

The Scourge of Damascus

A Story of the East...

By SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

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CHAPTER III. Love in Danger.

A bright, beautiful morning, with a gentle breeze sweeping down the fragrance of flower and shrub from the mountain slope. Ulin had eaten her breakfast, and with Albia by her side, sat upon an open window, gazing out upon the park of fountains. As she thus sat, the slave woman Calypso entered the apartment and announced that the robber wished to see the Lady Ulin.

"What robber?" asked the princess. "The same one that came yesterday."

Ulin did not stop to think whether the visit would be pleasant or otherwise. The man had signified his purpose, and as he was master in the palace, she had no idea of opposing him. Calypso withdrew, and presently afterwards the robber entered. He came in with the same noble step and bearing; the same pleasant, genial face; and with the same look and salute of reverence and respect.

"I trust that the Lady Ulin has passed a quiet night," he said, in deep sincerity.

"I have rested well, sir," she replied.

"Good. I am glad of that. I feared you might have had dreams."

"Not many, sir."

"Ah—and did you have any such?"

"Not—not many."

"You dreamt that Julian was a demon, eh?"

"No, no, sir—my dreams were not of him."

"I hope, sweet lady, that you dreamt not darkly of me."

"No, sir. It was of—"

The maiden hesitated, and seemed troubled; but her visitor came to her assistance.

"Never mind, lady. I meant not to inquire into the secret twinings of your mind. I only hoped that I had not been unfortunate enough to excite the apprehension of your slumbering fancies."

He smiled as he spoke, at the same time moving a step nearer, and then adding:

"I am glad you have not suffered from our coming; for I have the more courage to ask you if you will see Julian."

"You said you would accompany him, sir."

"Yes."

"Then I may as well see him at one time as another. You may inform him that the lady Ulin rests her safety and honor in his manhood."

"He has been so informed, fair lady."

"Then, let him come."

"Gentle lady, pardon me if I have led you upon a fanciful way of thought. I am Julian. I am he whom men call the Scourge of Damascus. And now I crave your indulgence; but still I shall bow most humbly to your commands. At your word I leave this apartment; yet, I should like to speak a little further. I should like to explain more fully why I am here."

Was Ulin frightened? Not at all. She was startled when she first knew that the man before her was the dreadful Scourge of whom she had heard so much; but it was an emotion of astonishment. At first she could hardly believe that she had heard the truth.

"You—Julian?" she murmured, gazing into his face.

"Aye, lady." And then he added, with a smile, "I suppose you expected to find me black and ugly, like the foul genii whom Solomon imprisoned in the sea. Am I right?"

"I did not think you were Julian," the maiden said, after some hesitation. As she spoke she seemed to gain new confidence and composure; and presently she added, "I had heard so much of your terrible deeds, that I expected to find a—"

"A monster," suggested Julian, helping her out.

"Not exactly that," returned Ulin, with a smile, "though I am free to confess that I should not have been so much surprised as I have been, if I had seen a worse looking man."

"Thank you," cried the robber laughing. "I shall take that as a compliment, and lay it up among the most precious of my recollections. I understand you; so, upon this point, I need only assure you that I am Julian, and that I must own the somewhat dubious title which has been bestowed upon me. And now, lady, may I sit here for a few moments, and speak with you further?"

The very thing Ulin had been upon the point of suggesting. She did not like to see him standing before her; nor was she anxious that he should leave her. She had a strong curiosity to hear him speak further. There was something in the appearance of the youthful adventurer that deeply interested her. She bade him be seated, and then, without intending to be heard, she murmured:

"So young!"

