

# 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 that master has sent me to tell you that he wishes to see you."

"Who is he?" asked Ulin.

"I don't know, but I think he is Julian, the Scourge. His look is terrible. Upon his brow sits the thundercloud, and in his eye flashes the forked lightning!"

"Will he come up here?"

"He said so."

"I have no power to prevent him. Tell him I am weak and defenceless, and at his mercy."

The slave bowed and withdrew, and in a little while some one else came. A heavy footfall sounded without, and the door was slowly and carefully opened.

But, who is this? What spirit has thus appeared in the palace? A man had entered the chamber alone. He was youthful—not more than three or four-and-twenty—with kindly look, and of noble bearing. He was not larger of frame than common men; but the perfect symmetry of form, the exact correspondence of all the parts; the delicate rounding of the graceful outline, and the filling up of all points where sources of strength could be deposited, gave token of a power which might lead the careless observer to pronounce him a giant.

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 are at 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 give me 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 hand, 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.

horrence. 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 with only such friends as are bound to him in his adventurous and dangerous course. Once many years ago—he had parents and the prospect of life was bright before him; but in an unhappy hour the gloom and the darkness came. Horam, in wicked, jealous wrath, swept away all that was bright and promising from the path of Julian and shut out the star of hope forever. O, sweet lady, I dare not pain your ear with all that Horam did. Were I to tell you all, you would regard the king as such a monster that your heart would close against him, and your very soul would shrink at the sound of his name. As true as the heavens are above us, so true is it that 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 Pharpar 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."

"So I think," returned Ulin. She gazed a few moments upon that old vacant spot, and then added: "I shall see him on the morrow, and I must say that the thought is not frightful. I feel assured that he means me no harm."

"Yet," ventured Albia, "it is a curious whim which should lead him to seek to release you from the hands of the king. But I don't know as we can wonder at it. Perhaps he thought you were some friendless girl who did not know—"

The princess motioned for her companion to stop.

"We will not talk of the king, Albia; and, touching this Julian, we shall know more when we see him."

(To be continued.)

## COURTSHIP ENDED.

The Marriage of a Couple Steps 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.

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.

# A TERRIFYING FISH...

IS UGLIEST DENIZEN OF THE DEEP

(Special Letter.)

Of all the creatures of the deep the most terrifying and appalling is the giant squid, writes Prof. Charles F. Holder, former member of the United States Fish Commission. Up to comparatively a few years ago it was known merely by rumor, and the tales of monsters 60 or 70 feet in length were discredited and laid at the door of fun-loving mariners. But one day some fishermen were going into one of the deep flocks of Newfoundland when they saw a strange object floating on the surface. The men rowed nearer, when suddenly into the air shot seven or eight arms of livid white, eight or ten feet in length, and a horrible animal of a dark reddish color, with eyes black and staring, moved toward them. The men were familiar with small squids, and recognized in this a giant of the tribe. The average man would have fled before such an apparition, but these men of nerve rowed ahead and hurled a harpoon into the white and mottled mass.

The effect was appalling. Long sucker-lined arms shot over the boat, one winding about the leg of the harpooner, while the animal surged backward and downward, pumping a volley of inky fluid from its siphon; its eyes, as large as saucers, staring fixedly. With a hatchet the men chopped away the arms which were fastened to the boat, dodging others, and finally hauled away from the animal, which now attempted to escape. The men rowed in shore as rapidly as possible and fastened the harpoon rope to a tree and at low tide had the satisfaction of seeing the hideous creature high and dry. Even when stranded its struggles were described as remarkable. The ten arms rose convulsively, like snakes, the body changed color rapidly, while a jet-black mass of ink was ejected from the siphon.

This squid was estimated to be nearly 60 feet in length and was undoubtedly injured, or it would not have been captured so easily. The largest individual seen and measured by me was 45 feet in length. The body, about seven feet long, was barrel-shaped, terminating in an arrow-like tail. The head bore ten arms—eight short and two long ones. The former were lined with suckers their entire length, the latter expanding at the tips, the suckers being confined to this portion. The eyes were enormous, black and staring and the mouth was provided with a pair of beaks in color and shape very similar to those of a parrot. Leading into the siphon or swimming organ, was the ink bag, part of the offensive

and defensive armament, and at will the fluid could be mixed with the water, the animal pumped, surrounding itself with a dense cloud.

