

"Mercy! Mercy!" Achmet, horror-stricken, turned to David. "Thou art merciful. Speak for me, saadat-el-Pasha."

"When didst thou have mercy?" said David, quietly. "Thy crimes are against humanity. Humanity gives judgment."

Kaïd made a motion, and, with dragging feet, Achmet the ropemaker passed from the haunts of familiar faces.

For a moment Kaïd stood and looked at Zaida, rigid and stricken in that awful isolation which is the leper's doom. Her eyes were closed, but her head was held high.

"Wilt thou not die?" Kaïd asked her, gently.

She shook her head slowly, and her hands folded on her breast. "My sister is there," she said at last.

For a moment all was still, and Kaïd added with a voice of grief: "Peace be upon thee, Zaida. Life is but a spark. If death comes not to-day, it will to-morrow, for thee—for me. *Inshallah!* Peace be upon thee!"

She opened her eyes and looked at him. At sight of what was in his face, they lighted with a great light for a moment.

"And upon thee peace, O my lord, forever and ever!" she said softly, and, turning, left the courtyard, followed at a distance by Mohammed Hassan.

For a moment Kaïd stood motionless looking after her.

There came to David's lips, as he looked at Kaïd, the words, "*He is not far from the kingdom of God!*" but he said, in a matter-of-fact voice, "The army at sunrise—thou wilt speak to it, Effendina?"

Kaïd roused himself. "What shall I speak?" he asked anxiously.

"Tell them they shall be clothed and fed, and to every man or his family a hundred piastres at the end."

"Who will do this?" asked Kaïd, incredulously.

"Thou, Effendina—Egypt and thou—and I."

"So be it," answered Kaïd.

As they left the courtyard, Kaïd said suddenly to an officer behind him: "The caravan to the Place of Lepers—add to the stores fifty camel-loads this year, and each year hereafter. Have heed to it. Ere it starts, come to me. I would see all with mine own eyes."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Romance

BY CHARLES BUXTON GOING

THE moonlight is a silver sea
 Where shadow ships at anchor ride,
 And on the wind there seems to be
 A rhythmic murmur, far and wide;
 As if the heaving ocean still
 Raised toward his white love in the sky
 A following tide of dreams, that fill
 The slumbering forest with their sigh.

All quiet lie the shadow ships
 Athwart the silver sea of night;
 Its waveless flood around them slips,
 A star their only riding light.
 For so, where all alone she rides,
 The Moon recalls her love, the Sea;
 And all her dreams are glistening tides
 Mysterious with his melody.

The White Squall

BY LAWRENCE MOTT

THE Straits of Belle-Isle were smooth and still, save for the long, slow heave and fall of a sullen groundswell. Newfoundland stood out of the waters, a faint, dim green mass, and Labrador showed cold and low on the western horizon.

"Ain't it hot?" The skipper drew the back of a slimy hand across his face.

"'Tis warm, zure!" Jack Ellison answered, hauling away at one of the handlines. The boat drifted evenly across the fishing-grounds, moved by a tiny breeze from the south.

"Blast un, *dog!*" the fisherman growled, recognizing the short jerks as the fish came up out of the greater pressure of deep water. It was. He brought the vicious slim body on with a heave, leaned down, caught the ugly snout, and bent it at an angle.

"Thar, blast ye, swim!"

Swim the robber, the devastator of the cod-banks, did, its snout causing ripples to twinkle away in the sunlight. Round and round it went, getting weaker; then it barely moved; a flop, and its white belly gleamed on the surface.

"Sarv' un right!" Ellison grunted, feeling his array of lines. The skipper watched it all, perched on the tiller.

"Aye, Jack, he's got it this cruise!" He yanked one hand then, and pulled lustily. "No dogfish this!"

Throwing a little jet of water as it sang over the low rail, the line piled aboard, coiling at the skipper's feet.

"Got 'un too!" the big fisherman shouted, pulling in with great swings of his arms.

"Bet my 'un's bigger'n your 'un—bet ye a chaw!"

"I take it, ye lubber! Heave-ho together!" Their bended backs swayed rhythmically.

"Thar's a *cod!*" the skipper said with great satisfaction, a huge fish at his feet, its mouth feelers twitching and trembling.

"I'm be a-comin'!" the other grunted, heaving with all his strength, the line eating into the wood.

B-s-s-st—b-s-s-st—b-s-s-s-s-st! It sounded like a saw going through damp cedar. He reached over, fumbling in the water, and straightened up with an effort.

"'Tis a foine 'un!"

Gasping, the monster cod rolled its great eyes, dying on the stone ballast.

"Jehu! It are that!"

The skipper handed over his black plug. "Ye've won, Jack; snip her off!"

Ellison hitched his oilskin trousers before he claimed his winnings, and washed his mouth in sea water, for the taste of tobacco was very scarce between the two, and neither knew when they should be able to get more. He took the plug gingerly then, and turned it over and over in his big, black-haired hand, eyes agleam with anticipation. With lips parted eagerly, he put the tobacco between them and sank his white teeth into it.

"Don't suck the molasses out o' the rest!" the skipper admonished.

Ellison stowed the chew 'way back in his upper jaw and mouthed it ecstatically.

"Voine!" he muttered—"voine!"

The skipper looked at the piece that was left.

"It and t'other bit was all I saved—that night!" and his eyes were sad, looking over the long, rolling distances. "When am I a-goin' ter git back to my kiddies?" he groaned, softly,—“when?”

Ellison dropped the lines and put his hand on the other's shoulder.

"'Twon't be long afore 'un o' th' Bank fleet 'll be in th' Straits; I'll put ye aboard un, man, niver fear!"

The gaunt American, his face furrowed and seamed with care and bitter heartaches, looked up.

"Yer a good man, Jack Ellison; ye and yer woman hev bin kyind to a Capting widout ship nor money, an' I'm damned proud ter be able to help ye fish! Ah,