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By RIDER HAGGARD Author "King Solomon's Mines," "She," "Cleopatra," "Allan Quartermain," "The World's Desire," Etc. Copyright, '03-4, by H. R. Haggard.

the Death's-head D'Arcy crest. Through it all they went unscathed, and while the army of the Saracens stared, at the foot of the Horn of Hattin turned their horses' heads straight for the royal standard of Saladin. On they struggled, felling or riding down a foe at every stride. On, still on, although Flame and

Smoke bled from a score of wounds. They were among the Mameluks. where their line was thin; by Heaven! they were through them, and riding straight at the well-known figure of the Sultan, mounted on his white horse with his young son and his emir, the prince Hassan, at his side.

"Saladin for you, Hassan for me," shouted Wulf. Then they met, and all the host of Islam cried out in dismay as they saw the Commander of the Faithful and his horse borne to the earth before the last despairing charge of these mad Christian knights, Another instant, and the Sultan was on his feet again, and a score of scimitars were striking at Godwin. His horse Flame sank down dying, but he sprang from the saddle, swinging the long sword. Now Saladin recognized the crest upon

his buckler, and cried out: "Yield you, Sir Godwin! You have done well-yield you!" But Godwin, who would not yield, answered:

"When I am dead-not before." Thereupon Saladin spoke a word, and while certain of his Mameluks engaged Godwin in front, keeping out of reach of that red and terrible sword, others crept up behind, and springing on him, seized his arms and dragged his to the ground, where they bound him fast

Meanwhile Wulf had fared otherwise, for it was his horse Smoke, already stabbed to the vitals, that fell as he plunged on prince Hassan. Yet he also arose but little hurt, and cried

Thus, Hassan, old foe and friend, we meet at last in war, Come, I would (pay the debt I owe you for that drugged wine, man to man and sword to "Indeed, it is due, Sir Wulf," an-

swered the prince, laughing. "Guards, touch not this brave knighe who has dared so much to reach me, Sultan, I ask a boon. Between Sir Wulf and me there is an ancient quarrel that can only be washed away in blood. Let it be decided here and now, and let this be your decree—that if I fall in fair fight, none shall set upon my conqueror, and no vengeance shall be taken for my blood."

"Good," said saladuf. Then Sir Wulf shall be my prisoner and no more, as his brother is already. I owe it to the men who saved my life when we were friends. Give the Frank to drink that the fight may be fair."

So they gave Wulf a cup of which he drank, and when he had done it was handed to Godwin. For even the Mameluks knew and loved these brethren who had been their officers, and praised the fierce charge that they had dared to make alone. Hassan sprang to the ground, say-

"Your horse is dead, Sir Wulf, so We must fight afoot."

"Generous as ever," laughed Wulf. "Even the poisoned wine was a gitt!" "If so, for the last time, I fear me,"

answered Hassan with a smile. Then they faced each other, and oh! the scene was strange. Up on the slopes of Hattin the fight still raged. There amidst the smoke and fires of the burning grass little companies of soldiers stood back to back while the Saracens wheeled round them, thrusting and cutting at them till they fell. Here and there knights charged singly or in groups, and so came to death or capture. About the plain hundreds of foot soldiers were being slaughtered, while their officers were taken prisoners. Towards the camp of Saladin triumph, carrying aloft a black stumn greedily, and muttered:

drove or led mobs of prisoners, among them the king and hisc hosen knights.

