Keys & Morrison, Sole Agents

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

Copyright, '03-4, by H. R. Haggard. much," replied Godwin. Then Winz looked at him curiously and asked:

"What have you seen?" "If I told you, Wulf, you would not "Tell me, and I will say."

So Godwin told him all, and at the end asked him, "What think you?" Wulf considered awhile, and answer-

"Well, brother, you have touched no wine to-day, so you are not drunk, I and you have done nothing foolish, so you are not mad. Therefore it would seem that the saints have been talking to you, or, at least, so I should think of any other man whom I knew to be as good as you are. Yet it is folk like you that see visions, and those visions are not always true, for sometimes, I believe, the devil is their showman. Our watch is ended, for I hear the horses of the knights who come to relieve us. Listen; this is my counsel. In the camp youder is our friend with whom we traveled from Jerusalem, Egbert, the bishop of Nazareth, who marches with the host. Let us go to him and lay this matter before him, for he is a holy man and

learned; no false, self-seeking priest." Godwin nodded in assent, and presently, when the other knights were come and they had made their report to them, rode off together to the tent of Egbert, and, leaving their horses in charge of a servant, entered.

Egbert was an Englishman who had spent more than thirty years of his life in the East, whereof the suns had tanned his wrinkled face to the hue of bronze, that seemed the darker in contrast with his blue eyes and snowwhite hair and beard. Entering the tent, they found him at his prayers before a little image of the Virgin, and stood with bowed heads until he had finished. Presently he rose, and greeting them with a blessing, asked them what they needed.

"Your counsel, holy father," answered Wulf. "Godwin, set out your

So, having seen that the tent flap was closed and that none lingered near, Godwin told him his dream, The old man listened patiently, nor did he seem surprised at this strange story, since in those days men sawor thought they saw-many such visions, which were accepted by the

When he had finished Godwin asked of him as he had asked of Wulf; "What think you, holy father? Is this a dream, or is it a message? And if so, from whom comes the message?" "Godwin D'Arcy," he answered, "in my youth I knew your father. It was

I who shrove him when he lay dying of his wounds, and a nobler soul never passed from earth to heaven. After you had left Damascus, when you were the guest of Saladin, we dwelt together in the same lodging in Jerusalem, and together we traveled here, during all which time I learned to know you also as the worthy son of a worthy sire no dissolute knight, but a true servant of the Church. It well may be that to such a one as you foresight has been given, that through you those who rule us may be warned, and all Christendom saved from great sorrow and disgrace. Come; let us go to the king, and tell this story, for he still sits in coun-

cil yonder." So they went out together and rode to the royal tent. Here the bishop was admitted, leaving them without. Presently he turned and beckoned to them, and as they passed, the guards whispered to them:

"A strange council, sirs, and a fate-

Already it was near midnight, but still the great pavilion was crowded with barons and chief captains who sat in groups, or sat round a narrow Count Raymond of Tripoli, and on his of the Saracen, and that it is a true

left the brack-bearded, frowning Master of the Templars, clad in his white red cross was blazoned. Words had been running high, their faces showed it, but just then a silence reigned as though the disputants were weary, and the king leaned back in his chair, passing his hand to and fro across his forehead. He looked up, and seeing the

bishop, asked peevishly: "What is it now? Oh! I remember, some tale from those tall twin knights. Well, bring them forward and speak it out, for we have no time to :---So the three of them came forward and at Godwin's prayer the bishop Egbert told of the vision that had come to him not more than an hour ago while he kept watch upon the mountain top. At first one or two of the barons seemed disposed to laugh, but when they looked at Godwin's high and spiritual face, their laughter died



Clad in his white mantle, on the left breast of which the red cross was blazoned.

away, for it did not seem wonderful to them that such a man should see visions. Indeed, as the tale of the rocky hill and the dead who were stretched upon it went on, they grew white with fear, and whitest of them all was the king, Guy of Lusignan, "Is all this true, Sir Godwin?" he asked when the bishop had finished.

"It is true, my lord king," answered "His word is not enough," broke in the Master of the Templars. "Let him swear to it on the Holy Rood, knowing that if he lies it will blast his soul to all eternity." And the council mut-

tered, "Ay, let him swear." Now there was an annexe to the tent, rudely furnished as a chapel, and at the end of this annexe a tall, veiled object. Rufinus, the bishop of Acre, who was clad in the armour of a knight, went to the object, and drawing the veil, revealed a broken, blackened cross, set around with jewels, that stood about the height of a man above the ground, for all the lower

part was gone. At the sight of it Godwin and every man present there fell upon his knees, for since St. Helena found it, over seven centuries before, this had been accounted the most precious relic in all Christendom; the very wood upon which the Saviour suffered, as, indeed, it may have been. Millions had worshipped it, tens of thousands had died for it, and now, in the hour of this great struggle between Christ and the false prophet it was brought from its shrine that the host which escorted it might prove invincible in battle. Soldiers who fought around the very Cross could not be defeated, they said, for, if need were, legions of angels would come to aid them.

