Bouar: about six hours, good going; and when Mr. Issak again appeared a few minutes later, bearing coffee, he ventured to entertain his guests with a bit of gossip.

Had they heard, perhaps, that the Agha was about to marry his cousin, a beautiful young Arab lady—oh, but most *surpassingly* beautiful? Well, that had indeed been the fact. Now, however, a strange rumour had just come from El Bouar that there had been trouble in the palace. The Agha was said to be ill and confined to his rooms, which seemed to be true. But the story told was that the marriage had not been consummated. An English prince had arrived some days before on a visit, and nothing had been the same since. This prince had gone, it was said—sent away by the jealous Agha, but meanwhile the bride had looked upon him while he fought and conquered a pair of savage lions belonging to the palace, and had been so bewitched with the foreigner that she

refused herself to the bridegroom. This, no doubt, added Mr. Issak, in his English-French, French-English dotted with Arabic, was a harem tale, whispered from one palace woman-servant to another, till it reached the town, and thence would spread over the whole Sahara. Yet in his experience (and he had had much, though not his own, as he could not afford wives) harem gossip had always a foundation of truth.

"An English prince!" repeated Poppa. "Well, I don't suppose the Prince of Wales can have oozed down as far as El Bouar incog., do you, Sanda?"

Sanda laughed; and strange to say her laugh had little to do with the marital troubles of the Agha. How queer life was! Here she had come, literally thousands of miles to meet the Agha of the Ouled Mendil—that wondrous Sheikh of Sheikhs!—in order to torture herself with a passion in the desert which could never be gratified because she was a perfectly good little girl from St. Louis and New York. Yet she didn't care a tinker's *anything* whether he had married his cousin or were still free to fall at her (Sanda's) feet at first sight of her beauty to-morrow. She couldn't understand herself, because she didn't care. But she just didn't.

* * * * *

After coffee and vile cigarettes, which both Poppa and his daughter smoked rather than hurt poor Mr. Issak's feelings (the murderous villain had become "poor Mr. Issak" now!) the two went to their rooms.

Mr. Issak, or rather a hideous, squinting boy who served him as chambermaid, had provided two evil-

smelling oil lamps (one apiece) and a couple of pints of hottish water in queer red utensils that looked like large gourds.

Poppa now considered that his optimism and common sense were justified. This was no robbers' den! It was not Issak's fault that Ali had cleared out with his caravan. Poppa assured Sanda that she might sleep in peace. Nevertheless, to please her, he invented a lock for her door and his. Sanda's latch he fixed in place with a pair of scissors, and his with a big pocket knife. As for the windows, they were high up and small. Also they appeared to be hermetically sealed; at all events, a drapery of dust-dark cobwebs proved that many a moon had passed since they were opened.

It was about ten o'clock that father and daughter bade each other good-night, Sanda kissing Poppa with an unwonted show of affection, which, as a rule, he was allowed to take for granted. The girl left the rough door between the two rooms unlatched; and after Poppa had turned and twisted with grunts and groans on his pile of hard mattresses, Sanda heard a rhythmical sound which she called "puffing."

It was long before she herself could go to sleep; for one reason, she had a great deal to think of: Lord Bill, the Agha, and the horrible Ali, the disappointments and disillusionments of life in particular and in general. For another, the odour of the mattress and its covering of stained dust-soaked rugs; she was sure that not only had hundreds of Arabs lain

on it, but that it was a kind of apartment house for beetles and mice, if even an invalid camel had not reposed upon it since the rugs were changed.

She and her father had turned down and blown out the dull flame of their oil lamps; but Sanda owned a tiny travelling clock whose square face was lit with radium. She saw the hands point to eleven, twelve, and one. After that she lost consciousness and fell into a deep sleep. In a strangely fascinating yet disconcerting dream she was on the "Auretania," talking to Bill. She had been away but had somehow got back to find her own cabin just as she had left it, and every one on board charmed to see her. Bill, to console himself, had been flirting with the girl whom she had liked least—the girl who ranked next in prettiness and popularity to herself. Strolling along the deck in bright moonlight, she saw him with this beastly girl, leaning on the rail in the very spot where she and he had once leaned together. She paused, just breathing his name—"Bill!" He turned. The other girl was forgotten. He was hers again—if she should want him. And she did! She wanted him immensely. But the other girl, who had not moved at first, suddenly wheeled upon her with a glare of hate. She had entirely changed in appearance. Always brilliantly brunette, she had become an Arab woman, with strange ornaments twisted into her wheels of black hair, such as the Ouled Naïl girls wore at Bou Saada and Biskra. "How dare you take away my English prince?" she screamed, and surprised Sanda so much that she fell—a vast distance—into the sea,

but waked, with a cry, before she touched the cold, bright water far beneath.

For a moment she could not remember where she was, for Bill, and the girl, and the ship had been so real. She was in the dark somewhere, sitting up and shivering. It was the smell of mice and camels that brought everything back; and no sooner had she remembered the borg at Dargla than she realised that someone was trying to open the door.

In a second she was out of bed, little bare feet on dirty cold floor. Where were the matches? Oh, she had seen no matches. The lamp had been lighted when she returned from dinner.

The noise went on.

"Poppa! Poppa!" she screamed.

No answer at first. Her heart contracted. What if something had happened to darling Poppa? But another cry roused him. She heard something fall in his room. He was coming.

"Bring matches!" she shrieked.

"S all right, honey!" she heard. But the stealthy picking at the door had become a crashing noise now. Somebody had abandoned all caution and meant to break the door open.

Poppa had found matches. He always carried some, more for her cigarettes than his, because she had a habit of losing things, matches especially, and depending on other people in that dear little way that almost all men, except husbands, adore. Sanda could see a faint ray silvering the crack of the door between the rooms, which she had left ajar. Now it was steadier,

clearer. Poppa had kept his head, and had contrived to light the lamp in his room—the most sensible thing to do. Good for Poppa, because outside in the courtyard pandemonium reigned. Men yelled, camels roared. And Sanda couldn't help giving one shrill scream when a shot was fired.

By this time Poppa was with her, rotund and reassuring, in striped pyjamas, in his hand the lamp he had lit. His hair, such as he had, was on end, but Sanda knew that it bristled from bed, not fear.

"Oh, Poppa, they'll break in here in a few minutes and probably kill us!" she gasped. "If only you'd got your pistol!"

"But I haven't! Ali's got it," said Poppa crisply. "Keep your hair on, Dolly! They won't kill us. It's our money they want. But what do you say, we put up a fight for it?"

"Let's!" said Sanda, her blood warming.

Poppa set down his lamp on the table. "Here, take my matches and light your lamp too," he ordered. "We may want to smash one over some fellow's head."

Without a word Sanda obeyed, and lit the lamp with creditable quickness, though her hand trembled; and never before had she manipulated an old-fashioned oil lamp.

Meanwhile Poppa had bounced back into his room and carried into Sanda's a huge suit-case, his sole desert luggage. Then, with the agility of a boy, he pranced back and forth, dragging two chairs and an iron wash-hand-stand. Next, he hurled in

the mattresses which had formed his bed, and the rugs followed.

"Got another pair o' scissors or anything?" he panted. "If you have, stick it into the latch o' the door between. I've brought all I want out of my room now."

Sanda had a steel paper-knife, copper handled, which she had bought in Algiers. As she did not quite see herself using it as a dagger, she used it in the door. The dugout consisted of the one room now; and the outer door still held. While Poppa had reinforced the armoury from his room, Sanda had hauled and pushed a clumsy chest of drawers against the door.

These hasty preparations finished, Poppa built a barricade of mattresses, and ordered Sanda into its protection. He himself took up a place behind the door.

"First man in gets his head bashed with this chair," he said. "Next chap'll get a lamp—the one that burns worst. But there'll be plenty of fire and oil to put the fear of God into an Arab or two, I bet! Then, if this outfit's made up of Ali's men, or some other thieving lot, and Issak and his servants stand by us—the beasts may bolt—but——"

"I'm sure Issak's in this too!" breathed Sanda, wrapped in her dressing-gown now, her feet in slippers. "I'm sure—something tells me (it told me all along, but I wouldn't listen!)—that this is a plot. Ali went off so he could have an alibi and not be accused. Issak's probably the uncle. He was so nice to us, and blamed Ali, and promised us camels to-morrow, so we wouldn't suspect him. But don't you believe,

Poppa, those shots out there in the courtyard were a farce? He'll pretend later the borg was attacked by thieves, who thought you were rich and that we'd have lots of money and jewels? Maybe he and his men will be gagged and bound. Oh, Poppa, I'm *certain* there'll be nobody to help us."

"You may be right, honey," Poppa agreed. "P'raps I ought to show the white flag, for your sake——"

"No!" cried Sanda. "Even if you do they'll rob and maybe kill us. They can't do more, if we show fight! A lot of *Arabs*, and we're *Americans*! No, we won't give in till they down us!"

"The door's going!" said Poppa.

"Yes," said the girl, grasping her lamp. "*Sheikhs*!" she heard herself hissing.

CHAPTER XXII

"A STALLION SHOD WITH FIRE"

DAWN had not yet gilded the desert sands when Hadj Ahmed-ben-Amar-el-Chorfa rode out on Halim's favourite horse, followed by such members of Halim's *goum* as could be assembled in a hurry.

Eight cloaked men, counting Ahmed, all finely mounted, were fantastic in the faint light as a company of ghostly horsemen; and Ahmed was satisfied with their appearance. So was Mouny, who, with last injunctions, saw her brother off. And she would have been among the horsemen—a light figure in a purple burnous, with hood up and small feet in neat filali

boots—if she had not wished to stop at home and have all the fun of the fair—the fair that was her exquisitely comic revenge.

She had fired Ahmed—who was never hard to fire when profit or pleasure were to be had for himself—to stage a very good act with the heiress, who possessed millions of American dollars, and was dying to be cave-manned by an Arab sheikh.

A few hours before, Sadik the camel boy had arrived at the palace, wakened the negroes at the gates, and asked urgently for the Agha. Owing to the Agha's illness Bou-ed had been summoned and consulted; and Bou-ed had thoughtfully delivered Sadik's message at Lalla Mouny's door.

The boy, whose grandfather was a man of El Bouar, had ridden his own camel at racing speed from Dargla, whence he had smartly slipped away from his caravan, in the bustle of its arrival at the borg. A young American lady of great beauty and vast wealth had paid him much money to implore the Agha for help. She and her father, a millionaire, had been betrayed by their caravan leader. This Ali would make an excuse that he had been insulted by the Roumis; but in fact he had unpardonably deserted them at Dargla to return to Biskra, where a still richer engagement awaited him. The landlord of the borg was uncle to Ali, and Sadik believed that there was some plot to rob the Americans during the night, and then turn them out into the desert. The young lady believed this too, and was afraid. She begged that the Agha would come to the rescue.

Such sense of humour as Mouny had was cynical at most times, and was now embittered by a venomous hatred of the girl she had never seen.

Already Lord Bill was disposed of. He most assuredly could not, with all the will in the world, ride to his love's rescue. Mouny had seen to that! But why should not Ahmed kill not two but three birds with one stone—give the girl the show she wanted, winning her admiration; save her from robbers, winning her gratitude; ask her in marriage, winning her money? Why not, indeed (since he was a Hadj, son of a Marabout, with the magic gift of the baraka, and was privileged to do what he chose), *force* her to take him if she refused, which was a cave man's duty, and thus, in any case, become master of her American millions?

"She will think at first that thou art Halim," Mouny suggested to her brother. "And when she learns that thou art Halim's cousin what will it matter? Her dollars will be of use to thee! Thou canst travel with her to America, and see all the world. Thou canst own a yacht, and motor-cars, and a villa at Monte Carlo, as the Indian Rajahs and exiled kings do. If thou dost not like her, thou knowest that thou art free to take three other wives. And thou needst not give up the woman Zulikha thou hast taken already. It is a splendid chance for success—a chance that could not come twice in a lifetime."

Ahmed was inclined to agree, especially, as he had seen Sanda's photograph, stolen from Bill's bag, and had admired it intensely. If the girl fell in love

with him at sight it would not be strange, so Ahmed thought with true Arab vanity. If not, since her wish was to be "cave-manned" and kidnapped, she would have only herself to blame for anything that happened! As for the father, he seemed negligible—apart from his pocket-book—judging from words which Bill had inadvertently dropped to Mouny, and Sadik's description of the old gentleman graphically given to Bou-ed.

If Ahmed had chosen he could have taken Halim's car instead of his stallion. Though the baby caterpillar had not been built for speed it would have saved hours of delay. But Ahmed did not fully believe Sadik's story of danger for Mees Smeet. Being himself an Arab, he knew Arabs. If an Arab boy of Sadik's class vowed that theft with violence threatened the travellers, it was probably true that somebody might try to frighten the Americans in the hope of extorting a few dollars. Ahmed thought that, if Mees Smeet had already gone through this experience when he appeared, she would be in a more impressionable mood than if nothing unpleasant had occurred. Besides—and even more important—the girl demanded a sheikh, mounted on a stallion. He was going to give the foolish one her wish.

Between Dargla and El Bouar there were no dunes. The desert was comparatively flat—a smooth floor of pinkish golden sand, sparkling with crystals known as "desert diamonds" or "desert flowers." Camels were not needed for this sort of surface, if one preferred horses; and in these circumstances Ahmed did prefer

them. He imagined that the "Smeets," father and daughter, must be what the English called "fed up" with camels after four days' journey with a badly organised caravan. And horses could travel far faster than any camels save the "mehari," or famous racing camels, which help to make the tourist happy at Biskra in the month of February.

Ahmed and the *goum* rode out from El Bouar before the hour of five in the morning. At nine or thereabouts, long before the few poor palm-trees of Dargla came in sight, his desert-bred eyes spied in the distance two human figures moving through the sand on foot. This surprised him; because human figures in pairs, or even in crowds, do not move in the Sahara on foot.

If they are met with on foot, not far off is a camp or a caravan. Here there was neither, so far as Ahmed could see; and he could see farther than most men. *He* needed no horn-rimmed spectacles!

The rest of the *goum* also noticed the strange apparition and were equally surprised at it. The youngest member suggested that they were forms in a mirage; but a mirage would have been composed of other forms: camels, or tents, or palms, or water.

Ahmed and his men rode on, and he, pushing the beautiful black Sultan in advance, soon saw that the figures were those of a short, fattish man and a slender young woman. They seemed to be very peculiarly dressed; Ahmed could not yet make out what they wore, though it had an effect more or less European—in any case, not Arab.

A little nearer, and the morning sun—already hot—glittered on the head of the woman, turning it to pale but burnished gold. She must be very young; and the man apparently was elderly. Nothing glittered on *his* head, which seemed to be scantily furnished with hair! What there was of this thatch might be grey. Could these lone figures possibly be those of Mr. and Mees Smeet? If so, something certainly had happened—something more serious than Ahmed had thought probable! He spurred Sultan. And Sultan royally resented the spur.

None save Halim and one groom—the stallion's own special attendant—ever rode Sultan. He was a young creature, gentle by nature, and Halim's gentleness had suited him. But he had a temper, and he had pride of race. He had rejoiced to be taken out this morning, because, save for a certain amount of uninteresting exercise, he had been in his stall for days and nights on end. Not to be mounted by his master disappointed him; still, to trot in the fresh air and light wind was a pleasure; and except for a little caracolling, to which Ahmed—a fair horseman—was equal, the high-bred Arab politely hid his private feelings. He liked being kept ahead of the other horses, knowing himself superior to them, but the touch of a spur was too much. He bounded, bucked, laid back his ears and raced ahead, then flung off his rider at the feet of a girl in a dressing-gown and an elderly gentleman in pyjamas.

It was some moments before Ahmed came to himself, and as soon as memory returned his first

sensation was one of shame. He had meant to make a great impression on a sentimental Roumia, and the only impression he had made was on the sand. Judging by this aching pain in his head he must have left quite a notable impression there!

He waked to find all the *goum* round him. Sultan had been caught, and stood looking as if butter—or some equine equivalent—would not melt in his mouth. At this sight, fury equal to the storm in Mouny's soul, mounted to Ahmed's brain. His rage against Halim's horse was so uncontrollable that he snatched a whip from one of his men and lashed the now docile Sultan across his black velvet face.

The stallion squealed and made for Ahmed with open mouth, but his own groom, who had held him, sprang forward, giving Ahmed time to jump out of the way, then leaped on the horse's back and was carried off as if by the wind.

Sanda Smith also was furious, but furious with Ahmed, whom she supposed to be the Agha. For the moment she forgot all that she and Poppa had endured in the last seven or eight hours. She forgot their gallant defence of the one-room fortress at Dargla; the hurling of chairs, the throwing of the lamp, and the final surrender of the besieged Americans to overwhelming native forces. She forgot the rush of a dozen dirty and wild-looking Arabs into the room, and their greedy onslaught upon bags and suit-cases. She forgot her flight, assisted by Poppa's unexpectedly strong arm, out into the dark courtyard; the plunging camels there, seen under the stars; the

howling dogs; the hypocritical wails of Issak, bound and lying on the ground, protesting that he too had been robbed by prowling Bedouins, wounded and would doubtless die. She forgot the sensation, half relief, half horror, when she and Poppa found themselves outside the gates of the borg in the vast, lonely desert—allowed to go free since all their property was left behind, and yet in danger of thirst, starvation, or heaven knew what!

The two had wandered on for hours, guided in the southward direction of El Bouar only by stars, which oddly enough Poppa seemed to know something about (Poppa was still being wonderful, and grand, though only an American father who had practically spent his whole existence in the sale of chewing gum!), and later by the sun, which rose and thawed the blood in their chilled veins.

All was forgotten for an instant in the girl's fury of disgust against the man with the whip.

"You beast!" she heard herself scream, caring little whether he could understand or not. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself for lashing that beautiful creature? I'd like to strike you across the face with your own whip! Oh, what a pity there's no Society here to prevent cruelty to animals."

Ahmed bowed to her with exaggerated courtesy and an ugly light in his eyes. "Mees Smeet, I believe?" he responded in English. "I rode out from my home at El Bouar to help you and your father, when a message came to me in the night. I thank you for your very charming gratitude."

Sanda stared, and gasped a little, though her heart did not soften. "Are you the Agha?" she asked. "You don't look much like his photograph!"

"I am the Agha's cousin, and allow me to say I am very pleased I do not look like the Agha's photograph. My cousin is ill, because your friend the English Lord Bill has come here and taken Halim's bride away from him."

"Lord *Bill!*" choked Sanda and gasped Poppa in unison.

"Lord Bill," Ahmed echoed, delighted to hurt the girl. "This Roumi lord, who makes you believe he loves you, he comes here by aeroplane, days ago. He violates the sanctity of my cousin's harem. He steals my cousin's bride—my sister, Mouny, the most beautiful girl of all Algeria or perhaps the world. And you—you I come out in my cousin's place to save—you insult me! You——"

"Say, Sheikh, that'll be about all!" said Poppa. "Better keep the rest of it in your head. By the size it's swelling up I guess there'll be plenty of room."

Ahmed turned a venomous stare on the fat, red-faced man in pyjamas.

"You had better be careful," he said. "I have it in my power to do what I like with you and this girl. I can treat her as I please. And that is what she was wanting, was it not? I am her hero—an *Arab sheikh!*"

Sanda, almost without knowing what she did, lifted her hand and slapped his face. She slapped it very hard.

CHAPTER XXIII

FOR THE SAKE OF MISS SMEET

BILL was in a mood that morning to pull down the pillars of the temple, like Samson, or to guard the bridge-head, like Horatius.

No one should get in to gloat, or at worst would not gloat long!

As he stood ready to hold the door, from the tower of the distant mosque he heard the muezzin chanting *El Fejur*, the Prayer of the Dawn. Halim had translated the words into English for him:

In the name of the All Merciful and Pitiful!
We seek refuge with the Lord of the Day
Against the sinfulness of Beings created by Him.
Against all Evil and against the Night,
Lest they overcome us suddenly!

He wondered if Allah were just enough to take a Christian's part against His Moslem children? If so, Mouny ought to have some punishment meted out to her which would fit the crime!

He thought that most likely it was Mouny herself who knocked; and when the tapping continued to irritate him he decided to break silence.

"You might as well go away as waste your time on me!" he shouted. "Whoever you are, you won't get in, or, if you do, you'll be sorry you did."

A voice answered in English—a woman's voice, but not Mouny's.

"I *must* speak to you for the sake of Mees Smeet!"

The words were an "open sesame"!

Bill forgot his sulks, his complexion, and his py-jamas. He flung the door open, and a female form which must have leaned against its panels pitched headlong into the room. It would have fallen had not Bill caught and steadied it.

The woman, with some vague murmur, flung back a burnous hood and looked up to thank him, but her face petrified with surprise and horror as if she had been a gorgon.

"*Mon Dieu!*" she gasped.

"Quite!" said Bill. (Wasn't there once a Veiled Prophet or some such bird with a map that people went down before like flies, if he only just showed it to them?) This woman had got the knock-out at first go off, so he need not worry with camouflage. "Yes," he sneered, "*Mon Dieu* and all the rest! You see me, don't you? This is the way you harem princesses serve trusting strangers. You paint the lily. You gild fine gold. But enough about you and me, your ladyship. The question is, What the dickens do you know about Miss Smith?"

"I am Zulikha, the dancer, from Constantinople," the visitor insisted upon introducing herself.

"Oh, yes, *alias* Dozia Thingumoffsky, from Moscow!" barked Bill. "I know all about *you!* What about Miss Smith?"

"The Hadj Ahmed has ridden away to Dargla on the Agha's stallion, Sultan, with the Agha's *goum*,"

Zulikha answered, ignoring his insult. "He started nearly an hour ago, before the dawn." Her tone was as bitter as Bill's, and her face, which Bill had seen through her veil when she danced the Salome dance, was ugly with anger. She was wrapped in a black burnous made for a man, and as she stood straight and tall before Bill she had the air of a menacing Fate. "Ahmed rode fast, he and his men," she added. "He is in a hurry to see Mees Smeet."

Bill had jumped at the first words, as if the woman had shot him. "Why the devil is he in a hurry?" he challenged Zulikha.

"He wants to make love to her," was the answer.

This was too much. Bill turned and rushed around the room like a wild animal newly caged. "Well, I am damned!" he exploded. "If this isn't the outsize elastic limit! Ahmed's sweet sister turns me to a scarecrow—a tatty-bogle—and then packs off her brother to sheikh my girl! Those two are the premier pigs of the desert! And here I have to sit with the face of a decayed warthog!"

"Ah, but if you love Mees Smeet you must not sit!" warned Zulikha.

"That's easy to say—what? If I don't sit I can stand. But I can't go out of this room unless there's an antidote to this damned stuff and I can get hold of it in a hurry."

"As to that I do not know; but you must go out of the room," the girl urged, "or things you will not like may happen."

"They've happened already. But what do you

mean? This cad Ahmed can't kidnap Miss Smith! Or—good Lord, can he?"

"He knows that she wished to be kidnapped," said Zulikha. "Listen! I must explain to you, or you will never understand, and it is better for her and you that you do understand quickly."

Bill controlled himself, his blue eyes, looking like boiled gooseberries stuck into a purple Easter egg, goggled at Zulikha, but she did not laugh. What blight had fallen on him—whether he had been poisoned or merely painted—she had no idea, and cared little. She seized the crux of the affair.

"You say you know about me. That does not matter now," she went on. "But if you do know, you know I live with the Hadj Ahmed. He has taken for me the house where the Agha Halim put the French film actress when she was here. This last night, very late, the girl Mouny who should have been the Agha's bride (oh, I have heard how she fell in love with you) came knocking at the door. Ahmed waked, and heard the knocking. At first he did not answer, but she called out some word that is evidently a signal between them. Then he ran and let her into the house. He thought he had shut the door of my bedroom, but it was not latched. Very softly I pushed it ajar and peeped out from the darkness of my room into the one where Ahmed had made a light.

"His sister was dressed like a boy, in tall boots and a purple burnous, with a man's chechia on her head under the hood, but I knew her face even in

the dim light. I have danced for her in the harem, though the old ladies there are shocked at me. I understand Arabic well, or I should not have been sent here. I listened and heard every word Ahmed and Mouny said."

"Well?" prompted Bill, when the woman paused for breath.

"Mouny ('Sultana,' Ahmed calls her) talked about a photograph, the picture of a girl. Ahmed had seen it. Not last night—before that. Mouny had shown it to him. I understood from their conversation that it belonged to you. Mouny had stolen it—or no, she had got Bou-ed to steal it, and by and by put it back in the place where you kept it, without your knowing. It seemed that Ahmed admired the photograph, and Mouny too thought it beautiful, but she hates the girl of the picture, and told Ahmed you had been deceitful about her. They spoke the name of this girl, and Mouny said she was so rich and so pretty she would make a good wife for Ahmed. She reminded him that a Hadj and a son of a Marabout can bless his own acts, as he can those of others, so that nothing he chooses to do is contrary to his religion."

"The damned swine!" Bill couldn't help interrupting.

