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THE BRETHREN

By RIDER HAGGARD

Author "King Solomon's Mines," "She," "Cleopatra," "Allan Quatermain," "The World's Desire," Etc.

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One in a hand where lives are cheap!



Two hours later guards summoned Godwin from the prison.

right hand to his left...

"In one of these," said the Sultan, "that jewel known as the enchanted Star and the Luck of the House of Hassan, which the prince presented to his conqueror on the day of Hattin, and for the desire of which the captain Abdullah became a traitor and was brought to death. In the other is a pebble of the same weight. Come, my niece, take you these boxes and give them to your kinsmen, to each the box you will. The jewel that is called the Star of Hassan is magical, and has virtue, so they say. Let it choose for those of these knights in whose hands it is chosen to die, and let it perish in whose box the Star is found."

"Now," muttered the imam into the ear of his master, "now at length we shall learn which it is of these two men that is chosen to die by some of those of your knights."

"That is what I seek to know," answered Saladin in the same low voice. As she heard this decree Rosamund looked round wildly and pleaded: "Oh! be not so cruel. I beseech you spare me this task. Let it be another hand that is chosen to die by some of those of your knights."

"Princess, you know why I have brought you to the East and raised you to great honor here, why also I have made you my companion in these wars. It is for my dream's sake, the dream which told me that in some noble act of yours you should save the lives of thousands. Yet I am sure that you desire to escape, and plots are made to take you from me, though of these plots you say that you and your woman—and he looked darkly at Masouda—"know nothing. But these men know, and it is right that you, for whose sake it is not by whose command the thing was done, should meet out its reward, and that the blood of him whom you appoint, which is split for you, should be on your and not on my head. Now do my bidding."

For a moment Rosamund stared at the boxes, then suddenly she closed her eyes, and taking them up at hazard, stretched out her arms, leaning forward over the edge of the dais. Thereon calmly enough the brethren took, each of them, the box that was nearest to him, that in Rosamund's left hand falling to Godwin and that in her right to Wulf. Then she opened her eyes again, stood still, and watched.

"Cousin," said Godwin, "before we break this cord that is our chain of doom, know well that, whatever chance, we blame you not at all. It is God who acts through you, and you are as innocent of the death of either of us as of that plot whereof we stand accused."

Then he began to unloose the silk which was bound about his box. Wulf, knowing that it would tell all the tale, did not trouble himself as yet, but looked around the room, thinking that, whether he lived or died, never would he see a stranger's sight. Every eye in it was fixed upon the box in Godwin's hand; even Saladin stared as though it held his own destiny. No; not every one, for those of the old imam were fixed upon the face of Rosamund, which was pitiless to see, for all his beauty had left it, and even her parted lips were ashy. Masouda came still stood upright and unmoved, as though she watched some play, but he noted that her rich-hued cheek grew pale and that beneath her robe the silence was pressed upon her heart. The silence also was intense, and broken only by the little grating noise of Godwin's nails as, having no knife to cut it, he patiently untied the silk.

At the sound of his voice all men started, as though it had thundered suddenly in a summer sky. Then with a laugh he tore the silk about his box assunder with his strong fingers, and breaking the seal, shook out its contents. Let there on the floor before him, gleaming green and white with emerald and diamond, lay the enchanted Star of Hassan.

Masouda saw, and the color crept back to her cheek. Rosamund saw also, and her nature was too strong for her, for in one bitter cry the truth broke from her lips at last: "Not Wulf! Not Wulf!" she wailed, and sank back senseless into Masouda's arms.

"Now, sire," said the old imam, "you know which of those two the lady loves. Being a woman, as usual she chooses badly, for the other has the finer spirit."

"Yes I know now," said Saladin. "And I am glad to know, for the matter has vexed me much."

But Wulf, who had paled for a moment, flushed with joy as the truth came home to him, and he understood the end of all their doubts: "This Star is well named 'The Luck,'" he said, as bending down he took it from the floor and fastened it to his cloak above his heart, "nor do I hold it dearly earned. They were turned to his brother, who stood by him while he still, saying: 'Forgive me, Godwin, but such is the fortune of love and war. Grudge it not to me, for when I am sped to-night this Luck—and all that hangs to it—will be yours.'"

So that strange scene ended. The afternoon drew towards evening, and Godwin stood before Saladin in his private chamber. "What seek you now?" said the Sultan sternly.

"A boon," answered Godwin. "My brother is doomed to die before night-fall. I ask to die instead of him."

"Why, Sir Godwin?"

"For two reasons, sire. As you learned to-day, at length the riddle is answered. It is Wulf who is beloved of the lady Rosamund, and therefore to kill him would be a crime. Further, it is I and not he whom the emuch heard bargaining with the captain Abdullah in the tent—I swear it. Take your vengeance upon me, and let him go to fulfil his fate."

services in the rank of the Assassins and afterwards, I should have put her to death."

"Then," said Godwin with a sigh, "I desire only to see Egbert the bishop, that he may strike me according to our faith and make note of my last wishes."

