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By RIDER HAGGARD Author "King Solomon's Mines," "She," "Cleopatra," "Allan Quartermain," "The World's Desire," Etc.

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and, save in Short rusnes, as access answered to the spur. The Assassins saw, and came on with wild shouts. Nearer and nearer they drew, and the sound of their horses hoofs beating | red, muttering in his beard: on the sand was like the sound of thunder. Now once more they were fifty yards away, and now but thirty, and again the spears began to flash, though none struck them.

Masouda screamed to the horses in Arabic, and gallantly did they struggle, plunging up the hill with slow, convulsive bounds. Godwin and Wulf looked at each other, then, at a signal, checked their speed, leapt to earth, and, turning, drew their swords. "On!" they cried, and lightened of their weight, once more the reeling

horses plunged forward. The Assassins were upon them, Wulf struck a mighty blow and emptied the saddle of the first, then was swept to earth. As he fell from behind him he heard a scream of joy, and struggling to his knees, looked round. Lo! from over the crest of the rise rushed cavalry, who, as they came, set their arm about the neck of Masouda. lances in rest, and shouted:

"Salah-ed-din! Salah-ed-din!" The Assassins saw also, and turned fly-too late! "A horse! A horse!" screamed God-

and charging with the Saracens.



faving his sword and shouting where he

while Masouda stood by him, a dagger in her hand, and with her Rosamund upon her knees.

Now the pursuers were the pursued, and dreadful was the reckoning that | ed: they must pay. Their horses were outworn and could not fly at speed. Some of the fedai were cut down upon themselves in little groups, fought bravely till they were slain, while a great troup of men not a score won his lost bride had ended.

mounted, ran forward and with a little cry cast her arms about him.

her, would have fallen. The Emir looked at her her long will join you presently in the citadel." loose, her face stained, her veil

je-bal. Then low to the earth he bem his knee, while the grave Saracens watched, and taking the hem of her

garment, he kissed it. "Allah be praised indeed!" he said "I, His unworthy servant, thank Him from my heart, who never thought to see you living more. Soldiers, salute. Before you stands the lady Rose of the World, princess of Baalbec and niece of your lord, Salah-ed-din, Commander of the Faithful."

Then in stately salutation to this dishevelled, outworn, but still queenly woman, uprose hand, and spear, and scimitar, while Wulf cried from where he lay:

"Why, it is our merchant of th drugged wine-none other! Oh! Sir Saracen, does not the memory of that chapman's trick shame you now?" The emir Hassan heard and grew

"Like you, Sir Wulf, I am the slave of Fate, and must obey. Be not bitter against me till you know all." "I am not bitter," answered Wulf "but I always pay for my drink, and

we will settle that score yet, as I have "Hush!" broke in Rosamund. "Al though he stole me, he is also my de liverer and friend through many a

peril, and, had it not been for him, by now-" and she shuddered. "I do not know all the story, but Princess, it seems that you should thank not me, but these goodly cousins of yours and those splendid horses," and Hassan pointed to Smoke and Flame, which stood by quivering, with hollow flanks and drooping heads

"There is another whom I must thank also, this noble woman, as you will call her also when you hear the squadron upon squadron of turbaned story," said Rosamund, flinging her

"My master will reward her," said Hassan, "But oh! lady, what must you think of me who seemed to desert you so basely? Yet I reasoned well. In that castle of that son of Satan, In in Arabic; and presently-how he | Sinan," and he spat upon the ground, ever knew-found himself mounted | "I could not have aided you, for there he would only have butchered me. But To Wulf, too, a horse was brought, by escaping I thought that I might wards and lay upon the sand, waving and he touched the great jewel that he his sword and shouting where he lay, wore in his turban, "and with what money I had, to loose my bonds, and while he pouched the gold I stabbed him with his own knife and fled. But this morning I reached yonder city in command of ten thousand men, charged to rescue you if I could; if not, to avenge you, for the ambassadors of Salah-ed-din informed me of your plight. An hour ago the watchmen on the towers reported that they saw two horses galloping across the plain beneath a double burden, pursued by soldiers whom from their robes they took to be Assassins. So, as I have a | no man may see, and perchance Maquarrel with the Assassin, I crossed the bridge, formed up five hundred men in a hollow, and waited, never guessing that it was you who fled. You know the rest-and the Assassins