Godwin and Wulf stared at the relic with wonder, fear, and adoration. There were the nail marks, there was the place where the scroll of Pilate had been affixed above the holy headalmost could they seem to see that Form divine and dying.

'Now," broke in the voice of the Master of the Templars, "let Sir Godwin D'Arcy swear to the truth of his tale upon this Rood." Rising from his knees Godwin advanced to the Cross, and laying his

hand upon the wood, said: "Upon the very Rood I swear that not much more than an hour ago I saw table made of boards placed upon a vision which has been told to the trestles. At the head of that table sat king's highness and to all; that I bethe king, Guy of Lusignan, a weak- lieve this vision was sent to me in faced man, clad in splendid armour. answer to my prayer to preserve our On his right was the white-haired host and the holy city from the power

knowing that if I lie eternal damna- | Saladin.

tion is my doom.'

heaven. Dare we disobey his mes-

The Grand Templar lifted his rugged, frowning face.

"A messenger from heaven, said you, king? To me he seems more like a messenger from Saladin. Tell us, the holy Egbert, Sir Godwin, were not you and your brother once the Sultan's guests at Damascus?"

"That is so, my lord Templar. We left before the war was declared."

guard?" his answer would be read, whereon Wulf spoke in his loud voice: "Ay, we acted as such for awhile,

was attacked by the Assassins." "Oh!" said the Templar with bitter sarcasm, "you saved Saladin's to die of thirst." life, did you? I can well believe it. Knights, answer me one more ques-

mantle on the left breast of which the | Sir Godwin. Is your cousin, Rosamund, the daughter of Sir Andrew D'Arcy, a Master, who was at their head, saw niece of Saladin, and has she been the brethren and called out, pointing created by him princess of Baalbec, and is she at this moment in his city at Damascus?"

"She is his niece," answered Godwin quietly; "she is the princess of Baalbec, but at this moment she is not in Damascus."

"How do you know that, Sir God-"I know it because in the vision of which you have been told I saw her

sleeping in a tent in the camp of Sala-Now the council began to laugh, but Godwin, with a set, white face, went

on: Ay, my lord Templar, and near that very blazoned tent I saw scores of the Templars and of the Hospitallers lying dead. Remember it when the dreadful hour comes and you see

them also." Now the laughter died away, and a murmur of fear ran round the board, mixed with such words as "Wizardry." "He has learnt it from the Paynims." "A black Sorcerer, without doubt." Only the Templar, who feared neither man nor spirit, laughed, and gave him the lie with his eyes.

"You do not believe me," said Godwin, "nor will you believe me when I say that while I was on guard on yonder hill-top I saw you wrangling with the Count of Tripoli-ay, and draw your sword and dash it down in front of him upon this very table." Now again the council stared and thing; but the Master answered:

than from an angel. Folk have been in and out of this tent. My lord king, have we more time to waste upon the visions of a knight of whom all know for certain is, that like his ther, he has been in the service Baladin, which they left, he says, a order to fight against him in this It may be so; it is not for us to judge; though were the times different I would inform against Sir Godwin D'Arcy as a sorcerer, and one who has been in traitorous communication with our common foe."

"And I would thrust the lie down your throat with my sword's point!"

- But Godwin only shrugged his cheel of dust were seen moving across the ders and said nothing, and the Master went on, taking no heed. "King, we await your word, and it

must be spoken soon, for in four hours it will be dawn. Do we march against Saladin like bold, Christian men, or do we bide here like cowards?" Then Count Raymond of Tripoli

"Before you answer, king, hear me, if it for the last time, who am old in war and know the Saracens, My town of Tiberias is sacked; my vassals have been put to the sword by thousands; my wife is imprisoned in her citadel, and soon must yield, if she be not rescued. Yet I say to you, and to the harons here assembled, better so than the air danced about it as it does be-M you should advance across the

sert to attack Saladin. Leave Tiber-3 to its fate and my wife with it, id save your army, which is the last De of the Christians of the East. arist has no more soldiers in these lands, Jerusalem has no other shield. The army of the Sultan is larger than yours; his cavalry are more skilled.

the cause of Christendom be lost in

Syria. I have spoken, and for the last "Like his friend the knight of Visions," sneered the Grand Master, "the count Raymond is an old ally of Sala- all hazards to cut his way through to din. Will you take such coward council? On-on! and smite these heathen dogs, or be forever shamed. On, in the

"Ay," answered Raymond, "for the back to his men, crying aloud:

which every man shouted to his fel- lost." low, some saying one thing and some another, while the king sat at the head of the board, his face hidden in

guard until the issue be known."

