

The Scourge of Damascus

A Story of the East...

By SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

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CHAPTER II.

The Terrible Julian.

In fear and trembling sat Ulin, awaiting the coming of the terrible robber. Half an hour passed, and she had not been troubled; but during that time she had witnessed transactions which were not calculated to allay her fears. She had seen over fifty of the king's guards bound and led away, and she saw that a number of the robbers had been placed on guard at the entrance of the rocky passage. They were wild, savage looking men, appearing to her fear-wrought vision, like the evil spirits she had heard her old black nurse tell about.

At length the sound of feet was heard near at hand, and very shortly the door of the apartment was opened, and a black slave entered. It was a woman, and one of those whom the king had led.

"Good lady," she said, trembling as she spoke, "the hour of doom has come. I am a slave to a new master, and that master has sent me to tell you that he wishes to see you."

"Who is he?" asked Ulin.

"I don't know, but I think he is Julian, the Scourge. His look is terrible. Upon his brow sits the thundercloud, and in his eye flashes the forked lightning!"

"Will he come up here?"

"He said so."

"I have no power to prevent him. Tell him I am weak and defenceless, and at his mercy."

The slave bowed and withdrew, and in a little while some one else came. A heavy footfall sounded without, and the door was slowly and carefully opened.

But, who is this? What spirit has thus appeared in the palace? A man had entered the chamber alone. He was youthful—not more than three or four-and-twenty—with kindly look, and of noble bearing. He was not larger of frame than common men; but the perfect symmetry of form, the exact correspondence of all the parts; the delicate rounding of the graceful outline, and the filling up of all points where sources of strength could be deposited, gave token of a power which might lead the careless observer to pronounce him a giant.

He gazed upon the beautiful maiden for some moments without speaking, seeming to drink in a new inspiration from her loveliness, as the student of nature does when some new and unexpected scene of grandeur bursts upon his vision.

"Fair lady," he said in softest tones, "permit me to hope that this intrusion may be pardoned. I would not give you pain, and if you have been alarmed, be assured that you have cause for it no more. Tell me how I may serve you."

He approached her as he spoke, and she, without hardly realizing what she did, arose and gave him her hand. If he had gazed upon her with admiration, her own feelings had not been entirely different. Her woman's instinct told her that here was a man whom she could trust; and her woman's heart beat with an emotion entirely new and strange.

"Noble sir," she said, meeting his gaze with the strength of perfect trustfulness, "Heaven has sent you to save me from the dread man who has made his way to this place. If you have the power to do it, you will lead me to bless you forevermore."

"Of what man do you speak?" asked the stranger, still holding her hands.

"I speak of him who is known as the Scourge of Damascus—of the terrible Julian."

The man was silent for a few moments, but he did not withdraw his gaze from the maiden's face.

"Sweet lady," he at length said, speaking very lowly and tenderly, "I am informed that the king of Damascus has sent you hither to keep you safely until he can make you his wife."

"He hath done so, sir."

"And yet it seems that he did not provide so wisely, after all. Would you wish to be carried to the king?"

"No, no, sir—not to the king. I would be carried to my father."

There could be no mistaking the character of the emotions under which the princess spoke. With all the king's power her hope was not in him. The stranger marked the changes of her countenance; and, while a warmer light shone in his handsome eyes, he resumed—

"I cannot say when you shall be returned to your father; but I can give you my solemn assurance that I can protect you. I will protect you from the hands of those whom you have cause to fear; and, at the same time, I will regard you as a sacred trust, to be respected and purely cherished. And now, lady, have I your confidence?"

He let go her hands, held until now, and when he had taken a seat not far from her, he continued:

"Lady Ulin, you have spoken of Julian, and I see that you fear him. Did you ever see him?"

Ulin shuddered as she answered in the negative.

"Did you ever hear his story?"

"No, sir. Albia has told me something, but not much."

"I can tell you the whole, if you would hear it."

"I should like to hear it, fair sir."