"Good; he shall be sent to you. I accept your statement that you are the guilty man and not Sir Wulf, and take your life for him. Leave me now, who have greater matters on my mind. The guard will seek you at the appointed time."

Godwin bowed and walked away with a steady step, while Saladin, looking after him, muttered: "The world could ill spare so brave and good a man."

Two hours later guards summoned Godwin from the place where he was imprisoned, and accompanied by the old bishop who had shriven him, he passed his door with a happy countenance, such as a bridegroom might have worn. In a fashion, indeed, he was happy, whose troubles were done with, who had few sins to mourn, whose faith was the faith of a child, and who laid down his life for his friend and brother. They took him to a vault of the great house where Saladin was lodged—a large, rough place, lit with torches, in which waited the headman and his assistants. Presently Saladin entered, and, looking at him curiously, said: "Are you still of the same mind, Sir Godwin?"

"I am."

"Good. Yet I have changed mine. You shall say farewell to your princess as you desired. Let your princess be brought hither, sick or well, that she may see her work. Let her come alone."

"Sire," pleaded Godwin, "spare her such a sight."

But he pleaded in vain, for Saladin answered only, "I have heard, hearing the sweep of robes, looked up, and saw the tall shape of a veiled woman standing in the corner of the vault where the shadow was so deep—the torchlight only glimmered faintly upon her royal ornaments."

"She told me that she was sick, princess, sick with sorrow, as well you may be, because the man you love was about to die for you," said Saladin in a low voice. "Now I have had pity on your grief, and his life has been bought with another life, that of the knight who stands yonder."

"What will you, Godwin? Have you some secret wound?"

"Yes, brother," he answered, "a wound in my spirit. Ill fortune threatens us—great ill fortune."

"That is no new thing," said Wulf, "in this land of blood and sorrow. Let us meet it as we have met the rest."

"Alas! brother," exclaimed Godwin, "I fear that Rosamund is in sore danger—Rosamund or another?"

"Then," answered Wulf, turning pale, "since we cannot let us pray that some angel may deliver her, she loves you, and as they rode through the desert sands beneath the silent stars, they prayed to the Blessed Mother, and to their saints, St. Peter and St. Chad—prayed with all their strength. Yet the prayer availed not. Sharper and sharper grew Godwin's agony, till, as the low hours of the night wore on, and the death which he had escaped seemed a thing desirable.

The dawn was breaking, and at its first sign the escort of Saladin's soldiers had turned and fled. The holy city of Jerusalem, where were safe in their own country. All night they had ridden fast and far. The plain was behind them, and their road ran among hills. Suddenly it turned, and in the flaming lights of the new-born day

with roars and whirrs, and that they still might hope to dwell in this world for many years. Little wonder, then, that their brains swam, and their eyes grew dim, as they passed from the shadow to the light again. It was Wulf who spoke the first.

"A worse deed, Godwin, yet one for which I should not have thanked you had it been accomplished, who then must have lived on by grace of your sacrifice. Suitan, we are grateful for your boon of life, though had you shed this innocent blood surely it would have stained your soul. May we bid farewell to our cousin Rosamund before we ride?"

"Nay," answered Saladin; "Sir Godwin has done that already—let it serve for both. To-morrow she shall learn the truth of the story. Now go, and return no more."

"That must be as fate wills," answered Godwin, and they bowed and went.

Outside that gloomy place of death their swords were given them, and two good horses, which they mounted. Hence guides led them to the embassy from Jerusalem that was already in the saddle, who were very glad to welcome two such knights to their company. Then, having bid farewell to the bishop Egbert, who wept for joy at their escape, ascended for a while by Saladin's soldiers, they rode away from Ascalon at the fall of night.

Soon they had told each other all there was to tell. When he heard of the we of Rosamund Wulf well-nigh shed tears.

"We have our lives," he said, "but how shall we leave her? While Masouda stayed with her there was some hope, but now I can see none."

"There is none, except in God," answered Godwin, "who can do all things—even free Rosamund and make her your wife. Also, if Masouda is at liberty, we shall hear from her ere long; so let us keep a good heart."

But though he spoke thus, the soul of Godwin was oppressed with a fear which he could not understand. It seemed as though some great terror came very close to him, or to one who was near and dear. Deeper and deeper he sank into that pit of dread of he knew not what, until at length he could have cried aloud, and his brow was bathed with a sweat of anguish. Wulf saw his face in the moonlight, and asked:

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"Farewell, Rosamund!"

showed them a sight so beautiful that for a moment all that little company drew rein to gaze. For yonder before them, though far away as yet, thronged upon her hills, stood the holy city of Jerusalem. There were her walls and towers, and there, stained red as though with the blood of its worshippers, soared the great cross upon the mosque of Omar—that cross which was so soon to fall.

Yes, yonder was the city for which throughout the ages men had died by tens and hundreds of thousands, and still must die until the doom was done. Saladin had offered to spare her citizens if they consented to surrender, but they would not. This embassy had told him that they had sworn to perish with the holy Places, and now, looking at it in his place, they knew that the hour was near, and groaned aloud.