"That is much the same as Ahmed calls you. Mouny told him how at last you had confessed all your real plans to her, though you had kept back the truth at first. She had thought out a revenge upon you for deceiving her and loving another, when

you ought to have loved her; and it was a revenge that would do good to Ahmed, and to all his ambitions, if he would take her advice. She would have come to the house sooner, but dared not leave the palace till late, when every one was asleep. At last old Bou-ed helped her to get out, and came with her to our place, Ahmed's and mine. Ahmed and Mouny laughed when she told him how you meant to act the part of a great sheikh to please this girl you loved, because she had fallen in love with Halim's picture, and wanted him to make love to her with violence, in the way she thought an Arab prince of the desert would do. Mouny and Ahmed made fun of Halim. 'If a girl fell in love with his picture,' she said to her brother, 'how much more would she fall in love with you?' Ahmed is vain of his looks! I love him, but I see his faults. Now do you begin to understand what has happened, and what will happen unless you——"

"Confound it, I understand too well!" cut in Bill. "I see the whole beastly business from beginning to end. That desert cat did the one thing that could put me out of the running. Circe used to turn men to swine; she's turned me into a sort of cubist orangutan. But there must be something that'll wash this damned stuff off! I say, you don't want Ahmed to make love to Miss Smith any more than I do?"

"Of course not," Zulikha agreed. "That is why I came to you as soon as I could get into the palace. I was afraid at first that I should fail. I had to wait till Ahmed had dressed himself, while I pretended to

be fast asleep. Then I must wait again till daylight and find an excuse to pass the watchman at the gate. But that I did, because they know me well, and I pretended that the Hadj had given me a last message to his sister before he rode away. After that, instead of going to the harem, I came here to you. But I am sorry I know nothing that can take off the colour from your face. You must find some way of going to Mees Smeet, even as you are."

"Good heavens!" groaned Bill. "She'd faint at sight of me. Does Ahmed mean to bring her and her father here?"

"Yes."

"Well, Poppa's better than no one, though he mayn't be much! No harm can come to Miss Smith before she's been brought into this house. Meanwhile I must get some stuff that'll make me white again, so I can face her——"

Bill stopped. A brain-wave had swept over him. His eyes turned to the table where stood the bowl of dye. As he remembered, the bowl was nearly half full. The liquid had changed in tone since last night, and now had a glint of the same rich purple that coloured his face.

"Or," he went on with slow and vicious emphasis, "I'll catch that wildcat Mouny by the back of her neck and rub her nose in her own precious decoction."

"Good!" exclaimed Zulikha. "I hate Mouny now as much as you do, and I should like her to be hurt because she would take Ahmed away from me. But it might be long before you could get to her, if at

all. She might seek refuge in the harem. You could not break in there——”

“I’d break into hell!” cried Bill.

“But even so, there may be no remedy for you, except time. The paint may need to wear off by itself. Meanwhile, I have not yet told you all the story. When Mouny came to Ahmed in the night, besides those things I have repeated to you, she told him more. A boy had arrived at the palace on a fast camel from Dargla. A young lady had paid him money to ride to the Agha as fast as he could. It was a camel boy from a Biskra caravan. He was to ask the Agha to come and help, for the caravan leader was deserting her. She thought that the people in the borg meant to rob and murder her and——”

“Heavens! Why didn’t you tell me that at first?” Bill yelled.

It no longer mattered that he was hideous, and that Sanda, if she lived, could never think of him without laughing herself into hysterics. The one thing that did matter was to get to her as soon as he could.

His blood had rushed to his head in a kind of a tidal wave, but he forced it to subside. He had to think coolly and quickly now.

CHAPTER XXIV

CATERPILLAR VERSUS STALLION

THIS woman Zulikha could help him. She must! And for her own sake she would.

"See here, I'll have to pour myself into some clothes and start," Bill said. "Can you tell me where that caterpillar car of the Agha's is kept? I know the Agha was stopped at Teni-oued, and that his chauffeur brought the car back the day after he left, though Ahmed and his sister both lied about it to me."

Zulikha hesitated for an instant, and then answered, "Yes, I can tell you where the car is, if you can get out of the palace, and——"

"I *will* get out! But I'd not be sorry to have some stronger weapon than a safety razor, though I'll make that do if I must. Anyhow I know Ahmed's plans, and what you Bolshie women are engaged to help him and his friends to do. So don't be afraid to speak out! You'll give away no secrets. Does he keep his armoury ready for emergencies in the salem-lik, or in your house?"

"In the room where Ahmed sleeps in the palace, when he stays here, there are some English and American pistols; and there are a few of what they call Mills' bombs, very old ones, that Halim brought back as souvenirs in the war, and gave them to Ahmed. Ahmed always hoped for revolution, and he kept them. They were not emptied, I know."

"All right. A few of each will do me! Can you sneak into that room?"

"I think so. Bou-ed will let me in. He has faith in me, because he knows I love Ahmed and work for him."

"Then chase yourself there, collect a couple of

Mills' bombs, which will be about all you can tackle, with a pistol or two, loaded—there must be no mistake about that—with cartridges that *fit*. While you're gone I'll dress. Get a move on!"

Without a word Zulikha glided to the door. There was not a sound outside. It was too early for Boued to appear, according to custom, and offer his services as valet. Even the vindictive Mouny would hardly expect to find her victim awake to his misfortunes at this hour.

When the door had shut behind the black-robed figure of Zulikha, Bill went straight to the pile of "sheikh" garments which last night he had laid ready for his joyous coup to-day. They would take no longer to put on than would his own clothes. His chance of slipping out of the palace unnoticed would be two to one when dressed as an Arab than as a European. Besides, with a handkerchief masking his face up to the eyes and the hood of a burnous pulled over his forehead, the full force of his hideousness would be toned down—anyhow at first glance.

Bill hurried the things on over his pyjamas, had covered the lower half of his face with a big handkerchief held with a gold safety pin, had muffled his head with the hood of Halim's best burnous, and had struggled into a pair of elaborate boots before there was any sign of Zulikha. However, unless she were detained by force, there was little fear of her failing to report. She had come to him of her own accord, and for her own advantage. For her he was but a

convenient catspaw. The fact that his interest and hers were one was purely accidental.

"I'll give her five minutes more grace," he decided. "Then if she doesn't turn up I'll have to risk going out on my own."

As he told himself this his eyes fell once more on the bowl that contained what was left of the dye.

"A pity to waste it!" he mumbled.

On the same table stood a bottle of honey and flowers with which he more or less controlled his too curly hair. It was the work of seconds to pour out the contents and fill the bottle to the top with dye.

"Might find a use for it," he thought viciously, and slid the bottle into a spacious pocket inside the burnous.

Zulikha's limit of time was now up. He wanted what she had gone to find, but could not afford to wait. Luckily, when he opened the door, there she was, her form a darker shadow in the shadows of an unlit corridor.

"Have you got what I sent you for?" Bill whispered.

"Yes," the girl whispered back. "Two little bombs the size of big oranges and two pistols."

"Good!" Bill said; then neither spoke again till they were out of the house and in the front courtyard.

It was full daylight now, and they could be seen by anyone stirring. Yet even so, with their hoods up, they were unlikely to be challenged. As Bill told himself, they might be anyone. But he braced himself for trouble at the gates.

The bars had not been put up again since Zulikha had been let in, but as Bill pushed the big, double doors open, a negro popped out from one of the small tower-houses.

Zulikha half threw back her hood, while Bill hid his face in the loose folds of his.

"Be quiet, Nimlek!" she said. "The Sid' Agha wishes no one to know that he is well enough to go out on important business in his car."

The negro stared furtively at Bill, but doubtless remembered the burnous as the Agha's property; and the Agha's business was not his business, although it might be queer. The Sid' Agha was said to be ill. Yet here he was sneaking off at dawn with the Sid' Hadj's dancing girl, and his wedding night but a week old! It was no wonder that the Agha passed through his own gates with his head down, not even returning his servant's salute!

Outside the gates Bill asked where the car was kept, and Zulikha pointed in the direction of the town. "The house with the tall palm growing so high above the wall that you see it reflected in the river is where I live. The Agha has lent it to Ahmed," she said. "I told you the Agha gave the house to his French love while the film was being made. At that time she bought another little house close by, where the screen actresses kept a car like the one Halim owns now. He had the front and inside of the house knocked away to make a garage, and when the company left it was never changed. When the Agha's caterpillar came back the other day from Teni-

oued, Ahmed had Ibrahim the chauffeur put it there."

"No wonder I never saw or heard it come back," Bill thought aloud.

"Ahmed and Mouny did not wish you to see or hear."

"Um!" he grunted. "And where is Ibrahim now?"

"With the car. He sleeps there at night."

"Oh! Better turn over the bombs and pistols to me now, then."

Zulikha obeyed. The two pistols were unloaded, but she had brought a few handfuls of cartridges, and stopping abruptly Bill fitted them into place. He was charmed with the bombs. The look of them brought to his memory some bad old days that had not been so bad after all when you called them back!

Walking as fast as they could through sand, the two reached the gate of the makeshift garage. Bill tried it, and, as he expected, found it locked.

"If we can avoid a row it will save time," he said. "Wake the chauffeur. He'll know your voice. Probably he'll let you in."

Zulikha called, "Ibrahim! Ibrahim!"

There was a sound on the other side of the gate, and a moment later it was flung open. A giant of a man peered out. He was dark as a negro, and had repulsive, hybrid features. His big eyes goggled as he saw Halim's burnous, for he knew, none better, that the Agha was at Teni-oued. And he was serving the Hadj.

"Let us in!" commanded Zulikha. "Orders of the Hadj!"

"Lalla," replied Ibrahim, "I cannot do it. I take no orders except from the Hadj himself."

This answer he gave in Arabic, of which Bill Borro-daile understood few words; yet he knew from the look on the man's face what he had said, and pulled out a pistol from under his burnous. Ibrahim recoiled at sight of it and would have slammed the gate, but Bill leaped through, and pushed the weapon hard against the chauffeur's solar plexus.

"Tell him I'll shoot if he so much as squeals!" Bill barked.

Zulikha translated the threat.

"Now tell him to get the car ready. I'm going to drive it myself, but he's going with me so he can't give an alarm here. When I get ready I'll shove him out of the car along the way somewhere—far enough from El Bouar to treat him to a good walk."

And Zulikha translated. Sulkily, Ibrahim backed through the gates into a small courtyard. But a devil looked out of his eyes. If the unknown in the burnous went off guard for a second that second would be enough! Suddenly Bill lifted his free hand, pushed back his hood, and glared at the man with a pair of fierce blue eyes under a purple forehead and thatch of copper hair.

Ibrahim uttered a stifled cry.

"He thinks you are a djinn!" explained Zulikha.

"Let him go on thinking so. Tell him if he tries one trick I'll blow his head off. And I know that a

Moslem thinks he'll never get to paradise if he loses his head. The Agha himself told me that, long ago!"

Bill could see the car now. A garage had been made simply by knocking out the whole front of a small adobe house, and the caterpillar almost filled the entire space. Bill had never tackled such an object as this newfangled desert car. But he had never seen anything in motor-car shape that he could not drive; besides, in the war he had had a few weeks' experience with a tank. Conducting this thing through the sand would be child's play to that. And, anyhow, they called it a "baby"!

Followed at every move with the pistol, Ibrahim gave the car water and gas.

"Tell him not to forget to oil!" he reminded Zulikha.

Ibrahim had meant to forget oil. He watched his chance to prevent the car from moving, but he was under the eye of an expert, and if the pistol was not at his ribs while he worked, it was at his back.

"Now tell him to start the engine," said Bill. "While he's doing that, and I'm keeping after him, you look round for a rope or something I can tie him up with."

Zulikha gave the order, and started off on a search round the makeshift garage. The engine was pounding when she came back, but she had found nothing better than a ragged cloak made of sacking.

"That'll do if you're strong enough to tear it in lengths," Bill pronounced.

Zulikha tried, and failed.

"You do it, and give me the pistol," she proposed, with a graphic gesture.

Ibrahim's eye glittered.

"No. It wouldn't be safe," Bill said. "If you can't tear this thing I'll have to lock him up somewhere."

Zulikha tried once more. The old sacking yielded. Encouraged, she tore it into three long strips. Ibrahim was ordered to put his hands behind him. Zulikha tied them together, and then trussed up his legs. When that was done Bill handed the pistol to Zulikha and tested her knots. They would not have held for five minutes, but they had served to bridge a few ticklish seconds. Bill went through the work over again, while Ibrahim writhed, and tried to swell his muscles. A bit of dirty waste served for a gag, and though Ibrahim was about twice his size it was not for nothing that Bill had often watched London porters handling big trunks. Once, in a great railway strike after the war, he had been one of many laughing youths to "help out" for the public good; and now, while Zulikha could have counted twenty-five (but did not) the great helpless lump was bundled into the back of the car.

"There we are!" panted Bill proudly. "Give me the pistol, my lady. Thanks! And now hop into the car yourself."

"But no, I am not going," Zulikha answered in surprise. "But yes, you are!" Bill assured her.

"You would not shoot a woman—a woman who has helped you?"

"Maybe not. But here's what I will do. If you

don't climb into the car this minute without making a fuss and wasting my time you'll get a face like mine. I'll give it to you without a qualm!"

He produced from the huge pocket that now held the bombs the bottle which he had thought might come in handy. Its contents gleamed purple in the daylight.

Zulikha suppressed a scream and clambered over the great package that was Ibrahim. Bill jumped into the chauffeur's seat and started the car with a bound that would scare the woman from jumping out. The caterpillar tore through the open gateway, and all but mowed down a lithe, running figure in a purple burnous.

The form leaped aside, swift as a desert gazelle, and Bill put on speed; but once again Mouny was too quick for him. She sprang for the car, caught the back, and clambered in, falling over Ibrahim, but scrambling up in a second.

"Wildcat!" Bill flung at her, over his shoulder. "You thought you'd Delilah'd me. Did the gate-man put you wise? Sweet of you to take so much trouble to say good-bye. But this train's an express. You get off here. *On your way, please!*"

For answer Mouny flashed out from under her burnous a small revolver. "You would steal Halim's car, my English lord!" she panted. "It is you who get off, not I. Go—or I fire!"

Bill laughed, and shoved on the reverse. With a heaving jerk the caterpillar backed and shot Mouny out into the sand. Mechanically throwing up her

hands as she fell, the little weapon dropped into the car, where it hid under Ibrahim's cramped bulk. Bill forged ahead again, with one backward glance over his shoulder. Mouny had rolled over and over, then struggled to her feet, spitting rage and sand. As Bill turned his head for a parting glance she had abandoned the hope of following, and stood, graceful and beautiful, with an arm stretched out in a last curse.

It was an Arab curse, of blighting devastation.

"*Balek! Hā, ya elli hemlek el oued!*" But even if Bill had understood that Mouny dismissed him from her life with an "Out of my way for ever, thou whom even the river has rejected!" it would not have disturbed him. The last thought he vouchsafed her was a vindictive wish that she could have been given the contents of a certain bottle full in the face. Then he turned all his attention to the caterpillar; and such thoughts as he could spare sped far ahead to Sanda Smith.

What became of Mouny-bent-Amar-el-Chorfa only those who travel to El Bouar to inquire for her will ever find out; for the history of her emotions alone would make a longer story than this one.

"What's this place we're coming to?" Bill inquired of Zulikha, when he had coaxed the caterpillar to travel a distance of about ten or twelve miles at fair speed.

"Why should I tell you anything?" she flung back sulkily. "You have forced me to come with

you. Ahmed will know I betrayed him. It will be the end between him and me!"

"Sorry!" said Bill. "But I must disagree with you. I have a sort of idea that it won't be the end between you and the Hadj for quite a while yet. That's why I was obliged to bring you with me. You'll see what I mean by and by."

"I wish I had left you alone!" cried the girl.

"What, and let Ahmed get away with it? Think again. You and I are splitting fifty-fifty in this. And if you've mixed up politics with love it isn't my fault. *What did you say the name of this village is?*"

"Teni-oued," Zulikha sullenly decided to answer.

"By Jove! Where Halim is!"

Zulikha was silent.

"Where's the house he's shut up in?"

"If I ever knew, I have forgotten," she tantalised the Roumi.

Bill slowed the car. "Polish up your memory quick, or——" He showed the fatal bottle. "This is not a bluff!"

"Oh!" the girl shrieked, shuddering. "There—— that's the place. That brown house, walled in, where all those date-palms are."

Bill glanced at his wrist-watch, the one possession he had had time to snatch. (Even Sanda's picture was left behind, in that kit-bag where he had fondly fancied it safe!)

"Poor old Halim!" he thought. "I'd be a rotter to pass on and not have a go at getting him out, after his appeal to me! Of course, I could tell the French

commandant at Ourgla, if I ever get there, and they'll send back for him. But here I *am*. I'll spare five blessed minutes for the old thing, and then——"

The car was close to the shut gates, head on. Bill considered jumping out; and considered again.

"Get down and see if the gate's locked," he said to his unwilling companion.

Zulikha got down. The gates were locked. But the pounding of the engine had brought a red chechia to the one unshuttered window in the low house-front behind the wall.

"Tell that chap to send me out the Agha. Say we've got just two minutes to wait," he rasped. "And you might add that if he doesn't look sharp I'll drive bang through the gates."

Arab words were shouted back and forth. "He refuses," Zulikha translated. "He saw the Hadj ride by at dawn. His orders were to watch the Agha closely. You are nothing to him, and——"

"I will be something in a minute!" said Bill. "Get back into your place, quick!"

She had hardly scrambled in when the nose of the big "baby" smashed through the old cedar-wood gates.

They gave way before the push like matchwood, and shrieks issued from within the house. Evidently the treacherous servants of the Agha expected the walls to be brought down around them.

"I bet they send me Halim!" Bill told himself grimly. "Bet I see him before I count ten. One—two——"

Through the roar of the engine and the monkey-like screams of women his voice sounded, making the count.

At "nine" the door opened and Halim darted out, a burnous wrapped round him, his face haggard, unshaved, red-rimmed eyes staring behind the well-known spectacles.

"In with you, old top!" yelled Bill; and the Agha of the Ouled Mendil, prince of the desert, did not wait to be told twice. He flung himself, sprawling, on to the back seat of the car, with a grunt of alarmed surprise as he fell over Ibrahim.

Out between the broken gates backed the caterpillar, and picked up speed when she was free.

"Where are you taking me?" Halim yelled, through the noise. "This isn't the quick way to Ouargla. Have you got a map?"

"The only map I've got is my face!" said Bill. "I'm steering north, by the sun. I must introduce you to a lady whom we ought to run across a little farther on. Ouargla comes next on the programme after that. I'm doing my best for one and all. Don't bother me with more questions now, old man. It cramps my style."

* * * * *

They tore through the desert, and tore up a good deal of it, as they surged along, sand spouting before the great twin wheels.

No one spoke, until suddenly Zulikha cried out, "There they are—the *goum!*"

Bill's eyes smarted with sun and sand. He was

a grotesque figure, in his dusty burnous, the hood blown back, the handkerchief mask fallen long ago. But peering ahead, through blinding sunlight and spraying sand, he saw a girl's figure struggling in an Arab's arms, while a fat, elderly man was hauled off by a confused mass of cloaks and haïks. It was the right moving picture situation for the hero! But heroes do not have purple faces spotted with green. Bill did not think of himself as the hero or even of Ahmed as the villain, just then. In fact, and fortunately, he thought of himself not at all. He might have combined all the colours of the rainbow, instead of plain purple and green with a dash of auburn, for all he knew or cared. It was full speed ahead, and a little more, for him. But at just two yards distant of the group he stopped the car. Standing up he brandished a bomb in the good old way.

"Drop her, Hadj!" he yelled. "Hop it, every one!"

And neither Ahmed nor the *goum* waited to reflect that this wild djinn in the Agha's car would not blow up the girl he had come to rescue. Ahmed let Sanda go, staggered back, then ran like a hare—a heavy-footed hare sprinting through sand. Such men as were off their horses sprang into their saddles. Halim's groom, who on second thoughts had discreetly returned, flung himself on to Sultan's back; once more away galloped the "stallion shod with fire"—away, as if making for the horizon.

Ahmed alone was left without a horse.

Bill sprang out, to see Sanda and Poppa, strangely clothed, clinging to each other. It was then he remembered his own appearance. But at such a time personal hideousness was a thing to make the least of in a few brief, well-chosen words, and then hope for the best.

"A female devil handed me this poison stuff when I wanted a nice brown stain to play the Sheikh for you," he heard himself explaining. "And that swine who rough-housed you just now copped the stallion I ought to have had. So all my stunts went wrong, and I just had to do my darnedest to get here any old how."

"Oh, *Bill!* It *can't* be Bill!" Sanda was sobbing. "That man told me you'd come to El Bouar, and fallen in love with the Agha's bride——"

"The lady who made a coloured poster of me! I loved her so much I left her rolling in the sand shouting curses," Bill broke in. "Everything has been for you. Do excuse my appearance. It all comes of trying to do a sheikh act for your sake."

Sanda shuddered. Bill thought it was his face that caused the sudden convulsion.

"I know I'm a cross between a baboon and a chimpanzee," he groaned; "but I heard what had happened to you. I couldn't wait for the stuff to wear off. I just came as fast as I could. Of course I'm *sickening* to look at——"

"You look heavenly to me!" said Sanda. "Maybe it will come off with vinegar. I do not believe it will. We'll try anyhow——"

"At Ouargla," put in Bill. "I'm going to take you there. You and Mr. Smith. How do you do, *dear* Mr. Smith? This is the Agha's caterpillar. And, by the way, this is the Agha."

Halim had descended from the car and was ambling toward his friend and his friend's friends.

Sanda turned to him. The great Sheikh smiled mildly at her through horn-rimmed glasses and a week's stubble of black beard. She felt sick. But she bowed politely, and tried to look as conventional as a girl from New York can look in a dressing-gown in the middle of the Sahara Desert.

Bill caught that look and his heart leaped. While there was vinegar there was hope!

"While you and Mr. Smith and the Agha talk," he said, "I'll be off for a minute. I must catch up with that gentleman." He nodded toward the vanishing figure of Ahmed. "I'm sorry to say we'll have to find room for him in the car as far as Ouargla, with his lady friend and the Agha's chauffeur. But the chauffeur you can use as a rug. There are political reasons why some French officers at the nearest garrison and telegraph station want to interview Hadj Ahmed et Cie."

Bill turned to the car as he spoke. He was going to pursue and capture the Hadj, in spite of the "baraka"; and a certain, final use for the contents of a bottle had stolen into his mind. But Sanda, leaving Poppa in his pyjamas to talk with the Agha in nothing much under his burnous, ran a few steps after the strange object that was Lord Bill.

"You can tell me everything about *you*, and I'll tell you everything about *me*," she said, "when we have time. But, Bill, there's just *one* thing I must tell you now, and one thing I must ask. Never, never do I want ever to hear the word Sheikh again. That—that poor Halim! Even as you *are*, you look glorious beside him! Do you still love me—a little bit? I *hope* so, because I love you—a lot!"

"I adore the sand you walk on!" answered Bill.

THE END

Biblioteka Główna UMK



300000748462

PRINTED BY BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ, LEIPZIG

~~At. 02084~~



*Sold by all Booksellers and at all Railway Bookstalls
on the Continent*

TAUCHNITZ EDITION

COLLECTION OF BRITISH AND AMERICAN AUTHORS

LATEST VOLUMES

May 1927

- Vol. 4780. May Sinclair, *The Allinghams*. 1 vol.
» 4779. W. B. Maxwell, *Gabrielle*. 1 vol.
» 4778. W. B. Maxwell, *The Case of Bevan Yorke*. 1 vol.
» 4777. P. G. Wodehouse, *Leave it to Psmith*. 1 vol.
» 4776. P. G. Wodehouse, *Psmith, Journalist*. 1 vol.
» 4775. G. K. Chesterton, *The Outline of Sanity*. 1 vol.
» 4774. Booth Tarkington, *The Plutocrat*. 1 vol.
» 4772. 73. Arnold Bennett, *Lord Raingo*. 2 vols.
» 4771. Willa Cather, *My Mortal Enemy*. 1 vol.
» 4770. Berta Ruck, *Her Pirate Partner*. 1 vol.
» 4769. W. W. Jacobs, *The Castaways*. 1 vol.
» 4768. G. K. Chesterton, *The Wisdom of Father Brown*. 1 vol.
» 4767. W. W. Jacobs, *Sea Whispers*. 1 vol.
» 4766. Alice M. Williamson, *Told at Monte Carlo*. 1 vol.
» 4765. Edna Ferber, *So Big*. 1 vol.
» 4764. Edna Ferber, *Show Boat*. 1 vol.
» 4763. Frank Swinnerton, *Summer Storm*. 1 vol.
» 4762. Horace Annesley Vachell, *A Woman in Exile*. 1 vol.
» 4761. Douglas Goldring, *The Merchant of Souls*. 1 vol.
» 4760. Beatrice Harraden, *Rachel*. 1 vol.
» 4759. Author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," *Introduction to Sally*. 1 vol.
» 4758. Maurice Baring, *Daphne Adeane*. 1 vol.
» 4757. Rose Macaulay, *Crewe Train*. 1 vol.
» 4756. Sherwood Anderson, *Dark Laughter*. 1 vol.
» 4755. H. Rider Haggard, *The Treasure of the Lake*. 1 vol.
» 4754. Joseph Hergesheimer, *Tampico*. 1 vol.
» 4752. 53. Robert Hichens, *The God Within Him*. 2 vols.
» 4751. May Sinclair, *Far End*. 1 vol.
» 4750. Rudyard Kipling, *Debits and Credits*. 1 vol.
» 4749. Anita Loos, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." 1 vol.
» 4748. E. M. Delafield, *Jill*. 1 vol.
» 4747. Floyd Dell, *Love in Greenwich Village*. 1 vol.
» 4746. Rudyard Kipling, *Land and Sea Tales*. 1 vol.

