

Burt L. Standish

*Frank Merriwell
in Europe; or,
Working His Way
Upward*

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CHAPTER I.

THE ARRIVAL AT TANGIER.

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“Hurrah, Ephraim, here we are at last!”

It was Frank Merriwell who spoke. He was standing on the deck of a steamer which was approaching the coast of Morocco. Beside him stood his old chum and former schoolmate, Ephraim Gallup, from Vermont.

“Is thet Tangier?” came from Ephraim, as he gazed ashore with interest.

“It is.”

“Funny looking place, I must say. Not a bit like the United States. But it’s a heap sight better nor them places we stopped at in South Africy, by gosh.”

“Let us hope so. I trust we have a more quiet time here than we did there.”

“Great catfish, Frank, so do I! Why, it was awful, the things thet happened to us in Africy. No, I don’t want no more sech happenin’s in mine, by gum!”

As old readers of the Frank Merriwell stories know, Frank was now on a grand tour to different quarters of the globe. On the death of his guardian he had come into possession of much money, and his guardian had desired that he do some traveling before settling down. Frank was to take with him a professor and one boyish companion. At present the professor, Horace Scotch, was not with the youth, but Ephraim was, and the two had just come up from the lower

coast of Africa, where they had passed through numerous adventures, as related in "Frank Merriwell's Hunting Tour."

"Look, Ephraim!" went on Frank. "Yonder is Tangier, lying like a snow-white pearl on the shore of the blue Mediterranean. It is a sight to quicken the blood."

He pointed to the white walls of a city that could be plainly seen.

"It looks purty fair from here," admitted the Vermonter; "but 'cordin' to yeour own statement abaout it, it won't look so well when we git there."

"That is very true; but it is the gateway to a strange land for us—a land of strange people, strange customs, of wonders and marvels innumerable. Besides that, I am tired of the sea, and I long to get ashore once more."

"By gum! I don't blame ye fer that. But I'd ruther git ashore where folks are civilized. I've seen enough uv black men an' heathen."

Frank laughed.

"Surely we have had our fill of them; but I would not like to return home without visiting Morocco."

Before long the speed of the steamer began to lessen, and it finally came to a stop, the anchor chains rattling, as the anchors were dropped.

"Hang it all!" exclaimed Ephraim, clutching Frank's arm. "Will yeou jest look there! Is that a gang uv crazy critters comin' to attack the steamer, ur what do they want?"

Some boats were pulling off from the shore, and behind them was a swarm of tattered Arabs, half naked, wading in the water, advancing toward the vessel, waving their arms wildly, and uttering strange cries.

“Evidently that is one of the queer things we are to see in this country,” said Frank, quietly.

The boats reached the steamer, and the passengers were hurried into them by the boatmen. Frank and Ephraim succeeded in getting into one boat, and were called on to pay for their passage immediately after they had left the steamer.

The boats moved toward the throng of tattered terra-cotta-colored human beings, some of whom had waded in the water to the middle of their thighs.

As soon as this disreputable-looking horde was reached it precipitated itself upon the boats. The passengers were seized by the jabbering gang, as if they were to be put to death without delay.

One old fellow grabbed Ephraim and tried to drag him from the boat.

“Git aout!” squawked the boy from Vermont.

He hit the old Arab a back-handed blow with the flat of his hand, knocking the man over in a twinkling.

But the old Arab was not to be baffled in such a manner. Dripping with water, he scrambled up and grappled with the excited youth.

Seeing a catastrophe was coming, Frank lost no time in climbing out of the boat to the shoulders of a burly mulatto, where he sat in a comfortable position, waving his hat and shouting:

“Go it, boys! I’ll bet two to one on Vermont! Yankee Doodle forever!”

“Stand off, ye black pirut!” howled Ephraim, who had been somewhat blinded by the splashed water. “Keep yeour

dirty hands off me, or I'll——Wa-ow!"

