

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.) He had taken her hand and was raising it to his lips; but she suddenly drew it from him. "No! no! no!" she murmured. "Pardon, lady. I meant no offense." The tone was one of grief. "Oh—Julian! Julian! Leave me not yet!" She rested her freed hand upon his arm and gazed up into his face. Her eyes were streaming with tears and her bosom heaved convulsively. "Lady—Ulin!" "Julian!—O, in this hour of helplessness need I turn to thee with all my trust and faith. If the love of this poor heart is worth the cherishing, take it, and keep it always. I have no power—I have no choice. The light of thy face, beaming in love upon me, reveals to me that I am bound to thee by chains which I cannot break." She rested her head upon his bosom; and he, winding his stout arms about her, pressed her to his heart as a treasure the most precious that earth could bestow. The sun sank to its evening rest, and the shades of twilight deepened over the river and over the grove. The stars came out, one by one, in their celestial stations, and anon the silver moon, lifting its face above the hills of Hohab, cast its soft light into the vale. Still the lovers sat beneath the orange tree; and there they might have sat late into the night, had not Osmir come to interrupt them. What did the guard want at that hour and in that place. He sought his master, Julian arose and went to him and they whispered hurriedly together; and then Ulin was sure that she heard the Arabs mentioned. "Ulin," said the chieftain, coming back and taking her hand, "you might go with me to the cave. I am called in another direction."

"What is it? You tremble. Ah, Julian—there is danger." "No, no, sweet love; harbor not that fear. I go to ward off danger. O, I have something more than life to care for now." At this point Selim came running up, all out of breath; but before he could speak his master stopped him. "I understand, good Selim. Osmir has told me—" "But—my master—" "In a moment. Wait till I come back." And thus speaking Julian led the maiden to the cave. "Excuse me now," he said, raising her hand to his lips. "I will be back shortly. You will not fear?"

CHAPTER XX. A King's Story. The first person whom Ulin met after entering the cave was Ezebel, who stood by a table upon which a lamp was burning. "My dear child, I was just coming in search of you. We were anxious. What—have you been in tears? Ulin, what is it? What has happened?" The maiden, in memory of the great event of the evening, forgot the cause of fear that had been with her. It was a secret she could not keep—a secret she had no wish to keep; and resting her head upon Ezebel's shoulder, she told the story of her love. "Dearest Ulin," said the aged matron, kissing the maiden upon the brow, "he is worthy of the trust you have reposed in him!" At that moment Albia came in from the grove where she had been in search of her mistress; and very soon see, too, had heard the story. She gazed into Ulin's face a moment, and then, with a tear glistening in her eye, she murmured:

"I shall be very happy now, for henceforth I can serve and love you both!" As Albia spoke, and before any reply could be made, Julian came hurrying into the cave. He was much excited and Ben Hadad saw a fear upon his face such as had never been seen there before. "My son," spoke the hermit, "what means this? Your manner betokens danger." "And there is danger," cried the young chieftain, moving instinctively to Ulin's side. "I fear that I have been much to blame. I should have been warned by the words of Osmir and Selim. Those two Arabs have evidently discovered our abiding place."

"Well—and what then?" asked Ben Hadad. "I think they have brought a large force against us." "What of Arabs? Do they mean to rob us?" "Perhaps," suggested Albia, "they hope to recapture what they have lost." Ulin moved to Julian's side, and leaned upon his stout arm. He kissed her upon the brow and bade her be of good courage; and then he said to the others, in answer to what had been suggested: "I fear the truth has not yet been hit. If the Arabs are coming, as I apprehend, there may be another solution to the problem. Those two rascals who escaped us could easily have followed us to this place. We were not looking for such a thing, and so did not guard against it. They knew that the maiden who had been snatched from them was the daughter of the king's prime minister; and may they not have known that she was the king's affianced? At all events, it is not unreasonable to suppose that they

"Do you mean the Lady Helena?" "To be sure I do. Mercy! have you forgotten?" "No," said Omar, shaking his head. "I remember Helena very well. She was the most beautiful woman I ever saw."