4-6 new works are published regularly every month

Complete List
of the
Collection of British and American Authors
Tauchnitz Edition

Published with Continental Copyright by special agreement
with the authors

4780 Volumes. 448 British, 97 American Authors
4310 Volumes by British, 470 Volumes by American Authors

- Adams, Henry (Am.): *vide* "Democracy," Author of.
- Adams, Rev. W., † 1848.
Sacred Allegories 1 v.
- Aguilar, Grace, † 1847.
Home Influence 2 v. — The Mother's Recompense 2 v.
- Aïdé, [Charles] Hamilton, † 1906.
Rita 1 v. — Carr of Carryon 2 v. — The Marstons 2 v. — In that State of Life 1 v. — Morals and Mysteries 1 v. — Penruddocke 2 v. — "A nine Days' Wonder" 1 v. — Poet and Peer 2 v. — Introduced to Society 1 v.
- Ainsworth, W. Harrison, † 1882.
Windsor Castle 1 v. — Saint James's 1 v. — Jack Sheppard (with Portrait) 1 v. — The Lancashire Witches 2 v. — The Star-Chamber 2 v. — The Flich of Bacon 1 v. — The Spendthrift 1 v. — Mervyn Clitheroe 2 v. — Ovingdean Grange 1 v. — The Constable of the Tower 1 v. — The Lord Mayor of London 2 v. — Cardinal Pole 2 v. — John Law 2 v. — The Spanish Match 2 v. — The Constable de Bourbon 2 v. — Old Court 2 v. — Myddleton Pomfret 2 v. — The South-Sea Bubble 2 v. — Hilary St. Ives 2 v. — Talbot Harland 1 v. — Boscobel 2 v. — The Good Old Times 2 v. — Merry England 2 v. — The Goldsmith's Wife 2 v. — Preston Fight 2 v. — Chetwynd Calverley 2 v. — The Leaguer of Lathom 2 v. — The Fall of Somerset 2 v. — Beatrice Tyldesley 2 v. — Beau Nash 2 v. — Stanley Brereton 2 v.
- Albanesi, Madame.
Drusilla's Point of View 1 v.
- Alcott, Louisa M. (Am.), † 1888.
Little Women 2 v. — Little Men 1 v. — An Old-Fashioned Girl 1 v. — Jo's Boys 1 v.
- Aldrich, Thomas Bailey (Am.), † 1907.
Marjorie Daw and other Tales 1 v.
- Alexander, Mrs. (Hector), † 1902.
A Second Life 3 v. — Mona's Choice 2 v. — A Life Interest 2 v. — A Crooked Path 2 v. — Blind Fate 2 v. — A Woman's Heart 2 v. — For His Sake 2 v. — The Snare of the Fowler 2 v. — A Ward in Chancery 1 v. — A Fight with Fate 2 v. — A Winning Hazard 1 v. — A Golden Autumn 1 v. — Mrs. Crichton's Creditor 1 v. — Barbara, Lady's Maid and Peeress 1 v. — The Cost of Her Pride 2 v. — Through Fire to Fortune 1 v. — A Missing Hero 1 v. — The Yellow Fiend 1 v. — Stronger than Love 2 v. — Kitty Costello 1 v.
- Alice, Grand-Duchess of Hesse, † 1878.
Letters to Her Majesty the Queen (with Portrait). With a Memoir by H. R. H. Princess Christian 2 v.
- Alldrige, Lizzie.
By Love and Law 2 v. — The World she awoke in 2 v.
- Allen, Grant, † 1899.
The Woman who did 1 v.
- "All for Greed," Author of (Baroness de Bury).
All for Greed 1 v. — Love the Avenger 2 v.

- Anderson, Sherwood (Am.).**
Dark Laughter 1 v.
- Anstey, F. (Guthrie).**
The Giant's Robe 2 v. — A Fallen Idol 1 v. — The Pariah 3 v. — The Talking Horse and other Tales 1 v. — Voices Populi 1 v. — The Brass Bottle 1 v. — A Bayard from Bengal 1 v. — Salted Almonds 1 v.
- Antin, Mary (Am.).**
The Promised Land 1 v.
- Arnold, Sir Edwin, † 1904.**
The Light of Asia (with Portrait) 1 v.
- Arnold, Matthew, † 1888.**
Essays in Criticism 2 v. — Essays in Criticism (*Second Series*) 1 v.
- Atherton, Gertrude Franklin (Am.).**
American Wives and English Husbands 1 v. — The Californians 1 v. — Patience Sparhawk and her Times 2 v. — Senator North 2 v. — The Doomsdayman 1 v. — The Aristocrats 1 v. — The Splendid Idle Forties 1 v. — The Conqueror 2 v. — A Daughter of the Vine 1 v. — His Fortunate Grace, etc. 1 v. — The Valiant Runaways 1 v. — The Bell in the Fog, and Other Stories 1 v. — The Travelling Thirds (in Spain) 1 v. — Rezanov 1 v. — Ancestors 2 v. — The Gorgeous Isle 1 v. — Tower of Ivory 2 v. — Julia France and her Times 2 v. — The Crystal Cup 1 v.
- Austen, Jane, † 1817.**
Sense and Sensibility 1 v. — Mansfield Park 1 v. — Pride and Prejudice 1 v. — Northanger Abbey, and Persuasion 1 v. — Emma 1 v.
- "Autobiography of Lutfullah," Author of: *vide* E. B. Eastwick.
- Avebury, Lord: vide** Lubbock.
- Bacon, Francis.**
Essays (with Glossary) 1 v.
- Bagot, Richard, † 1921.**
A Roman Mystery 2 v. — Casting of Nets 2 v. — The Just and the Unjust 2 v. — Love's Proxy 1 v. — The Passport 2 v. — Temptation 2 v. — The Lakes of Northern Italy 1 v. — The House of Serravalle 2 v. — My Italian Year 1 v. — The Italians of To-Day 1 v. — Darneley Place 2 v.
- Baring, Maurice.**
Half a Minute's Silence 1 v. — Daphne Adeane 1 v.
- Baring-Gould, S.**
Mehalah 1 v. — John Herring 2 v. — Court Royal 2 v.
- Barker, Lady: vide** Lady Broome.
- Barrett, Frank.**
The Smuggler's Secret 1 v. — Out of the Jaws of Death 2 v.
- Barrie, J. M.**
Sentimental Tommy 2 v. — Margaret Ogilvy 1 v. — Tommy and Grizel 2 v. — The Little White Bird 1 v. — Peter and Wendy 1 v.
- Baynes, Rev. Robert H.**
Lyra Anglicana, Hymns and Sacred Songs 1 v.
- Beaconsfield: vide** Disraeli.
- Beaumont, Averil (Mrs. Hunt).**
Thornicroft's Model 2 v.
- Beaverbrook, Lord.**
Success 1 v.
- Beebohm, Max.**
Zuleika Dobson 1 v.
- Bell, Currer (Charlotte Brontë—Mrs. Nicholls), 1855.**
Jane Eyre 2 v. — Shirley 2 v. — Villette 2 v. — The Professor 1 v.
- Bell, Ellis & Acton (Emily, † 1848, and Anne, † 1849, Brontë).**
Wuthering Heights, and Agnes Grey 2 v.
- Bellamy, Edward (Am.), † 1898.**
Looking Backward 1 v.
- Benedict, Frank Lee (Am.).**
St. Simon's Niece 2 v.
- Bennett, Arnold.**
The Grand Babylon Hotel 1 v. — The Gates of Wrath 1 v. — A Great Man 1 v. — Sacred and Profane Love 1 v. — Whom God hath joined 1 v. — The Ghost 1 v. — The Grim Smile of the Five Towns 1 v. — Buried Alive 1 v. — The Old Wives' Tale 2 v. — The Glimpse 1 v. — Helen with the High Hand 1 v. — Clayhanger 2 v. — The Card 1 v. — Hilda Lessways 1 v. — The Matador of the Five Towns, and Other Stories 1 v. — Leonora; a Novel 1 v. — Anna of the Five Towns 1 v. — Those United States 1 v. — The Regent 1 v. — The Truth about an Author, and Literary Taste 1 v. — The City of Pleasure 1 v. — Hugo 1 v. — Paris Nights 1 v. — The Plain Man and his Wife, etc. 1 v. — Friendship and Happiness, etc. 1 v. — The Love Match 1 v. — How to make the Best of Life 1 v. — Riceyman Steps 1 v. — The Loot of Cities 1 v. — Elsie and the Child 1 v. — Lord Raingo 2 v.
(*Vide* Eden Phillpotts.)
- Benson, E. F.**
Dodo 1 v. — The Rubicon 1 v. — Scarlet and Hyssop 1 v. — The Book of Months 1 v. — The Relentless City 1 v. — The Chal-

loners 1 v. — An Act in a Backwater 1 v. — The Image in the Sand 2 v. — The Angel of Pain 2 v. — Paul 2 v. — The House of Defence 2 v. — The Blotting Book 1 v. — A Reaping 1 v. — Daisy's Aunt 1 v. — The Osbornes 1 v. — Account Rendered 1 v. — Juggernaut 1 v. — Mrs. Ames 1 v. — The Weaker Vessel 2 v. — Thorley Weir 1 v. — Dodo the Second 1 v. — Visible and Invisible 1 v. — David of King's 1 v. — Rex 1 v.

Benson, Robert Hugh.

The Necromancers 1 v. — A Winnowing 1 v. — None Other Gods 1 v. — The Dawn of All 1 v. — The Coward 1 v. — An Average Man 2 v.

Besant, Sir Walter, † 1901.

The Revolt of Man 1 v. — Dorothy Forster 2 v. — Children of Gibeon 2 v. — The World went very hell then 2 v. — Katharine Regina 1 v. — Herr Paulus 2 v. — The Inner House 1 v. — The Bell of St. Paul's 2 v. — For Faith and Freedom 2 v. — Armored of Lyonsese 2 v. — Verbena Camellia Stephanotis, etc. 1 v. — Beyond the Dreams of Avarice 2 v. — The Master Craftsman 2 v. — A Fountain Sealed 1 v. — The Orange Girl 2 v. — The Fourth Generation 1 v. — The Lady of Lynn 2 v.

Besant, Sir Walter, † 1901, & James Rice, † 1882.

The Golden Butterfly 2 v. — Ready-Money Mortiboy 2 v. — By Celia's Arbour 2 v.

Betham-Edwards, M.

The Sylvestres 1 v. — Felicia 2 v. — Brother Gabriel 2 v. — Forestalled 1 v. — Exchange no Robbery, and other Novelles 1 v. — Disarmed 1 v. — Doctor Jacob 1 v. — Pearla 1 v. — Next of Kin Wanted 1 v. — The Parting of the Ways 1 v. — The Romance of a French Parsonage 1 v. — France of To-day 1 v. — Two Aunts and a Nephew 1 v. — A Dream of Millions 1 v. — The Curb of Honour 1 v. — France of To-day (Second Series) 1 v. — A Romance of Dijon 1 v. — The Dream-Charlotte 1 v. — A Storm-Rent Sky 1 v. — Reminiscences 1 v. — The Lord of the Harvest 1 v. — Anglo-French Reminiscences, 1875-1899 1 v. — A Suffolk Courtship 1 v. — Mock Beggars' Hall 1 v. — East of Paris 1 v. — A Humble Lover 1 v. — Barham Brocklebank, M.D. 1 v. — Martha Rose, Teacher 1 v. — From an Islington Window 1 v.

Bierce, Ambrose (Am.).

In the Midst of Life 1 v.

Birchenough, Mabel C.

Potsherd 1 v.

Bisland, E. (Am.): vide Rhoda Broughton.

Bismarck, Prince: vide Butler. Vide also Wilhelm Görlich (Collection of German Authors, p. 29), and Whitman.

Black, William, † 1898.

In Silk Attire 2 v. — A Princess of Thule 2 v. — Kilmeny 1 v. — The Maid of Killeena, and other Stories 1 v. — Three Feathers 2 v. — Madcap Violet 2 v. — Green Pastures and Piccadilly 2 v. — Macleod of Dare 2 v. — Sunrise 2 v. — The Beautiful Wretch 1 v. — Shandon Bells (with Portrait) 2 v. — Judith Shakespeare 2 v. — The Wise Women of Inverness, etc. 1 v. — White Heather 2 v. — Sabina Zembra 2 v. — The Strange Adventures of a House-Boat 2 v. — In Far Lochaber 2 v. — The New Prince Fortunatus 2 v. — Stand Fast, Craig-Royston 1 v. — Donald Ross of Heimra 2 v. — The Magic Ink, and other Tales 1 v. — Wolfenberg 2 v. — The Handsome Humes 2 v. — Highland Cousins 2 v. — Briseis 2 v. — Wild Eelin 2 v.

Blackmore, Richard Doddridge, † 1900.

Alice Lorraine 2 v. — Mary Anerley 3 v. — Christowell 2 v. — Tommy Upmore 2 v. — Perlycross 2 v.

"Blackwood."

Tales from "Blackwood" (First Series) 1 v. — Tales from "Blackwood" (Second Series) 1 v.

Blagden, Isa, † 1873.

The Woman I loved, and the Woman who loved me; A Tuscan Wedding 1 v.

Blessington, Countess of (Marguerite Gardiner), † 1849.

Meredith 1 v. — Strathern 2 v. — Memoirs of a Femme de Chambre 1 v. — Marmaduke Herbert 2 v. — Country Quarters (with Portrait) 2 v.

Boldrewood, Rolf.

Robbery under Arms 2 v. — Nevermore 2 v.

Braddon, Miss (Mrs. Maxwell), * 1837, † 1915.

Lady Audley's Secret 2 v. — Aurora Floyd 2 v. — Eleanor's Victory 2 v. — John Marchmont's Legacy 2 v. — Henry Dunbar 2 v. — The Doctor's Wife 2 v. — Sir Jasper's Tenant 2 v. — The Lady's Mile

2 v. — Rupert Godwin 2 v. — Dead-Sea Fruit 2 v. — Run to Earth 2 v. — Fenton's Quest 1 v. — The Lovels of Arden 2 v. — Strangers and Pilgrims 2 v. — Lucius Davoren 3 v. — Taken at the Flood 3 v. — Lost for Love 2 v. — A Strange World 2 v. — Hostages to Fortune 2 v. — Joshua Haggard's Daughter 2 v. — Weavers and Weft 1 v. — In Great Waters, and other Tales 1 v. — An Open Verdict 3 v. — Vixen 3 v. — The Cloven Foot 3 v. — The Story of Barbara 2 v. — Asphodel 3 v. — Mount Royal 2 v. — The Golden Calf 2 v. — Flower and Weed 1 v. — Phantom Fortune 3 v. — Ishmael 3 v. — Wyllard's Weird 3 v. — One Thing Needful 2 v. — Cut by the County 1 v. — Like and Unlike 2 v. — The Fatal Three 2 v. — The Day will come 2 v. — Gerard 2 v. — All along the River 2 v. — Thou art the Man 2 v. — The Christmas Hirelings, etc. 1 v. — Sons of Fire 2 v. — London Pride 2 v. — Rough Justice 2 v. — In High Places 2 v. — His Darling Sin 1 v. — The Infidel 2 v. — The Conflict 2 v. — The Rose of Life 2 v. — During Her Majesty's Pleasure 1 v.

Brassey, Lady, † 1887.

A Voyage in the "Sunbeam" 2 v. — Sunshine and Storm in the East 2 v. — In the Trades, the Tropics and the Roaring Forties 2 v.

"**Bread-Winners, the,**" Author of (Am.).
The Bread-Winners 1 v.

Bret Harte: *vide* Harte.

Brook, Rev. William, † 1875.
Sir Henry Havelock, K. C. B. 1 v.

Brontë, Charlotte: *vide* Currer Bell.

Brontë, Emily & Anne: *vide* Ellis & Acton Bell.

Brooks, Shirley, † 1874.
The Silver Cord 3 v. — Sooner or Later 3 v.

Broome, Lady (Lady Barker).
Station Life in New Zealand 1 v. — Station Amusements in New Zealand 1 v. — A Year's Housekeeping in South Africa 1 v. — Letters to Guy, and A Distant Shore—Rodriguez 1 v. — Colonial Memories 1 v. (*Vide* p. 29.)

Broughton, Rhoda, * 1840, † 1920.
Cometh up as a Flower 1 v. — Not wisely, but too well 2 v. — Red as a Rose is She 2 v. — Tales for Christmas Eve 1 v. — Nancy 2 v. — Joan 2 v. — Second

Thoughts 2 v. — Belinda 2 v. — Doctor Cupid 2 v. — Alas! 2 v. — Mrs. Bligh 1 v. — Scylla or Charybdis? 1 v. — The Game and the Candle 1 v. — Foes in Law 1 v. — Mamma 1 v. — The Devil and the Deep Sea 1 v. — Between Two Stools 1 v. — Concerning a Vow 1 v.

Broughton, Rhoda, & Elizabeth Bisland (Am.).

A Widower Indeed 1 v.

Brown, John, † 1882.
Rab and his Friends, and other Papers 1 v.

Browne, K. R. G.
Following Ann 1 v. — A Lady from the South 1 v.

Browning, Elizabeth Barrett, † 1861.
A Selection from her Poetry (with Portrait) 1 v. — Aurora Leigh 1 v.

Browning, Robert, † 1889.
Poetical Works (with Portrait) 4 v.

Bullen, Frank T.
The Cruise of the "Cachalot" 2 v.

Bulwer, Edward, Lord Lytton, † 1873.
Pelham (with Portrait) 1 v. — Eugene Aram 1 v. — Paul Clifford 1 v. — Zanoni 1 v. — The Last Days of Pompeii 1 v. — The Disowned 1 v. — Ernest Maltravers 1 v. — Alice 1 v. — Eva, and The Pilgrims of the Rhine 1 v. — Devereux 1 v. — Godolphin and Falkland 1 v. — Rienzi 2 v. — Night and Morning 1 v. — Athens 2 v. — The Poems and Ballads of Schiller 1 v. — Lucretia 2 v. — The New Timon, and St. Stephen's 1 v. — The Caxtons 2 v. — My Novel 4 v. — What will he do with it? 4 v. — Dramatic Works 2 v. — Caxtoniana 2 v. — The Lost Tales of Miletus 1 v. — Miscellaneous Prose Works 4 v. — Odes and Epodes of Horace 2 v. — Kenelm Chillingly 4 v. — The Coming Race 1 v. — The Parisians 4 v. — Pausanias, the Spartan 1 v.

Bulwer, Henry Lytton (Lord Dalling), † 1872.
Historical Characters 2 v. — The Life of Viscount Palmerston 3 v.

Bunyan, John, † 1688.
The Pilgrim's Progress 1 v.

"**Buried Alone,**" Author of (Charles Wood).

Buried Alone 1 v.

Burnett, Mrs. Frances Hodgson (Am.).
Through one Administration 2 v. — Little Lord Fauntleroy 1 v. — Sara Crewe,

- and Editha's Burglar 1 v. — The Pretty Sister of José 1 v. — The Secret Garden 1 v.
- Burney, Miss** (Madame D'Arbly), † 1840.
Evelina 1 v.
- Burns, Robert**, † 1796.
Poetical Works (with Portrait) 1 v.
- Burroughs, Edgar Rice** (Am.).
Tarzan of the Apes 1 v. — The Return of Tarzan 1 v. — Jungle Tales of Tarzan 1 v. — The Beasts of Tarzan 1 v. — Tarzan and the Golden Lion 1 v. — The Son of Tarzan 1 v.
- Burton, Richard F.**, † 1890.
A Pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina 3 v.
- Bury, Baroness de**: *vide* "All for Greed."
- Butler, A. J.**
Bismarck. His Reflections and Reminiscences. Translated from the great German edition, under the supervision of A. J. Butler. With two Portraits. 3 v.
- Buxton, Mrs. B. H.**, † 1881.
Jennie of "The Prince's," 2 v. — Won 2 v. — Great Grenfell Gardens 2 v. — Nell—on and off the Stage 2 v. — From the Wings 2 v.
- Byron, Lord**, † 1824.
Poetical Works (with Portrait) 5 v.
- Caffyn, Mrs. Mannington** (Iota).
A Yellow Aster 1 v. — Children of Circumstance 2 v. — Anne Mauleverer 2 v.
- Caine, Sir Hall.**
The Bondman 2 v. — The Manxman 2 v. — The Christian 2 v. — The Eternal City 3 v. — The Prodigal Son 2 v. — The White Prophet 2 v. — The Woman thou gavest me 3 v. — The Master of Man 2 v.
- Caine, William**, † 1925.
The Strangeness of Noel Carton 1 v. — Mendoza and a Little Lady 1 v. — The Author of "Trixie" 1 v. — Lady Sheba's Last Stunt 1 v.
- Cameron, Verney Lovett.**
Across Africa 2 v.
- Cannan, Gilbert.**
Annette and Bennett 1 v.
- Campbell Præd**: *vide* Præd.
- Carey, Rosa Nouchette**, † 1909.
Not Like other Girls 2 v. — "But Men must Work" 1 v. — Sir Godfrey's Grand-
- daughters 2 v. — The Old, Old Story 2 v. — Herb of Grace 2 v. — The Highway of Fate 2 v. — A Passage Perilous 2 v. — At the Moorings 2 v.
- Carlyle, Thomas**, † 1881.
The French Revolution 3 v. — Frederick the Great 13 v. — Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches 4 v. — The Life of Schiller 1 v. — Essays on Goethe 1 v. — On Heroes, Hero-worship, and the Heroic in History 1 v. — Historical and Political Essays 1 v. — Essays on German Literature 1 v.
- Carnegie, Andrew** (Am.).
Problems of To-Day 1 v.
- Carr, Alaric.**
Treherne's Temptation 2 v.
- Castle, Agnes & Egerton.**
The Star Dreamer 2 v. — Incomparable Bellairs 1 v. — Rose of the World 1 v. — French Nan 1 v. — "If Youth but knew!" 1 v. — My Merry Rockhurst 1 v. — Flower o' the Orange 1 v. — Wroth 2 v. — Diamond Cut Paste 1 v. — The Lost Iphigenia 1 v. — Love Gilds the Scene 1 v. — The Grip of Life 2 v. — Chance the Piper 1 v.
- Castle, Egerton.**
Consequences 2 v. — "La Bella," and Others 1 v.
- Cather, Willa** (Am.).
The Professor's House 1 v. — My Mortal Enemy 1 v.
- Charles, Mrs. Elizabeth Rundle**, † 1896:
vide "Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family."
- Charlesworth, Maria Louisa**, † 1880.
Oliver of the Mill 1 v. (*Vide* p. 29.)
- Chesterfield, Earl of.**
Letters to his Son 1 v.
- Chesterton, G. K.**
The Man who was Thursday 1 v. — What's Wrong with the World 1 v. — The Innocence of Father Brown 1 v. — The Flying Inn 1 v. — Tales of the Long Bow 1 v. — The Incredulity of Father Brown 1 v. — The Wisdom of Father Brown 1 v. — The Outline of Sanity 1 v.
- Cholmondeley, Mary.**
Diana Tempest 2 v. — Red Pottage 2 v. — Moth and Rust 1 v. — Prisoners 2 v. — The Lowest Rung 1 v. — Notwithstanding 1 v.
- Christian, Princess**: *vide* Alice, Grand-Duchess of Hesse.