"Aye, lady," he said, catching the whispered words. "I am young— younger, perhaps, than I look. Only three-and-twenty years have cast their shadows upon me. At that age the youth of the city just breaking from the bonds of parental restraint, is as a child; but with me it has been different. A parent I never knew. A kind, generous woman, who was my nurse, took the place of a mother during my earliest childhood; and a white-haired

old man, who lived apart from the world, gave me my first lessons of life, and led me up till I could protect myself. A father's fostering care I never knew. A mother's love I never realized. The cruel blow which shattered the cup of my joys, killed my poor mother ere my tongue could hiss her name. As I grew to manhood I knew that I was an orphan, and that my misfortune was the work of the King of Damascus. O! how the iron settled into my soul. I had grown strong and resolute, as though heaven would enable me to work retribution upon the tyrant. Do you ask me if I enjoy the life I have led. I answer— I have made enjoyments for myself. I have felt a peculiar satisfaction in knowing that the king feared me. When I have heard my name spoken by the rich and powerful with fear and trembling, I have liked it; and when I have known that Horam dreaded my approach, I have felt that my labors were not without their result. But these have not been my joys. In Damascus the name of Julian is a terror; but there are other places where that name is spoken with love and gratitude. Upon the plains of Abilene, and in the mountain passes of Lebanon, where the busy craftsmen prepare timber for Jerusalem—there Julian is hailed as a friend and benefactor. The grim satisfaction of torturing the cruel King of Damascus is tempered and softened by the calmer atmosphere of these friendly regions."

Why did Ulin sit so still and listen with such rapt attention to the words of the speaker? She bent her head as though soft music were stealing o'er her senses; and she gazed upon the man before her as though a grand, inspiring picture had been unfolded to her vision. His words carried truth in their very sound, and all her sympathies had been aroused. She was a woman whose nature had not been warped by art; and the avenues to her soul were guarded only by the pure instincts of virtue and humanity. Not always the safest guard; but still the happiest when surrounding influences are not evil.

"And now, lady," pursued Julian, "I must tell you why I am here; and in doing this I speak only those words necessary to the truth. On my way from the plains I met a messenger, who informed me that a fair maiden had been shut up in the Palace of the Valley. I could not believe that a beautiful young virgin had willingly given herself to the desires of Horam. I thought she had been shut up thus against her own pleasure. With this belief I resolved to release her. The result you know. I have heard your story from the lips of the black slave who attends upon you, and she informs me that you are affianced to the king by your own consent, and without any desires on your part to the contrary. Is it so?"

"The slave told you truly, sir," replied Ulin, bowing her head, and speaking in a very low tone.

"And you came here to this place of your own free will?"

"Yes, sir. My period of mourning was not passed, and the king brought me hither that I might be more retired."

"And but for the death of your mother you would have been the king's wife ere this?"

Ulin replied in the affirmative; but her voice trembled, and she seemed to shudder at the thought thus presented.

"Lady," said Julian, showing some emotion, which he evidently did not mean to show, "for my seeming wrong I most humbly beg your pardon. I had thought to wrest from the grasp of the king one who was an unwilling captive; but since I find myself mistaken I will do all I can to make amends. A—"

"And," said the robber, rising to his feet, "it is better that I should leave you at once."

He stopped, and swept his hand across his brow, and when he resumed, his speech was very low, and his voice tremulous:

"This has been a most strange adventure; and as I now look upon it, it seems as though some mischievous sprite had planned it. As I live I thought when I came hither but such as I have told you of. I have met you, lady, and for the first time in my life I have felt my heart drawn warmly towards my native city. Henceforth there will be something in Damascus towards which my thoughts will turn with other sentiments than those of bitterness. Lady Ulin, we may never meet again. In this moment of our strange companionship, may I not take you by the hand?"

She could not have refused had she wished; but that she had no wish so to do was evident from the free and friendly manner in which she arose to meet him. She gave him her hand, and suffered him to raise it to his lips.

"Dear lady, should we never meet again, I trust that you will bear one kindly thought of Julian. If you are forced to think of the wrongs he has done, let a memory of the wrongs he has suffered be some extenuation. Bless you, lady! All good spirits guard and protect you; and peace be thine forevermore! Farewell!"

He turned and was gone. Ulin felt a warm spot upon her hand—a drop of moisture—a tear! She gazed upon it, and knew that it came not from her eye. It fell there with the kiss. A

strange tribute from the Scourge of Damascus!

"Albia, I think I shall never see that man again; but I shall remember him with emotions far removed from fear or terror."

"You will remember him as little as possible, my mistress," said the slave girl, taking a seat close by Ulin's side, and resting her hand upon her arm.

"What mean you, Albia? Why should my memory be narrowed or shortened?"