> "you have been well avenged." "Follow it up," said Wulf, "and the vengeance shall be better, for I will show you the secret way into Masyaf -or, if I cannot, Godwin will-and there you may hurl Sinan from his own towers."

know it also, for," he added grimly,

Hassan shook his head and answer

"I should like it well, for with this magician my master also has an ancient quarrel. But he has other feuds them. Some dismouted, and gathering | upon his hands," and he looked meaningly at Wulf and Godwin, "and my orders were to rescue the princess and few were taken prisoners. Of all that no more. Well, she has been rescued and some hundreds of heads have paid back alive to Masyaf to make report | the price of all that she has suffered to their master of how the chase of Also, that secret way of yours will be safe enough by now. So there I let A while later and Wulf from his seat | the matter bide, glad enough that it | upon the ground saw Godwin riding has ended thus. Only I warn you allback towards him, his red sword in and myself also-to walk warily, since, his hand. With him rode a sturdy, if I know aught of him, Sinan's fedais bright-eyed man gorgeously apparel- will henceforth dog the steps of led, at the sight of whom Rosamund every one of us, striving to bring us sprang to her feet; then, as he dis- to our ends by murder. Now here come litters; enter them, all of you, and be borne to the city, who have ridden "Hassan! Prince Hassan! Is it in far enough to-day. Fear not for your deed you? Oh, God be praised!" she horses; they shall be led in gently gasped, then, had not Masouda caught and saved alive, if skill and care can save them. I go to count the slain, and

So the bearers came and lifted up torn, but still clad in the silk and Wulf, and helped Godwin from his await the end, whatever that might seaming gems with which she had horse for now that all was over he decked ex the bride plack of ar could scarcely stand—and with him

two days.

CHAPTER XVI.

fight upon the dreadful bridge.

ut, and saw how Heaven had guided their every step.

In face of the warnings that were given them, to visit the Al-je-bal in his stronghold had seemed a madness. Yet there, where none could have thought that she would be, they had found Rosamund. There they had been avenged upon the false knight Sir Lozelle, who had betrayed her, first to Saladin, then to Sinan, and sent him down to death and judgment; and thence they had rescued Rosa-

derers in the great land of Syria, seeking for one who never could be found.

Why had Masouda done these things, again and again putting her own life upon the hazard to save theirs and the honor of another woman? As he asked himself the question Godwin felt the red blood rise to his face. Because she hated Sinan, who had murdered her parents and degraded her, she said; and doubtless that had to do with the matter. But it was no longer possible to hide the truth. She loved him, and had loved him from the first hour when they met. He had always suspected it-in that wild trial of the horses upon the mountain side, when she sat with her arms about him and her face pressed against his face; when she kissed his feet after he had saved her from the lion, and many

But as they followed Wulf and Rosa

brother was also sworn to Rosamund than he, to Wulf, the conqueror of Lozelle? Had Rosamund told Masouda

this? Nay, surely not. hearts, piercing veils through which souda had read the heart of Rosa mund. She stood behind her during the dreadful duel at the gate, and watched her face when Wulf's death seemed sure; she might have heard words that broke in agony from her lips in those moments of torment. Oh, without doubt it was so, and

won and the reward by which love of woman which he bore towards this brother, and the duthy of a Christian warrior whereto he was vowed, and hiding his face in his pillow he