- "Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family," Author of (Mrs. E. Rundle Charles), † 1896.
- Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family 2 v. — On Both Sides of the Sea 2 v. — Winifred Bertram 1 v. — Diary of Mrs. Kitty Trevelyan 1 v. — The Victory of the Vanquished 1 v. — The Cottage by the Cathedral and other Parables 1 v. — Against the Stream 2 v. — The Bertram Family 2 v. — Conquering and to Conquer 1 v. — Lapsed, but not Lost 1 v.
- Churchill, Winston (Am.).
Mr. Crewe's Career 2 v.
- Clemens, Samuel L.: *vide* Twain.
- Clifford, Mrs. W. K.
Love-Letters of a Worldly Woman 1 v. — The Last Touches, and other Stories 1 v. — Mrs. Keith's Crime 1 v. — A Flash of Summer 1 v. — A Woman Alone 1 v. — Woodside Farm 1 v. — The Modern Way 1 v. — The Getting Well of Dorothy 1 v. — Mere Stories 1 v. — Eve's Lover, and Other Stories 1 v. — Sir George's Objection 1 v.
- Clive, Mrs. Caroline, † 1873: *vide*
Author of "Paul Ferroll."
- Cobbe, Frances Power, † 1904.
Re-Echoes 1 v.
- Coleridge, C. R.
An English Squire 2 v.
- Coleridge, M. E.
The King with two Faces 2 v.
- Coleridge, Samuel Taylor, † 1834.
Poems 1 v.
- Collins, Charles Allston, † 1873.
A Cruise upon Wheels 2 v.
- Collins, Mortimer, † 1876.
Sweet and Twenty 2 v. — A Fight with Fortune 2 v.
- Collins, Wilkie, † 1889.
After Dark 1 v. — Hide and Seek 2 v. — The Woman in White 2 v. — No Name 3 v. — Armadale 3 v. — The Moonstone 2 v. — Poor Miss Finch 2 v. — The New Magdalen 2 v. — The Frozen Deep 1 v. — The Two Destinies 1 v. — My Lady's Money, and Percy and the Prophet 1 v. — The Haunted Hotel 1 v. — Jezebel's Daughter 2 v. — Heart and Science 2 v. — "I say No," 2 v. — The Guilty River, and The Ghost's Touch 1 v. — Blind Love 2 v.
- "Cometh up as a Flower": *vide* Rhoda Broughton.
- Conrad, Joseph, † 1924.
An Outcast of the Islands 2 v. — Tales of Unrest 1 v. — The Secret Agent 1 v. — A Set of Six 1 v. — Under Western Eyes 1 v. — Twixt Land and Sea Tales 1 v. — Chance 2 v. — Almayer's Folly 1 v. — The Rover 1 v. — Tales of Hearsay 1 v. — Suspense 1 v.
- Conway, Hugh (F. J. Fergus), † 1885.
Called Back 1 v. — Bound Together 2 v. — A Family Affair 2 v. — Living or Dead 2 v.
- Cooper, James Fenimore (Am.), † 1851.
The Spy (with Portrait) 1 v. — The Two Admirals 1 v. — The Jack O' Lantern 1 v. — The Last of the Mohicans 2 v.
- Cooper, Mrs.: *vide* Katharine Saunders.
- Corelli, Marie.
Vendetta! 2 v. — Thelma 2 v. — A Romance of Two Worlds 2 v. — "Ardath" 3 v. — Wormwood. A Drama of Paris 2 v. — The Hired Baby, with other Stories and Social Sketches 1 v. — Barabbas; A Dream of the World's Tragedy 2 v. — The Sorrows of Satan 2 v. — The Mighty Atom 1 v. — The Murder of Delicia 1 v. — Ziska 1 v. — Boy. A Sketch. 2 v. — The Master-Christian 2 v. — "Temporal Power" 2 v. — God's Good Man 2 v. — Free Opinions 1 v. — Treasure of Heaven (with Portrait) 2 v. — Holy Orders 2 v. — The Life Everlasting 2 v. — Love—and the Philosopher 1 v.
- Cotes, Mrs. Everard.
Those Delightful Americans 1 v. — Set in Authority 1 v. — Cousin Cinderella 1 v.
- "County, the," Author of.
The County 1 v.
- Craik, George Lillie, † 1866.
A Manual of English Literature and of the History of the English Language 2 v.
- Craik, Mrs. (Miss Dinah M. Mulock), † 1887.
John Halifax, Gentleman 2 v. — A Life for a Life 2 v. — Romantic Tales 1 v. — Domestic Stories 1 v. — The Ogilvies 1 v. — Lord Eristoun 1 v. — Christian's Mistake 1 v. — A Noble Life 1 v. — Olive 2 v. —

Studies from Life 1 v. — Poems 1 v. — The Woman's Kingdom 2 v. — The Unkind Word, and other Stories 2 v. — A Brave Lady 2 v. — Hannah 2 v. — Fair France 1 v. — My Mother and I 1 v. — The Little Lame Prince 1 v. — Serious out of Church 1 v. — The Laurel-Bush; Two little Tinkers 1 v. — A Legacy 2 v. — Young Mrs. Jardine 2 v. — His Little Mother, and other Tales and Sketches 1 v. — Plain Speaking 1 v. — Miss Tommy 1 v. — King Arthur 1 v. (*Vide p. 29.*)

Craik, Georgiana M. (Mrs. May).

Lost and Won 1 v. — Faith Unwin's Ordeal 1 v. — Leslie Tyrrell 1 v. — Wini-fred's Wooing, etc. 1 v. — Mildred 1 v. — Hero Trevelyan 1 v. — Without Kith or Kin 2 v. — Only a Butterfly 1 v. — Sylvia's Choice; Theresa 2 v. — Anne Warwick 1 v. — Dorcas 2 v. — (*Vide p. 29.*)

Craik, Georgiana M., & M. C. Stirling.

Two Tales of Married Life (Hard to Bear, by Miss Craik; A True Man, by M. C. Stirling) 2 v.

Craven, Mrs. Augustus: *vide* Lady Fullerton.

Crawford, F. Marion (Am.), † 1909.

Mr. Isaacs 1 v. — Doctor Claudius 1 v. — To Leeward 1 v. — A Roman Singer 1 v. — An American Politician 1 v. — Zoroaster 1 v. — A Tale of a Lonely Parish 2 v. — Saracinesca 2 v. — Marzio's Crucifix 1 v. — Paul Patoff 2 v. — With the Immortals 1 v. — Greifenstein 2 v. — Sant' Ilario 2 v. — A Cigarette-Maker's Romance 1 v. — Khaled 1 v. — The Witch of Prague 2 v. — The Three Fates 2 v. — Don Orsino 2 v. — The Children of the King 1 v. — Pietro Ghisleri 2 v. — Marion Darche 1 v. — Katharine Lauderdale 2 v. — The Ralstons 2 v. — Casa Braccio 2 v. — Adam Johnstone's Son 1 v. — Taquisara 2 v. — A Rose of Yesterday 1 v. — Corleone 2 v. — Via Crucis 2 v. — In the Palace of the King 2 v. — Marietta, a Maid of Venice 2 v. — Cecilia 2 v. — The Heart of Rome 2 v. — Whosoever Shall Offend... 2 v. — Soprano 2 v. — A Lady of Rome 2 v. — Arethusa 2 v. — The Primadonna 2 v. — The Diva's Ruby 2 v. — The White Sister 1 v. — Stradella 1 v. — The Undesirable Governess 1 v. — Uncanny Tales 1 v.

Crockett, S. R., * 1860, † 1914.

The Raiders 2 v. — Cleg Kelly 2 v. — The Grey Man 2 v. — Love Idylls 1 v. — The Dark o' the Moon 2 v.

Croker, B. M., † 1920.

Peggy of the Bartons 2 v. — The Happy Valley 1 v. — The Old Cantonment, with Other Stories of India and Elsewhere 1 v. — A Nine Days' Wonder 1 v. — The Youngest Miss Mowbray 1 v. — The Cat's-Paw 1 v. — Katherine the Arrogant 1 v. — Fame 1 v. — Babes in the Wood 1 v. — A Rolling Stone 1 v. — The Serpent's Tooth 1 v. — In Old Madras 1 v. — Lismoyle 1 v. — The Chaperon 1 v. — The Pagoda Tree 1 v.

Cross, J. W.: *vide* George Eliot's Life.

Cudlip, Mrs. Pender: *vide* A. Thomas.

Cummins, Miss (Am.), † 1866.

The Lamplighter 1 v. — El Fureid's 1 v. — Haunted Hearts 1 v.

Cushing, Paul.

The Blacksmith of Voe 2 v.

"Daily News."

War Correspondence, 1877, by Archibald Forbes and others 3 v.

Danby, Frank.

The Heart of a Child 2 v. — An Incomplete Etonian 2 v. — Let the Roof fall in 2 v.

Dane, Clemence.

A Bill of Divorcement; Legend 1 v.

"Dark," Author of.

Dark 1 v.

Davis, Richard Harding (Am.).

Gallegher, etc. 1 v. — Van Bibber and Others 1 v. — Ranson's Folly 1 v.

De Foe, Daniel, † 1731.

Robinson Crusoe 2 v.

DeLafield, E. M.

Mrs. Harter 1 v. — The Chip and the Block 1 v. — Jill 1 v.

Deland, Margaret (Am.).

John Ward, Preacher 1 v.

Dell, Floyd (Am.).

This Mad Ideal 1 v. — Runaway 1 v. — Love in Greenwich Village 1 v.

"Democracy," Author of (Am.).

Democracy 1 v.

De Morgan, William.

Joseph Vance 2 v.

"Demos," Author of: *v.* George Gissing.

De Quincey, Thomas.

Confessions of an English Opium-Eater 1 v.

- "Diary and Notes": *vide* Author of "Horace Templeton."
- Dickens, Charles, † 1870.
The Pickwick Club 2 v. — American Notes 1 v. — Oliver Twist 2 v. — Nicholas Nickleby 2 v. — Sketches 1 v. — Martin Chuzzlewit 2 v. — A Christmas Carol; The Chimes; The Cricket on the Hearth 1 v. — Master Humphrey's Clock (Old Curiosity Shop; Barnaby Rudge, etc.) 3 v. — Pictures from Italy 1 v. — Dombey and Son 3 v. — David Copperfield 3 v. — Bleak House 4 v. — A Child's History of England (2 v. 8^o M. 2, 70.) — Hard Times 1 v. — Little Dorrit (with Illustrations) 4 v. — The Battle of Life; The Haunted Man 1 v. — A Tale of two Cities 2 v. — Hunted Down; The Uncommercial Traveller 1 v. — Great Expectations 2 v. — Christmas Stories, etc. 1 v. — Our Mutual Friend (with Illustrations) 4 v. — Somebody's Luggage; Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings; Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy 1 v. — Doctor Mari-gold's Prescriptions; Mugby Junction 1 v. — The Mystery of Edwin Drood (with Illustrations) 2 v. — The Mudfog Papers, 1 v. — The Letters of Charles Dickens, ed. by his Sister-in-law and his eldest Daughters 4 v. — *Vide* also Household Words, Novel and Tales, and John Forster.
- Dickens, Charles, & Wilkie Collins.
No Thoroughfare; The Late Miss Hol-lingford 1 v.
- Disraeli, Benjamin, Lord Beaconsfield, † 1881.
Coningsby 1 v. — Sybil 1 v. — Contarini Fleming (with Portrait) 1 v. — Alroy 1 v. — Tancred 2 v. — Venetia 2 v. — Vivian Grey 2 v. — Henrietta Temple 1 v. — Lothair 2 v. — Endymion 2 v.
- Dixon, Ella Hepworth.
The Story of a Modern Woman 1 v. — One Doubtful Hour 1 v.
- Dixon, W. Hepworth, † 1879.
Personal History of Lord Bacon 1 v. — The Holy Land 2 v. — New America 2 v. — Spiritual Wives 2 v. — Her Majesty's Tower 4 v. — Free Russia 2 v. — History of two Queens 6 v. — White Conquest 2 v. — Diana, Lady Lyle 2 v.
- Dixon, Jr., Thomas (Am.).
The Leopard's Spots 2 v.
- Douglass, L. (Am.).
Beggars All 2 v.
- Dowie, Méné Muriel.
A Girl in the Karpathians 1 v.
- Doyle, Sir A. Conan.
The Sign of Four 1 v. — Micah Clarke 2 v. — The Captain of the Pole-Star, and other Tales 1 v. — The White Company 2 v. — A Study in Scarlet 1 v. — The Great Shadow, and Beyond the City 1 v. — The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes 2 v. — The Refugees 2 v. — The Firm of Girdlestone 2 v. — The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes 2 v. — Round the Red Lamp 1 v. — The Stark Munro Letters 1 v. — The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard 1 v. — Rodney Stone 2 v. — Uncle Bernac 1 v. — The Tragedy of the Korosko 1 v. — A Duet 1 v. — The Green Flag 1 v. — The Great Boer War 2 v. — The War in South Africa 1 v. — The Hound of the Baskervilles 1 v. — Adventures of Gerard 1 v. — The Return of Sherlock Holmes 2 v. — Sir Nigel 2 v. — Through the Magic Door 1 v. — Round the Fire Stories 1 v. — The Mystery of Cloombur 1 v. — The Last Gallery 1 v. — The Lost World 1 v. — The Poison Belt 1 v. — The Land of Mist 1 v.
- Drummond, Professor Henry, † 1897.
The Greatest Thing in the World; Pax Vobiscum; The Changed Life 1 v.
- Dufferin, the Earl of.
Letters from High Latitudes 1 v.
- Duncan, Sara Jeannette: *vide* Mrs. Cotes.
- Dunton: *vide* Th. Watts-Dunton.
- Earl, the, and the Doctor.
South Sea Bubbles 1 v.
- Eastwick, Edward B., † 1883.
Autobiography of Lutfullah 1 v.
- Edgeworth, Maria: *vide* p. 29.
- Edwardes, Mrs. Annie.
Steven Lawrence, Yeoman 2 v. — Ought we to visit her? 2 v. — A Vagabond Heroine 1 v. — Leah: A Woman of Fashion 2 v. — A Blue-Stocking 1 v. — Jet: Her Face or Her Fortune? 1 v. — Vivian the Beauty 1 v. — A Ballroom Repentance 2 v. — A Girton Girl 2 v. — A Playwright's Daughter, and Bertie Griffiths 1 v. — Pearl-Powder 1 v.
- Edwards, Amelia B., † 1892.
Barbara's History 2 v. — Miss Carew 2 v. — Hand and Glove 1 v. — Half a Mil-

lion of Money 2 v. — Debenham's Vow 2 v. — In the Days of my Youth 2 v. — Untrodden Peaks and Unfrequented Valleys 1 v. — Monsieur Maurice 1 v. — A Night on the Borders of the Black Forest 1 v. — A Thousand Miles up the Nile 2 v. — Lord Brackenbury 2 v.

Edwards, M. Betham: *vide* Betham.

Eggleston, Edward (Am.), † 1902.
The Faith Doctor 2 v.

Elbon, Barbara (Am.).
Bethesda 2 v.

Eliot, George (Miss Evans—Mrs. Cross), † 1880.

Scenes of Clerical Life 2 v. — Adam Bede 2 v. — The Mill on the Floss 2 v. — Silas Marner 1 v. — Romola 2 v. — Felix Holt 2 v. — Daniel Deronda 4 v. — The Lifted Veil, and Brother Jacob 1 v. — Impressions of Theophrastus Such 1 v. — Essays and Leaves from a Note-Book 1 v. — George Eliot's Life, edited by her Husband J. W. Cross 4 v.

"Elizabeth and her German Garden," Author of.

Elizabeth and her German Garden 1 v. — The Solitary Summer 1 v. — The Benefactress 2 v. — Princess Priscilla's Fortnight 1 v. — The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen 1 v. — Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther 1 v. — Vera 1 v. — The Enchanted April 1 v. — Love 1 v. — Introduction to Sally 1 v.

Elliot, Mrs. Frances, † 1898.

Diary of an Idle Woman in Italy 2 v. — Old Court Life in France 2 v. — The Italians 2 v. — The Diary of an Idle Woman in Sicily 1 v. — Pictures of Old Rome 1 v. — The Diary of an Idle Woman in Spain 2 v. — The Red Cardinal 1 v. — The Story of Sophia 1 v. — Diary of an Idle Woman in Constantinople 1 v. — Old Court Life in Spain 2 v. — Roman Gossip 1 v.

Emerson, Ralph Waldo (Am.), † 1882.

Representative Men 1 v. — Essays 1 v. — Nature and Thought 1 v. — English Traits 1 v. — Conduct of Life 1 v.

"English Fairy Tales." 1 v.

Erroll, Henry.
An Ugly Duckling 1 v.

Esler, E. Rentoul.
The Way they loved at Grimpat 1 v.

"Estelle Russell," Author of.
Estelle Russell 2 v.

Esterre-Keeling, Elsa D'.
Three Sisters 1 v. — A Laughing Philosopher 1 v. — The Professor's Wooing 1 v. — In Thoughtland and in Dreamland 1 v. — Orchardcroft 1 v. — A Passionata 1 v. — Old Maids and Young 2 v. — The Queen's Serf 1 v.

"Euthanasia," Author of.
Euthanasia 1 v.

Ewing, Juliana Horatia, † 1885.
Jackanapes; The Story of a Short Life; Daddy Darwin's Dovecot 1 v. — A Flat Iron for a Farthing 1 v. — The Brownies, and other Tales 1 v.

"Explicated," Author of.
Explicated 2 v.

Fargus, F. J.: *vide* Hugh Conway.

Farrar, F. W. (Dean), † 1903.
Darkness and Dawn 3 v.

"Fate of Fenella, the," Authors of.
The Fate of Fenella, by 24 Authors 1 v.

Felkin, Alfred Laurence: *vide* E. T. Fowler.

Felkin, Mrs.: *vide* E. T. Fowler.

Fendall, Percy: *vide* F. C. Phillips.

Fenn, George Manville.
The Parson o' Dumford 2 v. — The Clerk of Portwick 2 v.

Ferber, Edna (Am.).
Show Boat 1 v. — So Big 1 v.

Fielding, Henry, † 1754.
Tom Jones 2 v.

Findlater, Mary & Jane (Am.): *vide* Kate Douglas Wiggin.

Fitzgerald, Edward.
Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám 1 v.

Five Centuries
of the English Language and Literature
John Wycliffe. — Geoffrey Chaucer. — Stephen Hawes. — Sir Thomas More. — Edmund Spenser. — Ben Jonson. — John Locke. — Thomas Gray (vol. 500, published 1860) 1 v.

Fleming, George (Am.).
Kismet 1 v. — Andromeda 2 v.

Forbes, Archibald, † 1900.
My Experiences of the War between France and Germany 2 v. — Memories

and Studies of War and Peace 2 v. — *Vide* also "Daily News," War Correspondence.

Forrest, R. E.

Eight Days 2 v.

Forrester, Mrs.

Viva 2 v. — Rhona 2 v. — My Lord and My Lady 2 v. — I have Lived and Loved 2 v. — June 2 v. — Although he was a Lord, and other Tales 1 v. — Corisande, and other Tales 1 v. — Once Again 2 v. — Of the World, Worldly 1 v. — Dearest 2 v. — The Light of other Days 1 v. — Too Late Repented 1 v.

Forster, John, † 1876.

The Life of Charles Dickens (with Illustrations and Portraits) 6 v. — Life and Times of Oliver Goldsmith 2 v.

Fothergill, Jessie.

The First Violin 2 v. — Probation 2 v. — Made or Marred, and "One of Three" 1 v. — Peril 2 v. — Borderland 2 v.

"Found Dead," Author of: *vide* James Payn.

Fowler, Ellen Thorneycroft (Mrs. Alfred Laurence Felkin).

A Double Thread 2 v. — The Farringtons 2 v. — Fuel of Fire 1 v. — Place and Power 2 v. — In Subjection 2 v. — Miss Fallowfield's Fortune 1 v.

Fowler, Ellen Thorneycroft (Mrs. A. L. Felkin), & Alfred Laurence Felkin.

Kate of Kate Hall 2 v.

Fox, Caroline, † 1871.

Memories of Old Friends from her Journals and Letters, edited by Horace N. Pym 2 v.

"Frank Fairleigh," Author of (F. E. Smedley), † 1864.

Frank Fairleigh 2 v.

Francis, M. E.

The Duenna of a Genius 1 v.

Frederic, Harold (Am.), † 1898.

Illumination 2 v.

Freeman, Edward A., † 1892.

The Growth of the English Constitution 1 v. — Sketches from French Travel 1 v.

Froude, James Anthony, † 1894.

Oceana 1 v. — The Spanish Story of the Armada, and other Essays 1 v.

Fullerton, Lady Georgiana, † 1885.

Ellen Middleton 1 v. — Grantley Manor 2 v. — Lady Bird 2 v. — Too Strange not to be True 2 v. — Constance Sherwood 2 v. — Mrs. Gerald's Niece 2 v. — The Notary's Daughter 1 v. — The Lilies of the Valley, and The House of Penarvan 1 v. — The Life of Luisa de Carvajal 1 v. — A Will and a Way, and The Handkerchief at the Window 2 v. — Eliane 2 v. (by Mrs. Augustus Craven, translated by Lady Fullerton). — Laurentia 1 v.

Galsworthy, John.

The Country House 1 v. — Fraternity 1 v. — Villa Rubein 1 v. — A Man of Devon, etc. 1 v. — A Motley 1 v. — The Patrician 1 v. — Justice, and Other Plays 1 v. — The Silver Box, and Other Plays 1 v. — The Inn of Tranquillity 1 v. — The Island Pharisées 1 v. — The Dark Flower 1 v. — A Bit o' Love, and Other Plays 1 v. — A Family Man, and Other Plays 1 v. — Captures 1 v. — The White Monkey 1 v. — The Forsyte Saga 3 v.

Gardiner: *vide* Lady Blessington.

Gaskell, Mrs., † 1865.

Mary Barton 1 v. — Ruth 2 v. — Lizzie Leigh, and other Tales 1 v. — The Life of Charlotte Brontë 2 v. — Lois the Witch, etc. 1 v. — Sylvia's Lovers 2 v. — Wives and Daughters 3 v. — Cranford 1 v.

"Geraldine Hawthorne," Author of: *vide* Author of "Miss Molly."

Gerard, Dorothea (Madame Longard de Longarde).

Lady Baby 2 v. — Recha 1 v. — Orthodox 1 v. — The Wrong Man 1 v. — A Spotless Reputation 1 v. — One Year 1 v. — The Supreme Crime 1 v. — The Blood-Tax 1 v. — The Eternal Woman 1 v. — Made of Money 1 v. — The Bridge of Life 1 v. — The Three Essentials 1 v. — The Improbable Idyl 1 v. — The Compromise 2 v. — Itinerant Daughters 1 v. — Restitution 1 v. — Pomp and Circumstance 1 v. — The Grass Widow 1 v. — A Glorious Lie 1 v. — The City of Enticement 1 v. — Exotic Martha 1 v. — The Unworthy Pact 1 v. — The Waters of Lethe 1 v. — The Austrian Officer at Work and at Play 1 v.

- Gerard, E.** (Emily de Laszowska).
A Secret Mission 1 v. — A Foreigner 2 v.
— The Extermination of Love 2 v.
- Gibbon, Percival.**
The Adventures of Miss Gregory 1 v
- Giberne, Agnes.**
The Curate's Home 1 v.
- Gissing, George,** † 1903.
Demos 2 v. — New Grub Street 2 v.
- Gladstone, W. E.,** † 1898.
Rome and the Newest Fashions in Religion 1 v. — Bulgarian Horrors, and Russia in Turkistan, with other Tracts 1 v. — The Hellenic Factor in the Eastern Problem, with other Tracts 1 v.
- Glyn, Elinor.**
The Visits of Elizabeth 1 v. — The Reflections of Ambrosine 1 v. — The Vicissitudes of Evangeline 1 v. — Beyond the Rocks 1 v. — Three Weeks 1 v. — Elizabeth Visits America 1 v. — His Hour 1 v. — The Reason Why 1 v. — Halcyone 1 v. — The Contrast 1 v. — Guinevere's Lover 1 v. — Man and Maid 1 v. — Six Days 1 v. — The Great Moment 1 v. — Love's Blindness 1 v.
- Godfrey, Hal:** *vide* Charlotte O'Connor Eccles.
- Goldring, Douglas.**
Nobody Knows 1 v. — Cuckoo 1 v. — The Merchant of Souls 1 v.
- Goldsmith, Oliver,** † 1774.
Select Works (with Portrait) 1 v.
- Goodman, Edward J.**
Too Curious 1 v.
- Gordon, Julien** (Am.).
A Diplomat's Diary 1 v.
- Gordon, Major-Gen. C. G.,** † 1885.
His Journals at Kartoum (with eighteen Illustrations) 2 v.
- Gore, Mrs.,** † 1861.
Castles in the Air 1 v. — The Dean's Daughter 2 v. — Progress and Prejudice 2 v. — Mammon 2 v. — A Life's Lessons 2 v. — The Two Aristocracies 2 v. — Heckington 2 v.
- Grand, Sarah.**
Our Manifold Nature 1 v. — Babs the Impossible 2 v. — Emotional Moments 1 v.
- Grant, Miss.**
Victor Lescar 2 v. — The Sun-Maid 2 v.
- My Heart's in the Highlands 2 v. — Artiste 2 v. — Prince Hugo 2 v.
- Gray, Maxwell.**
The Silence of Dean Maitland 2 v. — The Reproach of Annesley 2 v.
- Grenville: Murray, E. C.** (Trois-Etoiles), † 1881.
The Member for Paris 2 v. — Young Brown 2 v. — The Boudoir Cabal 3 v. — French Pictures in English Chalk (*First Series*) 2 v. — The Russians of To-day 1 v. — French Pictures in English Chalk (*Second Series*) 2 v. — Strange Tales 1 v. — That Artful Vicar 2 v. — Six Months in the Ranks 1 v. — People I have met 1 v.
- Grey, Zane** (Am.).
Tappan's Burro, and Other Stories 1 v. — The Call of the Canyon 1 v. — The Thundering Herd 1 v.
- Grimwood, Ethel St. Clair.**
My Three Years in Manipur (with Portrait) 1 v.
- Grohman, W. A. Ballie.**
Tyrol and the Tyrolese 1 v.
- Gunter, A. C.** (Am.), † 1907.
Mr. Barnes of New York 1 v.
- Guthrie, F. Anstey:** *vide* Anstey.
- "Guy Livingstone," Author of (George Alfred Laurence), † 1876.
Guy Livingstone 1 v. — Sword and Gown 1 v. — Barren Honour 1 v. — Border and Bastille 1 v. — Maurice Dering 1 v. — Sans Merci 2 v. — Breaking a Butterfly 2 v. — Anteros 2 v. — Hagarane 2 v.
- Habberton, John** (Am.).
Helen's Babies & Other People's Children 1 v. — The Bowsham Puzzle 1 v. — Mrs. Mayburn's Twins 1 v.
- Haggard, Sir H. Rider,** † 1925.
King Solomon's Mines 1 v. — She 2 v. — Jess 2 v. — Allan Quatermain 2 v. — The Witch's Head 2 v. — Maiwa's Revenge 1 v. — Mr. Meeson's Will 1 v. — Colonel Quaritch, V. C. 2 v. — Cleopatra 2 v. — Allan's Wife 1 v. — Beatrice 2 v. — Dawn 2 v. — Montezuma's Daughter 2 v. — The People of the Mist 2 v. — Joan Haste 2 v. — Heart of the World 2 v. — The Wizard 1 v. — Doctor Therne 1 v. — Swallow 2 v. — Black Heart and White Heart, and Elissa 1 v. — Lysbeth 2 v. — A Winter

Pilgrimage 2 v. — Pearl-Maiden 2 v. — Stella Fregelius 2 v. — The Brethren 2 v. — Ayasha. The Return of 'She' 2 v. — The Way of the Spirit 2 v. — Benita 1 v. — Far Margaret 2 v. — The Lady of Blossholme 1 v. — Morning Star 1 v. — Queen Sheba's Ring 1 v. — Red Eve 1 v. — Marie 1 v. — Child of Storm 1 v. — The Wanderer's Necklacc 1 v. — Wisdom's Daughter 1 v. — Heu-Heu, or The Monster 1 v. — Queen of the Dawn 1 v. — The Treasure of the Lake 1 v.