about should we advance upon the | win echoed, "And we go also to show

Of these speeches none of them The bishop drew back the covering | seemed to take heed, for all were lost over the Cross, and in silence, the in their own thoughts. One by one council took their seats again about they rose, bowed to the king, and left the table. Now the king was very pale, | the tent to give their commands and and fearful; indeed a gloom lay upon | rest awhile, before it was time to ride. Godwin and Wulf went also, and with "It would seem," he said, "that here | them the bishop of Nazareth, who a messenger has been sent to us from | wrung his hands and seemed ill at ease. But Wulf comforted him, say-

> "Grieve no more, father; let us think of joy of battle, not of the sorrow by which it may be followed." "I find no joy in battles," answered

When they had slept awhile, Godwin and Wulf rose and fed their horses. After they had washed and groomed them, they tested and did on their "And," went on the Master, "were armour, then took them down to the you not officers of the Sultan's body- spring to drink their fill, as their masters did. Also Wulf, who was cunning Now all looked intently at Godwin, in war, brought with him four large who hesitated a little, foreseeing how | wineskins which he had provided against this hour, and filling them with pure water, fastened two of them with thongs behind the saddle of Godwin and-doubtless you have heard the and two behind his own. Further, he story-saved Saladin's life when he filled the water-bottles at their saddlebows, saying:

Then they went back and watched You, being Christians, who above the host break its camp, which it did everything should desire the death of | with no light heart, for many of them Saladin, saved his life! Now, Sir knew of the danger in which they stood; moreover, the tale of Godwin's vision had been spread abroad. Not "Sir Templar, with my tongue or knowing where to go, they and Egbert, with my sword?" broke in Wulf, but | the bishop of Nazareth-who was unthe king held up his hand and bade armed and rode upon a mule, for stay behind he would not-joined themsel-"A truce to your tavern ruffling, ves to the great body of knights who young sir, and answer," went on the followed the king. As they did so, the Templar. "Or, rather, do you answer, Templars, five hundred strong, came up, a fierce and gallant band, and the

to the wineskins which were hung be-

"At least we will be among the last



Others crept up behind, seized his arms and dragged him to the ground.

"What do these water-carriers here among brave knights who trust in God Wulf would have answered, but

Godwin bade him be silent, saying: "Fall back; we will find less illomened company." So they stood on one side and bowed themselves as the Cross went by,

guarded by the mailed bishop of Acre. muttered, for they too had seen this Then came Reginald of Chatillon, Saladin's enemy, the cause of all this "He may have learnt it otherwise woe, who saw them and cried: "Sir Knights, whatever they may say, I know you for brave men, for I

have heard the tale of your doings among the Assassins. There is room for you among my suite-follow me." "As well him as another," said Godwin. "Let us go where we are led." So they followed him.

By the time that the army reached Kenna, where once the water was made wine, the July sun was already hot, and the spring was so soon drunk dry that many men could get no water. On they pushed into the desert lands below, which lay between them and Tiberias, and were bordered on the right and left by hills. Now clouds plains, and in the heart of them bodies of Saracen horsemen, which continually attacked the vanguard under count Raymond, and as continually retreated before they could be crushed, slaying many with their spears and arrows. Also these came round behind them, and charged the rearguard, where marched the Templars and the light-armed troops named Turcopoles, and the band of Reginald de Chatillon, with which rode the brethren.

From noon till near sundown the long harassed line, broken now into fragments, struggled forward across the rough, stony plain, the burning heat beating upon their armour till fore a fire. Towards evening men and horses became exhausted, and the soldiers cried to their captains to lead them to water. But in that place there

was no water. The rearguard fell behind, worn out with constant attacks that must be repelled in the burning heat, so that there was a great gap between it and Turn his flank-or, better still, bide | the king who marched in the centre. here and await his attack, and victory | Messages reached them to push on, will be to the soldiers of the Cross. but they could not, and at length camp Advance and the vision of that knight | was pitched in the desert near a place at whom you scoff will come true, and | called Marescalcia, and upon this camp Raymond and his vanguard were forced back. As Godwin and Wulf rode up, they saw him come in bringing his wounded with him, and heard him pray the king to push on and at the lake, where they might drink-ay, and heard the king say that he could not, since the soldiers would march name of the Cross! The Cross is with | no more that day. Then Raymond wrung his hands in despair and rode

"Alas! alas! Oh! Lord God, alas! Then there arose a tumult through | We are dead, and Thy Kingdom is

