

The Scourge of Damascus

A Story of
the East...

By
SYLVANUS
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CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

"I hope you have rested well," said the chief, approaching the princess. "I have slept, sir," she replied, trembling as she looked into his dark face.

"Then you are ready to resume your saddle. We will ride before the heat of the noonday sun is upon us." "You will not claim us for companions further, I trust."

"Only while our roads lay together, lady. Surely you cannot object to that."

"But I wish to go to the bank of the Phaphar."

"Just as I expected; so I shall not be disappointed. Your horses are ready. I will have them brought this way."

The guard had already been placed upon a horse, and Ulin saw them binding him to a saddle. What did this mean?

Hardly knowing what she did, Ulin suffered herself to be lifted into the saddle; and in a few moments more Albia was by her side.

"Why have you bound Shubal to his seat?" she asked.

"That he may ride safely. He is a bungling fellow, and might tumble off if he were not secured. But don't let that worry you."

CHAPTER XVI.

The Strange Horseman.

At this moment the guard came near to the place where his mistress sat, his horse having moved of his own accord, and as she turned towards him he spoke to her:

"My dear good lady, they lie to you when they tell you that they mean you no harm. I have heard them talk and I know their plans. We are all to be sold into slavery in the kingdom beyond the Syrian desert!"

"Mercy!" cried Ulin, turning pale as death and clasping her hands in agony. "O, my dream! my dream!"

"Easy, fair lady," said Al Abbas. "This black rascal knows not what he says. I allowed him to speak so that I might see how his mind ran."

"It is false," exclaimed Shubal. "I heard them lay the plan. You, my mistress, are to be sold for a—"

The guard's speech was stopped by two of the robbers, who threw him back upon his horse, and stopped his mouth with their hands.

"Sir robber," cried Ulin, stretching her hands out towards him, "deceive me no more. I think my poor slave has told me the truth."

"A pest upon the slave, lady! His tongue shall come out by the roots if he speaks again without my leave. Stick to your saddle, and keep up your courage."

As the Arab spoke he leaped upon the back of his horse, and ere the princess could ask another question, the party was upon the move, the order of arrangements being the same as before.

"We are not going towards the Phaphar," said Ulin. "No," replied Albia. "We are going the other way."

"Then Shubal told us the truth."

"Alas, dear mistress, I dare not say."

"But you think so?"

"I cannot deny it."

"And you thought so before you heard Shubal speak?"

"I feared something of the kind."

Al Abbas overheard the girls as they thus conversed, and he was presently by their side.

"Lady Ulin," he said, and he spoke sternly and sharply; "you are now on the move, and when you stop again it will be far away from Damascus. I owe something to the officers of that city, and I will repay a part of the debt by taking you away from them. You are to go just as far as I please to take you; and the more quietly you go the better it will be for you; so you had better begin to accommodate yourself to the circumstances."

He rode back to his place and Ulin grasped the bow of her saddle for support.

"Courage," said Albia, riding as near as she could. "There may be some way to escape. The good spirits will not desert us."

The princess heard the words, and they had a marked effect upon her. She had naturally a strong resolution, and when she was once resolved to bear up, her strength was not long in coming to her assistance. On the present occasion she knew that she had heard the worst. In fact, she had reason to believe that her captor meant for her the most dreadful fate to which one in her station could be subjected. For a while she was completely stunned by the fearful blow; but as she came to reason with herself, she saw that her only hope was in escape. The Arabs were low, brutal and sordid, and would sell her for gold. She could read in their evil faces that they were not to be touched by sympathy. What then could she do? She must get away from them. And if this was to be done she must summon all her energies to the work.

But, alas! the case looked hopeless enough; what could two weak girls do against such odds? Only some interposition beyond their own efforts could save them. So, after all, if help was to come, it must come from some unknown source. And could such help be found? If fervent prayers could

be answered, and if the most holy need could be met, it might be hoped for.

At the end of some two or three hours the party came to a thick grove of palms; near which was a spring, and here they stopped just long enough to water the horses. They had started on again, and were at some little distance from the grove, when one of the Arabs who rode in the rear, came forward and informed his leader that a horseman was following them.

Al Abbas looked back and saw that the stranger was a black, and that he rode a swift and powerful horse.

"He wishes to overtake us," said the fellow who had come from the rear.

"Then he must ride for it," returned the chief. "I cannot stop. I wonder where he came from."