"Because you are to have a husband who will demand your every thought and feeling. Horam is deeply versed in all the secrets of the female heart, and his eyes will not sleep while you have a thought which he does not understand."

"Indeed, Albia," cried the princess, with a look of amazement, "you misunderstand me."

"If such be the case," replied the girl, very quietly, "you will forgive me for what I have said; and of Julian we will think no more."

"Ah—was it so? Had Ulin been misunderstood? Had the keen-eyed Albia been mistaken? Would there be no more thought of Julian?"

The day passed away, and towards evening Aswad returned from the mountains. He said he had not fled from fear of the robbers; but that, when he saw that defeat was inevitable, he had sought safety from capture so that he might communicate with Damascus. Perhaps he told the truth. At all events, he resumed his command, and once more posted his guards about the valley; and then came to assure the princess that she was safe.

It was in the evening, just as the last gleams of day were fading out, and before the lamps had been lighted—at that season when the thoughts are most apt to wander and strange fancies visit the mind.

It was not to be that Ulin should spend the allotted time at the Palace of the Valley. The king had heard of the attack of Julian, and he came with a large army to bear the princess away from a place which was no longer safe. He was somewhat surprised when he found that the Scourge of Damascus had been within the palace, and had withdrawn again; and when he had heard the story from Calypso, he ordered one half the palace guardsmen to be executed within the valley.

The maiden had heard from Calypso of the bloody deed which had been done by the king's order, and when she knew that he was coming, she declared her intention of refusing to see him. But Albia persuaded her to a different course.

"As you value your future welfare," pleaded the bondmaid, "so must you behave before the king. If you would live in peace, let him have no occasion to mistrust your real feelings. He is coming. Beware!"

The warning was most seasonable; and Ulin, by obeying it so conducted herself that Horam thought she only suffered from the dreadful fright occasioned by the appearance of the terrible Julian. He spoke to her words of cheer and assurance, and announced his purpose of carrying her back to Damascus.

"We will rest tonight, sweet love," he said, "and on the morrow you shall find a safer shelter."

Ulin gazed upon the wrinkled face, and upon the quaking limbs, and upon the sparse gray hairs; and she could not repress a shudder. She looked upon the thin, hard hands of the monarch, and they seemed covered with blood. She watched him as he departed with her father; and when he had gone she sank down, and leaned her head upon Albia's bosom.

"O," she murmured, "I fear that I have undertaken more than I can accomplish. I cannot be that man's wife! I never knew him until now. He will kill me!"

"Peace!" whispered the bondmaid. But she whispered in vain.

(To be Continued.)

ECCENTRIC WILLS.

Benjamin Franklin Left a Small Sum Which is Now Available.

When Benjamin Franklin died, in 1790, he left a small sum of money, which was not to be used until the twentieth century. His gift is at last available, and the sum now amounts to \$375,000, having been invested at compound interest, says the Pittsburgh Press. The trustees of the Franklin fund have decided to use the money for the erection of a Franklin institute in Franklin square, Boston. Curious provisions made by will are more common than one would suppose. Within the last few months, there have been several examples of eccentric dispositions of property. To one young woman has been left \$25,000 by her brother under the express condition that she neither marries nor becomes a nun. If the conditions are not fulfilled, the money is to be distributed among other relatives. To his three daughters an Italian who recently died left \$500 a year each if they remained single and \$2,500 each a year if they married. A late member of the English parliament left by will to his two daughters \$720,000, with the provision that the money is only to be payable if they attain the age of 35 years, without marrying either a citizen of the United States or a Hebrew.

A new claimant for the fortune left by the composer Verdi has appeared. He is a farmer named Verdi, living near Athens, Greece. He says that the Verdi family came originally from the east, one branch establishing itself at Athens, and the other going on to Italy, and that he is the closest surviving relative of the deceased composer.

NO TARIFF REVISION.

REPUBLICAN SENTIMENT STRONGLY AGAINST IT.

President McKinley and the Leading Senators and Congressmen Deprecate Any Attempt to Tinker with the Duty Schedule at Next Winter's Session.

