

The Scourge of Damascus

A Story of the East...

By SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

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CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

Ulin bowed her head upon her hands; and could the instinctive promptings of her heart at that moment have been read, they would have revealed a secret not much to be wondered at.

"I think," said Ezabel, after a pause, "that you have had some opportunity to study Julian's character."

"I have seen enough to assure me that he is a noble, generous man," returned Ulin, raising her head.

"And," added Ezabel, "if you could know him better you would find your impressions strengthened. But he will not be here long. As soon as he recovers from his wound he will leave us."

"If I am not mistaken," ventured our heroine, "Julian is at home in this place."

"Most certainly he is, my daughter. From his earliest childhood he knew no other home but this."

"And he was on his way hither when he overtook me in the hands of the Arabs?"

"Yes."

"And will my presence cause him to leave you?"

"I think not, lady. But you will give yourself no uneasiness on that account. If Julian feels that he had better be away from you, he will go for his own sake. And, remember—the truly noble soul finds joy in the generous sacrifices which it may be called upon to make. I hear Ben Hadad's voice. He is calling me."

She arose and left the chamber; and when she returned she was followed by Ben Hadad. Now that Ulin saw the hermit by the light of the day she was awe-struck by his venerable appearance. All that could be noble and honorable and lovable in old age seemed combined in him; and as he bent his gaze upon her and extended his hand in welcome, she felt her heart go to him with all its trust and confidence.

"My child," he said in tones of tenderest solicitude, "Ezabel has told me your story and I have come to bid you an affectionate welcome to my cave. Rest here and feel that you are at home. Your mother paid me for this long ago. Come—follow me to where the air is fresher, and where the sunbeams can greet you."

The maiden thanked Ben Hadad as well as she was able and then rose to follow him. He led her to the main cave, where she found Hobaddan and the slaves.

"This is my home," said the old man, as he led the maiden to a seat; "and here have I lived more years than go to fill up the allotted age of man. All these trees and shrubs I have trained up from the tender sprout, and these vines I have taught to clothe the gray old rocks. And I have been most fortunate in my life. I have been able to protect many who needed protection and my days have been lengthened out to protect more."

Ulin was touched by the deep pathos of the hermit's words, and for a whole hour she sat and listened to his conversation. At the end of that time he led her back to the cave where Ortok, the black slave, had prepared dinner. She did not feel hungry, but she sat down with Ben Hadad and Hobaddan and Ezabel—she and Albia—and partook with them.

Thus passed three days; and Ulin had become so used to the place that it already seemed like home. She had learned to love the hermit; and she had learned to love Ezabel; and she had learned to respect and esteem the stout-hearted Hobaddan and to converse with him freely. Once she asked the lieutenant what had become of Julian's band. Would they not be seeking him?

And he explained to her that he had communicated with them—that they knew of their chieftain's safety and had gone away into the mountains of Lebanon, where comfortable abiding places for them were plenty.

When Ulin retired to her own apartment she sat by herself, with her head bowed upon her hands, taking no notice of her serving-maid. At an early hour she retired; but it was a long time ere she slept; and when she did sleep she was troubled with strange dreams. She dreamed of the unfortunate Helena, and awoke with a cry of pain. And then she dreamed a more pleasant dream—a dream of something that had haunted her waking thoughts—a dream of the Scourge and Damascus.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Something More Than a Dream.

On the following morning, when Ulin entered the main cave, Julian was there to greet her. She extended her hand to him and smiled as she spoke. The youthful chieftain was somewhat pale, but his large, lustrous eyes burned with a devoted intensity and the white brow offered a strange contrast to the waving masses of golden hair. The maiden's smile faded away when she met the earnest gaze that was fixed upon her, and her hand trembled before she withdrew it. He spoke to her a few words of cheer, expressed his gratitude that she had found a place of safety; and hoped that the future might have no more clouds for her.

"O, my mistress," cried Albia, when she and Ulin were alone, "how noble a man he is!"

"Who?" asked the princess, starting out from a deep reverie.

"Julian, I mean," returned the maid, quickly and with enthusiasm. "Does he not look handsomer than ever?"