"When I first saw him, he seemed to have just emerged from the grove."

In a short time the strange horseman had come so near that the light of his eyes could be seen, and Al Abbas saw that he must soon overtake them; so he concluded to drop behind and find out what was wanted, evidently desiring that the men should not see what manner of prizes he had in charge, at least until his character was known. The robbers were directed to slacken their speed a little, but to keep on their course, and having given this order, the chief turned his horse's head and rode back; and ere long he was within speaking distance of the stranger, who proved to be a stout, well-made man, with a face as black as night.

"Hullo!" cried Al Abbas, reining in his horse. "Who are you?"

"I am king of this plain," replied the African, at the same time reining in his own horse; "and I have come out to see who thus trespasses upon my domain. Who are you?"

The Arab hesitated in his answer, as he supposed the black must be crazy.

"Who are you, and what sort of company do you lead?" cried the African.

"I lead my own company; and if you want anything, come and get it," answered the Arab.

"I want nothing but to know who you are; and the next time you come this way, be sure and stop again at the grove of the date-palms. I will have a banquet prepared for you."

Thus speaking, the stranger wheeled his horse in a broad circle, and started back towards the place whence he had come.

Al Abbas rode back to his party, and when they asked him what manner of man he had met, he replied that it was only a poor crazy fool, who imagined that he owned the broad plain upon which they were traveling.

"He is upon which capturing," suggested one of the robbers.

"We could not capture him if we would," said the chief. "He rides a better horse than we own."

While the Arabs were gazing back after the retiring horseman Albia drew close to the side of her mistress and spoke, quickly and excitedly:

"Did you recognize him?"

"Whom?"

"The crazy man who followed us."

"No."

"It was Osmir!"

"Osmir!"

"Hush! Not a word. As sure as I live it was Osmir; and be assured we have help at hand."

"But he has gone."

"Aye, for he only came out to see who we were. Be sure he has recognized us."

Ulin felt her heart bound up with springing hope; and her next prayer was uttered with returning faith in heaven's protecting power.

CHAPTER XVII.

By the Banks of the Phaphar.

Half an hour after Al Abbas had resumed his place at the head of his troop, the same robber who had before come from the rear, again rode to the front, this time bringing intelligence that a number of horsemen were pursuing them. The chief drew his horse aside and looked back, and saw four men coming. They were well mounted, and seemed to be in hot pursuit.

"There is something more than accident in this," said Al Abbas. "The fellow is with them who followed us before."

"Two of those men are white," remarked the robber who had ridden up from the rear. "What can they want of us?"

"Never mind," returned the chief. "If they want us, let them catch us. And if, beyond that, they want more, let them make their wants known."

Thus speaking, the Arab leader resumed his place, and urged his horses forward with increasing speed. Ever and anon he cast his eyes behind him, and it was long evident that the strangers were rapidly gaining upon him.

"We may as well stop now as at any time," said Al Abbas, addressing the man who rode by his side. "I will halt and ascertain what these fellows want. It is about time our horses had a breathing spell."

At a simple order from their chief, the Arabs wheeled their horses in a circle, bringing up in line, facing their pursuers, with their prisoners in the rear.

"Who are you that thus pursues and stops me?" demanded Al Abbas.

"I am Julian, the Scourge of Damascus!" replied the foremost of the opposite party.

At the sound of that name the Arab trembled, for he knew that no king's officer had been more persistent in driving petty robbers from the plains of Damascus than had Julian. But presently he recovered himself, seeming to think that, were the man's assertion true, the opposing force was not strong enough to be feared.

"If you be Julian," he cried, "you have come forth with a small retinue. But what seek you?"

"I have come to take from you those prisoners that you hold. Deliver them up to me, and I will trouble you no more."

"And suppose that I should refuse to do any such thing?"

"Then I should be forced to take them from you. As I address you, I recognize who you are. If I am not greatly mistaken, you are Al Abbas, the Arab—a villain who lives by robbing women and old men."

"Now, by the blood of Cuth!" exclaimed Al Abbas, drawing his sword and urging his horse forward, "I'll make you feel another thing the Arab robber can do! What, ho, my men! Down with these rascals!"

In a moment the Arabs were ready for action, and hurried forward to strike with their leader.

As soon as Shubal found his guard gone, he called to Albia to come and set him free.