In response to a request by The American Protective Tariff League for an expression regarding the reopening of the tariff question, either by direct legislation or by the roundabout method of special trade treaties framed for the benefit of a few industries and at the expense of the general body of industries, a number of letters have been received from conspicuous members of the Fifty-seventh Congress. All of those letters are identical in tone and tenor. They are positively adverse to any scheme of meddling with the tariff schedules, now or in the near future. They tally exactly with the expressions of Congressman Taylor of Ohio before the industrial commission, and of Congressman Dalzell of Pennsylvania in an interview published after his return from an extended western tour.

A New England senator writes: "It is the old story over again—a Protective Tariff secured after long agitation and effort, resulting in having a tariff; then a movement in the direction of free trade in which those who would have reaped the benefit of protection are foolishly tempted to join. It is very discouraging."

A Mississippi Valley congressman of marked prominence says: "Nine-tenths of the sentiment in favor of the Babcock bill is based upon ignorance, misstatements of fact and prejudice growing out of recent consolidation of protective industries."

In a recent interview at Cleveland Senator Hanna declared that he did not believe the President ever said to M. Slegfried that he had ceased to be an ultra-protectionist and that the necessity for protection had largely disappeared. Senator Hanna said:

From all the talks I have had recently with President McKinley I am of the opinion that he is as great a believer in protection as ever. This talk of the next Congress will tinker with the Dingley tariff law at the suggestion of the president is all nonsense. The Dingley law is a scientific measure and will last for years to come. The president believes it is as necessary as ever before and will not, in my belief, advocate any changes whatever. He still believes in protecting American industries wherever it is necessary. The president, however, is a strong advocate of reciprocity, and would, I think, consider treaties along the line of mutual interest between this country and another. If another country is willing to offer us something without duty which we need badly we shall be willing to reciprocate by opening the tariff wall a little and giving them something free of duty, as long as it does not interfere with the protection of our industries. The French reciprocity treaties would have been accepted had it not been for some objectionable tariff provisions. The treaties as they stood, if ratified by the United States, would have killed the knit goods industry in the New England states and the pottery business in Ohio. That is the reason they failed. As long as the United States is able to make reciprocity treaties with foreign countries which will benefit our own industries they will be made, and gladly.

The following vigorous and comprehensive presentation of the question of tariff tinkering is from the pen of General Grosvenor, the Ohio congressman, who has been said to be in a peculiar sense the reflector of the views of President McKinley on the floor of the House of Representatives:

House of Representatives, U. S., June 1, 1892. Editor American Economist, New York.—Dear Sir: The great danger to the future welfare of the American people lies in the shortsightedness of the tariff reformer. Two things have made this country prosperous and rich, and are moving forward with enormous strides toward making this country the richest in the world. Those two things are, first, the Dingley tariff law, and second, the confidence which up to a recent period the American people had in the wisdom of the tariff. The adherence to the status quo, that it was to be maintained and that disturbers of the peace and prosperity of the country were to be regarded as the enemy. The demand for tariff reform, tariff revision, tariff anything whatever other than what we have now comes altogether from two classes of people. First, the tariff reformer in all his forms, semblances and phases, and second, the man who, stamped about trusts and combinations, has been carried off his feet by the tariff reformer that he ought to repeal the tariff on certain products in order to break up the trusts. It is a small matter to get up an elevation where there is a reservoir of water and bore a gimlet hole through the structure and let a stream of water the size of a straw, project itself out upon the street, but when it is entirely apparent that there is that sort of a gimlet hole which will be some day a breach in the wall and that the flood will come down on the town, then the old Bible illustration becomes forcible. "It is the beginning of straits."

Admitting that the repeal of the duties upon certain products of American industry might injure and even destroy certain trusts, the agitation of the question of the modification of the present tariff system would do more financial injury to the welfare of the country in one month than all the benefits that the most enthusiastic rainbow chaser of the suggestion has ever dreamed of. Let a party with political power enough solemnly decide that they will enter upon the reorganization of the schedules of the present tariff law and business will stop as quickly as human life will stop when the blood ceases to circulate. "Stop" I do not mean to cease absolutely, but the heart will beat more slowly, and the blood will flow in paucity of amount and speed.