Over went the boat, precipitating the boatman and the Yankee lad into the water, where there was a general floundering about, much to the amusement of the other passengers.

Frank Merriwell's hearty laugh rang out.

"If this is a sample of what we'll strike in Morocco, we'll have fun," he cried.

Ephraim came to the surface, spouting like a whale.

"Hang ye!" he squealed, standing up and shaking his fist at the bewildered Arab. "Yeou wait till we git on dry land, critter! I'll fix ye!"

Then he began to wade ashore.

"I am surprised, Ephraim," said Frank, soberly, "that you should make such a racket over a matter like this. The tan-colored gentleman simply wished to carry you ashore, as the water is too shoal to permit the boats to approach nearer. You will observe that all the passengers are going ashore in that manner."

The lad from Vermont looked around, seeing that Frank spoke the truth. The ladies were being carried ashore in chairs, while the male passengers bestrode the necks of the Arabs and negroes.

"Wal, why in thutteration didn't they tell a feller what they was arter!" growled Ephraim, looking ashamed and disgusted. "They acted jest ez if they wanted to murder the hull on us."

When the shore was reached, Frank paid for the transportation of both himself and Ephraim, as the old fellow whom the Vermonter had upset demanded payment.

“Here we are!” Merriwell cried. “And now we will find a hotel.”

Inquiry revealed that there was one European hotel in the city, and Frank secured a guide to pilot them thither.

Ephraim grumbled as they made their way along. He was dripping with water, and presented a ludicrous aspect, but the populace in the streets did not smile upon him. He was greeted in a stoical, indifferent manner, as if he were a worm of very small importance. Men drew aside from the boys, and women avoided them, while children fled in terror.

“Real sociable people,” chuckled Frank. “Judging by the way they act, any one would think we must be blood-thirsty savages.”

Nearly all the people in the streets were enveloped in a sort of long, white woolen cloak, with a large cowl, generally worn straight up on the heads, so that the whole city presented the aspect of a convent of Dominican monks.

Some of these hooded people passed gravely, slowly and silently, a dreamy look in their eyes, as if their thoughts were far away; some remained seated or crouching along the walls, or at the corners of houses, immovable and with fixed eyes, like the enchanted ones of the “Arabian Nights.”

On their way to the hotel they passed through several narrow, winding streets, flanked by small white houses, without windows, and with small, mean doorways, through which it could not be easy to enter.

In many of the streets nothing was to be seen but the whiteness of the walls and the blue sky overhead.

Nearly all the streets were littered with rotten vegetables, feathers, rags, bones, and sometimes with

deceased cats and dogs.

As may be imagined, the odors were often anything but agreeable.

At long intervals were seen groups of Arab children, playing or reciting verses from the Koran in a nasal drone.

Beggars were plentiful, squatting along the streets.

Here and there the nostrils of the boys were assailed by the odor of garlic, burnt aloes, benzoine, fish, and things unnamable.

The square was reached, and was found to be a little rectangular place, surrounded by wretched shops.

At one side was a fountain, around which was a crowd of Arabs and negroes, engaged in drawing water in various vessels.

At the other side of the square, veiled women were seated on the ground, offering bread for sale.

The little square was thronged with almost naked vagabonds, rich Moors, Jews, employees of the legations, the houses of which were near at hand; interpreters and beggars galore.

For the time, Ephraim forgot that he had received a ducking. He looked around, his jaw dropping.

"Hanged ef this don't beat the deck!" he muttered. "Never saw nothing like this before."

"It is rather interesting," replied Frank. "I fancied you would find it so."

At this moment a veiled girl suddenly broke away from two men, who seemed to be acting as her escorts, gave a low cry of joy, rushed toward the boys, and flung her arms about Merriwell's neck, sobbing:

“Frank! Frank! they said you were dead!”

Never in his life was Frank Merriwell more astonished. He could scarcely believe he had heard aright.