Haggard, Sir H. Rider, & Andrew Lang. The World's Desire 2 v.

Hall, Mrs. S. C., † 1881.

Can Wrong be Right? 1 v. — Marian 2 v.

Hamerton, P. G., † 1894.

Marmorne 1 v. — French and English 2 v.

Hardy, Rev. E. J.

How to be Happy though Married 1 v. — Still Happy though Married 1 v.

Hardy, Miss Iza: *vide* Author of "Not Easily Jealous."

Hardy, Thomas.

The Hand of Ethelberta 2 v. — Far from the Madding Crowd 2 v. — The Return of the Native 2 v. — The Trumpet-Major 2 v. — A Laodicean 2 v. — Two on a Tower 2 v. — A Pair of Blue Eyes 2 v. — A Group of Noble Dames 1 v. — Tess of the D'Urbervilles 2 v. — Life's Little Ironies 1 v. — Jude the Obscure 2 v. — A Changed Man 1 v. — The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid 1 v.

Harland, Henry (Am.), † 1905.

The Lady Paramount 1 v.

Harraden, Beatrice.

Ships that pass in the Night 1 v. — In Varying Moods 1 v. — Hilda Strafford, and The Remittance Man 1 v. — The Fowler 2 v. — The Scholar's Daughter 1 v. — Interp 2 v. — Out of the Wreck 1 Rise 1 v. — Patuffa 1 v. — Youth Calling 1 v. — Rachel 1 v.

Harrison, Agnes.

Martin's Vineyard 1 v.

Harrison, Mrs.: *vide* Lucas Malet.

Harte, Bret (Am.), † 1902.

Prose and Poetry (Tales of the Argonauts; — The Luck of Roaring Camp; The Outcasts of Poker Flat, etc. — Spanish and American Legends; Condensed Novels; Civic and Character Sketches; Poems) 2 v. — Idyls of the Foothills 1 v. — Gabriel Conroy 2 v. —

Two Men of Sandy Bar 1 v. — Thankful Blossom, and other Tales 1 v. — Drift from Two Shores 1 v. — Jeff Briggs's Love Story, and other Tales 1 v. — Flip, and other Stories 1 v. — On the Frontier 1 v. — By Shore and Sedge 1 v. — Maruja 1 v. — Snow-bound at Eagle's, and Devil's Ford 1 v. — The Crusade of the "Excelsior" 1 v. — The Heritage of Dedlow Marsh, and other Tales 1 v. — A Waif of the Plains 1 v. — A First Family of Tasajara 1 v. — Sally Dows, etc. 1 v. — A Protégée of Jack Hamlin's, etc. 1 v. — The Bell-Ringer of Angel's, etc. 1 v. — Clarence 1 v. — The Ancestors of Peter Atherly, etc. 1 v. — Tales of Trail and Town 1 v. — Mr. Jack Hamlin's Mediation, and other Stories 1 v. — From Sand-Hill to Pine 1 v. — Under the Redwoods 1 v. — Trent's Trust 1 v.

Hawthorne, Nathaniel (Am.), † 1864.

The Scarlet Letter 1 v. — Transformation (The Marble Faun) 2 v. — Passages from his English Note-Books 2 v.

Hay, John (Am.), † 1905: *vide* "The Bread-Winners," Author of.

Hay, Marie.

Mas'aniello 1 v. — The Evil Vineyard 1 v.

Hearn, Lafcadio, † 1906.

Kokoro 1 v. — Kwaidan 1 v. — Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan (*First Series*) 1 v. — Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan (*Second Series*) 1 v. — Gleanings in Buddha-Fields 1 v. — Out of the East 1 v. — The Romance of the Milky Way, etc. 1 v.

Hector, Mrs.: *vide* Mrs. Alexander.

"Heir of Redclyffe, the," Author of *vide* Charlotte M. Yonge.

Helps, Sir Arthur, † 1875.

Friends in Council 2 v. — Ivan de Biron 2 v.

Hemans, Mrs. Felicia, † 1835.

Select Poetical Works 1 v.

Henry, O. (Am.).

Cabbages and Kings 1 v.

Hergeshelmer, Joseph (Am.).

Java Head 1 v. — Cythera 1 v. — Mountain Blood 1 v. — The Three Black Pennys 1 v. — Linda Condon 1 v. — The Bright Shawl 1 v. — Balisand 1 v. — Tampico 1 v.

Hewlett, Maurice.

The Forest Lovers 1 v. — Little Novels of Italy 1 v. — New Canterbury Tales 1 v. — The Queen's Quair; or, The Six Years' Tragedy 2 v. — Fond Adventures 1 v. — The Fool Errant 2 v. — The Stopping Lady 1 v. — The Spanish Jade 1 v. — Halfway

House 2 v. — Open Country 1 v. — Rest Harrow 1 v. — Brazenhead the Great 1 v. — The Song of Renny 1 v. — Lore of Proserpine 1 v. — Bendish 1 v.

Hichens, Robert.

Flames 2 v. — The Slave 2 v. — Felix 2 v. — The Woman with the Fan 2 v. — The Garden of Allah 2 v. — The Black Spaniel, and Other Stories 1 v. — The Call of the Blood 2 v. — A Spirit in Prison 2 v. — Barbary Sheep 1 v. — Bella Donna 2 v. — The Spell of Egypt 1 v. — The Dweller on the Threshold 1 v. — The Fruitful Vine 2 v. — The Londoners 1 v. — An Imaginative Man 1 v. — The Way of Ambition 2 v. — The Holy Land 1 v. — The Last Time, and Other Stories 1 v. — After the Verdict 2 v. — The God Within Him 2 v.

Hobart Pasha, Admiral, † 1886.

Sketches from my Life 1 v.

Hobbes, John Oliver (Mrs. Craigie) (Am.), † 1906.

The Gods, Some Mortals and Lord Wickham 1 v. — The Serious Wooing 1 v. — The Dream and the Business 2 v.

Hoey, Mrs. Cashel.

A Golden Sorrow 2 v. — Out of Court 2 v.

Holdsworth, Annie E.

The Years that the Locust hath Eaten 1 v. — The Gods Arrive 1 v. — The Valley of the Great Shadow 1 v. — Great Lowlands 1 v. — A Garden of Spinsters 1 v.

Holme Lee: *vide* Harriet Parr.

Holmes, Oliver Wendell (Am.), † 1894.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table 1 v. — The Professor at the Breakfast-Table 1 v. — The Poet at the Breakfast-Table 1 v.

Hope, Anthony (Hawkins).

Mr. Witt's Widow 1 v. — Half a Hero 1 v. — Comedies of Courtship 1 v. — The Heart of Princess Osra 1 v. — Simon Dale 2 v. — Rupert of Hentzau 1 v. — The King's Mirror 2 v. — Quisante 1 v. — The Intrusions of Peggy 2 v. — Double Harness 2 v. — A Servant of the Public 2 v. — Sophy of Kravonia 2 v. — Tales of Two People 2 v. — The Great Miss Driver 2 v. — Little Tiger 1 v.

Hopkins, Tighe, † 1919.

An Idler in Old France 1 v. — The Man in the Iron Mask 1 v. — The Dungeons of Old Paris 1 v. — The Silent Gate 1 v. — The Women Napoleon Loved 1 v. — The Romance of Fraud 1 v.

"Horace Templeton," Author of.
Diary and Notes 1 v.

Hornung, Ernest William.

A Bride from the Bush 1 v. — Under Two Skies 1 v. — Some Persons Unknown 1 v. — The Amateur Cracksmen 1 v. — The Rogue's March 1 v. — Peccavi 1 v. — The Black Mask 1 v. — The Shadow of the Rope 1 v. — No Hero 1 v. — Denis Dent 1 v. — A Thief in the Night 1 v. — Dead Men Tell No Tales 1 v. — Mr. Justice Raffles 1 v. — The Camera Fiend 1 v. — Fathers of Men 2 v. — The Thousandth Woman 1 v. — The Crime Doctor 1 v.

"Household Words."

Conducted by Charles Dickens. 1851-56. 36 v. — NOVELS and TALES reprinted from Household Words by Charles Dickens. 1856-59. 11 v.

Houstoun, Mrs.: *vide* "Recommended to Mercy."

"How to be Happy though Married":
vide Rev. E. J. Hardy.

Howard, Blanche Willis (Am.), † 1898.

Aunt Serena 1 v. — Guenn 2 v. — Tony, the Maid, etc. 1 v.

Howard, Blanche Willis, † 1898, & William Sharp (Am.), † 1905.

A Fellow and His Wife 1 v.

Howells, William Dean (Am.).

A Foregone Conclusion 1 v. — The Lady of the Aroostook 1 v. — A Modern Instance 2 v. — The Undiscovered Country 1 v. — Venetian Life (with Portrait) 1 v. — Italian Journeys 1 v. — A Chance Acquaintance 1 v. — Their Wedding Journey 1 v. — A Fearful Responsibility, and Tonelli's Marriage 1 v. — A Woman's Reason 2 v. — Dr. Breen's Practice 1 v. — Miss Bellard's Inspiration 1 v.

Hughes, Thomas, † 1898.

Tom Brown's School-Days 1 v.

Hungerford, Mrs. (Mrs. Argles), † 1897.

Molly Bawn 2 v. — Mrs. Geoffrey 2 v. — Faith and Unfaith 2 v. — Loys, Lord Berresford, and other Tales 1 v. — Rossmoyne 2 v. — A Maiden all Forlorn, etc. 1 v. — A Passive Crime, and other Stories 1 v. — Green Pleasure and Grey Grief 2 v. — A Mental Struggle 2 v. — Her Week's Amusement, and Ugly Barrington 1 v. — Lady Branksmere 2 v. — Lady Valworth's Diamonds 1 v. — A

Modern Circé 2 v. — Marvel 2 v. — The Hon. Mrs. Vereker 1 v. — Under-Currents 2 v. — In Durance Vile, etc. 1 v. — A Troublesome Girl, and other Stories 1 v. — A Life's Remorse 2 v. — A Born Coquette 2 v. — The Duchess 1 v. — Lady Verner's Flight 1 v. — Nora Creina 2 v. — A Mad Prank, and other Stories 1 v. — The Hoyden 2 v. — Peter's Wife 2 v. — A Tug of War 1 v. — The Professor's Experiment 2 v. — A Point of Conscience 2 v. — A Lonely Girl 1 v. — Lovice 1 v. — The Coming of Chloe 1 v.

Hunt, Mrs.: *vide* Beaumont.

Hunt, Violet.

The Human Interest 1 v. — White Rose of Weary Leaf 2 v. — The Wife of Altamont 1 v.

Hutten, Baroness von (Am.).

Kingsmead 1 v. — The Lordship of Love 2 v. — The Green Patch 1 v. — Julia 1 v. — Candy, and Other Stories 1 v.

Ingelow, Jean, † 1897.

Off the Skelligs 3 v. — Poems 2 v. — Fated to be Free 2 v. — Sarah de Berenger 2 v. — Don John 2 v.

Inglis, the Hon. Lady.

The Siege of Lucknow 1 v.

Ingram, John H.: *vide* Poe.

Iota: *vide* Mrs. Caffyn.

Irving, Washington (Am.), † 1859.

The Sketch Book (with Portrait) 1 v. — The Life of Mahomet 1 v. — Lives of the Successors of Mahomet 1 v. — Oliver Goldsmith 1 v. — Chronicles of Wolfert's Roost 1 v. — Life of George Washington 5 v.

Jackson, Mrs. Helen (H. H.) (Am.), † 1885.
Ramona 2 v.

Jacobs, W. W.

Many Cargoes 1 v. — The Skipper's Wooing, and The Brown Man's Servant 1 v. — Sea Urchins 1 v. — A Master of Craft 1 v. — Light Freights 1 v. — At Sun-
-wich Port 1 v. — The Lady of the Barge 1 v. — Odd Craft 1 v. — Dialstone Lane 1 v. — Captains All 1 v. — Short Cruises 1 v. — Salthaven 1 v. — Sailors' Knots 1 v. — Ship's Company 1 v. — Sea Whispers 1 v. — The Castaways 1 v.

James, Charles T. C.

Holy Wedlock 1 v.

James, G. P. R., † 1860.

Morley Erstein (with Portrait) 1 v. — Forest Days 1 v. — The False Heir 1 v. —

Arabella Stuart 1 v. — Rose d'Albret 1 v. — Arrah Neil 1 v. — Agincourt 1 v. — The Smuggler 1 v. — The Step-Mother 2 v. — Beauchamp 1 v. — Heidelberg 1 v. — The Gipsy 1 v. — Darnley 1 v. — Russell 2 v. — Sir Theodore Broughton 2 v.

James, Henry (Am.).

The Europeans 1 v. — Daisy Miller; An International Episode; Four Meetings 1 v. — Roderick Hudson 2 v. — The Madonna of the Future, etc. 1 v. — Confidence 1 v. — Washington Square, etc. 2 v. — The Portrait of a Lady 3 v. — Foreign Parts 1 v. — The Siege of London; The Point of View; A Passionate Pilgrim 1 v. — Portraits of Places 1 v. — A Little Tour in France 1 v. — The Finer Grain 1 v.

Jeaffreson, J. Cordy.

A Book about Doctors 2 v. — A Woman in spite of Herself 2 v. — The Real Lord Byron 3 v.

Jenkin, Mrs. Charles, † 1885.

"Who Breaks—Pays" 1 v. — Skirmishing 1 v. — Once and Again 2 v. — Two French Marriages 2 v. — Jupiter's Daughters 1 v.

Jenkins, Edward.

Ginx's Baby, his Birth and other Misfortunes; Lord Bantam 2 v.

"Jennie of 'The Prince's,'" Author of: *vide* B. H. Buxton.

Jerome, Jerome K.

The Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow 1 v. — Diary of a Pilgrimage, and Six Essays 1 v. — Novel Notes 1 v. — Sketches in Lavender, Blue and Green 1 v. — The Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow 1 v. — Three Men on the Bummel 1 v. — Paul Kelver 2 v. — Tea-Table Talk 1 v. — Tommy and Co. 1 v. — Idle Ideas in 1905 1 v. — The Passing of the Third Floor Back 1 v. — The Angel and the Author—and Others 1 v. — They and I, 1 v. — All Roads Lead to Calvary 1 v. — Anthony John 1 v.

Jerrold, Douglas, † 1857.

History of St. Giles and St. James 2 v. — Men of Character 2 v.

"John Halifax, Gentleman," Author of: *vide* Mrs. Craik.

Johnny Ludlow: *vide* Mrs. Henry Wood.

Johnson, Samuel, † 1784.

Lives of the English Poets 2 v.

Jolly, Emily.
Colonel Dacre 2 v.

"Joshua Davidson," Author of: *vide*
Mrs. E. Lynn Linton.

Kavanagh, Miss Julia, † 1877.
Nathalie 2 v. — Daisy Burns 2 v. —
Grace Lee 2 v. — Rachel Gray 1 v. —
Adele 3 v. — A Summer and Winter in
the Two Sicilies 2 v. — Seven Years, and
other Tales 2 v. — French Women of
Letters 1 v. — English Women of Letters
1 v. — Queen Mab 2 v. — Beatrice 2 v. —
Dora 2 v. — Silvia 2 v. — Bessie 2 v. —
John Dorrien 3 v. — Two Lilies 2 v. —
Forget-me-nots 2 v. (*vide* p. 29.)

Kaye-Smith, Sheila.
The End of the House of Alard 1 y.

Keary, Annie, † 1879.
Oldbury 2 v. — Castle Daly 2 v.

Keary, C. F.
The Mount 1 v.

Keeling, D'Esterre-: *vide* Esterre.

Kempis, Thomas A.
The Imitation of Christ. Translated
from the Latin by W. Benham, B.D. 1 v.

Kennedy, Margaret.
The Constant Nymph 1 v.

Kimball, Richard B. (Am.), † 1892.
Saint Leger 1 v. — Romance of Student
Life Abroad 1 v. — Undercurrents 1 v. —
Was he Successful? 1 v.

Kinglake, A. W., † 1891.
Eothen 1 v. — The Invasion of the
Crimea 14 v.

Kingsley, Charles, † 1875.
Westward hol 2 v. — Two Years ago 2 v.
— Hypatia 2 v. — Hereward the Wake
2 v. — At Last 2 v.

Kingsley, Henry, † 1876.
Ravenshoe 2 v. — Austin Elliot 1 v. —
Geoffry Hamlyn 2 v. — The Hillyars and
the Burtons 2 v. — Leighton Court 1 v. —
Valentin 1 v. — Reginald Hetherege 2 v.
— The Grange Garden 2 v.

Kinross, Albert.
An Opera and Lady Grasmere 1 v.

Kipling, Rudyard.
Plain Tales from the Hills 1 v. — The
Second Jungle Book 1 v. — The Seven
Seas 1 v. — "Captains Courageous"
1 v. — The Day's Work 1 v. — A Fleet
in Being 1 v. — Stalky & Co. 1 v. — From
Sea to Sea 2 v. — The City of Dreadful
Night 1 v. — Kim 1 v. — Just So Stories 1 v.
— The Five Nations 1 v. — Traffics and

Discoveries 1 v. — Puck of Pook's Hill 1 v.
— Actions and Reactions 1 v. — Rewards
and Fancies 1 v. — Land and Sea Tales 1 v.
— Debits and Credits 1 v.

Laffan, May.

Flitters, Tatters, and the Counsellor 1 v.

Lamb, Charles, † 1834.

The Essays of Elia and Eliana 1 v. (*vide*
p. 29.)

Lang, Andrew: *vide* H. Rider Haggard.

Langdon, Mary (Am.).

Ida May 1 v.

"Last of the Cavaliers, the," Author of
(Miss Piddington).

The Last of the Cavaliers 2 v. — The
Gain of a Loss 2 v.

Łaszowska, Mme de: *vide* E. Gerard.

Laurence, George Alfred: *vide* "Guy
Livingstone."

Lawless, the Hon. Emily, † 1913.

Hurriah 1 v.

Lee, Holme: *vide* Harriet Parr.

Lee, Vernon.

Pope Jacynth, etc. 1 v. — Genius Loci, and
The Enchanted Woods 1 v. — Hortus
Vitae, and Limbo 1 v. — The Spirit of
Rome, and Laurus Nobilis 1 v. — Vanitas
1 v. — Louis Norbert 1 v. — The Sentimen-
tal Traveller 1 v. — The Tower of the
Mirrors 1 v. — The Golden Keys 1 v.

Le Fanu, J. S., † 1873.

Uncle Silas 2 v. — Guy Deverell 2 v.

Lemon, Mark, † 1870.

Wait for the End 2 v. — Loved at Last
2 v. — Falkner Lyle 2 v. — Leyton Hall,
and other Tales 2 v. — Golden Fetters 2 v.

Lever, Charles, † 1872.

The O'Donoghue 1 v. — The Knight of
Gwynne 3 v. — Arthur O'Leary 2 v. —
Harry Lorrequer 2 v. — Charles O'Mal-
ley 3 v. — Tom Burke of "Ours" 3 v. —
Jack Hinton 2 v. — The Daltons 4 v. —
The Dodd Family Abroad 3 v. — The
Martins of Cro' Martin 3 v. — The For-
tunes of Glencore 2 v. — Roland Cashel
3 v. — Davenport Dunn 3 v. — Confessions
of Con Cregan 2 v. — One of Them 2 v. —
Maurice Tiernay 2 v. — Barrington 2 v. —
A Day's Ride 2 v. — Luttrell of Arran 2 v.
— Tony Butler 2 v. — Sir Brook Fossbrooke
2 v. — The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly
2 v. — A Rent in a Cloud 1 v. — That Boy
of Norcott's 1 v. — St. Patrick's Eve; Paul
Gosslett's Confessions 1 v. — Lord Kill-
gobbin 2 v.

- Levett-Yeats, S.**
The Honour of Savelli 1 v. — The Chevalier d'Auriac 1 v. — The Traitor's Way 1 v. — The Lord Protector 1 v. — Orrain 1 v.
- Lewes, G. H.,** † 1878.
Ranthorpe 1 v. — The Physiology of Common Life 2 v. — On Actors and the Art of Acting 1 v.
- Lewis, Sinclair, (Am.)**
Babbitt 1 v. — Our Mr. Wrenn 1 v. — Arrowsmith 1 v.
- Linton, Mrs. E. Lynn,** † 1898.
The true History of Joshua Davidson 1 v. — Patricia Kemball 2 v. — The Atonement of Leam Dundas 2 v. — The World well Lost 2 v. — Under which Lord? 2 v. — Todhunters' at Loanin' Head, and other Stories 1 v. — Ione 2 v.
- Lockhart, L. W. M.,** † 1882.
Mine is Thine 2 v.
- Loftus, Lord Augustus.**
Diplomatic Reminiscences 1837 - 1862 (with Portrait) 2 v.
- London, Jack (Am.)**
Burning Daylight 1 v. — The Call of the Wild 1 v. — When God Laughs 1 v. — The Sea-Wolf 2 v. — South Sea Tales 1 v. — Martin Eden 2 v. — A Son of the Sun 1 v. — The Son of the Wolf 1 v. — The Valley of the Moon 2 v.
- Longard, Mme de: vide D. Gerard.**
- Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth (Am.),** † 1882.
Poetical Works (with Portrait) 3 v. — The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri 3 v. — The New-England Tragedies 1 v. — The Divine Tragedy 1 v. — Flower-de-Luce, and Three Books of Song 1 v. — The Masque of Pandora, and other Poems 1 v.
- Lonsdale, Margaret.**
Sister Dora (with Portrait) 1 v.
- Loos, Anita (Am.)**
"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" 1 v.
- Lorimer, George Horace (Am.)**
Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to his Son 1 v. — Old Gorgon Graham 1 v. — Jack Spurlock, Prodigal 1 v.
- "Lost Battle, a,"** 2 v.
- Lowndes, Mrs. Belloc.**
The Uttermost Farthing 1 v. — Studies in Wives 1 v. — When No Man Pursueth 1 v. — Jane Oglander 1 v. — The Chink in the Armour 1 v. — Mary Pechell 1 v. — Studies in Love and in Terror 1 v. — The Lodger 1 v. — The End of her Honeymoon 1 v. — Why They Married 1 v. — The Territor Mystery 1 v. — Some Men and Women 1 v. — Bread of Deceit 1 v. — What Really Happened 1 v.
- Lubbock, Sir John (Lord Avebury),** * 1834, † 1913.
The Pleasures of Life 1 v. — The Beauties of Nature (with Illustrations) 1 v. — The Use of Life 1 v. — Scenery of Switzerland (with Illustrations) 2 v. — Essays and Addresses 1900-1903 1 v.
- "Lutfullah": vide Eastwick.**
- Lyall, Edna,** † 1903.
We Two 2 v. — Donovan 2 v. — In the Golden Days 2 v. — Knight-Errent 2 v. — Wayfaring Men 2 v. — Hope the Hermit 2 v. — In Spite of All 2 v. — The Hinderers 1 v.
- Lytton, Lord: vide E. Bulwer.**
- Lytton, Robert Lord (Owen Meredith),** † 1891.
Poems 2 v. — Fables in Song 2 v.
- Maartens, Maarten.**
The Sin of Joost Aveling 1 v. — An Old Maid's Love 2 v. — God's Fool 2 v. — The Greater Glory 2 v. — My Lady Nobody 2 v. — Her Memory 1 v. — Some Women I have known 1 v. — My Poor Relations 2 v. — Dorothea 2 v. — The Healers 2 v. — The Woman's Victory, and Other Stories 2 v. — The New Religion 2 v. — Brothers All 1 v. — The Price of Lis Doris 2 v. — Harmen Pols; Peasant 1 v. — Eve 2 v.
- McAulay, Allan (Am.): vide Kate Douglas Wiggin.**
- Macaulay, Lord,** † 1859.
History of England (with Portrait) 10 v. — Critical and Historical Essays 5 v. — Lays of Ancient Rome 1 v. — Speeches 2 v. — Biographical Essays 1 v. — William Pitt, Atterbury 1 v. — (See also Trevelyan).
- Macaulay, Rose.**
Told by an Idiot 1 v. — Orphan Island 1 v. — A Casual Commentary 1 v. — Crew Train 1 v.
- McCarthy, Justin.**
The Waterdale Neighbours 2 v. — Dear Lady Disdain 2 v. — Miss Misanthrope 2 v. — A History of our Own Times 5 v. — Donna Quixote 2 v. — A Short History of our Own Times 2 v. — A History of the Four Georges. Vols. 1 & 2. — A History of our Own Times. Vols. 6 & 7 (supplemental). — A History of the Four Georges and of William IV. Vols. 3, 4 & 5 (supplemental). — A Short History of our Own Times. Vol. 3 (supplemental).
- MacDonald, George,** † 1905.
Alec Forbes of Howglen 2 v. — David Elginbrod 2 v. — The Vicar's Daughter 2 v. — Malcolm 2 v. — St. George and St. Michael 2 v. — The Marquis of Lossie 2 v. — Sir Gibbie 2 v. — Mary

