The Kaid Caught His Tragic, Gasping Whisper, "The Jihad Is Dead!"

fateful as it had been, it had culminated in one irrevocable decision, and the hope of the Berber was gone. Dust smirched couriers swept importantly through with that unending and invariable report that the men of the mountains had paid the price of ambition in streams of blood. Hacked and harried, driven from cover to cover and from hill to hill, they had succumbed to that attribute of progress, organization.

No more would the gauntlet of war be thrown in the ancient way, no more would serried legions of tribesmen charge shrieking down on modern guns. Living placidly in the fastnesses of the Atlas chain, the valiant mountaineers had not realized that in that world from which they held aloof different methods of war and conquest had developed, rendering puny any effort they might make. Sherif and sheik alike had been taught the lesson that the narrow blue of the Mediterranean dividing them from the detested unbeliever had also divided them from the great march of civilization. True, it was civilization with deadly machine guns to enforce its demands; but nevertheless a civilization of invention. They had met another Omdurman, as had those desert men of their faith met Kitchener's terrible guns in that last futile struggle for independence.

With underlying volatility of temperament despite its years, the old city of Fez, rival of splendidly fabled Bagdad, burst into the colors of gaiety. The old Sultan was dead! Long live the new! Banners streamed from terrace walls. The squares blossomed in masses of silken color, gold embroidered splendors were stretched in open gates, and from the mosques was wafted upward a drone of unceasing prayer. In a profligacy of confusion the queen city would celebrate the end of the revolt, the death of a Sultan, and the accession of a new one.

Almost at dawn the Foreign Minister presented his compliments to the American Consul and rendered official notice that Abdullah al Hadiz now ruled. Thoughtless of the Sultan who had gone, and engrossed in the holiday forthcoming, the people swarmed through the streets of Fez chattering gaily. To them it was an important event. To that great world outside it was merely a two-line despatch that an uprising had been quelled: Muley Mohammed was dead; and Abdullah al Hadiz had been placed on the throne.

WHEN Dick awoke and, as if expecting to see a camp around him, sat up on his bed, and looked in bewilderment for the walls of a tent, it was almost noon. From the courtyard below he heard an excited, laughing voice.

"Well, what do you think of that, father? Here's a note from Hamilton addressed to all of us, Dick included, which says he's too busy to come before evening. Too busy!"

"Hamilton!" Dick smiled thoughtfully to himself, crawled stiffly to the floor, looked at his patched head in the mirror, and, trailing his bathrobe, headed for the shower. The very free use of the name seemed the most satisfactory conclusion for all that had distressed him. The consummation of his foster sister's happiness and the happiness of the man he so intensely admired was inevitable. Knowing that it would not be longer delayed, with so bold an adventurer as the Kaid, he had no doubts.

They were now in the Garden of Fate, and it was evening before Clarke, confident that the new Government was firmly installed, came to them. He entered the garden unannounced and, still clad in a Moorish General's uniform, approached unobserved.

"Hello," he said. "Everything all right?"

He addressed them as nonchalantly as though he had parted from them within the hour and had undergone no vicissitudes in the meantime. The Hon. Bob started toward him with a far greater display of emotion than made by his sister, for whom the General made way. She put her hands on his shoulders and studied his face lovingly for a moment, then slowly kissed him and with a sigh of relief turned away.

It seemed to Dick, who was watching her, that she was holding herself in check; for as she passed a ribbon of light to resume her seat he saw that her lips were trembling and that her eyes were moist. Had he not read in those signs a happiness beyond bounds, he might have shown less restraint than she and answered the impulse of his heart to rush over and seize her in his arms. Intent on watching her, he lost much of the Hon. Bob's enthusiastic commendations, until aroused by the Kaid's reply.

"Pshaw! I don't deserve all the credit. In fact, I know that without the old chap over there I couldn't have made good. I mean it, old man," he said, addressing Dick directly.