Ephraim Gallup caught his breath and gurgled:

“Wal, by gum!”

Shouts of surprise and rage broke from the men who had accompanied the girl. Quickly drawing short, curved swords from beneath their cloaks, they sprang toward the lads.

“Unhand her, Christian dogs!” roared one, flourishing his sword, as if he would cut Frank down in a moment.

“Take me away!” implored the girl. “I am willing to go with you now! Do not let them touch me again!”

That appeal was enough to arouse the chivalry in Frank’s nature. Swinging her to one side, he drew a revolver.

“Stand off!” he ordered, sternly.

“And keep off!” squealed Ephraim, as he let his clinched fist shoot out and catch one of the men under the ear.

It was a heavy blow, and the old Moor was knocked down in a twinkling.

A roar went up from all sides, and a rush was made for the two lads, who found themselves surrounded by a furious and raging mob.

It had come about with marvelous swiftness, so that even Frank was a trifle bewildered.

Some of the mob brandished daggers and scimiters, and all seemed thirsting for the blood of the two youths.

The old fellow who had been knocked down got upon his feet, waved his arms, and shouted forth an order.

In the twinkling of an eye, the lads found themselves overwhelmed. The revolver was dashed from Frank’s hand,

the girl was torn from his grasp, and he received a blow that staggered and dazed him.

Ephraim was used no less severely.

The second Moor, the one who had shouted at Frank in English, now ordered the mob back. He addressed them in Arabic, and they seemed to give over the assault on the boys with great reluctance, drawing back slowly.

Not knowing what might follow this move, Frank held himself in readiness for anything, regarding the old Moor with no little curiosity.

The man turned on the boys, gazing at them gloweringly, as if he longed to annihilate them, yet hardly dared. After some moments, he spoke.

“Knaves,” he growled, “you should die. Do you know what you have done, miserable Christians?”

“Attempted to defend a girl who appealed to us, but I made a sad failure of it,” replied Frank, looking around for the mysterious girl, but seeing nothing of her.

“You have defiled her with your touch, and she is the Pearl of Tangier! But that is not all. You struck Ben Ahmet, who is her uncle and protector, and who is also a descendant of Mohammed, the sacred one.”

“Is that so!” drawled Ephraim, dryly. “Wal, I wouldn’t ‘a’ struck Ben ef I hedn’t thought it necessary. As he’s a trifle older then I be, I’m sorry I hit him at all. Jest tell him I apologize.”

“Bah! That will not wash away the stain. Your blood would have flowed if he had ordered it so. From this hour you are marked. If you remain in Morocco you shall not

escape just punishment for your offense. It is best that you delay not in leaving the country."

Frank whistled.

"This is interesting," he said, coolly. "We have just arrived."

"It matters not. If you would live, depart at once."

"Well, we will think it over. We can't go till the steamer leaves, unless we swim across the straits, and that would be too much trouble."

"I have spoken."

"And who be yeou?" demanded Ephraim.

"I am Ali Mustaf, the Cadi of Thwat, favored by the Prince of Believers and Vicegerent of God upon Earth."

"Wal, gol dern my cats!" gasped the boy from Vermont. "We didn't know we'd run up against anything like that. Will yeou excuse us for livin'!"

"You have heard. Take heed."

Ali Mustaf turned and waved his hands to the throng, whereupon the mob slowly and reluctantly dispersed, giving the boys many black looks, and muttering sullenly.

Ali Mustaf and Ben Ahmet moved away.

"What in the world became of that girl?" muttered Frank, looking about. "She disappeared in a twinkling."

"She was carried away by some uv the craowd," said Ephraim. "One uv them old varmits must hev told them to take her away."

"And she knew me."

"She did?"

"Surely. Didn't you hear her call me by name?"

"I guess I did. But haow in thunder did she happen to know yeou?"

"That is a mystery—one I would give something to solve."