- Marston 2 v. — The Gifts of the Child Christ, and other Tales 1 v. — The Princess and Curdie 1 v.
- Mackarness, Mrs., † 1881.
- Sunbeam Stories 1 v. — A Peerless Wife 2 v. — A Mingled Yarn 2 v.
- Mackay, Eric, † 1898.
- Love Letters of a Violinist, and other Poems 1 v.
- Mackenzie, Compton.
- The Old Men of the Sea 1 v.
- McKnight, Charles (Am.), † 1881.
- Old Fort Duquesne 2 v.
- Maclaren, Ian, † 1907.
- Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush 1 v. — The Days of Auld Langsyne 1 v.
- Macleod, Fiona, † 1905.
- Wind and Wave 1 v. — The Sunset of Old Tales 1 v.
- Macleod, Norman, † 1872.
- The Old Lieutenant and his Son 1 v.
- Macpherson, James, † 1796: *vide* Ossian.
- Macquoid, Mrs.
- Patty 2 v. — Miriam's Marriage 2 v. — Pictures across the Channel 2 v. — My Story 2 v. — Diane 2 v. — Beside the River 2 v. — A Faithful Lover 2 v.
- "Mademoiselle Mori," Author of (Miss Roberts).
- Mademoiselle Mori 2 v. — Denise 1 v. — Madame Fontenoy 1 v. — On the Edge of the Storm 1 v. — The Atelier du Lys 2 v. — In the Olden Time 2 v.
- Mahon, Lord: *vide* Stanhope.
- Maine, E. S.
- Scarscliff Rocks 2 v.
- Malet, Lucas (Mrs. Mary St. Leger Harrison).
- Colonel Enderby's Wife 2 v. — The History of Sir Richard Calmady 3 v. — The Far Horizon 2 v. — The Score 1 v. — Adrian Savage 2 v.
- Malmesbury, the Earl of.
- Memoirs of an Ex-Minister 3 v.
- Mann, Mary E.
- A Winter's Tale 1 v. — The Cedar Star 1 v.
- Mansfield, Robert Blachford.
- The Log of the Water Lily 1 v.
- Mark Twain: *vide* Twain.
- Mariowe, Christopher.
- Doctor Faustus; Edward the Second; The Jew of Malta 1 v.
- "Marmorne," Author of: *vide* P. G. Hamerton.
- "Marriage," the Authors of (Am.).
- Marriage: Short Stories of Married Life by American Writers 1 v.
- Marryat, Capt., † 1848.
- Jacob Faithful (with Portrait) 1 v. — Percival Keene 1 v. — Peter Simple 1 v. — Japhet in Search of a Father 1 v. — Monsieur Violet 1 v. — The Settlers in Canada 1 v. — The Mission 1 v. — The Privateer's-Man 1 v. — The Children of the New-Forest 1 v. — Valerie 1 v. — Mr. Midshipman Easy 1 v. — The King's Own 1 v. (*vide* p. 29.)
- Marryat, Florence, † 1899.
- Love's Conflict 2 v. — For Ever and Ever 2 v. — The Confessions of Gerald Estcourt 2 v. — Nelly Brooke 2 v. — Veronique 2 v. — Petronel 2 v. — Her Lord and Master 2 v. — The Prey of the Gods 1 v. — Life and Letters of Captain Marryat 1 v. — Mad Dumaresq 2 v. — No Intentions 2 v. — Fighting the Air 2 v. — The Poison of Asps, and other Stories 1 v. — "My own Child" 2 v. — A Harvest of Wild Oats 2 v. — A Little Stepson 1 v. — Written in Fire 2 v. — Her World against a Lie 2 v. — The Root of all Evil 2 v. — The Fair-haired Alda 2 v. — With Cupid's Eyes 2 v. — My Sister the Actress 2 v. — Phyllida 2 v. — Facing the Footlights (with Portrait) 2 v. — A Moment of Madness, and other Stories 1 v. — The Ghost of Charlotte Cray, and other Stories 1 v. — Peeress and Player 2 v. — Under the Lilies and Roses 2 v. — The Heart of Jane Warner 2 v. — The Heir Presumptive 2 v. — The Master Passion 2 v. — Spiders of Society 2 v. — Driven to Bay 2 v. — A Daughter of the Tropics 2 v. — Mount Eden. A Romance 2 v. — Blindfold 2 v. — A Scarlet Sin 1 v. — A Bankrupt Heart 2 v. — The Spirit World 1 v. — The Beautiful Soul 1 v. — At Heart a Rake 2 v. — The Strange Transfiguration of Hannah Stubbs 1 v. — The Dream that Stayed 2 v. — A Passing Madness 1 v. — The Blood of the Vampire 1 v. — A Soul on Fire 1 v. — Iris the Avenger 1 v.
- Marsh, Mrs. Anne, † 1874.
- Ravenscliffe 2 v. — Emilia Wyndham 2 v. — Castle Avon 2 v. — Aubrey 2 v. — The Heiress of Haughton 2 v. — The Rose of Ashurst 2 v.
- Marshall, Mrs. Emma, † 1899.
- Mrs. Mainwaring's Journal 1 v. — Benvenuta 1 v. — Lady Alice 1 v. — Dayspring 1 v. — Life's Aftermath 1 v. —

In the East Country 1 v. — No. XIII; or, The Story of the Lost Vestal 1 v. — In Four Reigns 1 v. — On the Banks of the Ouse 1 v. — Alma 1 v. — Under Salisbury Spire 1 v. — The End Crowns All 1 v. — Winchester Meads 1 v. — Eventide Light 1 v. — Winifrede's Journal 1 v. — Bristol Bells 1 v. — A Lily among Thorns 1 v. — Penshurst Castle 1 v. — Kensington Palace 1 v. — The Master of the Musicians 1 v. — An Escape from the Tower 1 v. — A Haunt of Ancient Peace 1 v. — Castle Meadow 1 v. — In the Choir of Westminster Abbey 1 v. — The Young Queen of Hearts 1 v. — Under the Dome of St. Paul's 1 v. — (*Vide p. 29.*)

Mason, A. E. W.

The Four Feathers 2 v. — Miranda of the Balcony 1 v. — The Courtship of Morrice Buckler 2 v. — The Watchers 1 v. — Running Water 1 v. — The Broken Road 1 v. — At the Villa Rose 1 v. — The Turnstile 2 v. — The Witness for the Defence 1 v. — The House of the Arrow 1 v. — The Winding Stair 1 v.

Mathers, Helen (Mrs. Henry Reeves).

"Cherry Ripel!" 2 v. — "Land o' the Leal" 1 v. — My Lady Green Sleeves 2 v. — As he comes up the Stair, etc. 1 v. — Sam's Sweetheart 2 v. — Eyre's Acquittal 2 v. — Found Out 1 v. — Murder or Manslaughter? 1 v. — The Fashion of this World (80 Pf.) — Blind Justice, and "Who, being dead, yet Speaketh" 1 v. — What the Glass Told, and A Study of a Woman 1 v. — Bam Wildfire 2 v. — Becky 2 v. — Cinders 1 v. — "Honey" 1 v. — The New Lady Teazle, and Other Stories and Essays 1 v. — The Ferryman 1 v. — Tally Ho! 2 v. — Pigskin and Petticoat 2 v. — Gay Lawless 1 v.

Maugham, W. Somerset.

The Trembling of a Leaf 1 v. — The Painted Veil 1 v.

Maurice, Colonel.

The Balance of Military Power in Europe 1 v.

Maurier, George du, † 1896.

Trilby 2 v. — The Martian 2 v.

Maxwell, Mrs.: vide Miss Braddon.

Maxwell, W. B.

The Ragged Messenger 2 v. — The Guarded Flame 2 v. — Mrs. Thompson 1 v. — The Rest Cure 1 v. — In Cotton Wool 2 v. — General Mallock's Shadow 1 v. — The Day's Journey 1 v. — Children of the Night 1 v. — Fernande 1 v. — Spinster of this Parish 1 v. — The Case of Bevan Yorke 1 v. — Gabrielle 1 v.

"Mehalah": vide Baring-Gould.

Melville, George J. Whyte, † 1878.

Kate Coventry 1 v. — Digby Grand 1 v. — Good for Nothing 2 v. — The Queen's Maries 2 v. — The Gladiators 2 v. — The Brookes of Bridlemere 2 v. — Cerise 2 v. — The Interpreter 2 v. — The White Rose 2 v. — M. 6r N. 1 v. — Contraband 1 v. — Sarchedon 2 v. — Uncle John 2 v. — Katerfelto 1 v. — Sister Louise 1 v. — Rosine 1 v. — Roys' Wife 2 v. — Black but Comely 2 v. — Riding Recollections 1 v.

Memorial Volumes: vide Five Centuries (vol. 500); The New Testament (vol. 1000); Henry Morley (vol. 2000); Theodore Stanton (vol. 4000).

Meredith, George, † 1909.

The Ordeal of Richard Feverel 2 v. — Beauchamp's Career 2 v. — The Tragic Comedians 1 v. — Lord Ormont and his Aminta 2 v. — The Amazing Marriage 2 v. — The Egoist 2 v. — Rhoda Fleming 2 v.

Meredith, Owen: vide Robert Lord Lytton.

Merrick, Hope.

Mary-Girl 1 v.

Merrick, Leonard.

The Man who was good 1 v. — This Stage of Fools 1 v. — Cynthia 1 v. — One Man's View 1 v. — The Actor-Manager 1 v. — The Worldlings 1 v. — When Love flies out o' the Window 1 v. — Conrad in Quest of His Youth 1 v. — The Quaint Companions 1 v. — Whispers about Women 1 v. — The House of Lynch 1 v. — The Man who Understood Women, etc. 1 v. — All the World Wondered, etc. 1 v. — The Position of Peggy Harper 1 v.

Merriman, Henry Seton, † 1903.

Young Mistley 1 v. — Prisoners and Captives 2 v. — From One Generation to Another 1 v. — With Edged Tools 2 v. — The Sowers 2 v. — Flotsam 1 v. — In Kedar's Tents 1 v. — Roden's Corner 1 v. — The Isle of Unrest 1 v. — The Velvet Glove 1 v. — The Vultures 1 v. — Barlasch of the Guard 1 v. — Tomaso's Fortune, and Other Stories 1 v. — The Last Hope 2 v.

Mill, John Stuart, * 1806, † 1873.

On Liberty and The Subjection of Women 1 v.

Milne, James.

The Epistles of Atkins 1 v.

Milton, John, † 1674.

Poetical Works 1 v.

"Miss Molly," Author of.
Geraldine Hawthorne 1 v.

"Molly Bawn," Author of: *vide* Mrs.
Hungerford.

Montgomery, Florence.

Misunderstood 1 v. — Thrown Together 2 v. — Thwarted 1 v. — Wild Mike 1 v. — Seaforth 2 v. — The Blue Veil 1 v. — Transformed 1 v. — Colonel Norton 2 v. — Prejudged 1 v. — Behind the Scenes in the Schoolroom 1 v. (*Vide* p. 29.)

Moore, Frank Frankfort.

"I Forbid the Banns," 2 v. — A Gray Eye or So 2 v. — One Fair Daughter 2 v. — The Jessamy Bride 1 v. — Nell Gwyn — Comedian 1 v. — A Damsel or Two 1 v. — Castle Omeragh 2 v. — Shipmates in Sunshine 2 v. — The Original Woman 1 v. — The White Causeway 1 v. — The Artful Miss Dill 1 v. — The Marriage Lease 1 v. — An Amateur Adventuress 1 v. — Priscilla and Charybdis 1 v. — The Food of Love 1 v. — The Laird of Craig Athol 1 v. — The Ulsterman 1 v.

Moore, George.

Celibates 1 v. — Evelyn Innes 2 v. — Sister Teresa 2 v. — The Untilled Field 1 v. — Confessions of a Young Man 1 v. — The Lake 1 v. — Memoirs of my Dead Life 1 v. — Ave 1 v. — Spring Days 1 v. — Salve 1 v. — Vale 1 v. — The Brook Kerith 2 v. — Muslin 2 v. — The Coming of Gabrielle 1 v.

Moore, Thomas, † 1852.

Poetical Works (with Portrait) 5 v.

Morgan, Lady, † 1859.

Memoirs 3 v.

Morley, Henry, † 1894.

Of English Literature in the Reign of Victoria. With Facsimiles of the Signatures of Authors in the Tauchnitz Edition (v. 2000, published 1881) 1 v.

Morris, William.

A Selection from his Poems 1 v.

Morrison, Arthur.

Tales of Mean Streets 1 v. — A Child of the Jago 1 v. — To London Town 1 v. — Cunning Murrell 1 v. — The Hole in the Wall 1 v. — The Green Eye of Gooma 1 v. — Divers Vanities 1 v. — Green Ginger 1 v.

Muirhead, James Fullarton.

The Land of Contrasts 1 v.

Mulock, Miss: *vide* Mrs. Craik.

Murray, David Christie.

Rainbow Gold 2 v.

Murray, Grenville: *vide* Grenville.

"My Little Lady," Author of: *vide* E.
Frances Poynter.

New Testament, the.

The Authorised English Version, with Introduction and Various Readings from the three most celebrated Manuscripts of the Original Text, by Constantine Tischendorf (vol. 1000, published 1869) 1 v.

Newby, Mrs. C. J.

Common Sense 2 v.

Nicholls, Mrs.: *vide* Currer Bell.

"Nina Balatka," Author of: *vide* Anthony Trollope.

"No Church," Author of (F. Robinson).

No Church 2 v. — Owen:—a Waif 2 v.

Noel, Lady Augusta.

Hithersea Mere 2 v.

Norris, W. E.

A Bachelor's Blunder 2 v. — The Rogue 2 v. — Miss Shafto 2 v. — Mrs. Fenton 1 v. — Misadventure 2 v. — Saint Ann's 1 v. — A Victim of Good Luck 1 v. — Clarissa Furiosa 2 v. — Marietta's Marriage 2 v. — The Fight for the Crown 1 v. — The Widower 1 v. — Giles Ingilby 1 v. — The Flower of the Flock 1 v. — His Own Father 1 v. — The Credit of the County 1 v. — Lord Leonard the Luckless 1 v. — Nature's Comedian 1 v. — Nigel's Vocation 1 v. — Barham of Beltanar v. — Harry and Ursula 1 v. — The Square Peg 1 v. — Pauline 1 v. — The Perjurer 1 v. — Not Guilty 1 v. — Vittoria Victrix 1 v. — Paul's Paragon 1 v. — The Triumphs of Sara 1 v. — Tony the Exceptional 1 v.

Norton, Hon. Mrs., † 1877.

Stuart of Dunleath 2 v. — Old Sir Douglas 2 v.

"Not Easily Jealous," Author of (Miss Iza Hardy).

Not Easily Jealous 2 v.

"Novels and Tales": *vide* "Household Words."
 "Nursery Rhymes," 1 v.
 O'Connor Eccles, Charlotte (Hal. Godfrey).
 The Matrimonial Lottery 1 v.
 Oldmeadow, Ernest.
 Susan 1 v.
 Oliphant, Laurence, † 1888.
 Altiora Peto 2 v. — Masollam 2 v.
 Oliphant, Mrs., † 1897.
 The Last of the Mortimers 2 v. — Mrs. Margaret Maitland 1 v. — Agnes 2 v. — Madonna Mary 2 v. — The Minister's Wife 2 v. — The Rector and the Doctor's Family 1 v. — Salem Chapel 2 v. — The Perpetual Curate 2 v. — Miss Marjoribanks 2 v. — Ombra 2 v. — Memoir of Count de Montalembert 2 v. — May 2 v. — Innocent 2 v. — For Love and Life 2 v. — The Story of Valentine and his Brother 2 v. — Whiteladies 2 v. — The Curate in Charge 1 v. — Phoebe, Junior 2 v. — Mrs. Arthur 2 v. — Carità 2 v. — Young Musgrave 2 v. — The Primrose Path 2 v. — Within the Precincts 3 v. — The Greatest Heiress in England 2 v. — He that will not when he may 2 v. — Harry Joscelyn 2 v. — In Trust 2 v. — It was a Lover and his Lass 3 v. — The Ladies Lindores 3 v. — Hester 3 v. — The Wizard's Son 3 v. — A Country Gentleman and his Family 2 v. — Neighbours on the Green 1 v. — The Duke's Daughter 1 v. — The Fugitives 1 v. — Kirsteen 2 v. — Life of Laurence Oliphant and of Alice Oliphant, his Wife 2 v. — The Little Pilgrim in the Unseen 1 v. — The Heir Presumptive and the Heir Apparent 2 v. — The Sorceress 2 v. — Sir Robert's Fortune 2 v. — The Ways of Life 1 v. — Old Mr. Tredgold 2 v.
 "One who has kept a Diary": *vide* George W. E. Russell.
 Orczy, Baroness.
 Petticoat Government 1 v. — The Scarlet Pimpernel 1 v. — I will Repay 1 v. — The Elusive Pimpernel 1 v. — Fire in Stubble 2 v. — A True Woman 1 v. — Meadowsweet 1 v. — Eldorado 2 v. — Unto Caesar 2 v. — Nicolette 1 v. — The Honourable Jim 1 v. — Pimpernel and Rosemary 1 v. — Unravelled Knots 1 v. — The Celestial City 1 v.
 Osbourne, Lloyd (Am.).
 Baby Bullet 1 v. — The Motormaniacs 1 v. — Harm's Way 1 v. — The Kingdoms of the World 1 v.
 Ossian.
 The Poems of Ossian. Translated by James Macpherson 1 v.

Ouida, † 1908.
 Idalia 2 v. — Tricotrin 2 v. — Puck 2 v. — Chandos 2 v. — Strathmore 2 v. — Under two Flags 2 v. — Folle-Farine 2 v. — A Leaf in the Storm; A Dog of Flanders; A Branch of Lilac; A Provence Rose 1 v. — Cecil Castlemaine's Gage, and other Novelettes 1 v. — Madame la Marquise, and other Novelettes 1 v. — Pascarel 2 v. — Two little Wooden Shoes 1 v. — Signa (with Portrait) 3 v. — In a Winter City 1 v. — Ariadne 2 v. — Friendship 2 v. — Moths 3 v. — A Village Commune 2 v. — In Maremma 3 v. — Binibi 1 v. — Wanda 3 v. — Frescoes and other Stories 1 v. — Princess Napraxine 3 v. — Othmar 3 v. — A Rainy June (60 Pf.). Don Gesualdo (60 Pf.). — A House Party 1 v. — Guilderoy 2 v. — Syrlin 3 v. — Ruffino, and other Stories 1 v. — Santa Barbara, etc. 1 v. — Two Offenders 1 v. — The Silver Christ, etc. 1 v. — Toxin, and other Papers 1 v. — Le Selve, and Tonia 1 v. — An Altruist, and Four Essays 1 v. — La Strega, and other Stories 1 v. — The Waters of Edera 1 v. — Critical Studies 1 v. — Helianthus 2 v.

"Outcasts, the," Author of: *vide* "Roy Tellet."

Pain, Barry.

The Exiles of Faloo 1 v. — Stories in Grey 1 v. — Stories without Tears 1 v. — The New Gulliver, and Other Stories 1 v.

Parker, Sir Gilbert.

The Battle of the Strong 2 v. — Donovan Pasha, & Some People of Egypt 1 v. — The Seats of the Mighty 2 v. — The Weavers 2 v. — The Judgment House 2 v.

Parr, Harriet (Holme Lee), † 1900.

Basil Godfrey's Caprice 2 v. — For Richer, for Poorer 2 v. — The Beautiful Miss Barrington 2 v. — Her Title of Honour 1 v. — Echoes of a Famous Year 1 v. — Katherine's Trial 1 v. — The Vicissitudes of Bessie Fairfax 2 v. — Ben Milner's Wooing 1 v. — Straightforward 2 v. — Mrs. Denys of Cote 2 v. — A Poor Squire 1 v.

Parr, Mrs.

Dorothy Fox 1 v. — The Prescotts of Pamphillon 2 v. — The Gosau Smithy, etc. 1 v. — Robin 2 v. — Loyalty George 2 v.

Paston, George.

A Study in Prejudices 1 v. — A Fair Deceiver 1 v.

Pasture, Mrs. Henry de la.

The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square 1 v. — The Grey Knight 1 v. — Catherine's Child 1 v. — Master Christopher 2 v. — Erica 1 v.

Paul, Mrs.: *vide* "Still Waters."

"Paul Ferroll," Author of (Mrs. Caroline Clive), † 1873.

Paul Ferroll 1 v. — Year after Year 1 v.
— Why Paul Ferroll killed his Wife 1 v.

Payn, James, † 1898.

Found Dead 1 v. — Gwendoline's Harvest 1 v. — Like Father, like Son 2 v. — Not Wooded, but Won 2 v. — Cecil's Tryst 1 v. — A Woman's Vengeance 2 v. — Murphy's Master 1 v. — In the Heart of a Hill, and other Stories 1 v. — At Her Mercy 2 v. — The Best of Husbands 2 v. — Walter's Word 2 v. — Halves 2 v. — Fallen Fortunes 2 v. — What He cost Her 2 v. — By Proxy 2 v. — Less Black than we're Painted 2 v. — Under one Roof 2 v. — High Spirits 1 v. — High Spirits (Second Series) 1 v. — A Confidential Agent 2 v. — From Exile 2 v. — A Grape from a Thorn 2 v. — Some Private Views 1 v. — For Cash Only 2 v. — Kit: A Memory 2 v. — The Canon's Ward (with Portrait) 2 v. — Some Literary Recollections 1 v. — The Talk of the Town 1 v. — The Luck of the Darrells 2 v. — The Heir of the Ages 2 v. — Holiday Tasks 1 v. — Glow-Worm Tales (First Series) 1 v. — A Prince of the Blood 2 v. — The Mystery of Mirbridge 2 v. — The Burnt Million 2 v. — The Word and the Will 2 v. — Sunny Stories, and some Shady Ones 1 v. — A Modern Dick Whittington 2 v. — A Stumble on the Threshold 2 v. — A Trying Patient 1 v. — Gleams of Memory, and The Eavesdropper 1 v. — In Market Overt 1 v. — Another's Burden etc. 1 v. — The Backwater of Life, or Essays of a Literary Veteran 1 v.

Peard, Frances Mary.

One Year 2 v. — The Rose-Garden 1 v. — Thorpe Regis 1 v. — A Winter Story 1 v. — A Madrigal, and other Stories 1 v. — Cartouche 1 v. — Mother Molly 1 v. — Schloss and Town 2 v. — Contradictions 2 v. — Near Neighbours 1 v. — Alicia Tennant 1 v. — Madame's Granddaughter 1 v. — Donna Teresa 1 v. — Number One and Number Two 1 v. — The Ring from Jaipur 1 v. — The Flying Months 1 v.

Pemberton, Max.

A Woman of Kronstadt 1 v. — The Garden of Swords 1 v. — The Footsteps of a Throne 1 v. — The Giant's Gate 2 v. — I crown thee King 1 v. — The House under the Sea 1 v. — Red Morn 1 v. — Beatrice of Venice 2 v. — Mid the Thick Arrows 2 v. — My Sword for Lafayette 1 v. — The Lady

Evelyn 1 v. — The Lodestar 1 v. — Wheels of Anarchy 1 v. — Love the Harvester 1 v. — White Walls 1 v. —

Percy, Bishop Thomas, † 1811.

Reliques of Ancient English Poetry 3 v.

Perrin, Alice.

The Charm 1 v. — The Anglo-Indians 1 v. — The Happy Hunting Ground 1 v. — Government House 1 v. — Rough Passages 1 v.

Philips, F. C.

As in a Looking Glass 1 v. — The Dean and his Daughter 1 v. — Lucy Smith 1 v. — A Lucky Young Woman 1 v. — Jack and Three Jills 1 v. — Young Mr. Ainslie's Courtship 1 v. — Social Vicissitudes 1 v. — Extenuating Circumstances, and A French Marriage 1 v. — More Social Vicissitudes 1 v. — Constance 2 v. — That Wicked Mad'moiselle, etc. 1 v. — A Doctor in Difficulties, etc. 1 v. — "One Never Knows" 2 v. — Of Course 1 v. — Miss Ormerod's Protégé 1 v. — My little Husband 1 v. — Mrs. Bouverie 1 v. — A Question of Colour, and other Stories 1 v. — A Devil in Nun's Veiling 1 v. — A Full Confession, and other Stories 1 v. — The Luckiest of Three 1 v. — Poor Little Bella 1 v. — Eliza Clarke, Governess, and Other Stories 1 v. — Marriage, etc. 1 v. — School-girls of To-day, etc. 1 v. — If Only, etc. 1 v. — An Unfortunate Blend 1 v. — A Barrister's Courtship 1 v.

Philips, F. C., & Percy Fendall.

A Daughter's Sacrifice 1 v. — Margaret Byng 1 v. — Disciples of Plato 1 v. — A Honeymoon—and After 1 v.

Philips, F. C., & C. J. Wills.

The Fatal Phryne 1 v. — The Scudamores 1 v. — A Maiden Fair to See 1 v. — Sybil Ross's Marriage 1 v.

Philips, F. C. & A. R. T.

Life 1 v. — Judas, the Woman 1 v.

Phillipotts, Eden.

Lying Prophets 2 v. — The Human Boy 1 v. — Sons of the Morning 2 v. — The Good Red Earth 1 v. — The Striking Hours 1 v. — The Farm of the Dagger 1 v. — The Golden Fetish 1 v. — The Whirlwind 2 v. — The Human Boy Again 1 v. — From the Angle of Seventeen 1 v. — The Bronze Venus 1 v. — The Grey Room 1 v. — The Red Redmaynes 1 v. — A Human Boy's Diary 1 v. — Cheat-the-Boys 1 v. — A Voice from the Dark 1 v. — The Marylebone Miser 1 v.

