The Scourge of Damascus

A Story of the East...

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(CONTINUED.)

When the princess spoke she trembled both with the weight of the new thought that had so suddenly burst upon her. Right upon this thing that had not made its way to her mind before—but now that it had been presented, she could see it all clear. She had revealed not only the secret of the king's love, but the secret of her own heart to Alba. There was a fountain of pure spring water in the soul which is the life of the soul, unsuspected and undiscovered by other causes than such as spring from reason and intellect. She had grown a fear of Hiram and a belief in being his wife since he had come to her, and until the moment when Alba had come as an attendant spirit upon her sent the warning. The danger passed and the day came and she had not married him, if she could help it. When Alba came and asked the question she had determined what the answer should be.

"But what is he going to do when he can't help it?"

Now that the princess had spoken aloud to herself, Alba felt that she could speak without reserve. She knew that the man of whom they were speaking was the one to whom she had given her heart, and that he had returned the love. She knew that he was a man of high principle, and that he would not make love to the princess if he were not willing to marry her. She knew that he had made his