The wilderness was red with blood, "Is it there that you mean to murand cries of agony or despair. And there, in the midst of it all, ringed | Then rage took hold of Godwin and round with grave, courteous Saracens, stood the emir, clad above his mail in his white robe and jeweled turban, and now I would thrust those words "Nay," he answered; "you have facing the great Christian knight, with down your throat, as, should we both eaten of my salt, and to kill you would the corner of her eye. Waiting till the harness hacked and reddened, the light of battle shining in his fierce eyes, and a smile upon his stained to have charged alone through all this you will see nothing of the death of For those who watched the pattle

was forgotten-or, rather, its interest was centred on this point, "It will be a good fight," said one of them to Godwin, whom they had suffered to rise, "for though your brother is the younger and the heavier man, he is hurt and weary, whereas the emir is fresh and unwounded. Ah!

they are at it!" Hassan had struck first and the blow went home. Falling upon the point of Wulf's steel helm, the heavy razor-edged scimitar glanced from it and shore away the links from the flap which hung upon his shoulder,



Hassan sank duing to the ground. causing the Frank to stagger. Again he struck, this time upon the shield, and so heavily that Wulf came to his

"Your brother is sped," said the Saracen captain to Godwin, but Godwin only answered:

As he spoke Wulf twisted his body out of reach of a third blow, and while Hassan staggered forward with the weight of the missed stroke, placed his hand upon the ground, and springing to his feet, ran backwards six or

"He flies!" cried the Saracens; but again Godwin said, "Wait." Nor was there long to wait.

For now, throwing aside his buckler and grasping the great sword in both hands, with a shout of "A D'Arcy! A D'Arcy!" Wulf leapt at Hassan as a wounded lion leaps. The sword wheeled and fell, and lo! the shield of the Saracen was severed in two. Again it fell, and his turbaned helm was cloven. A third time, and the right arm and shoulder with the scimitar that grasped it seemed to spring from his body, and Hassan sank dying to

Wulf stood and looked at him, while a murmur of grief went up from those who watched, for they loved this emir. Hassan beckoned to the victor with his left hand, and throwing down his sword to show that he feared no treachery. Wulf came to him and knelt

"A good stroke," Hassan said faintly, "that could shear the double links of Damascus steel as though it were silk. We'll, as I told you long ago, I knew that the hour of our meeting in war would be an ill hour for me, and my debt is paid. Farewell, brave knight. Would I could hope that we should meet in Paradise! Take that star-jewel, the badge of my House, from my turban and wear it in memory of me. Long, long and happy be your days."

Then, while Wulf held him in his arms, Saladin came up and spoke to him, till he fell back and was dead.

Thus died Hassan, and thus ended the battle of Hattin, which broke the power of the Christians in the East.

CHAPTER XIX.

When Hassan was dead, at a sign from Saladin a captain of the Mameluks named Abdullah unfastened the jewel from the emir's turban and handed it to Wulf. It was a glorious starshaped thing, made of great emeralds set round with diamonds, and the captain Abdullah, who like all Easterns a company advanced with sounds of loved such ornaments, looked at it

ing that Wulf remembered.

Saladin and said, pointing to the dead to go to Him. "Have I your peace, Sultan, after

"Did I not give you and your brother to drink?" asked Saladin with meaning. "Whoever dies, you are safe. There is but one sin which I will not pardon you-you know what it is," and he looked at them. "As for Hassan, he was my beloved friend and servant, but you slew him in fair fight, and his soul is now in Paradise. None in my army will raise a blood feud against you on that score."

Then dismissing the matter with a wave of his hand, he turned to receive a great body of Christian prisoners that, panting and stumbling like over-driven sheep, were being thrust on towards the camp with curses, blows and mockery by the victorious

Among them the brethren rejoiced to see Egbert, the gentle and holy bishop of Nazareth, whom they had thought dead. Also, wounded in many places, his hacked harness hanging about him like a beggar's rags, there was the black-browed Master of the Templars, who even now could be flerce and insolent.

husky voice, "and here you are, safe | white crosses on their breasts. with your friends the Saracens, Sir Knights of the visions and the water-

ion is not done." And turning, he look- and kill him." ed towards a blazoned tent which with and remembered Godwin's vision of mured aloud. the dead Templars.

the air was rent with shouts of victory der me, traitor and wizard?" he ask-

he answered him:

"Were it not for your plight, here may die with them." us?"-he pointed to where Smoke and pers."