"And as false as she was beautiful," added Horam. "Is it possible? I did not think she would come to that." "How!" exclaimed the king of Damascus. "Does your memory fail you?" "What mean you, Horam? My memory is good." "Then why do you wonder when I speak of the faithlessness of my first queen? Was it not yourself that gave to me the proofs of her infidelity? Did you not show to me that she had fallen?" "You speak in riddles," said the king of Aleppo. "I remember that we once suspected the young queen of bestowing her love upon a captain of your guard—I think his name was Jabal."

"Yes," responded Horam. "Jabal was the man, and I slew him. It was your evidence that convicted both him and Helena." "And was the queen guilty after that?" "Guilty after that?" repeated Horam, slowly and irresolutely. "What mean you? Do you imagine that I allowed her to live to commit more crime?" "In mercy's name," cried Omar, "what do you mean by this speech? Do you remember Sanballad and Ben Huram?" "Yes," replied Horam. "They were two of my chamberlains, who accompanied you to Aleppo at the time of which we have spoken."

"No," said Omar, "they did not quite go to Aleppo. I sent them back before I reached my capital. They brought to you my message?" "I never saw them again after they went away with you," returned Horam. "Never—saw—them. Good spirits of mercy! Are you in earnest, Horam?" "Aye. If they started on their return, they must have been robbed and killed, for I never saw them after they left in your retinue." The king of Aleppo clasped his hands in agony. "O, Horam! Horam!" he exclaimed, "what a fearful mistake was that! Bear with me—forgive me!" "What is it, Omar?" "Your beautiful queen was innocent!" "Innocent!" gasped Horam, starting to his feet, and then sinking back again.

"Yes, my brother," replied Omar, in trembling tones, "she was as innocent as in that natal hour when first she rested upon her mother's bosom. At Balbec we found a woman whom some of my officers brought before me supposing her to be the queen of Damascus. She was very beautiful, and so nearly did she resemble the queen, Helena, that even I was at first deceived. Her name was Jasmin, and she told me that she had just fled from Damascus and was waiting for her lover to join her. She said that Jabal was her lover, and that he was a captain of Horam's guard. The truth flashed upon me in a moment, I conversed with her until I had gained her whole story; and then I knew that your queen was innocent. It was all proved to me, as clear as the sun at noonday. At first I had a thought of returning myself, and bearing to you the joyful tidings; but business urged me on, and I sent Sanballad and Ben Huram."

"And they did not come!" uttered Horam, with his hands working nervously in his bosom. "They did not come—and my queen died." "God forgive me!" ejaculated Omar. "I would have given my own life—Horam!" (To be continued.)

What He Might Do. The custom of preserving the business name of a firm years after the founders have passed away or disappeared finds its proof in a story related by the New York Evening Post. A young man who was sent out to canvass leading lawyers in a certain interest, entered the office of a firm of great prominence and said: "I should like to see Mr. M.—" mentioning the first name of the firm. "Very sorry, sir, but Mr. M. has been dead three years," was the answer. "Well, in that case I should like to see Mr. N."—the second name of the firm. "Mr. N. retired from the firm over a year ago," said the clerk with a smile. "Indeed; then may I see Mr. O."—the last name of the three. "Mr. O." replied the clerk, "sailed last week for Europe, and won't be back for a month yet; is there anything I can do for you?" "There is," answered the canvasser, with the utmost suavity; "some day when you have time you might bring the firm name up to date."

Are not all true men that live or that ever lived soldiers of the same army, enlisted under heaven's captaincy, to do battle against the same enemy—the empire of Darkness and Wrong? Why should we misknow one another, fight not against the enemy, but against ourselves, from mere difference of uniform?—Carlyle. Read not much at a time, but meditate on what you read, as much as your time, capacity and disposition will give you leave, ever remembering that little reading and much thinking, little speaking and much hearing, frequent and short prayers, and great devotion, is the best way to be wise, to be holy, to be devout.—Bishop Jeremy Taylor.

THE CAMPAIGN NOW ON Party Issues and Merits of Candidates Now Under Discussion. REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR JUDGE Resolutions by the Union Veterans of Lincoln—Yellow Journalism Roundly Denounced—Gov. Savage on the Assassination of President McKinley.

