

The Scourge of Damascus

A Story of the East...
By SYLVANUS COBB, JR.
Copyrighted 1901 by Robert Bonner's Sons.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)
Judah got down from the back of his horse, and having thrown the rein over the branch of a tree, he started after the volunteer guide. Half a mile distant, at the edge of a thick piece of wood, the Israelite was informed that he must submit to be hoodwinked. He made no objections, and the robber proceeded to bind a sash over his eyes, after which he was led some distance further, by a winding, tortuous way; and when the bandage was removed, he found himself in a low vale, beneath a roof of thick foliage, and in the presence of a hundred armed men. One man—a handsome, noble-looking youth—arose and approached him, to whom his guide reported what had transpired.

"Do you seek Julian?" asked the stately youth, looking upon the Israelite with a searching glance.

"Yes, sir," replied Judah, as frankly and calmly as though he had been answering one of his own brethren.

"I am Julian," said the chieftain, quietly.

"Then, sir," returned the newcomer, with a low bow, "to you I present my petition."

"First—who are you?"

"My name is Judah, and I have been a servant in the train of the king of Damascus."

"Ah,—is it so?" The chieftain may have looked a little more sharply into the man's face, but he betrayed no surprise. "You spoke of a petition. What is it?"

Judah removed his mantle, and then stripped off his tunic, thus baring his back to the gaze of those who stood around.

"Do you see that back?" he cried, quivering, and grinding his teeth. "Do you see where the cruel lash has eaten into my flesh? Horam, king of Damascus, put that stain upon me. Do you wish me to say more?"

"I think you would be revenged upon the king?" said Julian.

"I would be placed in the very front of that force which is to strike at Horam, or at anything belonging to him. I am not of Damascus born, and my love is not there. I would join my fortunes with those of Julian."

After a very short conference with some of his companions, the chieftain informed Judah that he might remain where he was; and that, if he proved himself worthy, he would be received into full fellowship.

The Israelite expressed himself as thankful for the favor thus conferred and was soon allowed to mingle with the members of the band. For two days he ate with them, and joined them in their sports; and during that time he knew that watchful eyes were upon him. But he was equal to the task, and on the third day he was counted as one of them.

On the fourth day one of the sentinels brought a black man into the camp, who gave his name as Osmir, and who said that he had escaped from a tyrannical master in Aleppo. And he furthermore said that he had a companion who was hiding somewhere in the forest. Before noon said companion made his appearance, announcing his name as Selim; and when the two had been questioned, their stories were so harmonious, and so frank, that they were suffered to remain; and finally they were allowed to perform the duties of body-servant to the chieftain.

Judah could have asked for nothing better thus far; and he was resolved that his further plans should be carefully and surely laid.

Ah! Julian little dreamed of the danger that was creeping upon him!

made up my mind that if this choice of masters were left to me I should choose to serve Julian rather than the king of Damascus. I like him much the best. He is not such a terrible man as he has been represented. He is a kind, generous man, and I blame him not for his hatred of Horam."

"Well, sir," said the Israelite, speaking quickly and sternly, "do you think of turning your face from the work we have to do?"

"No, no, my master. I am not so determined. I shall follow you. Your commands must be my law. If you say proceed I am with you."

"And how is it with Selim?"

"You have nothing to fear, my master, from him. The two men whom you selected to accompany you will not betray you. Selim thinks of this robber chieftain as I do; but he is bound to his duty, and will perform it."

Judah knew the characters and dispositions of the two and he felt no uneasiness.

"My good Osmir," he said, with a smile, "concerning this Scourge of Damascus I feel much as you feel. I have long known that he was a noble, true-hearted man. But he is an enemy of our king, and we have promised to capture him. Just think, for a moment, what must be the result if we take him, and convey him in safety to Damascus. Think what people will say of Osmir and Selim. Now the merchants of Damascus are in fear and trembling on account of this terrible Scourge, and the king sits uneasily upon his throne; but if we arrest the dreaded chieftain, and deliver him up, the merchants will rejoice, and the king will be grateful. And upon whom shall their thanks and their honors fall?"