He faced Charlotte, and for the first time since they had known each other there was an almost insurmountable barrier of embarrassment between them. Very slowly he walked toward her, holding out both hands. Before she could surmise his intention he had finished the gap between them with one quick leap and, regardless of everyone, caught her in his arms and was clutching her against his breast. For one startled second she tried to hold him away, and then with a courage equal to his own slipped both arms up around his shoulder and throat, and, half sobbing, nestled her cheek closely against the folds of his jelaba.

"Well, I'll be—" a roar from the Hon. Bob, who had jumped from his seat and interrupted the tableau. "So you're the fellar, eh? It's you that broke my family up! What's more," he said, addressing Dick, "I'd like to know by what right you showed him my letter. You sure did it. That's the part of this affair I don't like." He stood quite still waiting for Dick to explain.

The officer rose from his chair, walked over, and put a hand on his shoulder and studied his face. "Dad," he said earnestly, "it wasn't according to the code. Perhaps I had no business to show your letter; but I knew the truth, knew in a flash that I had been as you had been, stupid, and I did as you will do, broke as you will break, any code to give our Charlie happiness. Am I right?"

For a long time the Hon. Bob stood unrelenting, and then as if in surrender dropped back into his chair. "Right? Of course you're right! Only, you see, I'm just what you said, stupid, and I'll go further and say that I'm rapidly comin' to the conclusion that in my old age I'm trying to win the championship medal for fools."

Charlotte dropped to her knees beside his chair, and the Kaid started as if to speak; but the Consul held up his hand.

"No, Hamilton, not now!" he objected. "I like you, all right; but somehow or other I never had thought of you in that way. I've always been against folks of diff'rent countries marryin' each other, and I'm goin' to hand it to you straight that, much as I think of you, I don't like it. No, hold on—hold on there, little girl; don't start to draw away from me! And you needn't stiffen up like a poker, either, Hamilton, because I haven't said no. All I want to say is that you've got to give me time to get my bearin's. I'm kind of knocked out. I wish you'd all go away from me awhile. Go anywhere. Go out in the garden and walk—anything, just so's to leave me alone for awhile till I can think it over. It ain't as if 'twas me alone that had to be satisfied. I've told you all that I want to play the game of life so that when it's all over I can meet the only woman I've ever worshiped and have her tell me that I've done well. Somehow I feel as if I sat here alone and everything was quiet, I could talk to her about it and know what she'd like to have me do."

THEY were too much impressed to hesitate; so, without any further words, obeyed his desire. Dick, walking silently beside the Kaid's sister, paused and looked back. Bob Marshall, sagged wearily into the depths of his chair, appeared to have grown unaccountably old. The young officer almost gave way to an inclination to return and put his arm round the rough old foster father, who appeared so deserted and alone. Reluctantly he decided that it was best to do as the Consul had wished; so he took his place at Margaret Clarke's side and together, speechless and grave, they walked to the far end of the garden. Seated on one of the marble benches at the turn of the broad pathway, they came upon the Kaid and Charlotte talking earnestly and, not wishing to disturb them, took another course which led them to the pergola where so recently they had parted. They hesitated, stopped, and finally seated themselves.

"I wonder," she said thoughtfully, "if many such affections exist?"

He knew that she was thinking of the faithfulness of the Hon. Bob. "Yes," he replied thoughtfully, "I believe there are many."

"But is it worth while to cultivate them, thus taking the terrible risk of bereavement to leave us perpetually longing for one who is dead?"

"I fail to see how you can ask that." His disappointed face bent toward her, showing plainly in the light from the bracketed lamps of the surrounding lawn. "If one loves as they must have, it would be better to live a day and die than not to have known life's possibilities."

Startled by his earnestness, she turned her eyes on his face and intently studied it. She seemed to discern something there that made her turn away and look to the dim shadows of the glade beyond the lawn, as if seeking some solution of her question from their depths. "If one could only be sure," she said; "yet how is it possible? Charlotte and you have known each other from childhood; yet—"

"Neither had the courage to tell the truth, that ours was a different love."

"Ah," said she softly, "what a mistake was avoided! It would have been a mistake. I am so glad for her sake and for Hamilton's happiness."

"And—will you not add—for mine?" He bent more

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