The Scourge of Damascus

A Story of the East...

By SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

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CHAPTER II.

The Terrible Julian.

In fear and trembling sat Ulin, awaiting the coming of the terrible robber. Half an hour passed, and she had not been troubled; but during that time she had witnessed transactions which were not calculated to allay her fears. She had seen over fifty of the king's guards bound and led away, and she saw that a number of the robbers had been placed on guard at the entrance of the rocky passage. They were wild, savage looking men, appearing to her fear-wrought vision, like the evil spirits she had heard her old black nurse tell about.

At length the sound of feet was heard near at hand, and very shortly the door of the apartment was opened, and a black slave entered. It was a woman, and one of those whom the king had left.

"Good lady," she said, trembling as she spoke, "the hour of doom has come. I am a slave to a new master, and they master has sent me to tell you that he wishes to see you."

"Who is he?" asked Ulin.

[illegible]

He gazed upon the beautiful maiden for some moments without speaking, seeming to drink in a new inspiration from her loveliness, as the student of nature does when some new and unexpected scene of grandeur bursts upon his vision.

"Fair lady," he said in softest tones, "permit me to hope that this intrusion may be pardoned. I would not give you pain, and if you have been alarmed, be assured that you have cause for it no more. Tell me how I may serve you."

He approached her as he spoke, and she, without hardly realizing what she did, arose and gave him her hand. If he had gazed upon her with admiration, her own feelings had not been entirely different. Her woman's instinct told her that here was a man whom she could trust, and her woman's heart beat with an emotion entirely new and strange.

"Noble sir," she said, meeting his gaze with the strength of perfect trustfulness, "Heaven has sent you to save me from the dread man who has made his way to this place. If you have the power to do it, you will lead me to bless you forevermore."

"Of what man do you speak?" asked the stranger, still holding her hands.

"I speak of him who is known as the Scourge of Damascus—of the terrible Julian."

The man was silent for a few moments, but he did not withdraw his gaze from the maiden's face.

"Sweet lady," he at length said, speaking very lowly and tenderly, "I am informed that the king of Damascus has sent you hither to keep you safely until he can make you his wife."

"He hath done so, sir."

"And yet it seems that he did not provide so wisely, after all. Would you wish to be carried to the king?"

"No, no, sir—not to the king. I would be carried to my father."

There could be no mistaking the character of the emotions under which the princess spoke. With all the king's power her hope was not in him. The stranger marked the changes of her countenance; and, while a warmer light shone in his handsome eyes, he resumed—

"I cannot say when you shall be returned to your father; but I can give you my solemn assurance that I can protect you. I will protect you from the hands of those whom you have cause to fear; and, at the same time, I will regard you as a sacred trust, to be respected and purely cherished. And now, lady, have I your confidence?"

He let go her hands, held until now, and when he had taken a seat not far from her, he continued:

"Lady Ulin, you have spoken of Julian, and I see that you fear him. Did you ever see him?"

Ulin shuddered as she answered in the negative.

"Did you ever hear his story?"

"No, sir. Albia has told me something, but not much."

"I can tell you the whole, if you would hear it."

"I should like to hear it, fair sir."

"Believe me, lady, when you have heard what I shall tell you, you will not regard Julian with so much of abhorrence. But of one thing I give you warning: In telling the story of Julian I must speak harsh words against your affianced husband."

"My—affianced—husband?" repeated Ulin, with a troubled pause between her words.

"I mean Horam, King of Damascus," said the stranger, regarding the beautiful maiden as though he read her every thought.

"I am not keeper over the character of Horam. The truth, spoken in a true cause, will not offend me."

"Then, lady, let me first assure you that Julian is not the monster your fears have painted. He has never done wrong to any, save the powerful of Damascus. Go to the forests and mountains of Lebanon, and you shall find a thousand poor peasants whose families he has befriended. He has taken gold and jewels, and precious stuffs of silk and linen, from the stores of Horam; but he hath not made himself rich therefrom. He and his followers have lived, and beyond this the booty has been bestowed upon the poor and needy. Julian hath also waylaid and broken up caravans; and turned back many expeditions which the king had sent out. He may be just what hath been said—he may be the Scourge of Damascus, but he has no wish to trouble honest men. His aim has been vengeance upon the king."