This speech pleased Osmir, and fired him up to new zeal in the work he had undertaken. Judah moved out from the cover to observe if any one was approaching, and when he was satisfied that he was still safe, he returned and gave Osmir such instructions as he deemed necessary. He was careful that all should be understood, and that each projected movement should be so arranged that there could be no possible clashing. He knew the wit and temper of his associates, and he had no fear that they would disappoint him by any blunder or mistake.

"And now," said the Israelite, after his directions had been given, "if we are at all favored by fortune we shall most surely succeed. Thus far fortune has been upon our side. Your position near the person of Julian is most favorable. Impart our arrangements carefully to Selim, and await my further signal."

Osmir promised obedience, and the two men separated, Judah going in search of his horse, while Osmir proceeded directly to the camp, where, having delivered a message to the chieftain, he sought Selim, and in a little while the two were in secret consultation.

Toward the middle of the forenoon the robber train was in motion, and when it came night they camped in an open wood, between two hills, near to the road which led from Caesarea Philippi to Damascus; and here they were to remain until the expected caravan made its appearance.

Sometimes Julian took his tent with him when leading his band upon long expeditions, but on the present occasion he had left it behind, choosing that the place of his encampment should be as little noticeable as possible. After he had seen his sentinels all posted, and given such directions as he thought necessary, he sought a place of rest beneath a large tree, where he soon sank into a dreamy slumber. It must have been near midnight when he was aroused by some one moving near him, and on starting up he was addressed by Osmir:

"My master, I have a strange message for you."

The chieftain arose to a sitting posture.

"Is this Osmir?"

"Yes."

"From whom bring you a message?"

"From one, my master, whom I had little expected to see here. As I walked forth a short time since, a sentinel informed me that some one outside of the camp wished to speak with me. I went to the spot designated, and there found a young bond-maid of Damascus. Her name was Albia."

"Albia!" cried Julian, starting to his feet. "Why, such was the name of the maiden who attended upon the princess Ulin."

"Aye, my lord, she is the same."

"What? Do you mean that the bond-maid of Ulin is at our camp?"

"She is."

"What is her business?"

"She wishes to speak with Julian."

"But her business—of what does she wish to speak?"

"She did not tell me, my lord. She would only say that she was the bond-maid of Ulin, and she desired to see you. I knew her not; but she seemed so gentle, and so timid, and used your name so eloquently, that I could not doubt her. I think her story is true. I think she is what she represents herself to be."

"Did she not tell you from whom she came?"

"No, unless her announcement that

she was the bond-maid of the princess Ulin may be taken in answer to the query."

"By the lyre of Apollo, she must have come from her mistress," exclaimed the chieftain, warmly. "The princess may be in trouble. She may need stout arms to help her. Lead me to this bond-maid at once."

"She begged, my lord, that she might not be exposed."

"Lead on. I will see her."

The great road wound around the foot of the hill, and ere long the guard had reached a point so utterly shut off from the camp that his loudest cry could not have been heard by the robber sentinels.

"Is the girl here?" asked Julian, as his sabbie guide stopped and turned.

"She must be very near here, my lord. I left her upon this very spot."

The chieftain heard a slight rustling behind him; but, not being startled into quick action, before he could turn he received a blow upon the side of the head that felled him to the earth. He was for the moment stunned, and before his reason was clear enough to direct his movements, he was set upon by three stout men, who bound his arms and legs so quickly that his power of resistance was gone before he fairly knew what opposed him.

"Sir Robber," spoke the Israelite bending over the prostrate chieftain, "you are my prisoner, and henceforth you are in my keeping until I deliver you up to my master. You cannot escape me, so do not trouble yourself with the attempt."

"You are Judah," said the chieftain.

