

The Scourge of Damascus

A Story of the East...

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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 Ezzabel, 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 Ezzabel, "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, "Ezzabel 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 Ezzabel—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 Ezzabel; 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 hand. 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 deced 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."

"Sellim 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 lustrous 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 Ezzabel 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 Ezzabel, quickly.

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

"I hardly think it is that. Something beside 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 thought."

At noon Julian did not appear when the rest ate their dinner. He was out by the river. Late in the afternoon Ulin met Ezzabel 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, "Ezzabel tells me you are going away."

"Yes, lady," Julian replied, rising as he 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 Lycanias, 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 abiding 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 Pomposity.

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 unbusinesslike; 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."

THE ASSASSIN HEARS DOOM

Leon Czolgosz Is Sentenced to Die in Electric Chair.

SAYS HE HAD NO ACCOMPLICES.

Murderer of McKinley Tells Judge No One Else Was in Plot—Dramatic Scene in Court—Falters While Making His Statements to Judge.

History of the Trial.

Monday, Sept. 16.—Czolgosz arraigned in court before Judge White, charged with the murder of President McKinley on Sept. 7. He refused to answer the indictment.

Monday, Sept. 23.—Czolgosz placed on trial. Pleaded guilty to charge. Plea not accepted and trial proceeds.

Tuesday, Sept. 24.—Czolgosz is found guilty as charged.

Thursday, Sept. 26.—Judge White, who presided at trial, sentences prisoner to be put to death in the electric chair at Auburn prison, sometime during the week beginning October 28.

Czolgosz Receives Sentence.

Czolgosz was sentenced to death by Justice Truman C. White in the Supreme court at Buffalo Thursday

afternoon. The assassin took advantage of the opportunity to speak, but he confined himself to taking upon his own shoulders the blame for the great crime of having murdered the president of the United States. He advanced no reason in justification of his monstrous deed. Not a word did he utter of anarchy, of his enmity to government or of the motives which prompted him to the commission of his crime.

He did not need the proffered aid, but straightened himself up of his own effort. It was with a feeling of relief that the assassin heard the words, "Remove the prisoner," pronounced by Judge White. He heaved a great sigh as he was manacled and was led away.

Tells of His Life.

"Stand up, Czolgosz, please," said Mr. Penny, turning to the prisoner. Nudged by bailiffs, the prisoner stood up, the center of all attention in the crowded room.

In answer to questions put by Mr. Penny, Czolgosz said under oath that he was born in Detroit, that he was educated in the common and church schools, that he had been a Catholic, that he was a laborer, and that he had lived in Cleveland and in Buffalo.

The court clerk then asked the question for which all had been awaiting. Judge Titus asked that the prisoner be permitted to make a statement in exculpation of his act.

Czolgosz leaned heavily on a chair. He then spoke, saying he alone committed the crime. No one had anything to do with his crime but himself, he said.

Judge White—"Before the passing of sentence you may speak on two subjects. First, you can claim that you are insane; second, that you have good cause to offer that judgment should



BRINGING CZOLGOSZ INTO COURT FOR SENTENCE. FROM A SKETCH MADE IN COURT.

not be pronounced against you; third, that you wish a new trial.

Given Liberty to Speak.

"These are the grounds specified by statute. You are now at liberty to speak."

Czolgosz—"I have nothing to say on those things."

Judge Titus then consulted the prisoner.

Judge Titus—"I think he ought to be permitted to make a statement in exculpation of his family, your honor."

Judge White—"The defendant may speak in exculpation of his father and brothers and sisters. If that is what he means to do it is proper."

Says He Did It Alone.

Czolgosz—"No other person had anything to do with it. No other person knew of this but myself; my father

afternoon. The assassin took advantage of the opportunity to speak, but he confined himself to taking upon his own shoulders the blame for the great crime of having murdered the president of the United States. He advanced no reason in justification of his monstrous deed. Not a word did he utter of anarchy, of his enmity to government or of the motives which prompted him to the commission of his crime.

Hall Cleared By Police.

Greater crowds gathered for the sentencing of the assassin than came for any one session of the trial itself. Before 12:30 p. m. a crowd had gathered in the corridor in front of Justice White's court room. By 1 p. m. the corridor was jammed. Capt. Regan then appeared on the stairs with a squad of 100 uniformed officers and cleared the hall. It was a case of first come first served after a line was formed, and the tickets of admission issued for the trial were worthless. It took less than ten minutes for the single file to fill the court room and then the doors were closed to be opened only upon the arrival of officials, counsel and others connected with the day's proceedings.

Dramatic Scene in Court.

In a hush that was like the silence of death Justice White pronounced the prisoner's doom. Physically tottering under the ordeal, but sustaining himself by sheer force of nerve, the murderer heard the words of death pronounced, was shackled and quietly submitted to be led away.

In no brazen fashion did the prisoner face the court. Swaying from side to side, boyish looking, trembling with nervousness, but held up by nerve, he stood leaning on the chair in front of him.

Falters in His Words.