Ulin bowed her head and made no reply.

"Is he not beautiful to gaze upon?" pursued Albia, without seeming to notice her lady's abstracted mood.

"Hush, Albia, say no more now. I am busy with my own thoughts."

"Pardon, sweet mistress. I meant no wrong. I thought—we owed him so much—and he has suffered in our behalf—that you might—"

"Albia, say no more. I know you meant well. You mistake me if you think I am not grateful. There—say no more. I love you, and would not hurt your feelings. Go out into the grove and walk awhile."

Ulin bowed her head again as she spoke, with her hand upon her brow—upon her brow for a moment—and then pressed upon her bosom. And thus Albia left her.

When the freed girl reached the grove in front of the cave she found Julian and Osmir in close conversation and before they noticed her she had heard enough to excite her curiosity; and with a freedom that was natural to her, she asked them what had happened.

"Osmir thinks," said Julian, with a smile, "that one of the Arab robbers has followed us and tracked us to this place; but I laugh at him."

"I may be mistaken," rejoined the other, "but still I think I am right. I have seen the fellow twice; once by the river at the entrance of the wood, and once further away. It was one of the rascals who escaped us."

"And if it is the Arab, what can he want?" asked Albia.

"If it be one of those fellows," returned Julian, "he may wish to join our ranks."

"Oh," added Osmir, "he may hope to steal something."

"Very likely," assented the chieftain. "However," he concluded, after a brief pause, "we may as well keep a sharp lookout."

"Selim and I are on the watch," said Osmir; "and if we catch the rascal, we'll secure him."

Albia fancied that Julian had thoughts which he was not willing to express in her presence, but she did not mean to fret herself; and before she rejoined her mistress she had almost forgotten the circumstances.

At noon, and again in the evening, did Ulin meet Julian; but they did not converse freely together. She could not meet the gaze of those haughty eyes without trembling, and she sought to avoid that which so much moved her. If he had approached her and spoken freely with her on some subject of general interest she would have joined him readily; but he did not do so.

Morning came again, and again the maiden met the man who had saved her from the Arabs. This time he greeted her in few words, and soon turned away to speak with Hobaddan. He did not seem well. He looked paler than on the day before, and there was an expression of pain about the mouth and eyes. Ulin was uneasy. Perhaps his wound was giving him new trouble. As soon as the morning's meal had been eaten, she sought Ezabel and asked her if Julian was suffering from his wound.

"No," replied the old woman. "I do not think it is his wound. I have noticed his appearance and have asked him what it meant; but he puts me off with a smile and a blessing and tries to assure me that all is well. I do not like to see him suffer. He is like a child to me and I love him tenderly. Ah, the world little knows what a noble, generous soul dwells within that manly form."

"If I thought he was suffering from my account," said Ulin, "I should be most unhappy."

"How on your account?" said Ezabel, quickly.

"I mean in consequence of the wound he received while fighting for my deliverance."

"I hardly think it is that. Something besides the wound troubles him. It may be that the short captivity in Damascus worries him. He may have heard something there that gives him unpleasant thoughts."

At noon Julian did not appear when the rest ate their dinner. He was out by the river. Late in the afternoon Ulin met Ezabel again and the latter seemed sad and dejected.

"Julian is going to leave us," exclaimed the woman, in answer to an inquiry from Ulin.

"Leave us!" repeated our heroine, with a start.

"Yes; so he told me only an hour since."

"When will he go?"

"Early in the morning."

"But he will shortly return?"

"I fear not. I asked him that and he only shook his head."

"Does he give any reason for his going away?"

"None that you need to know, my child. In fact, he gives me no reason directly. I am left to draw my conclusions from accidental remarks."

When Ulin retired to her chamber she was in a frame of mind not easily analyzed. She spoke to Albia concerning the chieftain's unexpected departure and the girl expressed the opinion that he felt himself to be in the way.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Ulin.

"Well," replied Albia, "I think Julian feels that there are enough dwellers in the hermit's cave without him. I may be mistaken; but his manner, for a day or two past, has seemed to indicate that he was not perfectly at ease here."