"You speak of me as wizard and the emirs came up to kill them. murderer," he went on, "because some They entered the tent, none forbidangel brought me a vision which, had ding them, and at the end of it saw you believed it, Te lar, would have two women crouched together on some saved tens of thous s from a bloody cushions, who rose, clinging to each death, the Christia kingdom from de- other. Then the women saw also and mockery," and with a shudder he ing: glanced at the Rood which its captors had set up upon a rock not far the cause of Christ, as was foretold passing souls." by the count Raymond."

escaped," snarled the Master. Then Saracen guards dragged him away, and they were parted. By now the pavilion was up and Saladin entered it, saying:

"Bring before me the king of the Franks and prince Arnat, he who is called Reginald of Chatillon." Then a thought struck him, and he called to Godwin and Wulf, saying: "Sir Knights, you know our tongue; give up your swords to the officer-

they shall be returned to you-and come, be my interpreters." So the brethren followed him into the tent, where presently were brought the wretched king and the grey-haired Reginald de Chatillon, and with them a few other great knights who, even in the midst of their misery, stared at Godwin and Wulf in wonderment. Saladin read the look, and explained lest their presence should

be misunderstood: "King and nobles, be not mistaken. These knights are my prisoners, as you are, and none have shown themselves braver to-day, or done me and mine more damage. Indeed, had it not been for my guards, within the hour I should have fallen beneath the sword of Sir Godwin, But as they know Arabic, I have asked them to render my words into your tongue. Do you accept them as interpreters? If not, others must be found.' When they had translated this, the

ing to Godwin: "Would that I had also accepted you save me!"

you two night gone as an interpreter of the will of Heaven!" The Sultan bade his captains be seated, and seeing their terrible thirst, commanded slaves to bring a great story." bowl of sherbet made of rose-water cooled with snow, and with his own hand gave it to king Guy. He drank in great gulps, then passed the bowl to Reginald de Chatillon, whereon Sala-

din cried out to Godwin: "Say to the king it is he and not who gives this man to drink. There is no bond of salt between me and the

Godwin translated, sorrowfully enough, and Reginald, who knew the habits of the Saracens, answered: "No need to explain, Sir Knight, those words are my death-warrant. Well, I never expected less."

Then Saladin spoke again. the holy city of Mecca and to desecrate the tomb of the Prophet, and have conquered. then I swore to kill you. Again, when in a time of peace a caravan came from Egypt and passed by Esh-Shobek, where you were, forgetting your oath, younger and stronger man, though at They asked for mercy in the name of skill and quickness. At least we part-Allah, saying that there was truce be- ed friends, Look, he gave me this," tween Saracen and Frank. But you and he showed her the great emerald mocked them, telling them to seek badge which the dying prince had aid from Mahomet, in whom they given him. trusted. Then for the second time I Masouda, who all this while had sat swore to kill you. Yet I give you one | very quiet, came forward and looked more chance. Will you subscribe the at it.

lam? Or will you die?" pale, and for a moment he swayed have belonged to one of the children upon his seat. Then his courage came of the prophet, and to bring good forback to him, and he answered in a tune to its owner?"

Cures Grip

Bustan, I will have none of your wear the enchanted Star, the ancient | mercy at such a price, nor do I bow Luck of the House of Hassan!" a say- | the knee to your dog of a false prophet, who perish in the faith of Christ, and, He took the jewel, then turned to total weary of the world, am content

Saladin sprang to his feet, his very beard bristling with wrath, and draw-"You scorn Mahomet! Behold! avenge Mahomet upon you! Take him away!" And he struck him with the

Then Mameluks leapt upon the prince. Dragging him to the entrance of the tent, they forced him to his knees and there beheaded him in sight of the soldiers and of the other

Thus, bravely enough, died Reginald de Chatillon, whom the Saracens called prince Arnat, In the hush that follo ed this terrible deed king Guy said Godwin:

"Nay," answered Saladin; "kings do not kill kings, but that truce-breaker has met with no more than his de-

Then came a scene still more dreadful. Saladin went to the door of his tent, and standing over the body of tive Templars and Hospitallers before | to all of us-even to you, and we have him. They were brought to the number | no plan. But, Masouda, you are clever; of over two hundred, for it was easy "So I was right," he mocked in a to distinguish them by the red and

shouted, "and of their unclean tribes "From which you were glad enough | doctors of the law," and he turned to | them, saying: to drink just now," said Godwin. the great crowd of his captains about "Also," he added sadly, "all the vis- him, "take each of you one of them

Now the emirs hung back, for the Sultan's great pavilion, and not | though fanatics they were brave, and | ready for his noble prisoners." far behind it, was being pitched by loved not this slaughter of defencewinch was the noin Rood, while others the Arab camp-setters. The Master saw less men, and even the Mameluks mur-

But Saladin cried again: "They are worthy of death, and he | ed. who disobeys my command shall him-"Sultan," said Godwin, "we cannot

live, I yet shall hope to do. You call be murder. Get you to the tent of the brethren reached the tent door, she us traitors. Is it the work of traitors princess of Baalbec yonder, for there called out:

Flame lay with glazing eyes-"to have | So the brethren turned, and led by unhorsed Saladin and to have slain a Mameluk, fled aghast for the first lly: this prince in single combat?" and ne time in their lives, past the long lines turned to the body of the emir Hassan, of Templars and Hospitallers, who in which his servants were carrying the last red light of the dying day on the cushion." knelt upon the sand and prayed, while

struction, and yonder holy thing from | sprang forward with a cry of joy, say-

"So you live-you live!" "Ay, Rosamund," answered Godwin, away with a dead knight tied to its "to see this shame-would God that black arms. "You, Sir Templar, are | we did not-whilst others die. They the murderer who by your madness | murder the knights of the holy Orand ambition have brought ruin on ders. To your knees and pray for their So they knelt down and prayed till

"That other traitor who also has the tumult died away, and they knew that all was done. "Oh, my cousins," said Rosamund

as she staggered to her feet at length,



"I beseech you, save me." king said that he accepted them, add- shed is this in which we dwell! Save me from it if you love me-I beseech

"We will do our best," they answered; "but let us talk no more of these things which are the decree of God-

But Rosamund had little to tell, except that she had been well treated, and always kept by the person of the Sultan, marching to and fro with his army, for he awaited the fulfilment of his dream concerning her. Then they told her all that had chanced to them; also of the vision of Godwin and its dreadful accomplishment, and of the death of Hassan beneath the sword of Wulf. At that story Rosamund wept and shrank from him a little, for

cigh it was this prince who had stolen her from her home, she loved Hassan, Yet when Wulf said humbly: "The fault is not mine; it was so fated. Would that I had died instead of

But Wulf shook his head, and said: "I am not proud. Although weary with that awful battle, I was still the you fell upon them and slew them. first he well-nigh mastered me by his

Koran and embrace the faith of Is- "Do you know," she asked, "that this jewel is very famous, not only for Now the lips of Reginald turned its value, but because it is said to

"It brought little to poor Hassan but now, when my grandsire's sword shore the Damascus steel at though it

were wet clay." "And sent him swift to Paradise, where he would be, at the hands of a gallant foe," answered Masouda. "Nay, all his life this emir was happy and beloved, by his sovereign, his wives, his fellows and his servants, nor do I think that he would have de-

there is scarce a soldier in the Sultan's army who would not give all he has for yonder trinket, which is known throughout the land as the Star of Hassan. So beware, Sir Wulf, lest you be robbed or murdered, although you have eaten the salt of Salah-ed-din."