- Phillipotts, E., & Arnold Bennett.
The Sineews of War 1 v. — The Statue 1 v.
- Piddington, Miss: *vide* Author of "The Last of the Cavaliers."
- Poe, Edgar Allan (Am.), † 1849.
Poems and Essays, edited with a new Memoir by John H. Ingram 1 v. — Tales, edited by John H. Ingram 1 v. — Fantastic Tales 1 v.
- Pope, Alexander, † 1744.
Select Poetical Works (with Portrait) 1 v.
- Poynter, Miss E. Frances.
My Little Lady 2 v. — Ersilia 2 v. — Among the Hills 1 v.
- Præd, Mrs. Campbell.
Affinities 1 v. — The Head Station 2 v.
- Prentiss, Mrs. E. (Am.), † 1878.
Stepping Heavenward 1 v.
- Prince Consort, the, † 1861.
Speeches and Addresses (with Portr.) 1 v.
- Pryce, Richard.
Miss Maxwell's Affections 1 v. — The Quiet Mrs. Fleming 1 v. — Time and the Woman 1 v.
- Pym, H. N.: *vide* Caroline Fox.
- Quiller-Couch, Sir A. T. ("Q").
I Saw Three Ships 1 v. — Dead Man's Rock 1 v. — Ia and other Tales 1 v. — The Ship of Stars 1 v. — Fort Amity 1 v. — Shakespeare's Christmas, and Other Stories 1 v. — The Mayor of Troy 1 v. — Merry-Garden, and Other Stories 1 v. — Brother Copas 1 v.
- Quincey: *vide* De Quincey.
- Rae, W. Fraser, † 1905.
Westward by Rail 1 v. — Miss Bayle's Romance 2 v. — The Business of Travel 1 v.
- Raimond, C. E.: *vide* Elizabeth Robins (Am.).
- "Rajah's Heir, the." 2 v.
- Reade, Charles, † 1884.
"It is never too late to mend" 2 v. — The Cloister and the Hearth 2 v. — Hard Cash 3 v. — Put Yourself in his Place 2 v. — A Terrible Temptation 2 v. — Peg Woffington 1 v. — Christie Johnstone 1 v. — A Simpleton 2 v. — The Wandering Heir 1 v. — A Woman-Hater 2 v. — Readiana 1 v. — Singleheart and Doubleface 1 v.
- "Recommended to Mercy," Author of (Mrs. Houstoun).
"Recommended to Mercy" 2 v. — Zoe's "Brand" 2 v.
- Reeves, Mrs.: *vide* Helen Mathers.
- Rhys, Grace.
Mary Dominic 1 v. — The Wooing of Sheila 1 v. — About many Things 1 v.
- Rice, James: *vide* Walter Besant.
- Richards, Alfred Bate, † 1876.
So very Human 3 v.
- Richardson, S., † 1761.
Clarissa Harlowe 4 v.
- Riddell, Mrs. (F. G. Trafford).
George Geith of Fen Court 2 v. — Maxwell Drewitt 2 v. — The Race for Wealth 2 v. — The Earl's Promise 2 v. — Mortimley's Estate 2 v.
- Ridge, W. Pett.
Name of Garland 1 v. — Thanks to Sander-son 1 v. — Miss Mannerling 1 v. — The Lunch Basket 1 v. — Just like Aunt Bertha 1 v.
- "Rita."
Souls 1 v. — The Jesters 1 v. — The Masqueraders 2 v. — Queer Lady Judas 2 v. — Prince Charming 1 v. — The Pointing Finger 1 v. — A Man of no Importance 1 v. — The House called Hurrish 1 v. — Calvary 2 v. — That is to say— 1 v.
- Ritchie, Mrs. Anne Thackeray: *vide* Miss Thackeray.
- Roberts, Miss: *vide* Author of "Made-moiselle Mori."
- Robertson, Rev. F. W., † 1853.
Sermons 4 v.
- Elizabeth Robins (C. E. Raimond) (Am.).
The Open Question 2 v. — The Magnetic North 2 v. — A Dark Lantern 2 v. — The Convert 2 v. — The Florentine Frame 1 v. — "Where are you going to . . . ?" 1 v. — Way Stations 1 v. — The Secret That Was Kept 1 v.
- Robinson, F.: *vide* "No Church."
- Ross, Charles H.
The Pretty Widow 1 v. — A London Romance 2 v.
- Ross, Martin: *vide* Somerville.
- Rossetti, Dante Gabriel, † 1882.
Poems 1 v. — Ballads and Sonnets 1 v.
- "Roy Tellet."
The Outcasts 1 v. — A Draught of Lethe 1 v. — Pastor and Prelate 2 v.
- Ruck, Berta.
Sir or Madam? 1 v. — The Dancing Star 1 v. — Lucky in Love 1 v. — The Clouded Pearl 1 v. — The Immortal Girl 1 v. — Kneel to the Priestess 1 v. — The Pearl Thief 1 v. — Her Pirate Partner 1 v.

- Ruffini, J., † 1881.
Lavinia 2 v. — Doctor Antonio 1 v. — Vincenzo 2 v. — A Quiet Nook in the Jura 1 v. — The Paragreens on a Visit to Paris 1 v.
- Ruskin, John, * 1819, † 1900.
Sesame and Lilies 1 v. — The Stones of Venice (with Illustrations) 2 v. — Unto this Last and Munera Pulveris 1 v. — The Seven Lamps of Architecture (with 14 Illustrations) 1 v. — Mornings in Florence 1 v. — St. Mark's Rest 1 v.
- Russell, W. Clark.
A Sailor's Sweetheart 2 v. — The "Lady Maud" 2 v. — A Sea Queen 2 v.
- Russell, George W. E.
Collections and Recollections. By One who has kept a Diary 2 v. — A Londoner's Log-Book 1 v.
- "Ruth and her Friends": *vide* p. 29.
- Sala, George Augustus, † 1895.
The Seven Sons of Mammou 2 v.
- Saunders, John.
Israel Mort, Overman 2 v. — The Shipowner's Daughter 2 v. — A Noble Wife 2 v.
- Saunders, Katherine (Mrs. Cooper).
Joan Merryweather, and other Tales 1 v. — Gideon's Rock, and other Tales 1 v. — The High Mills 2 v. — Sebastian 1 v.
- Savage, Richard Henry (Am.), † 1903.
My Official Wife 1 v. — The Little Lady of Lagunitas (with Portrait) 2 v. — Prince Schamy's Wooing 1 v. — The Masked Venus 2 v. — Delilah of Harlem 2 v. — A Daughter of Judas 1 v. — In the Old Chateau 1 v. — Miss Devereux of the Mariquita 2 v. — Checked Through 2 v. — A Modern Corsair 2 v. — In the Swim 2 v. — The White Lady of Khaminavatka 2 v. — In the House of His Friends 2 v. — The Mystery of a Shipyard 2 v. — A Monte Cristo in Khaki 1 v.
- Schreiner, Olive.
Trooper Peter Halket of Mashonaland 1 v. — Woman and Labour 1 v.
- Scott, Sir Walter, † 1832.
Waverley 2 v. — The Antiquary 1 v. — Ivanhoe 2 v. — Kenilworth 1 v. — Quentin Durward 1 v. — Old Mortality 1 v. — Guy Mannering 1 v. — Rob Roy 1 v. — The Pirate 1 v. — The Fortunes of Nigel 1 v. — The Black Dwarf; A Legend of Montrose 1 v. — The Bride of Lammermoor 1 v. — The Heart of Mid-Lothian 2 v. — The Monastery 1 v. — The Abbot 1 v. — Peveril of the Peak 2 v. — Poetical Works 2 v. — Woodstock 1 v. — The Fair Maid of Perth 1 v. — Anne of Geierstein 1 v.
- Seeley, Prof. J. R., † 1895.
Life and Times of Stein 4 v. — The Expansion of England 1 v. — Goethe 1 v.
- Sewell, Elizabeth, † 1906.
Amy Herbert 2 v. — Ursula 2 v. — A Glimpse of the World 2 v. — The Journal of a Home Life 2 v. — After Life 2 v. — The Experience of Life 2 v.
- Shakespeare, William, † 1616.
Plays and Poems (with Portrait) (*Second Edition*) 7 v. — Doubtful Plays 1 v.
Shakespeare's Plays may also be had in 37 numbers, each number sold separately.
- Sharp, William, † 1905: *vide* Miss Howard, Fiona Macleod and Swinburne.
- Shaw, Bernard.
Man and Superman 1 v. — The Perfect Wagnerite 1 v. — Cashel Byron's Profession 1 v. — Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant (The Three Unpleasant Plays 1 v. — The Four Pleasant Plays 1 v.). — Getting Married & The Shewing-up of Blanco Posnet 1 v. — The Doctor's Dilemma & The Dark Lady of the Sonnets 1 v. — Three Plays for Puritans 1 v. — John Bull's Other Island etc. 1 v. — Androcles and the Lion, Pygmalion 1 v. — Misalliance 1 v. — Fanny's First Play, etc. 1 v. — Heartbreak House, etc. 1 v. — Back to Methuselah 1 v. — Saint Joan 1 v.
- Shelley, Percy Bysshe, † 1822.
A Selection from his Poems 1 v.
- Sheppard, Nathan (Am.), † 1888.
Shut up in Paris 1 v.
- Sheridan, R. B., † 1816.
The Dramatic Works 1 v.
- Shorthouse, J. Henry.
John Inglesant 2 v. — Blanche Falaise 1 v.
- Sidgwick, Mrs. Alfred.
The Lantern Bearers 1 v. — Anthea's Guest 1 v.
- May Sinclair.
Anne Severn and the Fieldings 1 v. — Uncanny Stories 1 v. — A Cure of Souls 1 v. — Arnold Waterlow: a Life 1 v. — The Rector of Wyck 1 v. — Far End 1 v. — The Allinghams 1 v.
- Slatin Pasha, Rudolf C., C.B.
Fire and Sword in the Sudan 3 v.
- Smedley, F. E.: *vide* "Frank Fairleigh."
- Smollett, Tobias, † 1771.
Roderick Random 1 v. — Humphry Clinker 1 v. — Peregrine Pickle 2 v.
- Snaith, J. C.
Mrs. Fitz 1 v. — The Principal Girl 1 v. — An Affair of State 1 v. — Araminta 1 v. — Time and Tide 1 v. — Thus Far 1 v.
- "Society in London," Author of.
Society in London. By a Foreign Resident 1 v.

- Somerville, E. C., & M. Ross.
Naboth's Vineyard 1 v. — All on the Irish Shore 1 v. — Dan Russel the Fox 1 v.
"Spanish Brothers, the." 2 v.
- Stanhope, Earl (Lord Mahon), † 1875.
The History of England 7 v. — Reign of Queen Anne 2 v.
- Stanton, Theodore (Am.).
A Manual of American Literature 1 v.
- Steel, Flora Annie.
The Hosts of the Lord 2 v. — In the Guardianship of God 1 v.
- Sterne, Laurence, † 1768.
Tristram Shandy 2 v. — A Sentimental Journey (with Portrait) 1 v.
- Stevenson, Robert Louis, † 1894.
Treasure Island 1 v. — Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, and An Inland Voyage 1 v. — Kidnapped 1 v. — The Black Arrow 1 v. — The Master of Ballantrae 1 v. — The Merry Men, etc. 1 v. — Across the Plains, etc. 1 v. — Island Nights' Entertainments 1 v. — Catriona 1 v. — Weir of Hermiston 1 v. — St. Ives 2 v. — In the South Seas 2 v. — Tales and Fantasies 1 v.
- "Still Waters," Author of (Mrs. Paul).
Still Waters 1 v. — Dorothy 1 v. — De Cressy 1 v. — Uncle Ralph 1 v. — Maiden Sisters 1 v. — Martha Brown 1 v. — Vanessa 1 v.
- Stirling, M. C.: *vide* G. M. Craik.
- Stockton, Frank R. (Am.), † 1902.
The House of Martha 1 v.
"Story of a Penitent Soul, the." 1 v.
"Story of Elizabeth, the," Author of: *vide* Miss Thackeray.
- Stowe, Mrs. Harriet Beecher (Am.), † 1896.
Uncle Tom's Cabin (with Portrait) 2 v. — A Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin 2 v. — Dred 2 v. — Oldtown Folks 2 v.
- "Sunbeam Stories," Author of: *vide* Mrs. Mackarness.
- Swift, Jonathan (Dean Swift), † 1745.
Gulliver's Travels 1 v.
- Swinburne, Algernon Charles, † 1909.
Atalanta in Calydon: and Lyrical Poems (edited, with an Introduction, by William Sharp) 1 v. — Love's Cross-Currents 1 v. — Chastelard and Mary Stuart 1 v.
- Frank Swinnerton.
The Three Lovers 1 v. — The Elder Sister 1 v. — Summer Storm 1 v.
- Symonds, John Addington, † 1893.
Sketches in Italy 1 v. — New Italian Sketches 1 v.
- Synge, John M.
Plays 1 v. — The Aran Islands 1 v.
- Tagore, Rabindranath
The Home and the World 1 v. — The Gardener 1 v. — Sāghanā 1 v. — The Wreck 1 v. — Gitanjali; Fruit-Gathering 1 v.
- Tallentyre, S. G.: *vide* H. S. Merriman.
- Tarkington, Booth (Am.).
Women 1 v. — The Plutocrat 1 v.
- Tasma.
Uncle Piper of Piper's Hill 2 v.
- Tautphoeus, Baroness, † 1893.
Cyrilla 2 v. — The Initials 2 v. — Quits 2 v. — At Odds 2 v.
- Taylor, Col. Meadows † 1876.
Tara; a Mahratta Tale 3 v.
- Templeton: *vide* Author of "Horace Templeton."
- Tennyson, Alfred (Lord), † 1892.
Poetical Works 8 v. — Queen Mary 1 v. — Harold 1 v. — Becket; The Cup; The Falcon 1 v. — Locksley Hall, sixty Years after; The Promise of May; Tiresias and other Poems 1 v. — A Memoir. By His Son (with Portrait) 4 v.
- Testament the New: *vide* New.
- Thackeray William Makepeace, † 1863.
Vanity Fair 3 v. — Pendennis 3 v. — Miscellanies 8 v. — Henry Esmond 2 v. — The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century 1 v. — The Newcomes 4 v. — The Virginians 4 v. — The Four Georges; Lovel the Widower 1 v. — The Adventures of Philip 2 v. — Denis Duval 1 v. — Roundabout Papers 2 v. — Catherine 1 v. — The Irish Sketch Book 2 v. — The Paris Sketch Book (with Portrait) 2 v.
- Thackeray, Miss (Lady Ritchie).
Old Kensington 2 v. — Bluebeard's Keys, and other Stories 1 v. — Five Old Friends 1 v. — Miss Angel 1 v. — Fulham Lawn, and other Tales 1 v. — From an Island. A Story and some Essays 1 v. — Da Capo, and other Tales 1 v. — Madame de Sévigné; From a Stage Box; Miss Williamson's Divagations 1 v. — A Book of Sibyls 1 v. — Mrs. Dymond 2 v. — Chapters from some Memoirs 1 v.
- Thomas a Kempis: *vide* Kempis.
- Thomas, A. (Mrs. Pender Cudlip).
Denis Donne 2 v. — On Guard 2 v. — Walter Goring 2 v. — Played Out 2 v. — Called to Account 2 v. — Only Herself 2 v. — A Narrow Escape 2 v.

Thomson, James, † 1748.
Poetical Works (with Portrait) 1 v.

"Thoth," Author of.
Thoth 1 v.

Thurston, E. Temple.
The Greatest Wish in the World 1 v. —
Mirage 1 v. — The City of Beautiful Non-
sense 1 v. — The Garden of Resurrection 1 v.
— Thirteen 1 v. — The Apple of Eden 1 v.
— The Antagonists 1 v. — The Evolution
of Katherine 1 v. — The Open Window 1 v.
— Sally Bishop 2 v. — Richard Furlong 1 v.
— The Eye of the Wif 1 v. — Achievement
1 v. — The Miracle 1 v. — May Eve
1 v. — The Green Bough 1 v. — Charmeuse
1 v. — Mr. Bottleby Does Something 1 v

Trafford, F. G.: *vide* Mrs. Riddell.

Trevelyan, George Otto.
The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay
(with Portrait) 4 v. — Selections from the
Writings of Lord Macaulay 2 v. — The
American Revolution (with a Map) 2 v.

Trois-Etoiles: *vide* Grenville.

Trollope, Anthony, † 1882.
Doctor Thorne 2 v. — The Bertrams
2 v. — The Warden 1 v. — Barchester
Towers 2 v. — Castle Richmond 2 v. —
Framley Parsonage 2 v. — North America
3 v. — Orley Farm 3 v. — Rachel Ray 2 v.
— The Small House at Allington 3 v. —
Can you forgive her? 3 v. — The Belton
Estate 2 v. — Nina Balatka 1 v. — The
Last Chronicle of Barset 3 v. — The Claver-
ings 2 v. — Phineas Finn 3 v. — Sir Harry
Hotspur of Humblethwaite 1 v. — Ralph
the Heir 2 v. — The Golden Lion of
Granpere 1 v. — Australia and New Zea-
land 3 v. — Lady Anna 2 v. — Harry
Heathcote of Gangoil 1 v. — The Way we
live now 4 v. — The Prime Minister 4 v. —
South Africa 2 v. — An Eye for an Eye 1 v.
— John Caldigate 3 v. — The Duke's
Children 3 v. — Dr. Wortle's School 1 v. —
The Fixed Period 1 v. — Marion Fay 2 v. —
Kept in the Dark 1 v. — Frau Frohmann,
and other Stories 1 v. — Alice Dugdale,
and other Stories 1 v. — La Mère Bauche,
and other Stories 1 v. — The Mistletoe
Bough, and other Stories 1 v. — An Auto-
biography 1 v. — An Old Man's Love 1 v.

Trollope, T. Adolphus, † 1892.
The Garstangs of Garstang Grange 2 v.
— A Siren 2 v.

Trowbridge, W. R. H.
The Letters of Her Mother to Elizabeth
1 v. — A Girl of the Multitude 1 v. — That
Little Marquis of Brandenburg 1 v. — A

Dazzling Reprobate 1 v. — The White Hope
1 v.

Twain, Mark (Samuel L. Clemens)
(Am.), † 1910.

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer 1 v. —
The Innocents Abroad; or, The New
Pilgrims' Progress 2 v. — A Tramp Abroad
2 v. — "Roughing it" 1 v. — The In-
nocents at Home 1 v. — The Prince and
the Pauper 2 v. — The Stolen White
Elephant, etc. 1 v. — Life on the Mis-
sissippi 2 v. — Sketches (with Portrait)
1 v. — Huckleberry Finn 2 v. — Selections
from American Humour 1 v. — A Yankee
at the Court of King Arthur 2 v. — The
American Claimant 1 v. — The \$ 1000000
Bank-Note and other new Stories 1 v. —
Tom Sawyer Abroad 1 v. — Pudd'nhead
Wilson 1 v. — Personal Recollections of
Joan of Arc 2 v. — Tom Sawyer, Detective,
and other Tales 1 v. — More Tramps
Abroad 2 v. — The Man that corrupted
Hadleyburg, etc. 2 v. — A Double-Bar-
relled Detective Story, etc. 1 v. — The
\$ 30,000 Bequest, and Other Stories 1 v. —
Christian Science 1 v. — Captain Storm-
field's Visit to Heaven & Is Shakespeare
Dead? 1 v.

"Two Cosmos, the." 1 v.

Vachell, Horace Annesley.
The Face of Clay 1 v. — Her Son 1 v. —
The Hill 1 v. — The Waters of Jordan 1 v.
— An Impending Sword 1 v. — The Paladin
1 v. — John Verney 1 v. — Blinds Down
1 v. — Bunch Grass 1 v. — The Procession
of Life 1 v. — Loot 1 v. — Quinneys' 1 v.
— Change Partners 1 v. — The Yard 1 v.
— Quinney's Adventures 1 v. — Watling's
for Worth 1 v. — A Woman in Exile 1 v.

"Venus and Cupid." 1 v.

"Vera," Author of.
Vera 1 v. — The Hôtel du Petit St.
Jean 1 v. — Blue Roses 2 v. — Within
Sound of the Sea 2 v. — The Maritime
Alps and their Seaboard 2 v. — Ninette 1 v.

Victoria R. I.
Leaves from the Journal of our Life in
the Highlands from 1848 to 1861 1 v. —
More Leaves, etc. from 1862 to 1882 1 v.

"Virginia." 1 v.

Vizetelly, Ernest Alfred.
With Zola in England 1 v.

Walford, L. B.
Mr. Smith 2 v. — Pauline 2 v. — Cousins
2 v. — Troublesome Daughters 2 v. —
Ledy Marget 1 v.

- Wallace, Edgar.
The Book of All-Power 1 v. — The Valley of Ghosts 1 v. — Chick 1 v. — Captains of Souls 1 v. — The Missing Million 1 v. — The Face in the Night 1 v. — The Door with Seven Locks 1 v. — The Avenger 1 v.
- Wallace, Lew. (Am.), † 1905.
Ben-Hur 2 v.
- Walpole, Hugh.
Jeremy and Hamlet 1 v. — The Old Ladies 1 v. — Portrait of a Man with Red Hair 1 v.
- Warburton, Eliot, † 1852. Darien 2 v.
- Ward, Mrs. Humphry.
Robert Elsmere 3 v. — David Grieve 3 v. — Miss Bretherton 1 v. — Marcella 3 v. — Bessie Costrell 1 v. — Sir George Tressady 2 v. — Helbeck of Bannisdale 2 v. — Eleanor 2 v. — Lady Rose's Daughter 2 v. — The Marriage of William Ashe 2 v. — Fenwick's Career 2 v. — Diana Mallory 2 v. — Daphne; or, "Marriage à la Mode" 1 v. — Canadian Born 1 v. — The Case of Richard Meynell 2 v. — The Mating of Lydia 2 v. — The Coryston Family 1 v.
- Warner, Susan: *vide* Wetherell.
- Warren, Samuel, † 1877.
Diary of a late Physician 2 v. — Ten Thousand a-Year 3 v. — Now and Then 1 v. — The Lily and the Bee 1 v.
- "Waterdale Neighbours, the," Author of: *vide* Justin McCarthy.
- Watson, H. B. Marriott.
The Excelsior 1 v.
- Watts-Dunton, Theodore, † 1914.
Aylwin 2 v.
- Wells, H. G.
The Stolen Bacillus, etc. 1 v. — The War of the Worlds 1 v. — The Invisible Man 1 v. — The Time Machine, and The Island of Doctor Moreau 1 v. — When the Sleeper Wakes 1 v. — Tales of Space and Time 1 v. — The Plattner Story, and Others 1 v. — Love and Mr. Lewisham 1 v. — The Wheels of Chance 1 v. — Anticipations 1 v. — The First Men in the Moon 1 v. — The Sea Lady 1 v. — Mankind in the Making 2 v. — Twelve Stories and a Dream 1 v. — The Food of the Gods 1 v. — A Modern Utopia 1 v. — Kippis 2 v. — In the Days of the Comet 1 v. — The Future in America 1 v. — New Worlds for Old 1 v. — The War in the Air 1 v. — Tono-Bungay 2 v. — First and Last Things 1 v. — The New Machiavelli 2 v. — Marriage 2 v. — The Passionate Friends 2 v. — An Englishman looks at the World 1 v. — The World Set Free 1 v. — A Short History of the World (with twelve Maps) 1 v. — Men Like Gods 1 v. — The Dream 1 v. — Bealby 1 v. — The Secret Places of the Heart 1 v. — The Country of the
- Blind, and Other Stories 1 v. — Christina Alberta's Father 1 v. — The Undying Fire 1 v.
- Westbury, Hugh. Acte 2 v.
- Wetherell, Elizabeth (Susan Warner) (Am.), † 1885.
The wide, wide World 1 v. — Queechy 2 v. — The Hills of the Shatemuc 2 v. — Say and Seal 2 v. — The Old Helmet 2 v.
- Weyman, Stanley J.
The House of the Wolf 1 v. — The Story of Francis Cludde 2 v. — A Gentleman of France 2 v. — The Man in Black 1 v. — Under the Red Robe 1 v. — From the Memoirs of a Minister of France 1 v. — The Red Cockade 2 v. — Shrewsbury 2 v. — Sophia 2 v. — In Kings' Byways 1 v. — The Long Night 2 v. — The Abbess of Vlavy 2 v. — Chippinge 2 v. — Laid up in Lavender 1 v.
- Wharton, Edith (Am.).
The House of Mirth 2 v. — The Mother's Recompense 1 v.
- "Whim, a." 1 v.
- Whitby, Beatrice.
The Awakening of Mary Fenwick 2 v. — In the Suntime of her Youth 2 v.
- White, Percy.
Mr. Bailey-Martin 1 v. — The West End 2 v. — The New Christians 1 v. — Park Lane 2 v. — The Triumph of Mrs. St. George 2 v. — A Millionaire's Daughter 1 v. — A Passionate Pilgrim 1 v. — The System 2 v. — The Patient Man 1 v. — Mr. John Strood 1 v. — The Eight Guests 2 v. — Mr. Strudge 1 v. — Love and the Poor Suitor 1 v. — The House of Intrigue 1 v. — Love and the Wise Men 1 v. — An Averted Marriage 1 v. — The Lost Halo 1 v.
- Whito, Walter.
Holidays in Tyrol 1 v.
- Whiteing, Richard.
The Island; or, An Adventure of a Person of Quality 1 v. — The Life of Paris 1 v. — The Yellow Van 1 v. — Ring in the New 1 v. — All Moonshine 1 v. — Little People 1 v.
- Whitman, Sidney.
Imperial Germany 1 v. — The Realm of the Habsburgs 1 v. — Teuton Studies 1 v. — Reminiscences of the King of Roumania 1 v. — Conversations with Prince Bismarck 1 v. — Life of the Emperor Frederick 2 v. — German Memories 1 v.
- "Who Breaks—Pays," Author of: *vide* Mrs. Jenkin.
- Whyte Melville, George J.: *vide* Melville.
- Wiggin, Kate Douglas (Am.).
Timothy's Quest 1 v. — A Cathedral Court-

ship, and Penelope's English Experiences 1 v. — Penelope's Irish Experiences 1 v. — Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm 1 v. — Rose of the River 1 v. — New Chronicles of Rebecca 1 v. — The Old Peabody Pew, and Susanna and Sue 1 v. — Mother Carey 1 v.