Then Frank's face became clouded again, and he bit his lip, looking about in an unsatisfied way.

"How shall I find her again?" he murmured. "I did not see her face. I should not know her if I saw her."

"I kainer guess we'll have aour hands full, without botherin' abaout her. Mister Mustaf informed us that we was marked."

"That was a bluff to scare us out of the country. These swarthy fellows do not like Christians. They dare not harm us, however. If they did, they would not have stopped when they were crowding around us a short time ago."

"Mebbe yeour right, Frank. Yeou 'most alwus be, but somethin' kainer tells me we'll have more trouble with Mister Mustaf and Mister Ahmet."

"I could not go away without making another attempt to see that mysterious girl. Something tells me she is in serious trouble. Besides that, my curiosity is aroused, and I must know how she learned my name. It is possible I have met her before. More than that, I have thought of another possibility."

"What is it?"

"She spoke perfect English."

"Yes."

"Which is remarkable, as everything indicated she could not be more than sixteen or seventeen."

"Wal?"

“Moorish girls of that age are not likely to have opportunities to learn the English language.”

“I s’pose not.”

“Can’t you see what I am driving at?”

“Dunno’s I kin. I’m kainer thick-headed.”

“Why, she may not be a native of this country at all—she may be an English or American girl.”

“Great gosh!”

“And she may be a captive. It is possible she has been kidnaped for the harem of some miserable old Moor. The thought makes my blood boil. Ephraim, we have a mission in Morocco. It is to find that girl and rescue her, if needs be. We will do it!”

“We will do it!”

Before the eyes of the wondering rabble the dauntless boys clasped hands.



CHAPTER II.

FRANK SEEKS INFORMATION.

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When they looked around for the guide whom they had employed to lead them to the only European hotel in the city it was found that the fellow had fled, affrighted by the encounter which had taken place in the square.

The boys were about to look for another guide when, with cries of surprise and joy, a small, red-whiskered man, dressed in a tourist's traveling suit, such as is worn in hot countries, came hurrying toward them.

"Hang me ef I don't b'lieve I've seen him afore!" exclaimed the boy from Vermont. "Them whiskers look nattral. It is——"

"Professor Scotch, as I live!" joyfully shouted Frank Merriwell. "Will wonders never cease! This is miraculous."

The little man ran forward and caught Frank's hands, looked into his face, as if making sure he was not mistaken, and then clasped the boy in his arms.

For some time the little man was nearly overcome with joyful emotions, and Frank was scarcely less delighted.

It was, in truth, Professor Horace Scotch, Frank's guardian, who had thus marvelously appeared in Tangier.

Mutual explanations followed quickly. Frank told how he happened to be there, and then the professor related how on arriving in London he had received a letter from the boy,

but had been disappointed beyond measure when Frank did not appear in due time. He had written scores of letters and sent many telegrams, but had been unable to learn anything more than that Frank had left Buenos Ayres in a vessel bound for South Africa, but which had been lost at sea.

The professor had nearly given up all hope of ever seeing his *protégé* again, thinking Frank must be dead. He resolved, however, to make every effort to ascertain the facts as to Frank's fate, and had left London for that purpose.

The United States Consul at Tangier was an old friend of the professor, and thus it came about that Scotch had visited him.

Then the boys came.

The professor was so agitated that his explanation was somewhat incoherent, but Frank was able to get the drift of it.

When his excitement had subsided a bit, the little man began to scold. He soundly berated the boy for running off to South America without permission and continuing over the world on his own hook.

Frank listened quietly, a smile on his face.

"There, there, professor," he finally said. "What's the use of making a fuss about it. Wait till we get to the hotel, and I will explain more fully why I went to South America."

So the professor led the way to the hotel.

The professor had obtained a native servant by the name of Azza, and the fellow was immediately dispatched for the

luggage of the two boys, being given a written order by them.

While waiting for the luggage, the trio talked matters over.

Azza returned with the luggage in due time.