"I am."

"And these others are professed to be of Aleppo?"

"Yes."

"And you three serve the king of Damascus?"

"You have guessed the truth."

"By the gods," muttered Julian, as though communing with himself, "I should have guessed this before. I have been blind. I have acted like a child. But I am not yet quite lost. I am still within the net."

The Israelite had been watching him narrowly, and when he saw that the chieftain had a disposition to call for help, he sprang upon him and stopped his mouth.

"Do not blame yourself, Sir Robber. Judah of Damascus has done more difficult work than this; and you may take to yourself the assurance that when he set out upon his mission the deed was sure of its accomplishment. Ah, here comes Selim with the horses. You shall have an easy ride and a quick one; and when you are in the presence of the king you can plead your case as eloquently as you please. I have not time to listen; nor have I the power to judge."

The Scourge of Damascus, in the full vigor of robust manhood, and possessed of a strength and daring beyond any of his stalwart followers, was a prisoner in the hands of three slaves—a prisoner within sound of his own camp—and so surely a prisoner that he had no way of escape. His steel-wrought muscles were powerless beneath the cruel bonds, and his mouth was stopped from the utterance of alarm. He was lifted from the ground and placed upon the back of a powerful horse, and in a few moments more he was being borne swiftly away from his friends and companions—away towards the city where dwell his deadliest enemies.

(To be continued.)

THE AMERICAN SHEEP

MARKED INCREASE IN OUR DOMESTIC FLOCKS.

Census for 1901 Shows a Gain Alike in Number Owned and in Average Value Per Head Over the Splendid Spring of Last Year.

In view of the present low price of wool throughout the world, the lowest known for many years, and the great prostration now prevailing in the wool and sheep industry in every country, except the United States, it is interesting to know how the American sheep farmer fares. He fares best among all his competitors, very much the best. His industry has not been ruined; far from it. He is infinitely better off than are the sheep and wool producers of the rest of creation. Vastly better off he is than during the disastrous free wool period of 1894-97, and the succeeding two years of a home market over-stocked for foreign wools brought here free of duty. So great was the glut of foreign wool under the Wilson tariff law that it was not until 1900 that our domestic growers began to feel the benefit of the duty on wool restored by the Dingley tariff. Even now there is on hand a considerable quantity of the free wool that was rushed in during the closing months of the Wilson law.

A year ago the sheep census of The American Protective Tariff League showed some surprising results. Contrasted with the free-wool period of 1896 the census for 1900 showed a gain of 71.44 per cent in the total number of sheep owned and a gain of 121.59 per cent in average value per head. But this was before the bottom dropped out of the world's wool markets. Since then the great slump in wool values has taken place.

Have American flocks decreased, and has their value per head declined along with the sheep of Australia, South America and other wool producing countries? Decidedly not.

On the contrary, the sheep census of 1901, just completed by the American Protective Tariff League, shows:

Number of states reporting.....	40
Number of reports received.....	707
Sheep owned, March, 1901.....	1,464,781
Sheep owned, March, 1900.....	1,256,738
Gain for 1901.....	208,043
Percentage of gain for 1901.....	16.55

It is found that against an average value of \$3.90 per head in March, 1900, the average value for March, 1901, was \$4.04, an increase of 14 cents per head, or 3.59 per cent.

It would appear that the American sheep raiser has a marked advantage over the flock masters of the rest of the world. First, he has in his favor a protective tariff, which fixes an irreducible minimum of market value for his fleeces. Unless the foreign grower sells his wool for nothing, he cannot compete with the domestic grower in the American market. The Dingley tariff takes care of that. Second, the average value per head of American sheep is kept up by the enormous demand for mutton and lambs for food purposes. The American wage earner, when busily employed at high wages, as he has been for three or four years past and now is, consumes from three to thirty times more meat than the other wage earners of the world. He is fond of good mutton and juicy lamb, and he is a tremendous consumer of these meats. In fact, he is the best customer the American butcher has. It is not the rich people, but the wage earners, that keep the butcher shops going. It is no longer possible, as it was in 1896, under Wilson tariff free wool to buy a good sheep for fifty cents. That day has passed, and will come no more as long as the tariff on wool protects the wool grower while the tariff on all lines of production makes times good, wages high and the consuming capacity of 76,000,000 people three to thirty times greater than the consuming capacity of the rest of the people on earth.