That night none slept, for all were athirst, and who can sleep with a burning throat? Now also Godwin and his hands. Presently he lifted it, and Wulf were no longer laughed at because of the water-skins they carried "I command that we march at on their horses. Rather did great dawn. If the count Raymond and these nobles come to them, and almost on brethren think the words unwise, let their knees crave for the boon of a them leave us and remain here under single cup. Having watered their horses sparingly from a bowl, they gave Now followed a great silence, for what they could, till at length only all there knew that the words were two skins remained, and one of these fateful, in the midst of which count was spilt by a thief, who crept up and slashed it with his knife that he might drink while the water ran to waste. After this the brethren drew their swords and watched, swearing that they would kill any man who so much

as touched the skin which was left. All that long night through there arose a confused clamour from the camp, of which the burden seemed to be, "Water! Give us water!" while from without came the shouts of the

"Nay, I go with you," while God- | daracens caming upon Anan, mere, too, | the hot ground was covered with Sultan, I can say no more. I swear, whether or not we are the spies of scrub dried to tinder by the summer drought, and to this the Saracens set fire so that the smoke rolled down on

the Christian host and choked them,

and the place became a hell. Day dawned at last, and the army | tendency to lead up to valvular and other was formed up in order of battle, its two wings being thrown forward. Thus they strugged on, those of them that were not too weak to stir, who were slaughtered as they lay. Nor as yet did the Saracens attack them, since they knew that the sun was stronger than all their spears. On they labored towards the northern wells, till about mid-day the battle began with a flight of arrows so thick that for

awhile it hid the heavens. After this came charge and countercharge, attack and repulse, and always above the noise of war that dreadful cry of water. What chanced Godwin and Wulf never knew, for the smoke and dust blinded them so that they could see but a little way. At length there was a last furious charge, and the knights with whom they were clove the dense mass of Saracens like a serpent of steel, leaving a broad trail of dead behind them. When they pulled rein and wiped the sweat from their eyes it was to find themselves with thousands of others upon the top of a steep hill, of which the sides were thick with dry grass and bush that already was being fired.

"The Rood! The Rood! Rally round the Rood!" said a voice, and looking behind them they saw the black and set upon a rock, and by it the bishop of Acre. Then the smoke of the burning grass rose up and hid it from their

Now began one of the most hideous fights that is told of in the history of the world. Again and again the Saracens attacked in thousands, and again and again they were driven back by the desperate valour of the Franks, who fought on, their jaws agape with thirst. A black-bearded man stumbled up to the brethren, his tongue protruding from his lips, and they knew him for the Master of the Templars.

"For the love of Christ, give me to drink," he said, recognizing them as the knights at whom he had mocked as water-carriers.

They gave him of the little they had left, and while they and their horses drank the rest themselves, saw him rush down the hill refreshed, shaking his red sword. Then came a pause, and they heard the voice of the bishop of free budget of "Business Writing." Nazareth, who had clung to them all this while, saying, as though to him-

"And here is was that the Savious preached the Sermon on the Mount. Yes, He preached the words of peace upon this very spot. Oh! it cannot be that He will desert us-it cannot be." While the Saracens held off, the soldiers began to put up the king's pavilion, and with it other tents, around the rock on which stood the

"Do they mean to camp here?" asked Wulf bitterly. "Peace," answered Godwin; "they hope to make a wall about the Rood. But it is of no avail, for this is the place of my dream."

Wuit shrugge his shoulders. "A least, let us die well," he said. They the last attack began. Up the hillside rose dense volumes of smoke, and with the smoke came the Saracens. Thrice they were driven back; thrice they came on. At the fourth onset few of the Franks could fight more, for thirst had conquered them on this waterless hill of Hattin. They lay and Supplies. We give down upon the dry grass with gaping | jaws and protruding tongues, and let | + special attention to this line + themselves be slain or taken prisoners. | + A great company of Saracen horsemen broke through the ring and rushed at respectfully solicit a share the scarlet tent, It rocked to and fro, then down it fell in a red heap, en- | + of your patronage. tangling the king in its folds.

At the foot of the Cross, Rufinus the bishop of Acre, still fought on bravely. Suddenly an arrow struck him in the throat, and throwing his arms wide, he fell to earth. Then the Saracens hurled themselves upon the Rood, Blackwell Block - Near Market. tore it from its place, and with mock- | ery and spittings bore it down the hill towards their camp, as ants may be seen carrying a little stick into their nest, while all who were left alive of the Christian army stared upwards, as though they awaited some miracle from Heaven. But no angels appeared in the brazen sky, and knowing that God had deserted them, they groaned aloud in their shame and wretched-

"Come," said Godwin to Wulf in a strange, quiet voice, "We have seen enough. It is time to die. Look! yonder below us are the Mameluks, our old regiment, and amongst them Saladin, for I see his banner. Having had water, we and our horses are still fresh and strong. Now, let us make an end of which they will tell in Essex yonder. Charge for the flag of Sala- price.

Wulf nodded, and side by side they sped down the hill, Scimitars flashed at them, arrows struck upon their To be continued.

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