"Cut these cords," he cried, "and I may be of some help in this affair. Merciful heaven, is not this the work of a good spirit?"

The bondmaid was not long in setting him free from his saddle, and as soon as he was clear he sprang forward to where the ring of clashing steel had already broken upon the air.

With something like a smile of disdain upon his handsome features did Julian behold the approach of the Arabs, while Hobaddan, who sat close by his side, looked grim and stern.

Osmir and Selim drew to the front as the token of battle was given, and their cool, determined bearing, plainly showed that they were foemen not to be despised. Al Abbas rode directly for the youthful chieftain, with his sword ready for the stroke; but he had mistaken his man, if he thought to touch any vulnerable point. Julian knocked his weapon up, and quickly drove him from his horse; and then, seeking to make quick work of it, and feeling no great sympathy for woman-stealers, he simply rode the Arab leader down, cleaving open his head as he fell.

Shubal was close at hand when Al Abbas dropped, and quickly as possible he possessed himself of the fallen man's sword, and was just in season to join in the conflict as three of the Arabs had attacked Julian. The young chieftain struck down one of them by a winding blow across the bare neck, but he might have had severe work with the other two had not help arrived; for the rascals were strong, and the death of their leader had given them new impulse to conquer. It was not the impulse of revenge. No, no. The death of Al Abbas left more gold for those who survived. But the unexpected arrival of the freed slave upon the scene gave a new turn to the tide. One of the Arabs he struck down from behind, and the other one alone proved no match for the stalwart chieftain.

In the meantime Hobaddan, with Osmir and Selim, had disposed of the others. Two they had slain, and two had taken to flight.

(To be continued.)

BROKE BLAINE'S BOOM.

Ex-Governor Newell's Medical Opinion Turned Jersey Delegates.

Friends of the late William A. Newell, once Governor of New Jersey, have recalled an old story in which he figures as the rock upon which the Presidential hopes of James G. Blaine were wrecked in 1876. The ex-Governor, who was a physician as well as a politician, was a delegate to the Republican national convention in that year, and he was prominent among those members of the New Jersey delegation who favored Mr. Blaine's nomination. While the struggle for the various aspirants was in progress, the news came that Mr. Blaine had been stricken with what was variously described as apoplexy and sunstroke. This event was eagerly seized upon by the two or three Jersey delegates who favored Mr. Conkling, and these, hearing that Dr. Newell had expressed a fear that the effects of such a "stroke" as Mr. Blaine had suffered might seriously and permanently affect his mental faculties, saw an opportunity, as they thought, to help their candidate. They secured a conference of the delegation, and, when it had met, they called upon the ex-Governor to give his opinion, as a medical man, as to whether, in the circumstances, it would be prudent to nominate the Maine statesman. The answer, given with extreme reluctance and regret, and of course entirely sincere, was in the negative. Mr. Blaine's hold upon the New Jersey delegates was immediately broken, but their votes ultimately went, not to Mr. Conkling, but to Mr. Hayes. Those who like to ascribe great effects to small causes saw at the time, in the inaccurate, long-distance diagnosis of Dr. Newell the explanation of Mr. Blaine's failure to reach the Presidency, for they say that, though he was defeated in 1884, if he had been nominated in 1876 he would have been elected.—New York Times.

The man who is imprisoned for life no longer dreads being found out.

THE NEW PRESIDENT

Theodore Roosevelt Is Now the Nation's Chief Magistrate.

By the death of William McKinley at the hands of the assassin Czolgosz, Theodore Roosevelt, the Vice-President, becomes President of the United States.