"Believe me, lady, when you have heard what I shall tell you, you will not regard Julian with so much of ab-

horrence. But of one thing I give you warning: In telling the story of Julian I must speak harsh words against your affianced husband."

"My affianced—husband?" repeated Ulin, with a troubled pause between her words.

"I mean Horam, King of Damascus," said the stranger, regarding the beautiful maiden as though he read her every thought.

"I am not keeper over the character of Horam. The truth, spoken in a true cause, will not offend me."

"Then, lady, let me first assure you that Julian is not the monster your fears have painted. He has never done wrong to any, save the powerful of Damascus. Go to the forests and mountains of Lebanon, and you shall find a thousand poor peasants whose families he has befriended. He has taken gold and jewels, and precious stuffs of silk and linen, from the stores of Horam; but he hath not made himself rich therefrom. He and his followers have lived, and beyond this the booty has been bestowed upon the poor and needy. Julian hath also waylaid and broken up caravans; and turned back many expeditions which the king had sent out. He may be just what hath been said—he may be the Scourge of Damascus, but he has no wish to trouble honest men. His aim has been, vengeance upon the king."

"And why should he seek such vengeance upon the king?" asked Ulin.

"I will tell you, lady. But for the king of Damascus Julian might be now one of the most free and happy men living; but as it is, he is a stranger and an outcast upon the face of the earth. He is a wanderer, without a home, and with only such friends as are bound to him in his adventurous and dangerous course. Once many years ago—he had parents and the prospect of life was bright before him; but in an unhappy hour the gloom and the darkness came. Horam, in wicked, jealous wrath, swept away all that was bright and promising from the path of Julian and shut out the star of hope forever. O, sweet lady, I dare not pain your ear with all that Horam did. Were I to tell you all, you would regard the king as such a monster that your heart would close against him, and your very soul would shrink at the sound of his name. As true as the heavens are above us, so true is it that the heart of Julian is not evil. When he looks back upon the utter desolation of his young life, and realizes that the king of Damascus malignantly and cruelly brought the curse upon him can you wonder that his soul is fraught with vengeance?"

"I never heard this story before," said Ulin, her voice trembling with deep emotion. "If it is true, as you have told me, I cannot blame Julian so much."

"And yet you fear him, lady?"

"I cannot help it. He hath come hither in battle array, and made war against me."

"Nay, nay, sweet lady. You do much mistake his intent. I can tell you why he came hither. He heard from a messenger whom he met upon the plains of Marthal, that a fair damsel was shut up here—a maiden whom the king intended to marry. It might have pleased him to deprive Horam of a wife; but it pleased him more to release a gentle lady from such enslavement. He knows what the king of Damascus has, ere this, done unto his wives. He has heard that the dark waters of the Pharpur are but a short span from the royal bed. And hence he came to set free one whom he feared might meet a worse fate than the encountering of the Scourge of Damascus. Did he commit a grievous sin in this, lady?"

"Indeed, sir, I know not what to say."

"Will you not see Julian? He do not shudder. I assure you that he will be most gentle in his bearing. But I know he would like to speak with you—he would hear from your own lips that you do not think him a monster; and he would also know your pleasure."

"When will he come?"

"Let it be tomorrow morning, lady. It is near evening now, and your rest shall not be disturbed. You may sleep as safely tonight as ever you slept upon your mother's bosom, and so shall you be safe while I am near you. You will see Julian in the morning?"

"You will come with him?"

"If you wish it, lady."

"I do wish it, for I feel that I am acquainted with you; and, furthermore, I have said that I would trust you."

"It shall be so."

And thus speaking the visitor arose, and moved towards the door. He turned, with his hand upon the latch, and added:

"I trust that your dreams may be sweet and pleasant. If dark phantoms come to your pillow they shall not be of Julian. There is another whom you have more cause to dread—one who, in hard and hoary age would feast upon the charms of your loveliness. Pardon me, for I go with a blessing breathed upon thee."

In a moment more the man was gone, and the door was closed behind him. Ulin gazed vacantly upon the spot where he had stood, until she felt a hand upon her shoulder. She started, and looked up; and it was only Albia.