Falteringly, hesitatingly, he spoke, after having been asked each question several times. He acted almost as if the words were being wrung out of him, it took him so long to find utterance, and he spoke so rapidly when the first word left his lips in response to a question.

His voice was hardly heard ten feet away, although every ear in the great court room was strained to catch the slightest sound from his lips.

His face paled at no time during the proceedings. It was flushed with the emotion it was costing him so much strength to master. As the preliminary to the pronouncing of sentence many questions were asked by the district attorney. Czolgosz evinced the utmost willingness to answer all these questions, but his utterance seemed to smother in his throat.

Lawyer Offers Aid.

It was only after an effort that each reply was blurted out. As he stood his breast heaved, his eyes blinked rapidly and once he almost reeled, so that

"Remove the prisoner." Considerable surprise was expressed that Justice White did not pronounce the customary appeal to the Almighty



DISTRICT ATTORNEY PENNEY. (From a sketch made at Buffalo.)

In concluding his sentence, "and may God have mercy on your soul."

The court quit at the middle of the customary formula in pronouncing the sentence.

Manacled and Led Away.

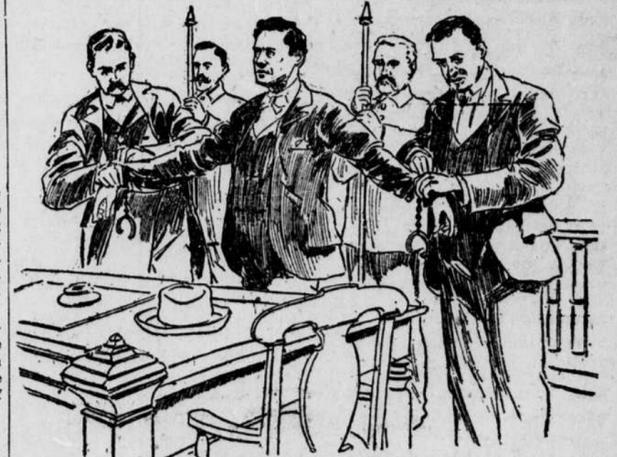
The hush as the solemn words were pronounced was like the silence of the tomb. For several moments the silence was unbroken. The click of handcuffs put a startling termination on the strain. Like a great sob the emotion of the court room welled up and were lost in the shuffling of feet. The final scene of the historic trial was concluded.

Manacled to detectives who had brought him into the court, the assassin was conducted away. Between the wall of bailiffs, policemen and spectators the murderer passed. He looked not into a single eye. Justified by himself or not, his deed lay heavy on his head. A groan of execration followed him down the broad court house stairs to the jail tunnel below.

POWERS OF HEREDITY.

Some Remarkable Stories Told of Its Mysterious Influences.

Doctors disagree as to the influence of heredity. Some hold that a great deal hinges upon it; others believe the contrary. Some of the authentic stories told to exemplify this mysterious bond between ancestors and descendants are very curious. There was a loan collection of old portraits exhibited in London lately and a young girl was among the visitors. She was an orphan and wealthy, but without near relatives, and was often heard to complain of the loneliness of her position. As she passed through the gallery one particular portrait attracted her attention and she went back to it more than once. Her companion saw in it nothing but the commonplace painting of a middle-aged man in the costume of the latter part of the last century. "It is such a nice, kind face," said the girl, rather wistfully. "I imagine my father might have looked like that had he lived." As most of the pictures were ticketed the visitors had purchased no catalogue, but, before going away, Miss B. bought one at the entrance and made a last visit to the portrait for which she had felt so strong an attraction. To her astonishment she found her own name opposite to its number and learned on inquiry that the original was one of her direct ancestors. Another occult coincidence or psychological phenomenon happened a few years ago to a southern statesman and financier whose family has always been of rank in his native state. This gentleman was overhauling old documents and letters which had been stored in a



REMOVING HANDCUFFS FROM CZOLGOSZ'S WRISTS IN COURT.

or mother or no one else knew nothing about it. I never thought of the crime until two days before I committed it and never told nobody about it."

Judge Lewis—"He says he did not make up his mind to do it until a few days before its commission."

Judge Passes Sentence.

Justice White—"Czolgosz, in taking the life of our beloved president you committed a crime that shocked and outraged all the civilized world. After learning all the facts and circumstances in the case, twelve good men have pronounced you guilty of murder in the first degree. You say that no other person abetted you in the commission of this terrible act. The penalty is fixed by statute, and it becomes my duty to impose sentence upon you. The sentence of this court is that on October 28, at the place designated and in the manner prescribed by law, you suffer the punishment of death.

musty chest for years and intended to publish whatever might be of historic value and interest. To his surprise he unfolded a letter yellow and time-stained which was written in his own peculiar handwriting, or seemed to have been written by him, although the date was two generations before his birth. The signature of the surname, which was the same as his own, was so markedly characteristic that he could scarcely believe his own hand did not pen the letters.—Montreal Herald and Star.

Fewer Strikes in France.

The statistics of the strikes in France for June have just been published. In all the month gave birth to 57, while the total for the first six months of the year was 306. The same period in 1900 yielded 475, which shows an agreeable falling off in the discontent of the working classes.