Both lads lost no time in exchanging their clothing for suits of white duck, suitable for the climate.

"There!" exclaimed Ephraim. "I feel better, by gum! Them wet duds warn't comfortable."

A square meal followed, and then Frank told the professor of their adventure since arriving in Tangier.

"Merciful goodness!" gasped the little man, with uplifted hands. "It's a wonder you were not both killed. These Moors are dreadful creatures, and they do not consider the life of a Christian of any consequence. I have heard of Ben Ahmet. He is very rich."

"I don't care about him," said Frank. "What I want to know is if that girl was truly his niece."

The professor called Azza, and Frank questioned the fellow.

Azza declared that Ben Ahmet had a niece who was known far and wide as "the Pearl of Tangier," a title which had been given her when she was yet a child. It was rumored that she was very beautiful. Her name was Igela.

Igela's father, unlike most Moors, had traveled much outside his own country. Originally he was a very poor merchant, but it was said he had traveled as far as London and had learned tricks of trade from Christian dogs, so that he came back to his own country and soon made a fortune.

He was an exporter of goods, largely handling the caps made at Fez. One of his customers, a great English merchant, once visited him, and was received graciously in the Moor's house. This was but shortly before the death of Igela's father.

Igela was the old merchant's only child. He regretted much that she was not a boy, for she displayed much business capability.

The old merchant left his property to his child, intrusting her to the care of his brother, Ben Ahmet.

Ben Ahmet had also made much money, but he was quite unlike his brother. He hated Christians so that he would not do business with them, and he would not speak a word of their language, although he understood much of it.

Seeing that Igela was budding into womanhood and was very beautiful, Ben Ahmet made her conceal her face with a veil. Still she was known far and wide as the Pearl of Tangier.

There were many who sought Igela for a wife, but it was said that she had acquired strange notions of marriage, and had refused to accept the man whom her uncle chose, saying she would suit herself in that matter.

That was all Azza knew about her.

"Very interesting," commented Frank; "and still unsatisfactory. It seems that Igela knew me to-day, and that she can speak almost perfect English. Who is Ali Mustaf?"

"He is a powerful *cadi*, or tax-gatherer," answered Azza. "It is said that he seeks the Pearl for a wife."

"Ha! Then that explains his remarkable interest in her, and it likewise explains why she fled from him. This is

becoming as interesting as a romance. I feel in duty bound to offer her my assistance. But how am I to do so?"

That was a question not easily answered, and Frank puzzled over it for a long time.

Professor Scotch was alarmed by what had happened, by Frank's manner, and by the threat which the Moor had uttered against the boys. He was in favor of getting out of Morocco without delay, but Frank had no thought of being frightened away thus quickly.

"Look here, Azza, old boy," he said, "I'll make it worth your while if you will take a note to Igela. Can you do it?"

"I can try."

"Well, that is something."

In vain the professor urged him not to send a note, nor to attempt to communicate in such a manner with the mysterious girl.

"Don't get fluttery, professor," advised Frank, coolly. "If you try to be too strict with me, I may take a fancy to run away again."

The professor groaned.

"You are incorrigible," he declared. "It is impossible to do anything with you."

So Frank wrote the note and sent Azza out with it, offering him a tempting reward if he would deliver it into the hand of Igela, and warning him to give it up to no other person. He worded it briefly as follows:

"To Igela, 'The Pearl of Tangier':

"Are you in trouble? Do you need assistance. If so, tell me how I may aid you.

"Frank Merriwell."

Azza was away from the hotel for nearly two hours. At length he returned and placed a folded paper in Frank's hand, saying simply:

"This is her answer."

Eagerly Frank opened the paper, but in a moment a look of disappointment came over his face.

"It is written in Arabic," he said. "I cannot read it."

Azza bowed low.

"It will give me great pleasure to read it for you," he said.

Frank scanned the fellow closely.