"And why should he seek such vengeance upon the king?" asked Ulin.

"I will tell you, lady. But for the king of Damascus Julian might be now one of the most free and happy men living; but as it is he is a stranger and an outcast upon the face of the earth. He is a wanderer, without a home, and [illegible]

[illegible] the heart of Julian is not evil. When he looks back upon the utter desolation of his young life, and realizes that the king of Damascus malignantly and cruelly brought the curse upon him can you wonder that his soul is fraught with vengeance?"

"I never heard this story before," said Ulin, her voice trembling with deep emotion. "If it is true, as you have told me, I cannot blame Julian so much."

"And yet you fear him, lady?"

"I cannot help it. He hath come hither in battle array, and made war against me."

"Nay, nay, sweet lady. You do much mistake his intent. I can tell you why he came hither. He heard from a messenger whom he met upon the plains of Marthal, that a fair damsel was shut up here—a maiden whom the king intended to marry. It might have pleased him to deprive Horam of a wife, but it pleased him more to release a gentle lady from such enslavement. He knows what the king of Damascus has ere this done unto his wives. He has heard that the dark waters of the Pharpor are but a short span from the royal bed. And hence he came to set free one whom he feared might meet a worse fate than the encountering of the Scourge of Damascus. Did he commit a grievous sin in this, lady?"

"Indeed, sir, I know not what to say."

"Will you not see Julian? Do not shudder. I assure you that he will be most gentle in his bearing. But I know he would like to speak with you—he would hear from your own lips that you do not think him a monster, and he would also know your pleasure."

"When will he come?"

"Let it be tomorrow morning, lady. It is near evening now, and your rest shall not be disturbed. You may sleep as safely tonight as ever you slept upon your mother's bosom, and so shall you be safe while I am near you. You will see Julian in the morning?"

"You will come with him?"

"If you wish it, lady."

"I do wish it, for I feel that I am acquainted with you, and, furthermore, I have said that I would trust you."

"It shall be so."

And thus speaking the visitor arose and moved towards the door. He turned, with his hand upon the latch, and added:

"I trust that your dreams may be sweet and pleasant. If dark phantoms come to your pillow they shall not be of Julian. There is another whom you have more cause to dread—one who, in hard and hoary age would feast upon the charms of your loveliness. Pardon me, for I go with a blessing breathed upon thee."

In a moment more the man was gone, and the door was closed behind him. Ulin gazed vacantly upon the spot where he had stood, until she felt a hand upon her shoulder. She started, and looked up; and it was only Albia.

"My dear mistress, is not this a strange adventure?"

"Very strange," replied the princess, casting her eyes to the floor, and then slowly raising them to that vacant spot.

"What do you think of the strange man?" the slave girl pursued, sitting down by her lady's side.

"What do you think of him?" said Ulin.

"I think he is very handsome. He is the most noble looking man I ever saw."

Ulin showed by her look that she was grateful for this answer. It pleased her, though she may not have known it.

"Such a man could not be a bad man," she said. "Deception cannot dwell in such a face."

"I should think not," returned Albia, to whom the remarks had been put in the form of questions.

"And what do you think of the story he told concerning the robber Julian?"

"I think he told us the truth, my lady. As he went on with the tale, I remembered that I had heard it just so before. He told us the truth."

"Then the king must be a hard, bad man, Albia?"

"I must not answer you lady. The king is to be your husband, and it is not well that you should urge me to speak against him."

"Indeed, girl, I asked you to do no such thing. I did not mean that you should speak against the king."

"Then you should have asked me no question touching his character. I would rather talk of this man who has just left us. I, who am only a poor slave, could love such a man."

Ulin lifted her hand to her heart, and pressed it there as though some new feeling had crept in to worry her, and, as she sat thus, one of her black slaves came in to see if she would like her supper.

"Not now, Calypso," said the princess, starting up. "You may bring me some grapes and a few dates. But first, tell me what these strange men are doing. How many of them are there here?"

"Not more than a score of them are in the palace, my mistress, but there are thousands of them outside of the valley."

Ulin had no disposition to argue the point, so she asked what the robbers were doing.

"Albia," said the princess, after the black slave had gone, "I do not believe that Julian is such a terrible looking man, after all. What do you think?"

"I think," replied Albia, "that people have described him who never saw him, and that their fear-fraught imaginations drew the picture."