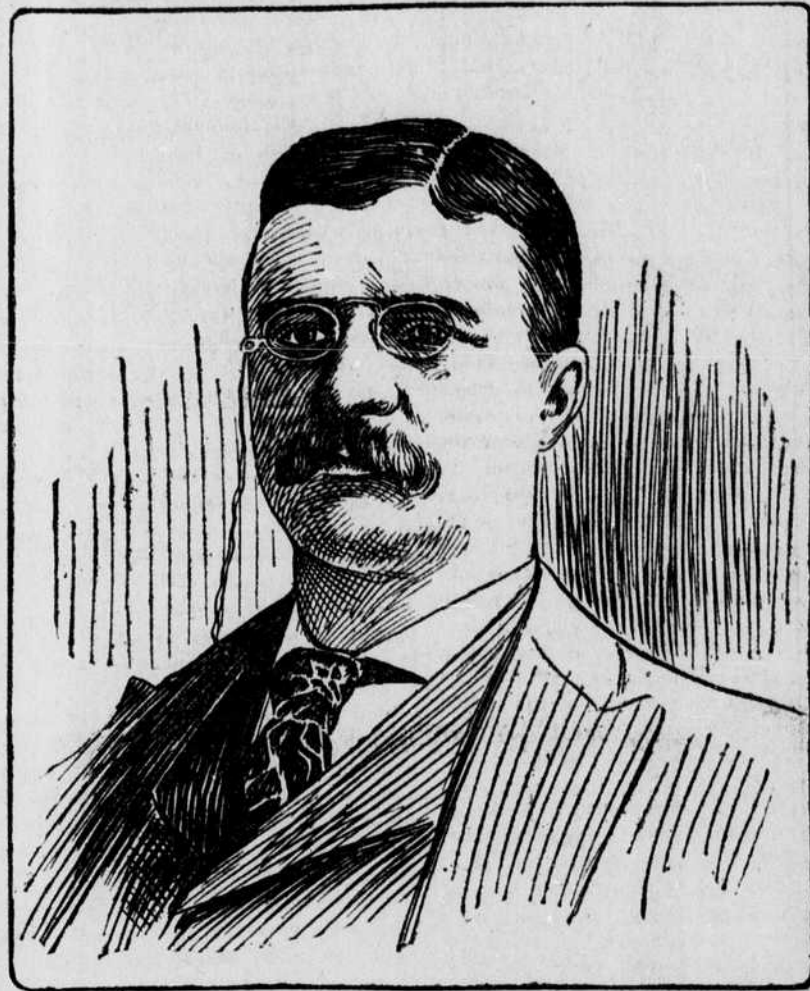
Theodore Roosevelt was born in New York City October 27, 1858, of Dutch and Scotch-Irish ancestry. By all laws of heredity he is a natural leader, as his ancestry on both his father's and his mother's side, who trace back beyond revolutionary days, were conspicuous by reason of their quality. His father was Theodore

among those who did not regard Mr. Blaine as the most available candidate of the party, but after the latter's nomination Mr. Roosevelt gave him his hearty support, and in the face of the remarkable defection in New York at that time.

In the National Civil Service.

In May, 1899, President Harrison appointed him civil service commissioner, and he served as president of the board until May, 1896. During his incumbency he was untiring in his efforts to apply the civil service principles.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.



Roosevelt, after whom he was named, and his mother, whose given name was Martha, was the daughter of James and Martha Bulloch of Georgia.

Education at Home.

Young Roosevelt was primarily educated at home under private teachers, after which he entered Harvard, graduating in 1880. Those qualities of aggressiveness which have marked his more recent years of public life were present with him in college, and he was a conspicuous figure among his fellows.

It was an interesting period in the history of the party and the nation, and young Roosevelt entered upon the political field with eagerness and energy. The purification of political and official life had been for some time an

principles of merit and capacity to all executive departments. As a result of this zeal the country was shown the first practical application of the rules to civil government.

Civil Service Reformer.

He proved that unflinching civil-service reform was not only consistent with party loyalty, but in the highest degree was necessary to party service. None doubted the reformer's Republicanism, but it was not an easy task. Judgment, tact, honesty, energy, and a certain sturdy pugnacity were necessary to the accomplishment of his purpose. Every detail of the system was opened to carping criticism and to hostile attack. The administration itself was only friendly to the movement. Not only had politicians to be kept out of places, but competent servitors had to be provided.

In the Police Commission.

As president of the civil-service commission Mr. Roosevelt resigned in May, 1895, to become president of the New York board of police commissioners. Legislative investigation had shown the corruption in that body, and to this field he turned with a new zest. An uncompromising enforcement of law was his policy. It brought criticism and vituperation upon him, but he persisted. Honest methods in the police department were forced, and civil-service principles were embodied into the system of appointments and promotions. Sunday closing of saloons became a fact, and a seemingly observance of the day was insisted upon.

Navy's Assistant Secretary.

In April, 1897, Mr. Roosevelt was nominated by President McKinley to be assistant secretary of the navy. He pushed repairs on the ships and worked with might and main, forcing a conflict with Spain. He left nothing undone to secure the highest efficiency in the navy.