"Can you read writing?" he asked, as if somewhat doubtful.

Azza assured him that he could both read and write. Frank hesitated a moment, and then passed the note to the servant. Azza translated it as follows:

"I am in great trouble, and you can aid me. Come this evening at nine. Azza will guide you. Trust all to him. "Igela."

Frank frowned, and then he questioned the Arab.

Azza told how he had found the house of Ben Ahmet, and had lingered till he saw one of the sheriff's servants whom he knew. By the servant he had sent word to Igela, and she had finally appeared at the parapet of the terrace. Then Azza had attached Frank's note to a small stone, which he had tossed to her. She had read it, had written the reply, and then had instructed Azza to guide Frank to a certain spot that evening, saying she would be there.

Frank was not quite satisfied with this story.

"It is rather remarkable that she could read my note, written in English, and could not write a reply in English," he said, watching the face of the Arab closely.

“She was much excited,” Azza calmly explained. “She feared much that she might be seen.”

“But that doesn’t explain why she did not write in English.”

“She must have forgotten in her haste and excitement.”

Frank was forced to confess to himself that such a thing would be very natural, but still he questioned Azza. It became evident, after a little, that the Arab was very shrewd or perfectly truthful, and the boy was inclined to think him the latter.

Frank went to his room and pondered over the matter for some time. He realized that by many he would be considered foolish in his attempt to aid this unknown girl.

But his curiosity was thoroughly aroused. He could conceive of no possible way that she could have known him in the past, and yet she had fled to him for assistance, calling him by name.

A mystery of that sort was quite enough to make Frank determined to seek the solution.

And never had he turned away when appealed to by beauty in distress. That this girl was in trouble and hoped for assistance from him was certain.

“I will go to her to-night,” he resolved. “I will aid her, if it lays in my power to do so. That is settled.”

Ephraim came into the room and found Frank putting on a lead-colored garment, which he wore beneath his outer shirt.

Frank showed his comrade the note from Igela, and explained what the girl had written.

Ephraim looked doubtful, and shook his head in a sober way.

"I'm afeared yeour goin' to git into a heap uv trouble, Frank," he said. "I'll bet a big squash Mister Ahmet is kainer keepin' watch uv yeou, an' he'll know ef ye try to see the gal."

"Oh, you are getting to be a veritable croaker, Ephraim. I am not afraid of Ben Ahmet, and I am determined to have a talk with Igela."

"Wal, I ruther guess yeou'll do jest as yeou durn please, fer I've alwus noticed yeou do. Yeou'd better take me along with ye."

"Not on this trip, Ephraim. I am going to go it alone."

Still Frank was doubtful, although he would not confess it, even to himself. He carefully examined his revolvers, taking both of them.

Professor Scotch came in and expressed his curiosity over a queer little cabinet which Frank had taken from his trunk.

"Oh, that's a curiosity I picked up," explained the boy. "I fancied it might come in handy some time, and I mean to carry it home with me."

"But what in the world is it?" asked the professor, endeavoring to open it, but being unable to do so. "How do you get into the thing?"

"This way."

Frank touched the cabinet, and the top flew open, while up shot the head of a serpent with forked tongue and fiery eyes, seeming to hiss and strike at the professor.

CHAPTER III.

THE PROFESSOR IS PUZZLED.

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Professor Scotch gave a shriek of terror, and fell over backward.

"Save me!" he roared. "I'm a dead man! Kill the thing!"

"What's all this about?" asked Frank, in apparent surprise. "What is the matter with you, professor?"

"Snakes! snakes!"

"Snakes? What are you talking about? Where?"

"There! Why, where is it? It has gone!"

The professor sat up and stared in amazement at the cabinet, which was wide open, but no snake was in sight.

"Too bad!" said Frank, turning to Ephraim. "I did have a faint hope that the professor would leave it off, but it is still plain that he sometimes looks on the wine when it is red."