-at least, when he lifted his head tain that this was no fancy which it, and, beautiful as she was, and noble as she was, he did not wish her love. He could find no answer to these questions, save this-that things must go on as they were decreed. For himself, he, Godwin, would strive to do his duty, to keep his hands clean, and

exclaimed because that action hurt when she lifted her veil the brethren him, grumbled at the brightness of saw that though her face was still the light upon his eyes, and said that somewhat pallid, her strength had he was very hungry. Then he arose, come back to her, and the terror had and with the help of Godwin, dressed left her eyes. She greeted them with himself, but not in his armour. Here, sweet and gentle words, thanking first with the yellow-coated soldiers of Godwin and then Wulf for all that they Saladin, grave-faced and watchful, had done, and turning to Masouda, pacing before their door-for night | who stood by, stately, and watchful,

Rosamund and musouda. Placing them | Assassins should creep in-there was | and ate with light nearts and a good in the litters, they carried them, es- no need for mail. In the fortress of appetite. corted by cavalry, across the bridge | Masyaf, indeed, where they were also of the Orontes into the city of Emesa, guarded, it had been otherwise, Wulf where they lodged them in the cita- | heard the step of the sentries on the

backs and legs with cintment, they led | "That sound makes my backbone the horses Smoke and Flame, slowly cold," he said. "For a moment, as my and with great trouble for these could | eyes opened, I thought that we were hardly stir, and laid them down on back again in the guest chambers of thick beds of straw, tempting them Al-je-bal, where folk crept round us with food, which after awhile they as we slept and murderers marched ate. The four-Resamund, Masouda, to and fre outside the curtains, finger-Godwin, and Wulf-ate also of some ing their knife foints. Well, whatever with wine in it, and after the there is to come, thank the Saints, hurts of Wulf had been tended by a | that is done with, I tell you, brother skilled dector, went to their beds, I have had enough of mountains, and whence they did not rise again for | narrow bridges, and Assassins, Hencenever a hill in sight, amidst honest folk as stupid as their own sheep, who Faithful, the Strong-to-aid, to go to church on Sundays and get | niece beloved, Rose of the World, drunk, not with hachieh, but on brown ale, brought to them by no whitebedstraw still sticking in her hair. Give me the Saltings of Essex with the east winds blowing over them, and



As she sat upon the great white horse.

the primroses abloom upon the bank and the lanes fetlock deep in mud, and for your share you may take all the scented gardens of Sinan and the cups and jewels of his ladies, with the fightings and adventures of the golden East thrown in."

"I never sought these things, and we are a long way from Essex," answered Godwin shortly.

"No," said Wulf, "but they seem to seek you. What news of Masouda? Have you seen her while I slept, which has been long?"

"I have seen no one except apothecary who tended you, the slaves who brought us food, and last evening the prince Hassan, who came to see how we fared. He told me that, like yourself, Rosamund and Masouda

"I am glad to hear it," answered Wulf, "for certainly their rest was earned. By St. Chad! what a woman is this Masouda! A heart of fire and nerves of steel! Beautiful, too-most beautiful; and the best horsewoman that ever sat a steed. Had it not been for her- By Heaven! when I think of it I feel as though I loved herdon't you?"

his sword. Then the door opened, and through it appeared the emir Hassan, who saluted them in the name of Allah, searching them with his quiet eyes. "Few would judge, to look at you, Sir Knights," he said with a smile, "that you have been the guests of the Old Man of the Mountain, and left his house so hastily by the back door. blood and think it honor, would she Three days more and you will be as lusty as when we met beyond the seas upon the wharf by a certain creek. Oh, you are brave men, both of you, though you be infidels, from which error may the Prophet guide you; brave men, the flower of knighthood. Ay, I, Hassan, who have known many

> miration that was not feigned. "We thank you, Prince, for your praise," said Godwin gravely, but Wulf stepped forward, took his hand, and

heart," and, placing his hand to his

turban, he bowed before them in ad

"That was an ill trick, Prince, which you played us yonder in England," he said, "and one that brought as good a warrior as ever drew a sword-our uncle Sir Andrew D'Arcy-to an end sad as it was glorious. Still, you obeyed your master, and because of all that has happened since, I forgive you, and call you friend, although should we ever meet in battle I still hope to pay you for that drugged wine."

tend your bruises, and slaves to lead you to the bath and clothe you. Nay, leave your hauberk; here the faith of Salah-ed-din and of his servants is

your best armour." said Godwin, "for faith is a poor defence against the daggers of these Assassins, who dwell not so far away." forgotten." So thus they departed.