Condensed into a form easily read and understood, the sheep census of the American Protective Tariff League for 1901 is as follows:

Number. No. of sheep owned in	March, 1901	March, 1900
State. reports. 1900.		
Arizona.....	37,500	32,500
Arkansas.....	2	530
California.....	27,015	26,470
Colorado.....	70,624	70,629
Connecticut.....	35	37
Delaware.....	133	194,390
Illinois.....	6	599
Indiana.....	8,351	7,618
Indian Ter.....	94	155
Iowa.....	268	1,929
Kansas.....	3,813	4,367
Kentucky.....	1,712	1,643
Louisiana.....	1	35
Maryland.....	156	397
Michigan.....	4,309	4,102
Minnesota.....	615	935
Mississippi.....	2,000	2,300
Missouri.....	4,623	5,846
Montana.....	481,520	530,010
Nebraska.....	5,815	5,469
Nevada.....	2,000	2,500
New Mexico.....	32,400	52,710
New York.....	1,004	1,279
North Carolina.....	1,223	1,461
North Dakota.....	31,256	32,747
Ohio.....	24,929	25,735
Oklahoma.....	4,360	4,700
Oregon.....	25,150	28,917
Pennsylvania.....	842	974
South Carolina.....	1	71
South Dakota.....	29,333	37,378
Tennessee.....	1	172
Texas.....	58,587	69,069
Utah.....	99,926	115,725
Vermont.....	4	655
Virginia.....	135	360
Washington.....	24,027	32,715
West Virginia.....	3,785	3,751
Wisconsin.....	4	271
Wyoming.....	129,102	154,556
Totals.....	707	1,256,738
Number of states reporting.....		40
Number of reports received.....		707
Sheep owned in March, 1901.....	1,464,781	1,256,738
Sheep owned in March, 1900.....	1,256,738	208,043
Gain for March, 1901.....		308,043
Percentage of gain for 1901.....		0.6525

Greatest Consuming Nation.
The population of the world is about 1,600,000,000; of the United States, 77,000,000, or about one-twentieth. Yet we consume about one-third of the whole world's products. Why? Because we do forty-nine fiftieths of our own work, make big money and live like lords.

Sound and Sensible.
Philadelphia Manufacturing Club Strongly Opposed to Tariff Revision.
The significance of the action of the Manufacturers' Club of Philadelphia on the subject of tariff revision and reciprocity, taken in connection with the statement of President Search of the National Association of Manufacturers, given in another column, cannot but suggest itself to every mind. It means that the Philadelphia organization, the largest and most influential of its kind in the United States, is unalterably opposed to tariff tinkering in any and all forms, whether by outright alteration of the schedules or by a scheme of special trade treaties which calls for a reduction of duties on competitive products. At a largely attended meeting of the Manufacturers' Club of Philadelphia, held on the evening of June 17, 1901, the following resolutions, previously adopted by the board of directors, were by a unanimous vote ratified by the club as a whole:

Whereas, The great and acknowledged prosperity which this country enjoys today is directly traceable to the Protective system under which our revenues are raised and our industries have been developed and the conditions created which have given us a commanding position in the world's trade; and

Whereas, This country by popular vote has many times and very recently recorded itself in favor of the Protective principle, so that this is no longer a mooted question; and

Whereas, Such imperfections as are inseparable from any tariff law are more apparent than real, inasmuch as any tariff schedule which may seem to be excessive or unnecessary becomes imperative when the necessity for protection ceases, thus automatically removing the burden; and