"My dear mistress, is not this a strange adventure?"

"Very strange," replied the princess, casting her eyes to the floor, and then slowly raising them to that vacant spot.

"What do you think of the strange man?" the slave girl pursued, sitting down by her lady's side.

"What do you think of him?" said Ulin.

"I think he is very handsome. He is the most noble looking man I ever saw."

Ulin showed by her look that she was grateful for this answer. It pleased her, though she may not have known it.

"Such a man could not be a bad man," she said. "Deception cannot dwell in such a face."

"I should think not," returned Albia, to whom the remarks had been put in the form of questions.

"And what do you think of the story he told concerning the robber Julian?"

"I think he told us the truth, my lady. As he went on with the tale, I remembered that I had heard it just so before. He told us the truth."

"Then the king must be a hard, bad man, Albia?"

"I must not answer you lady. The king is to be your husband, and it is not well that you should urge me to speak against him."

"Indeed, girl, I asked you to do no such thing. I did not mean that you should speak against the king."

"Then you should have asked me no question touching his character. I would rather talk of this man who has just left us. I, who am only a poor slave, could love such a man."

Ulin lifted her hand to her heart, and pressed it there as though some new feeling had crept in to worry her, and, as she sat thus, one of her black slaves came in to see if she would like her supper.

"Not now, Calypso," said the princess, starting up. "You may bring me some grapes, and a few dates. But first, tell me what these strange men are doing. How many of them are there here?"

"Not more than a score of them are in the palace, my mistress, but there are thousands of them outside of the valley."

Ulin had no disposition to argue the point; so she asked what the robbers were doing.

"Albia," said the princess, after the black slave had gone, "I do not believe that Julian is such a terrible looking man, after all. What do you think?"

"I think," replied Albia, "that people have described him who never saw him, and that their fear-fraught imaginations drew the picture."

"So I think," returned Ulin. She gazed a few moments upon that old vacant spot, and then added: "I shall see him on the morrow, and I must say that the thought is not frightful. I feel assured that he means me no harm."

"Yet," ventured Albia, "it is a curious whim which should lead him to seek to release you from the hands of the king. But I don't know as we can wonder at it. Perhaps he thought you were some friendless girl who did not know—"

The princess motioned for her companion to stop.

"We will not talk of the king, Albia; and, touching this Julian, we shall know more when we see him."

(To be continued.)

COURTSHIP ENDED.

The Marriage of a Couple Stops Gossip in the East.

The end of the troubles of Miss Jennie Howell of Scranton, Pa., and Edward B. Dean of Hackensack, N. J., came when they were married. The courtship of Mr. Dean and Miss Howell was attended by unusual difficulties. The young couple met at Atlantic City last summer and were mutually attracted. Miss Dean was a woman of 31, and an invalid. Mr. Dean was a widower of 48, and each was well situated with regard to worldly goods. Mr. Dean frequently visited Miss Howell in Scranton, and a story was soon circulated that they were engaged. This was violently opposed by Miss Howell's brother, Franklin Howell, who instituted proceedings to have her declared a lunatic. How these proceedings finally collapsed in the face of the testimony of expert physicians from Philadelphia was told in the papers a short time ago. In answering the questions of the marriage license docket in court, Mr. Dean had placed on the records mention of the fact that he was divorced from his first wife in Cameron county in December, 1879, and his second wife died on March 17, 1900.

Cork Industrial Exhibition.

The Cork Industrial exhibition, which is to be held next year, has not only been supported by substantial subscriptions from both Cork and Dublin, but it has now been given the support of the Irish department of agriculture and technical instruction, of which Mr. Horace Plunkett is president. The department, it is announced, has allocated a sum of £5,000 for the purpose of the exhibition, subject to the general scheme being approved by the department. A portion of the sum will be devoted by the department to the organization of an exhibit of products, appliances, and processes relating to industries, which are capable of being introduced into Ireland, or when already established, or being developed.

To get people interested in you, you have got to make them think you are interested in them.