The princess asked no more questions, but busied herself with her own thoughts.

As the sun was sinking from its daily course, Ulin wandered out into the grove alone, and as she approached the spot where she sometimes sat with the hermit, she saw Julian, seated upon a bench beneath an orange tree. At first she thought of turning back, and retracing her steps; but an impulse which was no result of her will, but rather an instinctive emotion, as though some secret force, led her on; and almost before she was aware of it she came so near that the youth heard her stop and looked up. He started when he saw her and a flash of joy, like a quick passage of sunlight, was upon his face. In a moment, however, the look was gone, and a shade of sadness succeeded. The maiden could not now have withdrawn even had she been so disposed in the first place. Following the strong impulse, she advanced to the shadow of the orange tree and placed her hand upon Julian's shoulder; and it thrilled the youth like an electric shock.

"Kind sir," she said, scarcely able to speak above a whisper when she commenced, "Ezabel tells me you are going away."

"Yes, lady," Julian replied, rising as she spoke; "I have so determined."

"And you go soon?"

"In the morning."

"This is sudden, sir."

"No, lady; no more so than my movements are apt to be."

CHAPTER XIX.

Ulin and Julian.

Ulin hesitated and trembled, and finally sat down upon the bench from which the chieftain had arisen. In a few moments she had recovered herself so that she could speak without faltering.

"Good sir, I have one question to ask you," she went on hurriedly, as though the old impulse still led her; "you had not planned to leave the cave so soon?"

"I had planned nothing about it, lady."

"But—if I had not been here, with my servant, you would have remained longer?"

"Lady, do not ask me such questions."

"I must ask them, sir, for I want to know. If I thought that my presence here had caused you to leave your old home, I should be most unhappy. When I came here I did not know how near and dear this place was to you. If one of us must go, let me find some other resting place."

Julian started and trembled like an aspen. A moment it was so, and then he turned upon the maiden a look so earnest and so deep and so full of tumultuous feeling, that she shook beneath it.

"Lady," he said, speaking almost in a whisper, "you shall know the secret which I had purposed never to reveal to mortal being. The words are forced from me. Let me speak them now; and then let them be forgotten. When I heard that the king of Damascus had shut up a fair maiden within the Palace of Lycinus, and that he meant to make that maiden his wife, I felt my heart grow sick within me and I resolved, if the fair one was held against her will, that I would set her free. I led my brave men to the palace and overcame the guard which the king had set. Heaven was opened, but in the blessed realm I was offered no aiding place. I saw the loved spirit of light within the cave which had been the home of my childhood; but my love I dared not speak. How could I, the enemy of Damascus, and the branded robber, tell my love to the daughter of the king's prime minister. Lady, I dare not trouble you more."

(To be continued.)

THE INDISPENSABLE MAN.

Prudent Business Men Now Get Rid of That Positivity.

Some of the most successful business men in this country make it a rule to dispense with the services of any man in their employ, no matter how important his position may be, as soon as he comes to regard himself as "indispensable," says Success. This may seem harsh and even unbusiness-like; but, if we look into it, we shall find that there is wisdom in this practice. Experience proves that, the moment a man looks upon himself as absolutely necessary, he usually ceases to exercise to the fullest extent the faculties which have helped him to rise to that indispensable point. He becomes arrogant and dictatorial, and his influence in an organization is bound to be more or less demoralizing. Many concerns have been seriously embarrassed by the conduct of managers, superintendents, or heads of departments, after they had reached positions where they thought no one else could take their places. This undue appreciation of one's own importance is as disastrous in its results as utter lack of self-esteem. It is really evidence of a narrow mind and ignorance of general conditions; for the man who is up to the times, thoroughly posted in regard to the world-wide trend of the twentieth century, will realize that there are few people in the world no matter what their talents or ability, who cannot be replaced. It is a very rare character, indeed, that is imperatively necessary, and the man who actually reaches this point does not brag of it; nor act as if he considered himself "indispensable."

NOTINKERING NEEDED

THE FOUNDATIONS OF NATIONAL GREATNESS APPROVED.