Whereas, The disastrous experience caused by the agitation for tariff revision prior to and during 1894 is still fresh in our minds; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the Manufacturers' Club of Philadelphia deprecates any attempt to revise tariff legislation as a menace to our country's prosperity; and

Resolved, That should the alteration of any part of the tariff schedules seem necessary in the judgment of the Industrial Commission now investigating the subject, the same should be taken out of politics and be made the subject of careful revision by a non-partisan Tariff commission; and

Resolved, That in adhering to the principle of reciprocity as originally formulated in the Republican platform of 1890, to-wit: "To secure certain duties. The deifications of the National Association of Manufacturers and its resolution should be a warning to that element not to be arbitrary in affairs which concern the Republican party rather than the Economist.—Indianapolis Journal."

Perhaps a careful reading of the statement of President Search as to what the National Association of Manufacturers did and did not do on the subject of tariff revision might suggest to the Journal that the "warning" in question applies not so much to the friends as to the enemies of protection.

They Mean Business.
In 1894 we were producing 128,000 tons of pig iron per week. Now we are producing and using over 300,000 tons per week. Protection and pig iron are great friends, and both mean business, and the farmer is just as much interested as the manufacturer and laborer.

Let His Crops Rot in the Ground Every Year.
The Atlanta Constitution reports the death of L. N. Calvary, a curious character, near Fayetteville, N. C. Calvary was found dead of heart disease in his home. His age was 70. He lived alone. His body was found sitting in a chair. He was the most eccentric man in all North Carolina. He came there thirteen years ago from Newburg, N. Y., bought 100 acres, started a vineyard, built a large house, which he handsomely furnished. He worked on his vineyard and truck farm steadily, but never made a shipment. Each year's harvest was allowed to rot. He worked ten hours a day, timing himself as if working for hire. He recently returned from New York, where he had his bank account. In his house is much fine silverware. He had \$300 on his person when found. He sold a twelve-acre vineyard on the Hudson River for \$12,000.

Housewife Seals a Rattlesnake.
Providence Correspondence of the Boston Journal: Mrs. Claus Peterson, a resident of South Auburn, had a thrilling encounter with a big rattlesnake today, and the ever handy kettle of hot water undoubtedly saved her life. As she stood in her cellar kitchen near the cook stove, she was startled to hear a rattling noise, the like of which she had never heard before. She was charmed at first and then terrified at the long reptile which was winding its way down the cellar stairs. When she recovered from her fright somewhat she started toward the snake with a rolling pin, and it curled into an ominous coil. Then its rattle rang out furiously and she retreated to the stove, and seizing a kettle of hot water threw it on the snake. The reptile writhed and soon died. "Some time afterward Mrs. Peterson went into the yard and found her cow dead, killed by the snake.

Society Is Hollow.
"Oh, pa!" exclaimed the dear girl, her sapphire eyes brimming over with tears; "how can you say society is hollow?" "Why shouldn't I?" retorted pa, with a coarse, throaty laugh, that betrayed the fact that he paid more attention to making money than acquiring polish. "Why shouldn't I, when I have to pay the bills for feeding the gang that you have here at your blow-outs?"—Exchange.

Agricultural Scientists Honored.
The authorities of the Paris exposition have awarded a gold medal to Professor W. G. Johnson of Springfield, Mass., formerly state entomologist of Maryland. The medal is bestowed in recognition of his scientific research in the interest of agriculture and as a collaborator on the exhibit of the United States Department of Agriculture.

WHITE GIRL AS INDIAN.

She Has Had a Strange Life Among the Blackfeet.