With the nomination of the two state tickets it is only reasonable to presume that the fall campaign is on, and that until the polls close the public mind will be more or less engrossed in the discussion of party issues and personal merits of the candidates. Realizing that the supreme court is a court of last resort and is a tribunal often called upon to determine titles to property, damages, and is not infrequently required to determine controversies involving human life and other very important questions, the republicans very wisely selected as their candidate Samuel H. Sedgwick of York. Judge Sedgwick is well schooled in the law, has a fine judicial mind and ranks among the ablest of his profession. As district judge he won the admiration of his constituents by his keen legal discernments, his firm sense of justice and his strict devotion to duty. Litigants received prompt and considerate attention and he was careful not to adjudicate or render opinions until he had examined standard authorities and weighed fully all the evidence in the action pending. So circumspect was he in his decisions that he enjoyed not alone the confidence of his profession, but that of the supreme court itself. Judge Sedgwick is now a member of the supreme court commission and his views on actions pending are received with high regard by all of his associates. His election would mean elevation to the supreme bench of one of the ablest, purest and most learned jurists in Nebraska.

THE ANCESTRY OF ANARCHY. Perhaps nothing said or done in the history of this government has so moved the American people as the assassination of President McKinley. The fact that the tragedy seems to have been born of anarchy has awakened, not alone a sentiment against anarchy, but a sentiment against what is known as "yellow journalism" and against the practice of indulging in rancor, vituperation and abuse in political campaigns. Already various organizations and various individuals have registered a protest against this sort of campaigning, assigning as their reason for so doing the belief that the assassination of President McKinley is the direct fruit of lessons learned by anarchy in the recent national campaign. At a meeting of the Union Veterans in Lincoln, representing a membership of nearly 600, the following resolution was unanimously passed:

Resolved, That we call upon our lawmakers, state and national, to so legislate as to make anarchy treason to the state and nation, and provide the death penalty for a person convicted of being an anarchist, or of killing or attempting to kill the president of the United States. Resolved, That we condemn in the severest terms those persons who, for political or other purposes, habitually and persistently attack the government by appeals to the prejudices and baser passions of the people, and, by teaching discontent and class hatred, by falsely representing our government as an empire and our president as an emperor, thereby fostering disloyalty and the growth of anarchy, and giving encouragement to anarchists to assassinate our chosen rulers.

Resolved, That we condemn any and all persons who express, either directly or indirectly, any sympathy for anarchy or anarchists, whether in connection with the assassination of our president or with the Haymarket anarchists, who were so justly convicted by the Illinois courts, and a part of whom were, in defiance of decency and good government, so unjustly pardoned by Governor Altgeld. Resolved, That the so-called "yellow journals," as typified by the New York Journal and Chicago American, by the use of indecent and slanderous cartoons of our public officials, by their persistent lying and misrepresentation of facts, their open and active sympathy with Aguinaldo and his followers in the late Philippine insurrection, and their advocacy of treason to the American government, are, in our opinion, largely responsible for the existence of anarchy in this country, and are not wholly guiltless of the blood of our beloved president, McKinley, the brave commanders, Stotsenberg and Lawton, and the soldiers who lost their lives in the service of their country in the Philippine islands.

Working Girl's Hotel. Miss Ina Law Robertson of Chicago has opened a home for working girls, where board and room can be had for from \$2 to \$3 a week. Luncheon is three cents extra. The hotel is prettily furnished; the sleeping rooms contain two beds, and everything for the comfort of boarders is done. No religious requirements are exacted, the boarders being free, aside from regulations prevailing in all first-class hotels. The home is self-supporting and accommodates twenty-five. Plans are being made to increase its capacity to four times as many, and in time it is hoped by the management that branches will be established in all parts of the city.

"No Book Larnin" "How many times did you vote in the recently election?" asked the Georgia judge of whom Frank Stanton tells. The prisoner was silent. "Answer the question! How many times did you vote?" "Marse Tom," said the prisoner, addressing the judge, "ain't you know me long enough ter know dat I don't know nothin' 'bout 'rithmetic?"

Troubles at Election. BUDA PESTH, Oct. 4.—Although the newspapers here publish congratulatory articles on the orderliness and fairness of the parliamentary general elections yesterday, which resulted in the return of a large liberal majority for the government, the fact remains that there were serious encounters in many districts, necessitating military intervention, during which the troops fired and killed or wounded numbers of people.

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