What Classes in the Country Want Tariff Revision and Who Are Opposed to Making Over the Question at This Time.

Nothing is so manifest in the census reports, so far as given in the bulletins, as the complete and harmonious workings of the Dingley law. Whichever manufactures and wages have increased there we find in every instance an increase in the value of farm products. Not only do we see an increase in the staple products but a wider diversification. This is a perfect exemplification of the American system of protection. In a speech made in the House of Representatives, March 20 and 31, 1874, Henry Clay said:

"The greatest want of civilized society is the market for the exchange and sale of its surplus produce. This market may exist at home or abroad, but it must exist somewhere if society prosper. The home market is first in order and paramount in importance. The object of the bill under consideration is to create this home market and to lay the foundation of a genuine American policy."

The home market created in 1824, and that "American policy," founded by Clay and his associates, is to-day a monument of almost incalculable magnitude. It has been undermined again and again and almost overturned, but McKinley and Dingley and the Republican party have made the foundation more solid than ever. Year after year, decade after decade and generation after generation this grand home market spreads from State to State. On our 200,000 miles of railroad ponderous freight trains are drawn by huge, powerful engines day and night scattering the product of farm and factory from ocean to ocean and from lake to lake. Then, when we have consumed from 90 to 95 per cent of our own productions the surplus is shipped to every part of the earth. But never, for long, have we lost sight of the American policy that "the home market is first in order and paramount in importance."

Our diversified and interdependent chain of industries would feel at once the breaking of a single link. Repeat the tariff on the product of a single industry, be it that of agriculture or manufacture, and every other industry is affected. We can endure droughts, we can survive great strikes, but we cannot permanently impair wages and incomes without wide injury to our whole industrial structure. Free trade in any form and to any degree, whether it be called reciprocity that does not reciprocate; Babcockism or anti-trust medicine, which, instead of curing the supposed malady, would kill the patient; tariff reform, the dispenser of surpluses and the parent of bonds, call it by any name you will, free trade would check this prosperity; would end this progress and impel us to the inevitable ruin that could only be ended and repaired by a return to protection.

Never in the history of nations was a tariff law framed and operated so nearly perfect and equitable as the Dingley law now on our statute books and under which we are now living. Even if it could be done in a day without interfering with any business interest it is doubtful if any tinkering could improve it and leave it as equitable to all classes as it is now. "Leave it alone," cries the farmer and with good reason. "Leave it alone," cries the wage earner, as he thinks of his home and his savings. "Leave it alone," cries the manufacturer as he sees the smoke rising from the chimney and the lighted mills at night with the double force. "Leave it alone," cries the railroad man, whether he be officer or employe. "Leave it alone," cries the banker, the doctor, the lawyer, the teacher, the merchant, the clerk, the minister, the actor, the barber, the blacksmith, the mason, the carpenter, the painter, the plumber, the drayman, the agent, the architect, the printer, the builder, the contractor, the engineer, the sailor, the 5,000,000 female wage earners and the 25,000,000 employed males who have learned the blessings of adequate protection.

"Tinker," says the pawn broker and bond buyer; "tinker," says Babcock; "tinker," says Bryan; "tinker," says Lamb and Stevens and Perry and Atkinson and perhaps a few hundred others out of our 77,000,000.

"Tinker," says the demagogue and agitator. "Leave it alone," says the conservative business man and the cautious laborer. You cannot cut off a single limb without endangering the health if not the life of the whole body. Talk is cheap, agitation is easy, but it is well to consider the consequences. In every section of the country, in every locality, in every branch of trade and industry there is a harmony that makes for continued prosperity and for a still more solid foundation for the superstructure known as the American tariff policy. It needs no tinkering. It should be, and we believe will be, left alone.

AN OPENING WEDGE.

The Democratic party has a number of smart men left, but what it is starving for is an issue, a plank on which to make a platform. Everything it had has gone to the bottom with Bryan. In this emergency any tip from outside is welcome, and a tip arrived in good season, just in the nick of time, in fact.