"I remember the captain Abdullah looking at it greedily and lamenting that the Luck of the House of Hassan should pass to an unbeliever," said Wulf. "Well, enough of this jewel and its dangers; I think Godwin has words

"Yes," said Godwin. "We are here in your tent through the kindness of Saladin, who did not wish us to witness the death of our comrades, but to-morrow we shall be separated again. Now if you are to escape-"

"I will escape! I must escape, even if I am recaptured and die for it, broke in Rosamund passionately. "Speak low," said Masouda, "I saw

are spies." "If you are to escape," repeated Reginald, bade them parade the cap- army is on the march. The risk is great

She lifted her head to speak, when suddenly a shadow fell upon them. It "These also are faith-breakers," he | was that of the head eunuch, Mesrour, a fat, cunning-faced man, with a will I rid the world. Ho! my emirs and cringing air. Low he bowed before

> senger has come from Salah-ed-din demanding the presence of these knights at the banquet that he has made

souda, then turned to go, leaving the star jewel where they had been seat-Very skillfully Mesrour covered it with a fold of his robe, and under shelter of the fold slipped down his hand witness such a crime; we ask that we | and grasped it, not knowing that although she seemed to be turned away, Masouda was watching him out of

"Sir Wulf, are you already weary host until our horses died beneath these Franks, your fellow-worship of the enchanted Star of Fortune, or would you bequeath it to us?"

> "I forgot the thing-who would not at such a time?" Where is it? I left it "Try then hand of Mesrour," said

Masouda, whereat with a very crooked smile the eunuch produced it, and "I wished to show you. Sir Knight

that you must be careful with sucn gems as these, especially in a camp where there are many dishonest per-

took it; "you have shown me." Then, followed by the sound of Masouda's mocking laughter, they left the tent. The Sultan's messenger led them forward, across ground strewn with the bodies of the murdered Templars and Hospitallers, lying as Godwin had seen them in his dream on the mountain top near Nazareth. Over one of these corpses Godwin stumbeld in the | We wish to inform you that gloom, so heavily, that he fell to his | knees. He searched the face in the | we carry a full line of Pubstarlight, to find it was that of a knight of the Hospitallers of whom he had the lic and High School Books made a friend at Jerusalem-a very | and Supplies. We give good and gentle Frenchman, who had abandoned high station and large | + special attention to this line + lands to join the order for the love of Christ and charity. Such was his re of our business, and we ward on earth—to be struck down in respectfully solicit a share cold blood, like an ox by its butcher. Then, muttering a prayer for the re | + of your patronage. pose of this knight's soul, Godwin rose and, filled with horror, followed on to the royal pavilion, wondering why such things were.

ever ate the brethren found this the strangest and the most sad. Saladin was seated at the head of the table | ++++++++++++ with guards and officers standing be hind him, and as each dish was brought he tasted it and no more, to show that it was not poisoned. Not far from him sat the king of Jerusalem and his brother, and all down the board great captive nobles, to the number of fifty or more.

Sorry spectacles were these gallant knights in their hewn and bloodstained armour, pale-faced, too, with eyes set wide in horror at the dread deeds they had just seen done. Yet they ate, and ate ravenously, for now that their thirst was satisfied, they were mad with hunger. Thirty thousand Christians lay dead on the Horn and plain of Hattin; the kingdom of Jerusalem was destroyed, and its king a prisoner. The holy Rood was taken as a trophy. Two hundred knights of the sacred Orders lay within a few score of yards of them, but chered cruelly by those very emirs and doctors of the law who stood To be continued.

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"Prince Arnat, you strove to take this Saracen!' 'Rosamund answered: "No, no; I am proud that you should

the eunuch Mesrour pass the door of the tent, and he is a spy-they all

make one, and tell it to us."

"Your pardon, O Princess. A mes-"We obey," said Godwin, and rising they bowed to Rosamund and to Ma-

Now Wulf came back, saying heav-

"I thank you," answered Wulf as he

Of all the strange feasts that they

Must Bear S.gnature of



OURE SICK HEADACHE,