I do not believe that the placing of our products of iron and steel upon the free list would break up a single trust or impair the value of the stock of the United States Steel Company or any other of the combinations. I do believe that it would wipe out the small manufacturers and that the great combination would control absolutely the markets of the United States in company with and upon the basis of dictation of protection. The trusts now organized abroad. I do not care to discuss this subject now. I believe the whole matter to be an inspiration of the devil to free trade, and I have been seized upon because of the supposed anxiety of the people to break down trusts and combinations; but my point is that a present agitation of a serious character backed by force enough to make it effective of a general revision of the tariff laws would be absolutely destructive of the present prosperity. There is no trouble about the trusts. Under our constitution as at present formed Congress, in co-operation with the state legislatures, has ample power to do all that is necessary, all that is just, all that is fair, in the regulation of combinations of money, capital and labor. Yours truly, C. F. Grosvenor.

Babcock's False Move. Congressman Babcock seems to think that catering to anti-trust sentiment by removing the duty from "trust" made products is "living up

to the Republican theory of Protection." If he imagines the Republican majority in Congress can be kept up by this kind of tactics he is doomed to disappointment. When it comes to mere posing for popular applause, Mr. Bryan can win every time. If the Republicans are to keep their power at all they must rise to the level of honest and intelligent protection to industrial interests. It is true that there are products upon which the tariff may properly be modified or even removed, but that should not be done for any such foolish reason as the formation of a so-called "trust." Mr. Babcock seems to be more interested in the politics than the economics of the tariff.—Guntton's Magazine for June.

At the Mercy of Europe.

Furthermore, our ocean-borne commerce, in the absence of American ships in which to transport it, is at the mercy of Europe. An outbreak of war, the turning loose of a fleet of commerce destroyers by the enemies of Great Britain, would put an instant stop to American exports; because we are dependent upon British ships for the major part of our ocean transportation. Sound considerations of public policy, not the pecuniary interests of any group of American capitalists, are behind the proposed legislation to add in building up American deep water shipping. The interests of foreign ship-owners are largely behind the opposition to that measure.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

A FLOURISHING GROWTH.



Make a Note of This.

Thanks to the American Economist the press of the country is now informing its readers of the reciprocity plank that was in the last Republican platform. We voted for that platform in 1900, not the platform of other years. President McKinley was elected on that platform, and he may be relied upon to uphold it, no matter what Jules Selgried may think he said or may say he thinks. William McKinley is for protection and for protective reciprocity, not for free trade in any form or under any mask. Our free trade friends may put this in their pipe and smoke it.

Let Well Enough Alone.

When we are well off it is a good time to quit experiments. The results of the Wilson-Gorman act are a little too fresh in the memory of the people. The reduction in the average tariff by this act was comparatively small, yet it was big enough to paralyze industry and inaugurate a financial panic that it has taken several years to recover from. Let well enough alone.—Lincoln (Neb.) Journal.

Overtime and Halftime.

It will be noted that in all strike settlements these days, provisions are made for payment of overtime, either at time-and-a-half or double rates. The question of overtime does not concern wage earners during free trade tariffs. Half the workmen are satisfied with full time, and all the rest would be glad of half time.

"Taking Life" in Turkey.

There is much excitement in one of the villages on the Bosphorus because of the sudden disappearance of all the street dogs. The matter is likely to have serious consequences, owing to the fact that a young French lady regarded some of these dogs as her special pets and guardians from a child. A few doors off lives an English doctor, whose house was overrun by rats and wild cats, and to rid himself of these he gave his cook some poison to put in the kitchen one night. The poison was highly successful, but, unfortunately, the remnants of the poisoned food were put outside the street door by the cook for the dustman to remove. The street dogs came along and ate it, and then went and laid down at the door of their lady friend and died. She is very indignant, and has told her story to all the Turks in the neighborhood, who are always horrified at the killing of dogs. The doctor's cook has been arrested by the police, who are holding an inquiry into the matter. It is curious to note that by the Ottoman code a dog is unclean and not allowed to enter a house, yet for killing one you are summoned for "taking life."

December 29, 1902, will complete two hundred years since Peter the Great sanctioned the appearance of the first Russian newspaper.