The highest reach of human science is the scientific recognition of human ignorance.—William Hamilton.

GREAT NEED OF STUDY

IN ORDER TO UNDERSTAND RECIPROCIITY QUESTION.

Shall We Increase Prosperity by Diminishing the Employment of Domestic Labor Through Larger Purchases of Foreign Made Goods?

According to a recent interview in the Boston Transcript Senator Cullom of Illinois is among the fresh devotees of the policy of tinkering the tariff schedules by means of special trade treaties. He is quoted as being firmly convinced that our foreign markets are threatened and that there is danger of an alliance of European countries to resist the inroads of American trade through the imposition of retaliatory duties upon American exports. Thus we see one more timid soul frightened into fits by the bugbear which certain interests are so industriously exploiting for the purpose of extending their own export trade at the expense of anybody and everybody except themselves. Senator Cullom easily drops into free trade dialect when he says:

"If we build a wall around our markets the Europeans say we can hardly complain if they follow our example. And that is the situation. It is a simple business proposition that as business men, or as a business nation, we should be on the alert. In danger of losing our markets, we must see what can be done."

Frequent mention of that "Chinese wall" by the enemies of protection has made it a very familiar figure of speech. It has also become a very absurd figure of speech in view of the fact that we are sending out more exports than any other nation on earth, and are taking in of competitive imports all that we ought to take, and more, too. It is our zealous new convert who can be relied upon to swallow a doctrine without a qualm. The old stagers don't have so much to say about the "Chinese wall" as they used to.

So far as the senior senator from Illinois has gone in his study of the problem of increasing domestic prosperity by decreasing the employment of domestic labor he is of the opinion that:

"Probably much of the difficulty can be met by reciprocity. It is a case of give and take. We get lower duties on certain of our goods going to other countries, and they are permitted, in return, to send certain goods here without paying such a high tariff. While this has been our avowed policy, we have not lived up to it consistently. Our State Department has negotiated a number of treaties providing for reciprocal reductions, and then the senate has proceeded to ignore them. To foreign nations this looks like bad faith. In my opinion it behooves the Senate to take up these treaties and give them serious consideration. They should be viewed and voted upon from the standpoint of the whole country's welfare, and not simply from supposed local self-interest. I have been giving the subject some special study this spring and will do my part to press it on the attention of Congress next winter."

Senator Cullom should persevere in his special study of the subject. Special study is precisely what is needed. Close application for the next six months may enable him to arrive at a sound conclusion regarding the very important question. What industries shall we sacrifice through diminished protection in order that some of the Illinois senator's influential constituents may increase their exports of machinery and agricultural implements? This question will have to be answered when the reciprocity treaties come up again next winter, and Senator Cullom will need all the special study he can spare to the subject if he shall be prepared with a wise and an intelligent solution.

FOREIGN CHAMPAGNES.

Americans Buy Them to the Extent of About \$15,000,000 a Year.

Statistics of the Treasury Department show that in the twelve months ending April 1, 1901, 3,873,420 bottles of champagne were imported into this country. At an average of \$3.50 per bottle this would mean an expenditure of \$13,606,970 for imported sparkling wines. Allowing for the lower price of wines bought by the case, the total would still be considerably in excess of \$10,000,000. Out of the 20,608,251 bottles of champagne exported from France in the past twelve months, at least 3,000,000 bottles came to this country. It thus appears that close upon three-fourths of our imported champagnes come from France and that about one-sixth of the entire French product of champagne finds a market in the United States. Add to this our consumption of French still wines, brandies, liqueurs, etc., and it will be seen that Americans are users of French beverages of the value of fully \$12,000,000 a year.

