

The Scourge of Damascus

A Story of the East...
By SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

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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 and 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 Hobah, 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 Ezabel, 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 Ezabel'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

may have anticipated some gain of reward by carrying intelligence to Aboul Cassem. If they have done this, then they must also have revealed the whereabouts of the Scourge of Damascus."

A low cry of pain from Ulin told how directly the fear had touched her; and again her lover sought to calm her.

"We must leave this place," he said, "and seek shelter in the wood. You and I and Albia will go, and the guards will join us outside. I know where there is safety, so have no fear. Should the rascals come they will not harm these old people; they will not dare to do it."

Ulin had drawn a mantle about her shoulders, and Julian had turned to speak apart with Ben Hadad, when Osmir came rushing into the cave, with terror depicted most painfully upon his ebon features.

"They are coming!" he cried. "They have sprung upon us from a hidden cover."

Who are coming?"

"They are the king's soldiers, led by the captain, Benoni!"

On the next instant the clash of arms was heard at the entrance.

"Back, back, sweet love," said Julian, gently pushing the maiden towards her chamber. "There may yet be hope."

He grasped a sword as he spoke, and leaped toward the entrance; but he was too late. Already a score of armed men were rushing in, a number of them bearing flaming torches in their hands.

"Come, good Osmir," the chieftain cried, bracing himself for the work. "Capture for us is certain death. We can do no better than to sell our lives here."

One—two—three—four of the royal soldiers fell beneath the lightning-like strokes of Julian's trenchant blade; and in the same time Osmir had slain two; but it was not in the roll of fate that two were to overcome the force that came pouring into the cave. A flaming torch was hurled upon the chieftain, and while he staggered beneath the blinding stroke he was drawn over backwards and his arms quickly pinioned. The next movement was to secure Ulin and Albia, after which Ben Hadad and Ezabel were taken.

"Will you lay violent hands upon me?" demanded the hermit.

"I am ordered to bring you all before the king," replied Benoni; "all whom I might find in this cave. I mean to offer you no harm, so if you have complaint to make, save it for those who command me."

While the captain was searching other apartments, to see if more prisoners were to be found, Julian felt a hand laid upon his shoulder, and on looking up he beheld Judah.

"So, my noble chieftain, you are fast once more. The guard played us false, it seems, and I came near losing my head in consequence; but my royal master will pardon me when he sees you again."

CHAPTER XXI.

Innocence of Helen.

The king of Damascus had grown very old and very sour within those last few days. Page and chagrin had so shaken his frame that he seemed stricken with palsy; and his voice, from its howlings and moanings, had become hoarse and cracked. But he had promise of sweet revenge. His soldiers were upon the track of the fugitives, and he believed they would bring them back. O, how he would gloat over the sufferings of his victims when they came within his power!

"I tell thee, Aboul Cassem," he said, addressing his minister, "the fair, frail Ulin must suffer for this. She is no longer your child; I shall not regard her as such."

Aboul bowed his head, and answered that he was content.

Omar could not help noticing that his friend was in trouble, and he took the liberty to ask what had gone wrong.

"Alas!" cried Horam, "everything goes wrong." And he told how he had put away all his wives for the daughter of Aboul Cassem, and how she had betrayed him and fled from him. And then he told how he had once captured his dreaded enemy, the Scourge of Damascus, and how the prize had slipped through his fingers by means of the treachery of his slaves.

"By my life," exclaimed Omar, "you have been most sorely afflicted."

"But the worst is yet to be told," pursued Horam, clenching his hands, and gnashing his teeth. "The robber and the lady Ulin went off on the same night, and I have every reason to believe that she corrupted my slaves to set him free. In fact, I am sure she did. I think they will be all within my power by tomorrow. O, Omar, you have known much of my sorrow. I have grown old since we last met—very old. In years I am but the passing of two harvests ahead of you; but in trial and trouble I have left you far behind. The last time you were in Damascus the first great trial of my life came upon me. You remember it."

"Of what do you speak?"

"Why—of my wife—of the first wife I ever had—of her whom I made my queen."

"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 reproof 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 IN NEW YORK

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 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 invading in honor, 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:

Whereas, We, ex-soldiers of the civil war, and of the late Spanish war, here assembled, recognize in anarchy the destruction of all government and the substitution in lieu thereof of murder, rapine and the torch, and in the professed anarchism an enemy to all government and a menace to organized society; therefore, be it

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 fomenting discord 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 impliedly, 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 avowed sympathy with Aguirre 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.

While the foregoing resolutions strike a square and forceful blow at the primary cause, a still harder and more direct assault comes from Rev. Dr. Jacob Cooper, vice president of Rutgers' college. Rev. Cooper charges the president's assassination directly to "Yellow Journalism," at the head of which he places the New York Journal. Following is a copy of the letter sent by Dr. Cooper to the editor of that paper:

Sir: While the world stands aghast at the horror recently enacted at Buffalo, it looks beyond the weak miscreant who fired the shot at one noble president. It sees in you and those like you, the leaders of a reckless press, the forces which make such an act possible. Behind the much abused license of printing you have for years been uttering, both by word and by pictures, that which you knew to be lies of the most damnable blackness, from the vantage ground of your (coward's) fort. This constant hell-broth of villainy and lies, spewed out all over the land, has done its legitimate work. It has incited weak men, like this ignorant and fanatical Polish anarchist, to do a deed in which you, the real assassin, gloat in your inmost soul, but from which in your craven terror you crouch like a frightened hare.