[illegible]

"We [illegible] of the king, Albia, [illegible] this Julian, we [illegible] we see him."

(To be continued.)

COURTSHIP ENDED.

The Marriage of a Couple Stops Gossip in the East.

The end of the troubles of Miss Jennie Howell of Scranton, Pa., and Edward B. Dean of Hackensack, N. J., came when they were married. The courtship of Mr. Dean and Miss Howell was attended by unusual difficulties. The young couple met at Atlantic City last summer and were mutually attracted. Miss Dean was a woman of 31, and an invalid. Mr. Dean was a widower of 48, and each was well situated with regard to worldly goods. Mr. Dean frequently visited Miss Howell in Scranton, and a story was soon circulated that they were engaged. This was violently opposed by Miss Howell's brother, Franklin Howell, who instituted proceedings to have her declared a lunatic. How these proceedings finally collapsed in the face of the testimony of expert physicians from Philadelphia was told in the papers a short time ago. In answering the questions of the marriage license docket in court, Mr. Dean had placed on the records mention of the fact that he was divorced from his first wife in Cameron county in December, 1879, and his second wife died on March 17, 1900.

How to Become Wealthy.

In a New Hampshire city there dwells an octogenarian physician who, in addition to his wide medical skill, is known far and wide as a dispenser of blunt philosophy. The other day a young man of his acquaintance called at his office. "I have not come for pills this time, doctor," said the visitor, "but for advice. You have lived many years in this world of toil and trouble and have had much experience. I am young and I want you to tell me how to get rich." The aged practitioner gazed through his glasses at the young man and in a deliberate tone, said: "Yes, I can tell you. You are young and can accomplish your object if you will. Your plan is this: First, be industrious and economical. Save as much as possible and spend as little. Pile up the dollars and put them at interest. If you follow out these instructions by the time you reach my age you'll be as rich as Croesus and as mean as h—l."—Buffalo Commercial.

Music for the Spheres.

Dr. Joachim, the eminent violinist and probably the greatest performer of his time, was in Leipsig when a boy of 14. He was living in Mendelssohn's house and often used to visit Schumann. One evening when the three musicians were sitting in the garden the stars were shining brightly. Young Joachim was next to Schumann, who as a rule was very solemn. Suddenly Schumann looked at Joachim, gazing at the stars in raptures, and said: "I wonder whether there are people living up there and whether they know that on this earth there is a little boy who plays the violin very beautifully and gives many of us great pleasure. Are they shining down in gratitude on that little boy, I wonder?" Joachim, modest from his earliest childhood as he is now, looked delighted, but only murmured: "Oh, how I should like to give them pleasure up there too."

Cork Industrial Exhibition.

The Cork Industrial exhibition, which is to be held next year, has not only been supported by substantial subscriptions from both Cork and Dublin, but it has now been given the support of the Irish department of agriculture and technical instruction, of which Mr. Horace Plunkett is president. The department, it is announced, has allocated a sum of £5,000 for the purpose of the exhibition, subject to the general scheme being approved by the department. A portion of the sum will be devoted by the department to the organization of an exhibit of products, appliances, and processes relating to industries, which are capable of being introduced into Ireland or when already established, or being developed.

What persons are by starts, they are by nature.—Sterne.

SEVENTH ON THE ATLANTIC.

Pierpont Morgan's Line Not So Imposing As Reported.

The Leyland line of ocean steamers by J. Pierpont Morgan for an American syndicate is not of overshadowing importance in the ocean trade, as many writers have sought to convey of late. As compared with other lines the steamers are not imposing, while the carrying capacity of the line ranks but seventh. The Hamburg-American line stands first with 202 vessels, having a tonnage of 541,083. Three British lines, a French, an Italian and a German line, in addition to that already mentioned have more ships and a greater tonnage than the Leyland. Of the twelve fleets that practically monopolize the ocean traffic seven fly the English flag. It is said that of the 400-odd steamships of more than 5,000 tons' burden in existence, more than 30 are under the British flag. Of these eighteen are in the Leyland fleet, which Mr. Morgan is to control. Should he also get possession of the Atlantic Transport company's fleet the number would be increased by several first-class ships, two of which, the Minnehaha and the Minneapolis, are listed among the half dozen biggest ships in the world. The gross tonnage of the seventeen ships owned by the Atlantic Transport company is 99,441. Six ships, including two of 13,401 tons each, now building, will add 59,000 tons to the total capacity of this fleet. One is surprised to find that only three of the big trans-Atlantic passenger carrying lines are in the list of big fleets. It will be observed that the White Star line's fleet, in proportion to its tonnage is small in numbers. [illegible] proportion to its size.