This is a large sum of money to pay for foreign drink products that for the most part are of no better quality than those made in this country. The standard brands of American champagne, for example, are made after the French formula and process, and are in every respect equal to the French champagne, though selling for only about half the price. It is probable that not one per cent of American champagne drinkers have ever given a fair trial to the really fine champagnes of the leading American producers. Therefore it may be said that ignorance as well as prejudice is at the bottom of this folly of spending ten or fifteen million dol-

lars a year for foreign wines that are no better than, often not as good as, the wines of American production. If Americans were better informed as to the real quality and merit of their domestic wines they would drink more of them and less of the imported wines. Keeping at home the \$10,000,000 or more spent every year for French champagnes would be of vast benefit to the growers of grapes and the laborers in vineyards and wine cellars. Al like as a gastronomic and an economic proposition there is much force in the plea for a larger consumption of domestic wines.

A Pleading Guest.

For the first few months after the election of President McKinley in 1896 on the protection and prosperity platform we heard frequent inquiries on the part of the enemy as to why prosperity was lagging so long behind its advance agent. Facetious suggestions were made in respect to the advisability of inserting in the newspapers a "lost, strayed or stolen" notice for General Prosperity. Those scintillating free-trade witticisms no longer shine forth to dazzle a long suffering public. It has been many a day since any free-trader cared to assert that prosperity had not come in with protection. Now, instead of making facetious inquiries as to the whereabouts of General Prosperity, the free-traders devote themselves to claiming that the formerly much praised General Prosperity is an unattractive gentleman of protruding stomach, who appeals to men's appetites instead of to their hearts and brains. The great majority of the people of the country, however, have found him to be a very pleasing guest and are more than willing to entertain him for an indefinite period. Four years more are already arranged for, and at the end of that time the invitation will, without doubt, be renewed.

THE MAN WHO WORKS.



Free-Trade and Lost Trade.

President Robertson, of the British Chamber of Commerce, said, in a recent speech, that the reason for the decline which had come in British trade with the United States, France and Germany was to be found in the protective policy which was in force in each of those three countries; and he prophesied that the time would surely come when Great Britain would be obliged to follow the example set by the countries referred to and enact a protective tariff law. British free-trade sentiment is evidently accompanying British trade in its decline. No nation is willing to play a losing game forever, and Cobdenism has been a losing game for Great Britain for many a day. That it was not a losing game from the beginning was due solely to the fact that Great Britain had, under her former policy of protection, made herself greatly superior in industrial resources to all other countries. That, in spite of the great industrial advantage which England possessed when she adopted Cobden's economic theories, she has so soon fallen behind in the race for commerce is one of the most serious indictments against the policy of free-trade which could possibly be made.

Thoroughly Discredited.

The tariff duties per capita last year amounted to but \$3.01. Even if the tariff tax were a tax on the consumer, which it has been conclusively proved not to be, in the vast majority of cases, this would be a small amount to pay for the inestimable benefits, for the unparalleled prosperity which the people of this country have enjoyed under the Dingley law. We have a surplus instead of a deficit, and that, too, in time of war. American factories have been crowded with orders, labor has been everywhere employed at high wages, and the supply of men at work has fallen short of the demand for workmen. An immense balance of trade has been rolled up in our favor, the United States has been changed from a debtor nation into a creditor nation, and New York has been made the financial center of the world. The old-time and well-known free trade cry about the "burden" which a protective tariff lays upon the people of this country has never been more thoroughly discredited than it is today.

Solidly Based.

If general business conditions had been rotten or unsound the recent Wall street panic would have spread everywhere and convulsed the country. The fact that it did not shows that McKinley prosperity is very solidly based.—Indianapolis Journal.

Some Lamb-Feeding Experiments.

The facts resulting from the lamb feeding experiment at the Wyoming Experiment Station are here reported in brief. The principal objects sought in the undertaking were to make a comparison of the feeding value of alfalfa with that of native hay and to determine the cost of feeding lambs for market under the conditions prevalent on the Laramie plains and in other parts of the state.