An hour later they were led to the hall, where presently came Rosamund, and with her Masouda and Hassan. She was dressed in the rich robes of an Eastern lady, but the gems with which she had been adorned as the Wulf woke up, stretched his arms, bride-elect of A' je-bal were gone; and | CARILES FOR DIZZIMESS. and day they were trably guarded lest | thanked her also, Then they sat down,

Before their meal was finished, the sengers had arrived from the Sultan. cemented pavement without, and They entered, grey-haired men clad Here also, after giving them a drink shook his great shoulders as though in the robes of secretaries, whom Hassan hastened to greet. When they were seated and had spoken with him awhile, one of them drew forth a lebter, which Hassan, touching his forehead with it in token of respect, gave to Rosamund. She broke its seal, and, seeing that It was in Arabic, handed it to her cousin, saying?

"Do you read it, Godwin, who are more learned than I." So he read aloud, translating the letter sentence by sentence, This was its purport:

"Salah-ed-din, Commander of the princess of Baalbec :--

"Our servant, the emir Hassan, has robed sorceress, but by a draggle-tail- sent us tidings of your rescue from the power of the accursed lord of the Mountain, Sinan, and that you are now safe in our city of Emesa, guarded by many thousands of our soldiers, and with you a woman named Masouda, and your kinsmen, the two Frankish knights, by whose skill in arms and courage you were saved. Now this is to command you to come to our court at Damascus so soon as you may be fit to travel, knowing that here you will be received with love and honor. Also I invite your kinsmen to accompany you, since I knew their father, and would welcome knights who have done such great i deeds, and the woman Masouda with them. Or, if they prefer, it, all three of them may return to their own lands and peoples.

"Hasten, my niece, lady Rose of the World, hasten, for my spirit seeks you, and my eyes desire to look upon you. In the name of Allah, greeting."

"You have heard," said Rosamund, as Godwin finished reading the scroll. "Now, my cousins, what will you do?" "What else but go with you, whom we have come so far to seek?" answered Wulf, and Godwin nodded his head in assent. "And you, Masouda?"

I to return yonder," and she nodded | quickly and surely fit you for the towards the mountains, "my greeting would be one that I do not wish." "Do you note their words, prince | with improved equipment and courses. Hassan?" asked Rosamund.

"I expected no other," he answered with a bow. "Only, knights, you must | free budget of "Business Writing." give me a promise, for even in the midst of my army such is needful from men who can fly like birds out of the fortress of Masyaf and from the knives of the Assassins-who are mounted. moreover, on the swiftest horses in Syria that have been trained to carry a double burden," and he looked at them meaningly. "It is that upon this journey you will not attempt to escape with the princess, whom you have followed from over-sea to rescue her out of the hand of Salah-ed-din."

Godwin drew from his tunic the cross which Rosamund had left him in the hall at Steeple, and saying: "I swear upon this holy symbol that during our journey to Damascus I will attempt no escape with or without my cousin Rosamund," he kissed it, "And I swear the same upon my sword," added Wulf, laying his hand

upon the silver hilt of the great blade which had been his forefather's "A security that I like better," said | we carry a full line of Pub-Hassan with a smile, "but in truth, knights, your word is enough for me." Then he looked at Masouda and went on, still smiling: "Nay it is useless; for women who have dwelt yonder oaths have no meaning. Lady, we must be content to watch you, since

my lord has bidden you to his city, which, fair and brave as you are, to be plain, I would not have done." Then he turned to speak to the secretaries, and Godwin who was noting all, saw Masouda's dark eyes follow him and in them a very strange light. "Good," they seemed to say; "as

you have written, so shall you read." That same afternoon they started for Damascus, a great army of horsemen. In its midst, guarded by a thousand spears, Rosamund was borne in a letter. In front of her rode Hassan, with his yellow-robed bodyguard; at her side, Masouda; and behind-for, notwithstanding his hurts, Wulf would not be carried-the brethren, mounted upon ambling palfreys. After them, led by slaves, came the chargers, Flame and Smoke, recovered now, but still walking somewhat stiffly, and then rank upon rank of turbaned Saracens. Through the open curtains of her litter Rosamund beckoned to the brethren, who pushed alongside of