EPWORTH LEAGUE CONVENTION.

San Francisco, Cal., 18-21, 1901.

When planning your trip do not forget that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway is the most popular, best equipped and safest railroad in the Northwest. On all of its through lines of travel this railway runs the most perfectly equipped trains of sleeping, parlor, dining, free reclining chair cars and coaches. It is the only line with electric reading lights in each berth in the sleeping cars run between Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis, and between Chicago and Omaha.

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Russia Wants American Bicycle.

Russia has decided that it wants the American bicycle, having tired of the more clumsy English and German article. Such are the comforting reports received by the managers of the American Bicycle company, which does much of the exporting of American machines. Russia finds more popular use for the machine at a moderate price than it has found heretofore, and the many American-made machines that travelers about Europe have seen have convinced them of the superiority of our machines over those of European make. So there is an unusual demand this year, a fact which pleases the American maker who finds the demand here falling off as compared with that which existed when all America was bicycle mad.

Bishop Potter's Wife Dead.

Eliza Rogers Jacob Potter, wife of Protestant Episcopal Bishop Henry C. Potter, died suddenly Sunday in New York at her home at No. 10 Washington square north. Death was due to heart disease, superinduced by the intense heat of the last few days.

ACCOMPLISHED MURDERERS.

Slayers of There Fellow Men Are Not All Illiterate.

Lacenaire, the Manfred of the gutter, who adorned the romantic epoch, practiced a poetry of sorts, professed a philosophy of all sorts, studied for the bar and wrote for the newspapers. Troppmann, gifted with a superior intelligence, shared that passion for sensational novels which in the days that pass does not necessarily stigmatize its victims as members of the criminal conspiracy. Barre has an exceptionally distinguished career at the Lycee at Angers; his co-mate in study and in sin, Lebiez, was a most promising student, the very banner of his school. The lively intelligence of the Abbe Auriol seemed to justify his uncle in educating him for a schoolmaster and with superficial abilities served to pass him into the priesthood. The Abbe Boudes was a man of extraordinary parts. The Abbe Bruneau was endowed with excellent capacity and a thorough education. Campi had the right by birth and education to sit at the table of respectable people, which seems an equivalent for the privilege of keeping a gig. Pranzini had traveled far, had an amazing facility for languages, was declared to be equally proficient in English, French, Italian, Greek, Turkish, Arabic, Russian and Hindostani. Prado was more redoubtable, intellectually and criminally, than either Campi or Pranzini. The murderer of the affair at Sidi Mabrouk was a Quartier Latin man of letters, a ready quoter of Sophocles, Taine, De Vigny and Senancour. The other Algerian murderer chronicled by Mr. Irving was a talented engineer, fond of music and a clever talker. Albert Pel, [illegible] Irving's Studies of French Criminals.

Physical Culture for Girls.

College girls are going daft on physical culture. They are adopting all sorts of masculine sports, but they may as well give up all hopes of gaining proficiency in baseball and cricket, for the simple reason that they can't throw. A physician, who has often been amused at the efforts of the Bryn Mawr girls, was talking about this the other day. "It is a physical impossibility for a girl to throw strongly and accurately, as a boy throws," he said. "A girl throws with a rigid arm, and it is out of the question for her to acquire a free movement, such as is possible with a boy, because her collar bone is larger and sets lower than a boy's."—Philadelphia Record.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

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Laborer 109 Years Old.

Barney Morris, famous laborer, who is employed in Prospect park, Brooklyn, has just been celebrating his one hundred and ninth birthday and is to be found attending to his duties six days a week the year round. He was born in County Cavan, Ireland, June 10, 1792, and came to this country seventy-three years ago.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Child Wife a Suicide.

Because her husband, a workingman, was unable to buy her a new dress, Mrs. Mary Laurer, 17 years old, and a bride of only a month, committed suicide at her home in Chicago by swallowing carbolic acid.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

"Then what is your reason for marrying her?" "I have no reason. I'm in love."