On May 6, 1898, Mr. Roosevelt resigned this place to muster in a cavalry regiment for the Spanish war. Life in the west had made this a fitting ambition. As a hunter of big game, used to the saddle and the camp and an unerring shot with rifle and



ROOSEVELT'S COTTAGE AT OYSTER BAY, L. I.

revolver, the country recognized in him the making of a dashing cavalry leader. He had experienced military duty in the New York National Guard in the '80s. Col. Wood was put in command of the Rough Riders; Mr. Roosevelt was lieutenant colonel. On

June 15 the regiment sailed to join Gen. Shafter in Cuba.

With the Rough Riders.

From the time of landing until the fall of Santiago the Rough Riders were giant figures in the campaign. Their work reached a climax on July 1, when Lieut.-Col. Roosevelt led the regiment in the desperate charge up San Juan hill. He had shared all the hardships of his men, and when he broke the red tape of discipline to complain of Gen. Shafter's camp and its dangers from disease the army was with him and the war department listened to his judgment. On July 11 he was commissioned a colonel of volunteers.

Elected Governor of New York.

Scarcely two months later the new military hero was nominated for governor of New York. In the convention he received 753 votes, against the 218 cast for Gov. Frank S. Black.

Col. Roosevelt entered into the campaign with characteristic energy. Men of all parties supported him and he was elected by a plurality of more than 18,000. His administration was very satisfactory to his state.

As reformer, official, military leader and state executive, he has carried his earnest dashing personality into it all.

As a Writer.

As a writer of outing papers his varied experiences on the trail have served him well. In biography, his life of Thomas H. Benton and of Gouverneur Morris have been praised. Essays and papers dealing with political life have added to this reputation. Of his latest work, "The Rough Riders" has been pointed to as "one of the most thrilling pieces of military history produced in recent years."

When his name was first proposed for the vice presidency, Mr. Roosevelt declined the honor, preferring to remain governor. He finally consented, after much pressure.

Mr. Roosevelt's Family.

Mr. Roosevelt has been married twice. His first wife was Miss Alice Lee of Boston; the second, Miss Edith Carow of New York. He is the father of six children, ranging from 16 to 3 years of age.

His domestic life is ideal. Whether ensconced in winter quarters at Albany or New York, or at the famous Roosevelt home at Oyster Bay on Long Island, he is an indulgent father and romps with his children with as much zest as the youngest of them. The youngsters are known as the Roosevelt half-dozen, and all reflect in some manner the paternal characteristic.

All Bright Children.

The oldest girl is Alice, tall, dark and serious looking. She rides her father's Cuban campaign horse with fearlessness and grace. The next olive branch is Theodore, Jr., or "Young Teddy," the idol of his father's heart and a genuine chip of the old block. Young "Teddy" owns a shot gun and dreams of some day shooting bigger game than his father ever did. He also rides a pony of his own.

Alice, the eldest girl, is nearly 16. She is the only child by the first Mrs. Roosevelt. "Young Teddy," the pres-



ALICE ROOSEVELT.

ent Mrs. Roosevelt's oldest child, is 13. Then there are Kermit, 11; Ethel, 9; Archibald, 6, and Quentin, 3.

Shallow Lakes for Fish.

Prof. Marsh of Wisconsin, in speaking recently of the peculiarities of Lake Winnebago, said that it is remarkable for its shallowness. Although it is about twenty-eight miles in width, it has a depth of only twenty-five feet. This is due to the fact that the lake's outlet is constantly deepening and that its inlet is gradually filling its bottom with a sandy or earthy deposit. But Winnebago's shallowness makes it remarkably rich in fish; indeed, it is one of the most productive known. Shallow lakes always have more fish than deep ones, chiefly, perhaps, because there is more vegetation on the bottom of the shallow one. Vegetation does not flourish in deep water.

An Alphabetical Advertisement.

This alphabetical advertisement appeared in the London Times in 1842: To widowers and single gentlemen.—Wanted by a lady, a situation to superintend the household and preside at table. She is Agreeable, Becoming, Careful, Desirable, English, Facetious, Generous, Honest, Industrious, Judicious, Keen, Lively, Merry, Natty, Obedient, Philosophic, Quiet, Regular, Sociable, Tasteful, Useful, Vivacious, Womanish, Xantippish, Youthful, Zealous, etc. Address X. Y. Z., Simmonds' Library, Edgware-road.