The Scourge of Damascus

A Story of the East...

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CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

And thus was the work accomplished, and with a result not to be wondered at. The Arabs had been brave enough over their rich booty, but they had lacked the sinew and force of the attacking party. In fact, upon foot, hand to hand, and front to front, either Julian or his lieutenant might have been a match for half of them.

"Those two rascals are not worth pursuing, said our hero, as he noticed that Hobaddan was lookin; after the fleeing Arabs. Let them go. We have gained all we sought.

After this Julian turned towards the females. Ulin saw him coming, and, with no thought save that of tenderest gratitude, she moved forward to meet him.

"Heaven bless you kind sir," she said, as she extended to him her hand.

Sweet lady, returned the chieftain, forcibly, talk not of blessings to me. Let me be the one to call down blessings. I know to whom I owe my life and my liberty. Hobaddan has told me all. Oh, at first I was vexed with me the Scourge of Damascus, thinking that in my power I had lost the jewel of my life. But I was blind, and I could not see the hand of Allah in it. Yet I knew that it was for the best, and I knew that I could not do more than I did. Yet I was blind, and I could not see the hand of Allah in it. But