Why don't you, if what you have been saying for years be true, repeat it now?

If false, why do you not have the manliness to admit that all your utterances about the president and vice president were conscious, premeditated lies? All good men and women in this nation denounce you and your like as the real assassin who fired the shot. I denounced you from the pulpit yesterday and shall do so, supplementing your own conscience with the testimony that you, to the full extent of your ability, are the real assassin of President McKinley.

Carry with yourself, day and night, everywhere, while you curse the earth with your presence, the consciousness that every honorable and virtuous man and woman in our land that has had the opportunity to know the facts, hold you and your like responsible for this awful horror and loathe you, not to the extent your conduct deserves, but to the reach of their ability.

GOVERNOR SAVAGE ON ANARCHY.

Speaking of the assassination of President McKinley, Governor Savage said:

"The mailed and iniquitous hand of anarchy has fallen with terrible force and effect upon the American people. William McKinley, the most patriotic of their citizens, the ablest of their statesmen, the idol of their hearts and one of the greatest and most chivalrous of all their presidents, has been laid low. Surely this is a distressing affliction to be visited upon a nation that has thus sacrificed to the fruits of treasonable conspiracy and devilish ingenuity in to face a condition well calculated to stir vengeance to its center. To shoot down without provocation not alone the chief executive of the nation, but a man through whose veins coursed the blood of sympathy and love for all of his fellow-men is to commit an act that monstrous as to challenge adequate retribution. Even though the assassin should pay the penalty with his life that would poorly compensate the nation for its loss or to any appreciable extent meet the exactions of outraged public opinion. In this instance there can be no adequate retribution no matter what method may be pursued in avenging the majesty of the law. To put to death the despicable wretch who committed the assault would go no further in equalizing conditions than the wing of a sparrow in arresting the force of a tornado.

"The spectacle at Buffalo is both pathetic and impressive. In one part of the city the president lies dead and in another all the means at the command of organized society are employed to protect the life of the one who committed the atrocious deed. Surely this is an impressive lesson for those who are preaching the doctrine of rapine and murder. If in the presence of this awful crime organized society is so sensitive of its duty as to exhaust its power in both defending the person of the criminal against violence and in maintaining the majesty of the law, then what excuse is there for the existence of such an iniquitous evil as anarchy? If society is so jealous of the right as to shield a criminal until he has been duly tried and convicted, even though his guilt is beyond question, why should any one fear that a public wrong by an individual or collection of individuals will be tolerated or permitted to go unsatisfied? In other words, on what ground does anarchy pretend to justify its existence, when even to anarchists it is made plain that organized society is quick to and determined upon the maintenance of law, order and good government?"

The assassin of President McKinley is in jail and a cordon of police and two companies of militia are there to see that he is not harmed or the law transgressed. Is not this an impressive lesson even to anarchy?

"But anarchy yields no place to reason. It is a shaft that has risen out of iniquity and to exist it must feed on human woe. It panders to the baser passions and finds comfort alone in shocking outlawry. Its sordid indifference and utter lack of respect for law and order makes it a public evil no longer to be tolerated. Organized society must assume an aggressive position and prosecute anarchy to final determination. Let it be written into our statutes that the advocacy of anarchistic doctrines shall be deemed to be treason and that a mere membership in such a body shall be sufficient to extend the law against treason to such a case. Let this be done without temporization or partiality and the days of anarchy in this country will come to an end. We have given them the best government in the world and we have invariably chosen our best men to administer the affairs of said government. We have done more, we have maintained an asylum for the persecuted and aggrieved of all nations and through the most liberal immigration laws we have faced the whole world with open arms. Our charity has been abused. We must amend our immigration laws to the extent of prohibiting the admission of people whose sentiments on questions of government are incompatible with an irreconcilable to the organic law of our land. At the same time we must move with relentless vigor and firm determination against those who have already sought our shore and make no pause until every sign of anarchy is blotted out."

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 Larned"

"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 to know dat I don't know nothin' 'bout 'rithmetic?"

Elaborate experiments in feeding wheat to farm animals and swine have been made this year at the Kansas experiment station, and also in other states of the corn belt. The experts conclude that wheat has greater nutritive value than corn, and may be used either crushed, mixed with oats or corn, or in connection with straw in time of extreme scarcity.

Whence as Animal Food.

Nine Tailors Make a Man.

"Nine tailors make a man" grew out of the old custom of bell-ringing. The ringing of bells was formerly practiced from a belief in their efficacy to drive away evil spirits. The "tailors" in the above phrase, is a corruption of the word "tellers," or strokes tolled at the end of a knell. In some places the departure of an adult was announced by nine strokes in succession. Six were rung for a woman and three for a child. Hence it came to be said by those listening for the announcement, "Nine tellers make a man." As the custom became less general and the allusion less generally understood there was an easy transition from the word "tellers" to the more familiar one "tailors."

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