Wiggin, K. D., M. & J. Findlater, & Allan McAulay.

The Affair at the Inn 1 v. — Robinetta 1 v.

Wilde, Oscar, † 1900.

The Picture of Dorian Gray 1 v. — De Profundis and the Ballad of Reading Gaol 1 v. — A House of Pomegranates 1 v. — Lord Arthur Savile's Crime, and Other Prose Pieces 1 v. — Lady Windermere's Fan 1 v. — An Ideal Husband 1 v. — Salome 1 v. — The Happy Prince, and Other Tales 1 v. — A Woman of No Importance 1 v. — The Importance of Being Earnest 1 v. — Poems 1 v.

Wilkins, Mary E. (Am.).

Penbroke 1 v. — Madelon 1 v. — Jerome 2 v. — Silence, and other Stories 1 v.

Williamson, C. N. & A. M.

The Lightning Conductor 1 v. — Lady Betty across the Water 1 v. — The Motor Maid 1 v. — Lord Loveland discovers America 1 v. — The Golden Silence 2 v. — The Guests of Hercules 2 v. — The Heather Moon 2 v. — Set in Silver 2 v. — The Love Pirate 2 v. — It Happened in Egypt 2 v. — The Wedding Day 1 v. — The Lion's Mouse 1 v. — The Lady from the Air 1 v.

Williamson, Alice M. Cancelled Love 1 v.

— Told at Monte Carlo 1 v.

Wills, C. J.: *vide* F. C. Philips.

Wodehouse, P. G.

Ukridge 1 v. — Bill the Conqueror 1 v. — Carry on, Jeeves! 1 v. — Sam the Sudden 1 v. — Love among the Chickens 1 v. — The Heart of a Goof 1 v. — Psmith, Journalist 1 v. — Leave it to Psmith 1 v.

Wood, C.: *vide* "Buried Alone."

Wood, H. F.

The Passenger from Scotland Yard 1 v.

Wood, Mrs. Henry (Johnny Ludlow), † 1887.

East Lynne 3 v. — The Channings 2 v. — Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles 2 v. — Verner's Pride 3 v. — The Shadow of Ashlydyat 3 v. — Trevlyn Hold 2 v. — Oswald Cray 2 v. — Mildred Arkell 2 v. — St. Martin's Eve 2 v. — Lady Adelaide's Oath 2 v. — A Life's Secret 1 v. — Roland Yorke 2 v. — George Canterbury's Will 2 v. — Bessy Rane 2 v. — Dene Hollow 2 v. — The Foggy Night at Offord; Martyn Ware's Temptation; The Night-Walk over the Mill Stream 1 v. — Johnny Ludlow 2 v. — Told in the Twilight 2 v. — Adam Grainger 1 v. — Edina 2 v. — Pomeroy Abbey 2 v.

— Court Netherleigh 2 v. — (The following by Johnny Ludlow): Lost in the Post, and Other Tales 1 v. — A Tale of Sin, and Other Tales 1 v. — Anne, and Other Tales 1 v. — The Mystery of Jessie Page, etc. 1 v. — Helen Whitney's Wedding, etc. 1 v. — The Story of Dorothy Grape, etc. 1 v. (*vide* p. 29.)

Woodroffe, Daniel.

Tangled Trinities 1 v. — The Beauty-Shop 1 v.

Woods, Margaret L.

A Village Tragedy 1 v. — The Vagabonds 1 v. — Sons of the Sword 2 v. — The Invader 1 v.

Wordsworth, William, † 1850.

Select Poetical Works 2 v.

Wraxall, Lascelles, † 1865.

Wild Oats 1 v.

Yates, Edmund, † 1894.

Land at Last 2 v. — The Forlorn Hope 2 v. — Black Sheep 2 v. — The Rock Ahead 2 v. — Wrecked in Port 2 v. — Dr. Wainwright's Patient 2 v. — Nobody's Fortune 2 v. — A Waiting Race 2 v. — The yellow Flag 2 v. — The Impending Sword 2 v. — Two, by Tricks 1 v. — A Silent Witness 2 v. — Recollections and Experiences 2 v.

Yeats: *vide* Levett-Yeats.

Yeats, W. B.

A Selection from the Poetry of, 1 v.

Yonge, Charlotte M., † 1901.

The Hair of Redclyffe 2 v. — Heartsease 2 v. — The Daisy Chain 2 v. — Dynevour Terrace 2 v. — Hopes and Fears 2 v. — The Young Step-Mother 2 v. — The Trial 2 v. — The Clever Woman of the Family 2 v. — The Dove in the Eagle's Nest 2 v. — The Danvers Papers; The Prince and the Page 1 v. — The Chaplet of Pearls 2 v. — The two Guardians 1 v. — The Caged Lion 2 v. — The Pillars of the House 5 v. — Lady Hester 1 v. — My Young Alcides 2 v. — Womankind 2 v. — Love and Life 1 v. — Unknown to History 2 v. — Stray Pearls (with Portrait) 2 v. — The Armourer's Prentices 2 v. — Nuttie's Father 2 v. — Beechcroft at Rockstone 2 v. — A Reputed Changeling 2 v. — Two Penniless Princesses 1 v. — That Stick 1 v. — Grisly Grisel 1 v. — The Long Vacation 2 v. — Modern Broods 1 v. (*vide* p. 29.)

"Young Mistley," Author of: *vide* Henry Seton Merriman.

Zangwill, I., * 1864, † 1926.

Dreamers of the Ghetto 2 v. — Ghetto Comedies 2 v. — Ghetto Tragedies 2 v.

"Z. Z."

The World and a Man 2 v.

30 Volumes. Published with Continental Copyright as the Collection of English and American Authors. Vide page 2.

- Barker, Lady (Lady Broome): Stories About:— 1 v.
 Charlesworth, Maria Louisa, † 1880: Ministering Children 1 v.
 Craik, Mrs. (Miss Mulock), † 1887: Our Year 1 v. — Three Tales for Boys 1 v. — Three Tales for Girls 1 v.
 Craik, Georgiana M.: Cousin Trix, and her Welcome Tales 1 v.
 Edgeworth, Maria, † 1849: Moral Tales 1 v. — Popular Tales 2 v.
 Kavanagh, Bridget & Julia: The Pearl Fountain, and other Fairy-Tales 1 v.
 Lamb, Charles & Mary, † 1834 and 1847: Tales from Shakspeare 1 v.
 Marryat, Captain, † 1848: Masterman Ready 1 v.
 Marshall, Mrs. Emma, † 1899: Rex and Regina 1 v.
 Montgomery, Florence: The Town-Crier; to which is added: The Children with the Indian-Rubber Ball 1 v.
 "Ruth and her Friends," Author of: Ruth and her Friends. A Story for Girls 1 v.
 Wood, Mrs. Henry, † 1887: William Allair 1 v.
 Yonge, Charlotte M., † 1901: Kenneth; or, the Rear-Guard of the Grand Army 1 v. — The Little Duke. Ben Sylvester's Word 1 v. — The Stokesley Secret v. 1. — Countess Kate 1 v. — A Book of Golden Deeds 2 v. — Friarswood Post-Office 1 v. — Henrietta's Wish 1 v. — Kings of England 1 v. — The Lances of Lynwood; the Pigeon Pie 1 v. — P's and Q's 1 v. — Aunt Charlotte's Stories of English History 1 v. — Bye-Words 1 v. — Lads and Lasses of Langley, etc. 1 v.

Collection of German Authors.

51 Volumes. Translations from the German, published with universal copyright. These volumes may be imported into any country.

- Auerbach, Berthold: On the Heights 3 v. — Brigitta 1 v. — Spinoza 2 v.
 Ebers, G.: An Egyptian Princess 2 v. — Uarda 2 v. — Homo Sum 2 v. — The Sisters 2 v. — Joshua 2 v. — Per Aspera 2 v.
 Fouqué, De la Motte: Undine, Sintram 1 v.
 Freiligrath, Ferdinand, † 1876: Poems 1 v.
 Görlach, W.: Prince Bismarck (w. Portr.) 1 v.
 Goethe, W. v., † 1832: Faust 1 v. — Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship 2 v.
 Gutzkow, K.: Through Night to Light 1 v.
 Hackländer, F. W., † 1877: Behind the Counter [Handel und Wandel] 1 v.
 Hauff, Wilhelm, † 1827: Three Tales 1 v.
 Heyse, Paul: L'Arrabiata 1 v. — The Dead Lake 1 v. — Barbarossa 1 v.
 Hillern, W. v.: The Vulture Maiden [Geierwally] 1 v. — The Hour will come 2 v.
 Kohn, Salomon: Gabriel 1 v.
 Lessing, G. E., † 1781: Nathan the Wise, and Emilia Galotti 1 v.
 Lewald, Fanny, † 1889: Stella 2 v.
 Marlitt, E., † 1889: The Princess of the Moor [das Haideprinzesschen] 2 v.
 Nathusius, Maria: Joachim v. Kamern, and Diary of a Poor Young Lady 1 v.
 Reuter, Fritz, † 1874: In the Year '13 1 v. — An old Story of my Farming Days [Ut mine Stromtid] 3 v.
 Richter, J. P. Friedrich (Jean Paul), † 1825: Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces 2 v.
 Scheffel, Victor von: Ekkehard 2 v.
 Taylor, George: Klytia 2 v.
 Zschokke, Heinrich: The Princess of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, etc. 1 v.

Kellner, Dr. Leon, Die englische Literatur der neuesten Zeit. Von Dickens bis Shaw. Zweite, wesentlich veränderte Auflage der „Englischen Literatur im Zeitalter der Königin Viktoria“. gr. 8°. 1921. Gebunden in Leinen № 9.—

Schücking, Levin L., Die Charakterprobleme bei Shakspeare. gr. 8°. Zweite, verbesserte Auflage. 1927. Gebunden in Leinen № 8.—

30 Students' Series / Neue Folge

Herausgegeben von DR. KARL WILDHAGEN
o. Professor der englischen Philologie an der Universität Kiel

Bisher sind erschienen:

1. John Galsworthy: Justice. Mit Anmerkungen und Wörterbuch, bearbeitet von Studienrat Dr. A. Koch, Magdeburg *M* 1.80
2. H. G. Wells: A Short History of Modern Times. Being the Last Eleven Chapters of "A Short History of the World." Mit Anmerkungen und Wörterbuch, bearbeitet von Oberstudienrat Dr. G. Schäd, Höchst a. Main *M* 1.80
3. John Galsworthy: Strife. Mit Anmerkungen, bearbeitet von Studienrat Dr. Fr. Oeckel, Stettin *M* 1.50
4. A Thomas Hardy Reader. Eine Auswahl aus Thomas Hardys Prosa und Dichtung, mit besonderer Genehmigung des Verfassers zusammengestellt und herausgegeben von Prof. Dr. Ph. Aronstein, Berlin. Mit Anmerkungen und Wörterbuch *M* 1.80
5. H. G. Wells: The Dream. Mit Anmerkungen und Wörterbuch, bearbeitet von Dr. H. T. Price, Lektor am Institut für Weltwirtschaft und Seeverkehr an der Universität Kiel *M* 1.80
6. H. G. Wells: The Country of the Blind. Mit Anmerkungen und Wörterbuch, bearbeitet von Studiendirektor Dr. Müller, Lage (Lippe) *M* 1.20
7. John Masefield: Reynard the Fox. Mit Wörterbuch, bearbeitet von Dr. Albert Eichler, o. Professor an der Universität Graz *M* 2.—
8. G. K. Chesterton: The Innocence of Father Brown. Mit Anmerkungen und Wörterbuch, bearbeitet von Dr. H. T. Price, Lektor am Institut für Weltwirtschaft u. Seeverkehr an der Universität Kiel. *M* 1.80
9. Arnold Bennett: Elsie and the Child. Mit Anmerkungen und Wörterbuch, bearbeitet von Dr. Helmut Kißling, Leipzig. *M* 1.80
10. Oscar Wilde: The Happy Prince and Other Tales. Mit Anmerkungen und Wörterbuch, bearbeitet von Studienrat Dr. Alfred Heinrich, Berlin-Tempelhof *M* 1.80
11. Hugh Walpole: Jeremy and Hamlet. Mit Anmerkungen und Wörterbuch, bearbeitet von Dr. W. F. Schmidt, Studiendirektor in Lemgo (Lippe) *M* 1.80
12. H. A. Vachell: The Hill. Mit Anmerkungen und Wörterbuch, bearbeitet von Dr. Rasmussen, Studiendirektor in Eckernförde. *M* 1.80
13. John Galsworthy: Selected Tales. Mit Anmerkungen und Wörterbuch, bearbeitet von Studienrat Dr. Liening, Bocholt *M* 1.80

Die Sammlung wird in regelmäßiger Folge fortgesetzt

Each number sold separately at the price of M. —.60

1. Measure for Measure. — 2. The Comedy of Errors. — 3. Much Ado about Nothing.
 - 4. Love's Labour's lost. — 5. Midsummer-night's Dream. — 6. Merchant of Venice.
 - 7. As you like it. — 8. Taming of the Shrew. — 9. All's well that ends well. —
 10. Twelfth-night: or, What you will. — 11. The Winter's Tale. — 12. King John. —
 13. The Life and Death of King Richard II. — 14. First Part of King Henry IV. —
 15. Second Part of King Henry IV. — 16. King Henry V. — 17. First Part of King Henry VI. —
 18. Second Part of King Henry VI. — 19. Third Part of King Henry VI. —
 20. King Richard III. — 21. King Henry VIII. — 22. Troilus and Cressida. — 23. Titus Andronicus. —
 24. Coriolanus. — 25. Romeo and Juliet. — 26. Timon of Athens. —
 27. Julius Caesar. — 28. Macbeth. — 29. Hamlet. — 30. King Lear. — 31. Othello. —
 32. Antony and Cleopatra. — 33. Cymbeline. — 34. Pericles, Prince of Tyre. — 35. The Tempest. —
 36. The two Gentlemen of Verona. — 37. Merry Wives of Windsor.
- Separate editions of "Sonnets" (M. —.60) and "Poems" (includ. Sonnets) (M 1.—)

Englische Bibliothek

- Herausgeg. von **Dr. Max Förster**, Geh. Hofrat u. o. ö. Prof. a. d. Univ. München
1. Band. **Englisch-deutsches Shakespeare-Wörterbuch.** Von Dr. LEON KELLNER, ehemals Professor a. d. Universität Czernowitz. Geb. M 8.—
 2. Band. **Protestantismus und Literatur.** Neue Wege zur engl. Literatur des 18. Jahrhunderts. Von Dr. HERBERT SCHÖFFLER, Professor a. d. Univ. Köln. Geheftet M 4.—
 3. Band. **Shakespeare der Mensch.** Von HELENE RICHTER. Geheftet M 3,50
 4. Band. **Restoring Shakespeare.** Von Dr. LEON KELLNER, ehemals Professor an der Universität Czernowitz. Geheftet M 6.— Gebunden in Leinen M 8,50

Beiträge zur englischen Philologie

- Herausgeg. von **Dr. Max Förster**, Geh. Hofrat u. o. ö. Prof. a. d. Univ. München
1. Heft. **Studien zu Shelleys Lyrik** von Dr. HERBERT HUSCHER. 1919. Geheftet M 4.—
 2. Heft. **Thackeray als historischer Romanschriftsteller** von Dr. GUDRUN VOGEL. 1920. Geheftet M 3.—
 3. Heft. **Die Hamletfrage.** Von Dr. JOSEF WIHAN, Privatdozent in Prag. 1921. Geheftet M 2,50
 4. Heft. **Gotik und Ruine in der engl. Dichtung des 18. Jahrh.** von Dr. REINHARD HAFERKORN. 1924. Geheftet M 3.—
 5. Heft. **Die englischen Kalenderstäbe** v. Prof. Dr. E. SCHNIPPEL, Berlin. 1926. Geheftet M 5.—
 6. Heft. **The Court of Sapience.** Spät-mittelenglisches allegorisch-didaktisches Visionsgedicht. Kritische Textausgabe nebst sprachlich-metrischer Einleitung und ausführlichem Glossar von Dr. ROBERT SPINDLER. 1927. Geheftet M 10.—

Kölner Anglistische Arbeiten

- Herausgeg. von **Dr. Herbert Schöffler**, o. ö. Professor an der Universität Köln
1. Band. **John Page's Siege of Rouen** v. Dr. HERBERT HUSCHER, Privatdozent an der Universität Köln. 1926. Geheftet M 10.—
 2. Band. **Der steigende Ruhm Miltons.** Von Dr. ALFRED GERTSCH. 1927. Geheftet M 4.—

Tauchnitz Dictionaries

For sale and for use in all countries

Crown 8vo

- English-German and German-English. (JAMES.) *Fiftieth Edition.*
Bound in cloth *№ 7.*—
- English-French and French-English. (JAMES & MOLÉ.) *Twenty-fourth Edition.* Bound in cloth *№ 8.*—
- English-Italian and Italian-English. (JAMES & GRASSI.) *Sixteenth Edition.* Bound in cloth *№ 6.*—
- Tolhausen, Technological Dictionary in three Languages. Complete in three parts. Each part with a new large Supplement including all modern terms and expressions in Electricity, Telegraphy and Telephony. Bound in cloth.
- Vol. I. Français-Allemand-Anglais. *8th Edition.*
Vol. II. English-German-French. *9th Edition.*
Vol. III. Deutsch-Englisch-Französisch. *9th Edition.*
Each volume is sold separately. Each part *№ 10.*—

Pocket Dictionaries (same size as Tauchnitz Edition)

Bound in cloth

These Dictionaries are constantly revised and kept carefully up to date

- English-German and German-English. *Thirty-ninth Edition.*
Franzö.-Deutsch u. Deutsch-Franzö. *Einundzwanzigste Aufl.*
Italienisch-Deutsch und Deutsch-Italienisch. *Zwölfte Auflage.*
English-French and French-English. *Forty-second Edition.* *№ 4.*—
English-Italian and Italian-English. *Twenty-ninth Edition.* each
English-Spanish and Spanish-English. *Thirty-seventh Edition.*
Latin-English and English-Latin. *Twenty-first Edition.*
Espagnol-Français et Français-Espagnol. *Neuvième Edition.*
Spanisch-Deutsch und Deutsch-Spanisch. *Erschienen 1922.*
Deutsch-Russisch u. Russisch-Deutsch. (KOIRANSKY.) *Achte Auflage.* *№ 4.50*
each

Imperial 4°

- Italienisch-Deutsch und Deutsch-Italienisch. (RIGUTINI & BULLE.)
2 Bände. Bd. I: *7. Auflage.* Bd. II: *7. Auflage.* In Leinen geb.
je *№ 12.50*
- Spanisch-Deutsch und Deutsch-Spanisch. (TOLHAUSEN.) 2 Bände
Bd. I: *9. Auflage.* Bd. II: *9. Auflage.* In Leinen geb. je *№ 12.50*

Chaucer-Handbuch für Studierende. Ausgewählte Texte mit Einleitungen, einem Abriss von Chaucers Versbau und Sprache und einem Wörterverzeichnis. Herausgegeben von Max Kaluza, Professor an der Universität Königsberg. 248 S. gr. 8°, 2. Aufl. 1927. Gebunden *№ 3.50.*

PRINTED BY BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ, LEIPZIG



Latest Volumes — May 1927

Continued from page 2 of cover

Sea Whispers. By W. W. JACOBS. I vol.-4767.

After an interval of some years Mr. Jacobs again presents to his readers a volume of short stories, full of his delightful humour and gaiety, and written in his inimitable style. The adventures of the three scamen, Ginger, Peter, and Sam, who have retained all their power of fascination, are told in the well-known graphic language of our friend, the night-watchman.

The Wisdom of Father Brown. By G. K. CHESTERTON. I vol.-4768.

Mr. Chesterton's celebrated priest shows great insight into character, combined with wonderful powers of observation which enable him to throw light on difficult situations, brought about by mysterious crimes. Readers of the "Innocence" and "Incredulity of Father Brown" will delight again in the scintillating wit of these fantasies.

The Castaways. By W. W. JACOBS. I vol.-4769.

"The Castaways," a novel of humorous adventure, shows Mr. Jacobs at his best. Good-natured Mr. Carstairs allows other people to help in spending his sudden, large fortune, and ultimately starts with a party on a yachting tour to the Pacific. Here, however, the guests have to be rescued from boredom by a mutiny of the crew, among whom we meet some of the author's most amusing types of sailormen.

Her Pirate Partner. By BERTA RUCK. I vol.-4770.

In this highly diverting novel we are given the exciting adventures of a young girl who, bored by a secluded life with an aunt, secretly chooses her own acquaintances and unwittingly associates with a "gentleman crook." Her escape from an unpleasant position and the wrathful aunt is achieved by a young Canadian.

My Mortal Enemy. By WILLA CATHER. I vol.-4771.

Willia Cather, one of the most widely esteemed American novelists has again achieved a pronounced success. In treating with ingenuity and delicacy of perception the results of a runaway marriage, the author presents to us the vagaries of a beautiful Irishwoman and the indestructible constancy of her husband.

Lord Raingo. By ARNOLD BENNETT. 2 vols.-4772/73.

The great novelist's unrivalled knowledge of human nature is again revealed in the public and private life of Lord Raingo, an industrial magnate, called to play an important part, as Minister of Records, during the World War. His charm and ability bring him political success and great popularity, but overwork and tragic events in his private life serve to curtail his life at its zenith.

The Plutocrat. By BOOTH TARKINGTON. I vol.-4774.

An entertaining novel by the famous author of "Women" deals with the adventures of a New York intellectual in North Africa. His nerves are cruelly lacerated by his robust countryman from the Middle West, an industrial magnate. A beautiful Parisian teaches them both many things, and even ultimately to esteem each other.

The Outline of Sanity. By G. K. CHESTERTON. I v.-4775.

A series of brilliantly witty Essays deal seriously but by no means drily with the conditions of modern life. Among the subjects treated in the author's avowed fondness for "unseemly mirth" "The Bluff of the Big Shops" and "The Free Man and the Ford Car" give Mr. Chesterton full scope for entertaining his readers.

Continued on page 4 of cover

Biblioteka

Główna

UMK Toruń

Lates

Con

1226560

Psmith, Journalis

WODEHOUSE. I vol.-4776.

In this thrilling and amusing novel the "p" is silent in the name of a witty young Englishman visiting New York. He himself is quite the reverse, being of a chatty and humorous disposition which never fails him. During the editor's leave he takes charge of the magazine, "Cosy Moments," changing its tone in a surprising manner which brings him into conflict with gangs of the New York under-world. After hair-breadth escapes in which he never loses his sense of humour, he accomplishes his purpose and returns to his studies at Cambridge.

Leave it to Psmith. By P. G.

WODEHOUSE. I vol.-4777.

Psmith, one of the most amusing creations of the "British National Humorist," is now engaged at Blandings Castle in helping a henpecked husband to steal his wife's diamond necklace, in order to gain possession of some of his own money. A beautiful librarian renders valuable assistance and steals Psmith's heart, by letting him "talk oftener and longer than any girl he had ever known." All the principal characters are ultimately quite satisfied with the results of many entertaining adventures.

The Case of Bevan Yorke.

By W. B. MAXWELL. I vol.-4778.

By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and other competent critics, Mr. Maxwell is held to be the greatest living British novelist. "The Case of Bevan Yorke," undoubtedly his most powerful work within recent years, holds the reader in tense excitement. The complicated circumstances of this unusual love story call forth all the author's consummate art of characterisation and his deep insight into human nature.

I vol.-4779.

The greatest living British novelist, as he is termed by eminent critics on both sides of the Atlantic, has drawn in "Gabrielle," the story of a girl with an unfortunate past, a pair of lovers who awaken all the reader's sympathies. They are contrasted with Gabrielle's singularly unpleasant relations, who bring about the conflict which temporarily endangers the happy conclusion.

The Allinghams. By MAY

SINCLAIR. I vol.-4780.

The celebrated author of many fine psychological novels recounts, in her latest book, the history of a family of six children growing up in a country house. With subtle touches, the characters of parents, children and their all-dominating aunt are delineated. In the treatment of educational efforts, ambitions, love affairs and temptations Miss Sinclair shows her unrivalled insight and finesse.

A Lost Lady. By WILLA

CATHER. I vol.-4781.

"In sheer art I think that this book is Miss Cather's masterpiece. She has painted broader canvases elsewhere, given greater substance, created a community instead of a character. Here she has been concerned with a woman's personality, and it is enough."

H. S. Canby, in "The Literary Review."

In Defence of Women. By

H. L. MENCKEN. I vol.-4782.

The author is one of the most original American writers of to-day and has captured the interest and gained the highest esteem of his countrymen. "In Defence of Women," one of last years' most widely read books in America, he discusses, with much wit and amusing irony, the characteristics of the female sex, and comes to the conclusion that no defence is necessary, the traditional "weakness" being purely mythical.