"What's that?" roared the little man, who had a big, hoarse voice. "What do you mean? Do you insinuate that I have been drinking?"

"Of course I do not wish to hurt your feelings, but——"

"I tell you I saw a snake!"

"Too bad!" sobbed Frank, getting out his handkerchief, and pretending to wipe a tear from the corner of his eye.

"But I am positive of it."

"They always are."

"It must be right here somewhere. Look around for it."

"I wouldn't, professor—you may see something worse."

The professor was aroused. He had permitted the United States Consul to treat him rather generously with strong drink since coming to Tangier, but he was positive that had nothing to do with the appearance of the snake, and he was angry with Frank for insinuating anything of the sort.

"Look out!" he rumbled, grasping his cane and thrusting it into the cabinet. "I'll poke the reptile out, or—Whoop! Murder! Take it off!"

With a shrilling squeal, a large rat had jumped out of the cabinet and seemed to run along the cane toward the professor's hand.

The little man dropped the stick in an instant, and once more fell flat upon the floor, where he made a wild scramble to get away, and stopping only when he had reached a distant corner, where he sat up on the floor, his back against the wall, his eyes popping from his head.

"Where is the beast?" he gurgled, hoarsely.

Frank turned to Ephraim, wringing his hands in apparent distress.

"The professor has gone mad!" he moaned.

"Mad!" roared the little man, gathering courage, as he saw nothing of the rat. "Who wouldn't be mad to have a slimy serpent strike at him, and then be attacked by a red-eyed rat?"

"Too bad! too bad!" sighed Frank. "I fear he will become violent. We must send for a doctor immediately."

"Doctor!" howled Scotch. "I don't want a doctor. I tell you I'm all right! But I know when I see a snake and a rat. The snake hissed at me, and the rat tried to get on my hand."

"It is a very bad case," came soberly from Frank, while Ephraim turned his head to hide a broad grin.

Scotch got on his feet, and danced around like a maniac.

"Confound it all!" he shouted. "There's nothing the matter with me! I am all right! I know what I see!"

Frank followed him up, patted him on the back, caressed his hand, and said, soothingly:

"Of course you know—to be sure you do. There was a whole drove of snakes, and more than a hundred rats."

"No, there wasn't!" snarled the little man, grinding his teeth. "Don't tell me that! Think I'm a fool?"

"Too bad!" sighed Frank, giving Ephraim a lugubrious look that nearly convulsed the lad from Vermont. "This is the way with them every time. Now he is sure he didn't see any snakes and rats. That is proof positive that he is in a dangerous condition. Wouldn't it be terrible if we found it necessary to have him taken in charge and cared for constantly?"

Professor Scotch gave an exhibition of a wild and somewhat original war dance. When he was out of breath, he paused in front of Frank, shaking his fist in the boy's face as he gasped:

"I see through your little game. You want to get rid of me! You want to go as you please! You want to do as you choose! That's why you ran away to South America. But it won't work, you young rascal! I'll stick by you now, though you may bring my gray hairs in sorrow to the grave."

Then he tramped up and down the room like a caged tiger. Coming near the cabinet, he lifted his foot to give it a

kick, but, at that instant, a hollow voice that seemed to come from the cabinet itself, said:

“Beware! Touch me not!”

And then a grinning skull popped into view and nodded familiarly at the little man.

The professor gave a howl, and rushed out of the room, leaving the two boys, who were in paroxysms of laughter.

When the boys had ceased to laugh somewhat, Frank approached the cabinet, rolling up a little ball of invisible cord as he did so. Without hesitation, he took hold of the skull and thrust it back into the compartment from which it had popped into view.

“There,” he said, “I rather fancied this cabinet would afford me some amusement when I bought it from that traveling magician. The professor forgot that I sometimes practice ventriloquism, and so he fancied that it was the skull that spoke. If he had continued to monkey around that cabinet I would have shown him some other things of a surprising nature.”