CAREER FOR YOUNG WOMEN.

Each should fit herself for something as a Vocation.

The strenuous life of today demands that a young woman, no less than a young man, should have definite ideas concerning a career, and that her educational work, and particularly her college training, shall be along the line of preparation for such career. At least, this is the opinion that is entertained by the up-to-date girl and her family, and the number of young girls who are entering the professions or fitting themselves for business life proves that the contingent of the community which believes in professional or business careers for women is a large one and steadily growing. There is one woman in town—a prominent worker in clubs and philanthropic associations—who has carved out a career for herself in a literary way, and is desirous and even anxious that her boys and girls shall have a definite life work. Three of the children have pretty well defined ideas as to what they desire to make their life work, including the elder girl, who is yet at college. The remaining child, the second daughter, has no settled opinions as to her "career," and her mother, in discussing her children's futures with a friend, said recently, in response to her visitor's comment upon the prettiness of this young girl: "Yes, she is pretty, but there it ends. She is just a dear, pretty goose, without any special ability or inclinations, and I suppose she'll have to marry." The tone more than the words conveyed the impression that marriage was the opposite of a desirable career, and the resort only of the girl with mediocre talent, supplemented by considerable personal charm, although the woman who made the observation was the happiest of wives and has never entirely recovered from the effects of her husband's death some years ago.—Kansas City Journal.

DAN DALY'S GOLF STORY.

He Hits Upon Stage Jokes Not Made to Order.

"Stage jokes are rarely made to order," said Dan Daly to a writer in the New York World. "Mine turn up in all sorts of queer ways. In a barroom the other night I heard a fellow say he was going to open a saloon on Broadway. 'Who did you ever whip?' asked the bartender. The next night I worked it into 'The Girl From Up There,' and it gets a bigger laugh than anything else I say. My most successful stage joke—the golf story—came to me by accident, too. One afternoon while lounging about the Casino stage I picked up a scrap of newspaper that had evidently been used to wrap up something. In glancing it over I found the golf story, credited to 'Exchange.' I don't even know what paper it was, as part of the page was torn off. It looked like one of those patent insides used in small towns. The odd thing about it all was that I was never allowed to tell the whole story. You know it goes on to explain that after you hit the ball you walk a mile, and that if you find it the same day you win. At that point the audience thought the climax had been reached and laughed. The first time I tried to finish the story, but nobody heard me and I never tried it again. It would have been useless. The story continues that if you don't find the ball the same day you send your man to look for it the next, and if he finds it, he wins. After awhile I saw that the audience was right and that the story really ended better where they insisted it should. At first, though, it made me pretty mad."

Giants' Kettles in Minnesota.

In the Interstate Park, near Taylor's Falls, Minnesota, has been discovered a singular group of "giants' kettles," or potholes, covering an area of two or three acres and ranging in diameter from less than a foot to 25 feet, and in depth from one foot to 84 feet. They have been bored in exceedingly hard rock, and in many cases they are like wells in shape, the ratio of width to depth varying from one to five up to one to seven. Mr. Warren Upham ascribes their origin to torrents falling through glacial "moullins" at the time when the northern territory of the United States was buried under ice. As with similar pot-holes elsewhere, rounded boulders are occasionally found at the bottom of the cavities.

Earthquake Swallows a Lake.

An earthquake wrecked several buildings in the town of Aulon, Mexico, and then passed on to Zopothon, where it sported with the waters of a big lake. At first the waters seemed in a state of great agitation, and then they subsided and gradually disappeared. The earthquake had caused a fissure in the bed of the lake, and through this the lake had passed out of sight.

Our Population and Great Britain's.

Forty-one and one-half millions of people are now crowded into the United Kingdom, says the National Geographical Magazine. A similar density of population in the United States would mean a total population in this country, excluding the dependencies, of about one billion thirty-six millions.

Carnegie Invites Johnston.

John Johnston is in receipt of a personal letter from Andrew Carnegie, in which the multi-millionaire invites the Milwaukee Scotchman to visit him in Scotland. Mr. Carnegie writes that he will give Mr. Johnston a "genuine Highland welcome."—Milwaukee Wisconsin.