



ELISSA THE DOOM OF ZIMBABWE BY H. RIDER HAGGARD



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CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.) Elissa, with her vision with a little...

between them. When he saw her again she was smiling toward the figure of a man...

door of Elissa's apartments and came face to face with Metem leaning from them. "Will the woman live?" he asked of him.

other kings, but at least you do not think it. "The king," said Metem, "is a woman yonder in the market place...

"It is so," she said, and going to the chest she drew from it a ivory casket full of ornaments of gold and precious stones...

With an exclamation Metem knelt beside her, and, looking at the woman, he said: "Draw it out from the wound, if it is possible."

"What of it, Isachar? He might travel for his lover's sake," he said. "What of it, do you ask, remembering who he is? What of it, when you know his faith..."

"The Jew thought," he answered: "A thousand gold shekels," replied Metem, reflectively. "Nay, I am sure you said 2,000, Isachar. At least, I do not work for less and it is a small sum enough."

"Come hither," called Elissa, addressing the woman. "Now tell me, what scrolls you have hidden away from me?"

"I have no appointment at noon, nor at any other hour," Metem bowed politely, but in a fashion which showed that he put no faith in free words.

"It is naught to me if she weds Ithobal or wed him not, save that I do not love that Ithobal, and I would make it for the foolish of her, and we should not heed such woman's folly..."

"Your pardon, king," Metem broke in, "but I would save you from saying the words that I do not wish to listen to, and that you may afterward regret having spoken."

"I have seen it with my own eyes," said Elissa. "I will deliver a letter into the hand of the king Azel. The gold tempted me for I had need of it, and I consented; but of who wrote the letter I know nothing, nor do I believe your tale."

"Why do you move me?" she asked, her head resting on his shoulder. "Why do you move me?" she asked, her head resting on his shoulder.

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"What means this hunt?" he gasped. "That they have decoyed the prince here to murder him," she answered, and sped through the gateway.

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CHAPTER VIII. AZEL PLIGHTS HIS TROTH. At first Azel feared that the poison had been worked on Elissa, and that he was placing his hand upon her heart...

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SHE LEAPED FROM THE GROUND AS THOUGH TO CATCH THE OBJECT, THEN FELT...



METEM PROSTRATED HIMSELF QUIETLY.