In December when the experiment was authorized good average lambs, such as were most desirable for the work, could not be secured and it was found necessary to select the one hundred made use of from a bunch of culls. After a week of preliminary feeding, the lambs were divided into two sets equal in number and as nearly so as possible in weight and quality. The experiment began December 28th, and continued for a period of ninety-five days, closing April 2. The two lots had a limited amount of corn and all the hay they would eat. The lambs were slaughtered and consumed in the home market. The butchers were highly pleased with the way they cut up and especially well satisfied with the demand for them. The meat was of excellent quality. The people of Laramie consider it the best mutton ever placed on sale in this market. The following is an extract from the summary:

Native Alfalfa		Hay	
Hay eaten daily per head...	1.08	1.15	
Grain eaten daily per head...	.80	.30	
Total food consumed daily per head...	1.88	2.25	
Hay consumed for 100 lbs. gain...	420	460	
Grain consumed for 100 lbs. gain (corn and oil cake)...	217	248	
Gains—			
Average weight per head at the beginning of the experiment...	48.2	47.1	
Average weight per head at the close of the experiment...	72.3	77.9	
Average gain per head in 95 days...	24.1	30.8	
Average daily gain per head...	.253	.324	
Values—			
Value of food eaten per 100 lbs. gain...	\$4.31	\$3.76	
Selling price...	\$4.25	\$4.65	
Profit per 100 lbs. gain on food consumed...	.34	.89	

It will be seen that the lambs fed alfalfa ate the more hay, made the larger gains and returned a higher profit. In the above calculations both kinds of hay were estimated at \$6.00 per ton and corn at 90 cents per hundred pounds.

During the latter half of December good lambs for feeding were worth \$4.50 to \$5.00 per 100 pounds on the Chicago market. At these prices the market value of the lambs at the beginning of the experiment would not have exceeded \$2.00 per head. Averaging both sets the feed eaten cost \$1.13 per head. The selling price at \$4.65 per hundred brought \$3.33 per head, leaving the small net profit of 25 cents per head and this after allowing \$6.00 per ton for all hay fed and 90 cents per hundred for the corn. In large quantities both hay and corn could have been purchased at considerable lower prices. Taking the results given above as a basis of calculation a farmer, by purchasing grain and feeding lambs, may secure a return of \$11.05 per ton for alfalfa hay and \$10.38 per ton for native hay.—Luther Foster.

Stockmen and Oleo Oil.

In 1899 there were slaughtered in this country 5,000,000 head of cattle. During the same year 24,000,000 pounds of oleo oil made from the fat of these cattle were used in oleomargarine made in the United States. At 9 cents per pound the oleo oil was worth \$2,100,000. Divided among 5,000,000 head of cattle it amounts to 43 cents per head as oleo oil. Sold at half-price as tallow, for which there is unlimited demand, it is worth 21.2 cents per head. Wipe out oleomargarine altogether in this country and sell the fat as tallow (the Groat bill would only wipe out the illegally colored article at best) and it would mean a loss of but 21.2 cents per head on cattle worth on an average of about \$60 per head. How absurd to think of stockmen feeling this infinitely small item!—C. Y. Knight.

From market centers it is reported that the storage of butter is going on rapidly, and that at the present time the amount in the cold storage plants east and west is fully up to that of previous years. Just what the relative amount will be it is very difficult to estimate, as a good many new men are going into the business of storing butter. Some of these men reside in the smaller cities and are storing their butter there. How deeply they will speculate remains to be found out by the actual fact. They will doubtless draw away from the larger cities much of the stock that has been going thither, or, rather, they will prevent the supplies from reaching the great market centers at all. This movement was inevitable. Hitherto, from the vicinity of the smaller cities, the butter has paid freight to the big cities, been stored there for months and then paid freight again back to the smaller cities to be consumed. This extra freight could but act as a factor in developing the storage idea in the smaller cities. The movement will further develop till innumerable small places will have their own storage plants. This will be helped by the increase of storage facilities for tubers and for fruits.

If there was ever a time when the farmer should be a student that time is now. The whole system of supply and demand is rapidly changing, and the man that does not study the new conditions is sure to be cast aside by the logic of events. He may indeed die before he feels the adverse influence very heavily, but death is the only escape for him.

Sprinkle flour of sulphur in nests of sitting and laying hens.

An innocent plowman is more worthy than a vicious prince.