"Look," she said, pointing with her

They looked, and there, bathed in the glory of the sinking sun, saw the mountains crowned far, far away with the impregnable city and fortress of Masyaf, and below it the slopes down which they had ridden for their lives

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or partey gruet, and rubbing their he shivered.

On the third morning Godwin awoke through the latticed window, They fell upon another bed near-by where Wulf still lay sleeping, a bandage on his head that had been hurt in the last charge against the Assassins, and other bandages about his arms and body, which were much bruised in the

Wondrous was it to Godwin to watch him lying there sleeping healthily, notwithstanding his injuries, and to think of what they had gone through together with so little harm; to think, also, of how they had rescued Rosamund out of the very mouth of that earthly hell of which he could see the peaks through the open window-place out of the very hands of that fiend, its ruler. Reckoning the tale day by day, he reflected on their adventures since they landed at Beir-

Oh, how wise they had been to obey the dying words of their uncle, Sin Andrew, who doubtless was given foresight at the end! God and His saints had helped them, who could not have helped themselves, and His minister had been Masouda. But for Masouda, Rosamund would by now be lost or dead, and they, if their lives were still left to them, would be wan-

mund up the mountain pass while the host of the Assassins thundered at their heels, and in broken gasps she had told him of her sad history, then it was that he grew sure. Then, too, he had said that he held her not vile, but noble, as indeed he did; and, thinking their death upon them, she had answered that she held him dear, and looked on him as a woman looks upon her only love-a message in her eyes that no man could fail to read. Yet if this were so, why had Masouda saved Rosamund, the lady to whom she knew well that he was sworn? Reared among those cruel folk who but he could not struggle to its sad- help, so I bribed the Frankish knave | could wade to their desire through

> not have le't her rival to her doom, seeing that oaths do not hold beyond the grave? An answer came into the heart of Godwin, at the very thought of which he turned pale and trembled. His and she in her soul must be sworn to one of them. Was it not to Wulf, Wulf who was handsomer and more strong

> Yet women can read each other's Masouda had protected Rosamund be-

cause she knew that her love was for Wulf and not for him. The thought was very bitter, and in its pain God- ly: win groaned aloud, while a fierce jealousy of the brave and handsome knight who slept at his side, dreaming, doubtless, of the fame that he had would be crowned, gripped his vitals like the icy hand of death. Then Godwin remembered the oath that they two had sworn far away in the Priory at Stangate, and the love passing the

prayed for strength. It would seem that it came to him again the jealousy was gone, and only the great grief remained. Fear remained also-for what of Masouda? How should he deal with her? He was cerwould pass-until her life passed with

"No," said Godwin, still more short-"Ah, well, I daresay she can love enough for two who does nothing by halves, and, all things considered," he added with one of his great laughs, "I am glad it is I of whom she thinks so little-yes, I who adore her as though she were my patron saint. Hark! the guards challenge," and, forgetting where he was, he snatched at

Frankish knights, say it from my

Here Hassan bowed, and said soft-"I admit that the debt is owing; also that none sorrow more for the death of the noble lord D'Arcy than I. your servant. who. by the will of God, brought it upon him. When we meet, Sir Wulf, in war-and that, I think, will be an ill hour for mestrike, and strike home; I shall not complain. Meanwhile, we are friends, and in very truth all that I have is yours. But now I come to tell you that the princess Rose of the World-Allah bless her footsteps!—is recovered from her fatigues, and desires that you should breakfast with her in an hour's time. Also the doctor waits to

"Still, I think that we will take them," "True," answered Hassan; "I had

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