Godwin groaned also, but not for Jerusalem. Oh! now the last terror was upon him. Blackness surged round him, and in the blackness swords, and a sound as of a woman's voice murmuring his name. Clinging the bomb, he fell, he swayed to and fro, till suddenly the anguish passed. A strange wind seemed to blow about him and lift his hair; a deep, unearthly peace sank into his spirit; the world seemed far away and heaven very near.

"Is over," he said to Wulf. "I fear that Rosamund is dead."

"If so, we must make haste to follow her," answered Wulf with a sob.

CHAPTER XXI.

At the village of Bittir, some seven miles from Jerusalem, the embassy dismounted to rest, then again they pressed forward down the valley in the hope of reaching the Zion Gate before the mid-day heat was upon them. At the end of this valley swelled on the shoulder of a hill whence the eye could command its length, and on the crest of that shoulder appeared suddenly a man and a woman, seated on beautiful horses. The company halted, fearing lest these might herald some attack and that the woman was a man disguised to deceive them. While they waited thus irresolute the

air upon the man turned their horses' heads, and notwithstanding its steepness, began to gallop towards them very swiftly. Wulf looked at them curiously and said to Godwin:

"Now I am put in mind of a certain ride which once we took outside the walls of Beirut. Almost could I think that yonder Arab was he who sat behind my saddle, and yonder woman she who rode with you, and that those two horses were Flame and Smoke reborn. Note their whirlwind pace, and strength, and stride."

Almost as he finished speaking the strangers pulled up their steeds in front of the company, to whom the man bowed his salutations. Then Godwin saw his face, and knew him at once as the old Arab called Son of the Sand, who had given them the horses Flame and Smoke.

"Sir," said the Arab to the leader of the embassy, "I have come to ask a favor of yonder knights who travel with you, which I think that they, who have ridden my horses, will not refuse me. This woman, and he pointed to the closely-veiled shape of his companion, "is a relative of mine whom I desire to deliver to friends in Jerusalem, but dare not do so myself because the hill-dwellers between here and there are hostile to my tribe. She is a Christian, of faith and no spy, but cannot speak your language. With-in the south gate she will be met by her relatives. I have spoken."

"Let the knights settle it," said the commander, shrugging his shoulders impatiently and turning his horse. "We will take her," said Godwin, "though what we shall do with her if her friends are wanting I do not know. Come, lady, ride between us."

She turned her head to the Arab as though in question, and he repeated the words, whereon she fell into the arms of the Arab, and a little behind the brethren.

"Perhaps," went on the Arab to Godwin, "by now you have learned more of our tongue than you knew when we met in past days at Beirut, and rode the mountain side on the good horses Flame and Smoke. Still, give your son of your knightly courtesy disturb not this woman with your words, nor ask her to unveil her face, since such is not the custom of her people. It is but an hour's journey to the city gate during which you will be troubled with her. The two good horses which, as I am told, bore you none so ill upon the Narrow Way and across plain and mountain when you fled from Sinan, also on the evil day of Hattin when you unhorsed Salah-ed-din, are mine. I go. Farewell."

"I shall be as you wish," said Godwin, "and, Son of the Sand, we thank you for those horses."

"Good. When you want more, let it be known in the market places that you seek me," and he began to turn his horse's head.

"Stay," said Godwin, "What do you know of Masouda, your niece? Is she with you?"

"Nay," answered the Arab in a low voice, "but she bade me be in a certain garden of which you have heard, near Ascalon, at an appointed hour, to take her away, as she is leaving the camp with Salah-ed-din. So this I do go. Farewell. Then with a reverence to the veiled lady, he shook his reins and departed like an arrow by the road along which they had come.

Godwin gave a sigh of relief. If Masouda had appointed to meet her uncle the Arab, at least she must be safe. So it was no voice of hers which seemed to whisper his name in the darkness of the night when terror had a hold of him—terror, born perhaps of all that he had endured and the shadow of death through which he had so lately passed. Then he looked up, to behind him, and reproved him, saying that he must keep to the letter, and that if he might not speak he must not look either.

"That is a pity," answered Wulf, "for though she is a noble lady by the way she sits her horse. The horse, too, is noble, own cousin or brother to Smoke, I think. Perhaps she will sell it when we get to Jerusalem."

Then they rode on, and because they thought their honor in it, neither spoke behind him, and reproved him, saying that he must keep to the letter, and that if he might not speak he must not look either.

At length they reached the gate of Jerusalem, which was crowded with Jews awaiting the return of their ambassadors. They all passed through, and the embassy was escorted thence by the chief people, most of the multitude following them to know if they brought peace or war.

New Godwin and Wulf stared at each other, wondering whether they were to go and where to find the relatives of their veiled companion, of whom they saw nothing. Out of the street opened an archway, and beyond this archway was a garden, which seemed to be deserted. They rode into

To be continued.

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