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—WM. O. ENDSLEY, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

A man who risks nothing accumulates a bountiful supply of the same.

Some people are never more serious than when they try to act funny.

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Miss Kathleen Graham, 3459 Florida Ave., N. W., Wash., D. C., writes: "At the solicitation of a friend I was advised to use Peruna and after the use of one bottle for dyspepsia I felt almost entirely cured. I take pleasure in recommending your remedy to anyone who needs an invigorating tonic."—Kathleen Graham.

FLORENCE ALLAN.

Miss Florence Allan, 75 Walton Place, Chicago, Ill., writes: "As a tonic for a worn out system Peruna stands at the head in my estimation. Its effects are truly wonderful in rejuvenating the entire system. I keep it on hand all the time and never have that 'tired feeling' as a few doses always makes me feel like a different woman."—Florence Allan.

Dr. S. B. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio, a prominent authority on women's catarrhal diseases will take charge of as many cases of female catarrh as make application to him during the summer months. Advice free. Address Dr. S. B. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio.

CUP THAT CHEERS.

Custom of Treating Afternoon Visitors to Fancy Drinks.

It is the custom now in most houses to make, for the afternoon especially, when visitors are expected, a bowl of lemonade or some similar drink and leave it in a cool nook where the thirsty may conveniently help themselves. Great lumps of ice to keep it cool, and a silver ladle is used to dip the fluid into the fancy cups that should stand on the tray beside it. These bowls differ according to one's tastes and means. Cut glass is handsome, and so is silver, but much service may mar the bowl, and few women care to trust their cherished glass to the tender mercies of the transient visitor. China bowls are therefore more often used than the expensive silver or glass. Of the American bowls quaint ones decorated in old-fashioned blue are adorned with scenes famous in the country's history. Bowls decorated with representations of famous scenes abroad are also to be procured, while others represent drinking carnivals. The daintiest and prettiest decorations are the hand-painted ones representing gaily colored flowers. Chrysanthemums and large flowers lend themselves most satisfactorily to decorations of this kind. Dark blooms, of course, contrast more strongly than light ones against the white of the bowl and the therefore more striking.

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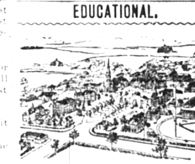

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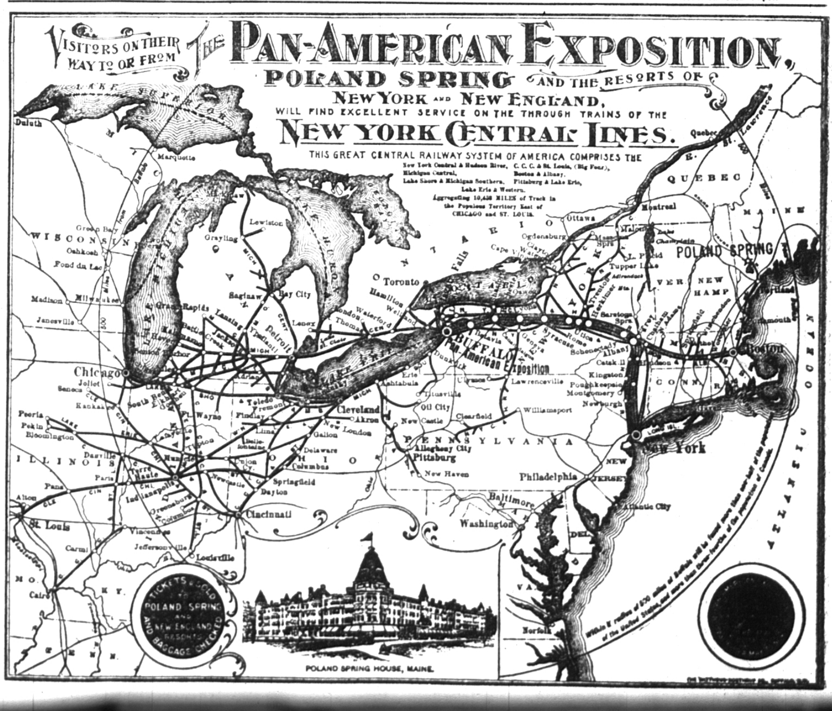
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