The Scourge of Damascus

A Story of the East...

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CHAPTER XI.

Horam Is Caged.

Carefully the three men emerged from the dungeon; and when Osmir had closed and bolted the door behind them, Selim went on ahead with the lantern. They were armed with good stout swords and the blacks wore daggers in their sashes.

"In what direction must we pass out?" asked Julian, as they came to the end of the first vaulted passage.

"We must pass up where a guard is always kept," answered Osmir; "and our only hope is that we may be able to fall upon the sentinels and overcome them, without making disturbance enough for a general alarm."

Whatever can be accomplished by strength of arm, we will accomplish," said the prince; and I think we can be trusted enough not to strike until we are sure that no good shall follow thereby."

"You may depend upon us," added Osmir, stepping while Selim opened a door. "We have already placed our lives in jeopardy, and only a chance for exit from the palace can now save us."

"But as I told you before, there is danger in the way."

"You have thought the matter over?"

"Yes."

"And are you ready to risk the result?"

"Yes."

"Then let us proceed."

Selim led the way into a narrow passage, for long it seemed to Julian, and at last they came to a flight of steps.

"Hush!" whispered Selim, as they began to ascend. "There are guards at the top of the stairs."

Julian and Osmir crept softly and quickly up, and when they reached the top they found that Selim had spoken the truth. There were guards there, but they were sleeping. Two of them were stretched upon the floor, and the third was leaning against the wall, but he had fallen asleep in his sitting posture.

"Now, Julian," whispered Osmir, "you must help us. Take the sword of that sleeping guard and follow me."

Julian did as he was bidden, and the three passed on through the guard-room and into a long passage beyond. At the end of this passage they found a door, which Selim opened with a key that he had taken from the belt of the sleeping guard. Beyond this door was a flight of stairs leading up, and at the top of these stairs was another door, which Selim opened in the same manner as the first. Then they found themselves in a large hall, where a number of guards were sleeping.

"Now," whispered Osmir, "we are in the main hall of the palace. Yonder is the door that leads out into the court-yard, and beyond that court-yard is the gate that opens into the street. Let us pass on."

Julian followed his companions across the hall, and they had reached the door that opened into the court-yard when a voice behind them caused them to start and turn. It was the voice of the king.

"Now, rebels, Julian," he shouted, "you shall die the death of traitors. Guards, to me! Guards, I say! I will throttle him with my own hands!"

The king was coming down the hall, and Julian saw that he was alone. He had left his guards behind him. Osmir and Selim had also seen that the king was alone, and they had turned back to meet him. But Julian was quicker than they. He had sprung forward with the sword in his hand, and before the king could draw his own weapon Julian had struck him down. He fell heavily upon the floor, and Julian stood over him with the point of his sword at his throat.

"Hold, Julian!" cried Osmir, springing forward and grasping the prince's arm. "Would you kill the king?"

"Why not?" asked Julian, looking up. "He would have killed me."

"But you must not kill him," said Osmir. "Remember that he is the father of the princess."

"Yes, yes," added Selim, "you must not kill him."

"Then what shall I do with him?" asked Julian, looking down upon the king, who lay upon the floor, glaring up at him with a look of mingled rage and fear.

"Bind him," said Osmir, "and take him with us. He will be a hostage for our safety."

"Yes, yes," added Selim, "bind him and take him with us."

"Ho! Selim!" shouted the monarch, turning his face to the door. "What is the matter here? Is not this the—"

He stopped for the light of his lantern, falling upon the face of the man who had followed him in, revealed another face than that of Selim.

"Horam," spoke the chieftain, "you find the Scourge of Damascus not quite as powerless as you had expected."

"What ho! Selim! Selim!"

"Easy, old man. Selim will not come at your bidding. Let me inform you that I am master for the present of this lower region, and Selim is my slave."

"Mercy!" gasped the terrified king. "What ho! Benoni! Benoni!"

"Benoni is in my power," said Julian. "He is bound hand and foot, and cannot help you. And thou, base, false man—thou, too, art in my power. Down in this deep dungeon, where the light of day cannot come, and where the noise of the upper world cannot penetrate, here I leave thee as thou didst hope to have me, Horam, I am thy master!"

The king's knees smote together, and the lantern dropped from his hand.

"Mercy!" he cried. And then, as though remembering that he was king of Damascus, he clenched his hands, and tried to speak with the voice of authority.

"Vile miscreant," he said, "let me pass! If you dare to oppose me, you shall be torn limb from limb!"

"Easy, old man. I am your master now, and if you give me occasion, I may do you harm."

There was that in the look, tone and bearing of the stalwart chieftain which caused Horam to quail. The lantern had fallen in an upright position and its light revealed quite plainly the features of the two men.

"You will not kill me," whispered the king.

"Not unless," added Julian, "I should find it necessary to do so in order to secure my own safety. But I shall not harm you if you will promise to—"

"I promise anything!" interrupted the king, eagerly. "Only spare my life!"

"Then," continued Julian, "you must