This tip was the utterance of Mr. Babcock. Of course he protested his stalwart faith in Protection, but by

proposing some kind of a tilt at a schedule or two he gave the eager and hollow-eyed Democrats a hint. If the Republicans were to open upon tariff matters among themselves there might be "something doing" for the Democrats. At all events, the little opening was worth cultivating. The tip went round and now every Democratic paper is working at the opening to make it bigger. They are not satisfied to rearrange a few details; they are ready in full cry for Free-Trade or "Tariff for revenue only," and the heavy bass of a convention here and there adds sonorously to the hullabaloo.

Verily Brother Babcock has stirred up a nice mess! One good thing about it is that the "true inwardness" of the Democratic party has again come to light, and another is that it is easy now to look ahead and see what kind of a time there will be in Congress, even though but a handful of Republicans lend countenance to any scheme of tariff tinkering. The Democrats will exhaust every device to spread the opening and help pass any measure that will tend to cripple and break down the splendid body of legislation which has been the means of putting our country where it is today.

Republican statesmen should stand firmly together to prevent any such movement from getting under way.

GOING TO A BETTER COUNTRY.



In order to get the benefit of the greatest of all markets British manufacturers are establishing plants in the United States.

SARCASTIC UNCLE SAM.

A Study on Free Traders and the Dingley Act.

I found Uncle Sam in a variety of moods this week. He had been reading a lot of clippings from the Free-Trade papers.

"I don't know whether to laugh or get mad," he said, as he rather angrily threw the stuff one side. "I don't suppose it does much harm, but I do get provoked sometimes at the Free-Trade trust and its organs. I don't like to believe these folks are dishonest and malicious, and they can't be ignorant. I wonder if they really want to get me into trouble just as I am enjoying the best and most prosperous years of my existence. It does seem as if there were always a few folks who must eternally be stirring up things. It's always been the way from the Nullifiers to the Antis. No one knows what the Almighty made snakes and potato bugs and mosquitoes for. I suppose it's so the millennium wouldn't come too soon. Those Free-Traders really ought to have a corner of the earth to themselves, where they could be in hot water all the time. They evidently have no fear of the hereafter; it would be so in keeping with the temperature they like here. I would like to spend a few years in peace. There will be no need of general tariff changes for years. The Dingley law is working like a book, and I don't want business disturbed for ten years at least. I rather guess it won't be, either, if Bryan has his way. Why, he is the best friend we got, when you think it all over. If he only keeps the Free-Traders from coming into power he ought to have a monument as high as Washington's. That man is preserving the country, if you only look at it that way."

"You seem rather sarcastic, Uncle Sam," I observed.

"That fellow Bryan is a rank Free-Trade. He wanted the job of being my manager. I don't blame him for that. It's a worthy ambition for any man. But Bryan didn't go about it right. He knew he couldn't be elected on a Free-Trade issue, so he hollers for Free Silver. That didn't work, and he then hollers anti-imperialism, whatever that is. And that didn't work. Now the Democrats have found out their mistake and want to shelve him, and he threatens to break up the show. I'd make a pretty emperor, wouldn't I? Gosh! imagine me walking around with a crown upon my forehead. No! I'll stick to the old tile. But these Free-Traders remember that the only issue they've won on in forty years is the tariff, and they think they can work the stuff over in new form and dish it up. But the people got so nauseated with it the last time they ate it that they don't want to even taste it now. If the truth were known, the cooks themselves don't want to eat their own broth. I don't blame 'em either. It's pretty thin stuff for these times."

"What do you attribute as their motive or reason?" I asked.

"No motive, no reason; pure cussedness. It's been in the race since the garden of Eden, and I guess we'll always have the varmint with us. Some of 'em good men, too. Fact is, they're too good for this earth; can almost see wings sprouting on some of 'em," and the old man walked away with a half-concealed look of contempt on his usually good natured face.

AN ODD TALE OF THE SEA.

Rolling Copper Rivet Wears Through Bottom of Vessel.