Then he arranged everything in the cabinet, which he closed and returned to his trunk.

Under cover of darkness, guided by the dark-skinned Azza, Frank left the hotel shortly before nine.

Azza avoided the square, and stole along the dark and narrow streets with a swift, cat-like tread.

Frank followed closely, making sure his revolvers were ready for instant use.

Both man and boy were enveloped in the hooded cloak so common in Tangier.

The shoes which Frank wore had cork soles, so his footsteps made very little noise.

At intervals they brushed against persons who were moving in the narrow streets, and Frank seemed to see sharp eyes peering at him from beneath beetling brows.

Tangier was not a pleasant city to roam about in after nightfall.

It seemed to Frank that it was a city well adapted to dark deeds—a place where crime might thrive with little fear of punishment.

As far as possible, Azza avoided the pedestrians who were moving on the streets.

In every nook and angle dark shadows lurked, like crouching assassins, and more than once the boy clutched his revolver, ready to draw and defend himself from attack.

They passed through a maze of winding streets, so that the boy became quite bewildered. He had thought to remember every turn, so he could return to the hotel without a guide, if necessary, but he was soon forced to confess to himself that such a thing would be beyond his ability to accomplish.

All at once, the silence of the night was broken by a distant fusillade of shots, and Azza halted suddenly.

They had reached one of the wider streets, which leads to the gate of Sokko.

Far along the street there was a glare of many torches, swaying, moving, advancing.

Frank wondered what it could mean, and questioned his guide.

“Look, and you shall see,” said Azza, drawing the boy still farther back, so that they might readily step into the shadow of a wall and let the torches pass.

Frank did look, and he saw a surging crowd of human beings, revealed by the flaring torchlight, which flickered over their dusky faces. They were dressed grotesquely in cloaks and robes and winding garments, and all seemed greatly excited. Now and then they fired into the air with muskets and pistols.

Dogs were barking, there were sounds of plaintive music, and the great throng kept up a droning and nasal chant, now and then broken by strident cries.

Near the van of the procession was a coal-black horse, fiery and headstrong, held in check by the powerful Arabs who walked on either side. On the back of the horse was something in the shape of an upright coffin.

Frank gazed at this strange procession with interest and wonder.

“What does it mean?” he asked. “Is it a funeral?”

“No,” replied Azza; “it is the wedding march of a young girl. She is in that casket. These people are her parents and friends, who are accompanying her to the home of her husband.”

“Well, that is certainly very strange and remarkable.”

“To a Christian it may seem strange,” admitted Azza; “but it is the custom here.”

When the procession had passed, they crossed the street and went onward along the dark and winding ways.

At last, with a warning hiss, the Arab halted.

Instinctively, Frank felt for his weapons once more, for, although he could not see his surroundings, he felt that he was in a rather unsavory quarter of the city. The smells which assailed his nostrils seemed to assure him of that.

Azza uttered a soft signal, and then they waited. Twice he repeated the signal. At the third call a muffled figure glided out of the shadows and approached them.

"It is Igela," whispered the Arab.

Frank's heart leaped. There no longer seemed a doubt they would meet the mysterious girl who was known as the Pearl of Tangier.

She came toward them in a hesitating, doubtful way, till Azza assured her that all was well. Even then she seemed oppressed by terror and dread. When Frank stepped toward her she shrank away.

"You need have no fear of me," he said, softly. "I am your friend."

She did not reply, but she still seemed much alarmed. Frank did his best to reassure her.

"You are in distress," he said. "Tell me how I may serve you."

"Not here," she whispered. "We shall be seen. Come."

Her hand touched his, and she led him toward the wall, where a small door opened.

"Now I will see the adventure through to the end," he thought, and he followed her recklessly.

Azza followed, closing the door noiselessly. Frank could feel the fellow close behind him.

The boy seemed to know it was a rash adventure, but, with a reckless abandon that sometimes assailed him, he