The curious story of a white girl's life among the Blackfeet Indians for 16 years just come out through a suit brought by Alice Burke against Thomas Husson, a cattle rancher of Eastern Oregon to recover a ranch which once belonged to her father, and is now valued at 22,000 dollars, says the "Chicago Herald." Burke and old Husson started to cross the plains from Kansas to Oregon. Burke was detained and sent his girl, then two years old, with Mrs. Husson. Husson sold the child to a Blackfoot Indian Chief for 12 ponies, and when Burke arrived in Oregon told him that Alice had died. Six years ago Burke died, and the Hussons have been in possession of his ranch. Alice meanwhile grew up among the tribe, and when white people noticed her fine hair, the Indians said she was a half-breed whose parents were dead. She gained the love of the son of a chief named Fleetwing, who was sent to Carlisle. When he was there Alice took lessons of the Indian agent's wife and kept pace with him in his studies. When the agent was removed she went with him to Boise City, but his wife died, and she had to take a place as a servant, and was a kitchen drudge for many months. Then Fleetwing sent her money, and she returned to the reservation. The revelation of her white blood came when she was an applicant for a place in a big tribal ceremony. Then young Husson appeared and told her the story, but offered her only \$100 for her father's property. She refused and investigated, and is now suing for the recovery of the land. When she gets it she is to marry John Fleetwing.

Topophone Prevents Collisions.
An instrument named the "topophone," has just been invented for the prevention of collisions at sea. The topophone registers even slight sounds far outside the range of the human ear, and by enabling foghorns to be heard at immense distances, will greatly minimize existing risks in thick weather.

she was the bond-maid of the princess Ulin may be taken in answer to the query."

"By the lyre of Apollo, she must have come from her mistress," exclaimed the chieftain, warmly. "The princess may be in trouble. She may need stout arms to help her. Lead me to this bond-maid at once."

"She begged, my lord, that she might not be exposed."

"Lead on. I will see her."

The great road wound around the foot of the hill, and ere long the guard had reached a point so utterly shut off from the camp that his loudest cry could not have been heard by the robber sentinels.

"Is the girl here?" asked Julian, as his sabbie guide stopped and turned.

"She must be very near here, my lord. I left her upon this very spot."

The chieftain heard a slight rustling behind him; but, not being startled into quick action, before he could turn he received a blow upon the side of the head that felled him to the earth. He was for the moment stunned, and before his reason was clear enough to direct his movements, he was set upon by three stout men, who bound his arms and legs so quickly that his power of resistance was gone before he fairly knew what opposed him.

"Sir Robber," spoke the Israelite bending over the prostrate chieftain, "you are my prisoner, and henceforth you are in my keeping until I deliver you up to my master. You cannot escape me, so do not trouble yourself with the attempt."

"You are Judah," said the chieftain.

"I am."

"And these others are professed to be of Aleppo?"

"Yes."

"And you three serve the king of Damascus?"

"You have guessed the truth."

"By the gods," muttered Julian, as though communing with himself, "I should have guessed this before. I have been blind. I have acted like a child. But I am not yet quite lost. I am still within the net."

The Israelite had been watching him narrowly, and when he saw that the chieftain had a disposition to call for help, he sprang upon him and stopped his mouth.

"Do not blame yourself, Sir Robber. Judah of Damascus has done more difficult work than this; and you may take to yourself the assurance that when he set out upon his mission the deed was sure of its accomplishment. Ah, here comes Selim with the horses. You shall have an easy ride and a quick one; and when you are in the presence of the king you can plead your case as eloquently as you please. I have not time to listen; nor have I the power to judge."

The Scourge of Damascus, in the full vigor of robust manhood, and possessed of a strength and daring beyond any of his stalwart followers, was a prisoner in the hands of three slaves—a prisoner within sound of his own camp—and so surely a prisoner that he had no way of escape. His steel-wrought muscles were powerless beneath the cruel bonds, and his mouth was stopped from the utterance of alarm. He was lifted from the ground and placed upon the back of a powerful horse, and in a few moments more he was being borne swiftly away from his friends and companions—away towards the city where dwell his deadliest enemies.

(To be continued.)