Some years ago a vessel loaded with guano worth several thousand dollars caught fire in the south Pacific and was abandoned by the captain and crew, who came ashore in the small boats and reported the disaster. One of the consignees thought the cargo could be saved, as he knew that guano would not burn, and it was his idea that the bulk of the ship might be found floating somewhere at sea. He chartered a small English tramp vessel that happened to be at Callao, Peru, and started out to search for the derelict. After cruising for two or three weeks, he found her, the wood-work burned to the water's edge, but the hull sound as a dollar and the cargo all right. They started to tow her to Callao, but the day before reaching that harbor the tramp vessel they had chartered began to fill rapidly and the pumps could scarcely keep her afloat. They narrowly escaped sinking with all on board. The leak was a mystery. They managed to get her to Callao only by the greatest exertion. When the ship went into the dock and was examined it was found that one of the plates about the center had worn through. Further investigation demonstrated that the damage had been done by a little copper rivet, which had been accidentally left in the bottom and had rolled back and forth over the same spot so often and so long that the iron plate had been worn thin and the pressure of the water had broken through.—Chicago News.

A DREAM OF TREASURE.

Small Boy's Dream Locates Money Which Is Really There.

Dreams are often unaccountable, and perhaps what I am about to relate may interest your readers. When quite young—I was only 7 years old then—I lived with my parents at a villa in Trieste, Austria. For weeks and weeks I had the same dream, although not nightly—namely, that in the night time I found myself at the bottom of the garden in my nightgown, scratching at a little heap of earth, and found copper, silver, and gold coins, and suddenly looking up, I found before me, and watching me, the sister of the landlord of the villa, an old, haggard woman. Having dreamed this so often, I naturally related it to my mother, who repeated it to her friends. These friends, who were of a superstitious nature, tried to induce my father to buy the plot of ground in question, but he would not listen to such absurdity, as he was an unbeliever in spiritualism. Well, some years later the landlord had occasion to build a lodge at the bottom of the garden, and while digging for the foundation a large sum of money in copper, silver and gold coins was discovered. How is it that a mere boy of 7, without any knowledge of the place or of the history of the owners of the said grounds should have such a dream, which turned out true?—Spectator.

THE SHOOKED BURGLAR.

Indignant to Find Policeman Warning Himself at Midnight.

Once upon a time a Burglar looked up from his work at the Office Safe into which he was Drilling and Detected a Policeman in the act of Watching him from Behind the Stove. "Well," said the Burglar, dropping his drill and speaking with Manly indignation, "I may not be Everything that a Gentleman should be. As I'm no Hypocrite, I Frankly Admit that I'm a Crook and Steal for a Living. But there's One Thing I can say for myself—I'm no Sneak. Come on with your handcuffs, Cop Gibboney, and run me in. I'm a Burglar all right, but, thank Heaven, I'm no Spy and Informer. And when the Mayor hears of this perhaps it won't be Me that'll find himself in Trouble." The Burglar's anticipation was Justified. The mayor caused him to be Discharged with Apologies, and issued a statement to the public Deprecating any action on the part of his Police Force that might Wound the Sensibilities of the High-Spirited Criminal Classes. Moral: It is better that ninety-nine guilty men should escape than that anybody should employ the only means by which they can be caught.—Philadelphia North American.

The Bishop's Appeal.

The late Bishop Williams of Connecticut was a truly pious man, but was sometimes placed in a position where he envied the privileges of those not of the cloth. At a recent convocation at the General Theological Seminary they told this tale of the good bishop's wit: One summer day the bishop went out fishing with a friend, and, as the day was warm, they swung a bottle of rare Burgundy over the side of a rowboat. When luncheon time came the bishop essayed to pull the wine aboard, already tasting in anticipation the cool, delicious beverage. Through some mishap the string slipped from his fingers, and the bottle sank to the bottom of the river. Bishop Williams sat up with a sigh, and said, with his eyes sparkling: "You say it, Jones; you're a layman."—Boston Journal.

The sale of seats will commence Thursday morning at the Division theater for the opening attraction at that theater this season, which is "Lovers' Lane." The range of prices will be 25 cents to \$1. The company to appear here consists mainly of the persons who were engaged in the New York and Chicago productions, where the piece was a hit. The production is under the management of the energetic W. A. Brady. The first performance of "Lovers' Lane" will be given next Sunday.