A Match for Several Men.

Such an animal in good condition is more than a match for several men, and that they attain to a great length, weighing possibly several tons, there can be little doubt. One has been seen with its arms wound about a whale, the latter leaping out of the water to rid itself of the animal which had attacked, and which is the natural food of the toothed whales. Another giant was struck by a harpooner, but the captain of the vessel ordered the men to cut away from it, fearing for their lives. Another squid, estimated at 70 feet in length, was harpooned and killed, but fell apart when being hoisted over the ship's side. These animals undoubtedly inhabit the deep sea, which explains the fact that they are so rarely seen.

The smaller squids, ranging up to 10 feet in length, afford excellent sport with the spear. In a little bay on the California coast I once secured six or seven of about this size. They came rushing in a school, probably chased by large tunas and presented a remarkable sight against the dark green of the kelp-lined rocks. When struck they wound their arms about the spear and clung to it, pressing it to their beaks, all the while filling the water for feet and yards about with ink, which might well dismay an enemy following in the water. One of these squids was caught uninjured and placed in a large tank, where its movements were watched. It attached its hundreds of suckers to the glass, holding on with a death grip, filling the water with ink, while the body presented a marvelous appearance; a succession of bluish passing over it; now, gray, now red, to deeper changes, illustrating the remarkable faculty this animal possesses of adapting itself to the color of the bottom.

Between the squid and the octopus, so far as appearances go, there is little choice of evils. They are equally hideous and ugly, but the squid is an open water animal, moving here and there, covering long distances, while the octopus clings to one spot, or lives within a certain radius. How large the octopus grows is not known, but that it attains a spread of 50 feet is believed. I have handled a large number of specimens fifteen feet across and believe that in the open water a man would have little chance against such an animal if entangled in its snake-like arms.



LONG SUCKER-LIKE ARMS SHOT OVER THE BOAT.

## DENMARK'S KING ONCE POOR.

And His Daughter, England's Queen, Helped Do Housework.

Some interesting things concerning King Christian, of Denmark, are told by William E. Curtis, the Chicago correspondent who is touring Europe. Here are two entertaining paragraphs from a long letter on the father-in-law of Europe:

Christian was not always a King. Until 1863 he was only a captain in the guards, as poor as any officer in the army of Denmark. He lived in an old house on Amalia gade (Amalia street), where his wife and his daughter did the housework, made their own clothes, until Alexandra, the present Queen of England, was 19 years old, and her sister, Dowager Empress of Russia, was 16, when the change came. His salary as captain was his only support, and it was less than that paid to a second lieutenant in the army of the United States—only a few hundred dollars a year. When King Frederick VII. died childless and leaving no heirs, parliament was obliged to search for a successor to the throne, and to his own surprise and to the surprise of the public, Christian, Duke of Glyksborg, was found to be the nearest relation—a sort of 40th cousin of the late King. His wife, the late Queen Louise, was related to the Duke of Hesse-Cassel of Germany. At the time he was proclaimed King the family was living in the little village of Bernstorff, about five miles from Copenhagen, where he was performing the ordinary duties of a captain of infantry.

But he has been king of Denmark ever since he ascended the throne, and is noted for his stubborn disposition, which is quite as strongly developed

as his simplicity of character. He has allowed his ministers to attend to the details of the government, but has directed its policy himself, and many amusing stories are told of his peculiarities in this respect. He hated a function and a speech, and the people have learned to make their ceremonies and their address as brief as possible when the king is expected, because as soon as he thinks the proceedings have lasted long enough he calmly arises and terminates them, no matter what is going on. The late Queen Louise was a great stickler for etiquette, and so is the king for that matter. He insists upon the punctilious observance of every formality from others, although he neglects everything of the kind himself. He requires the officers of his army to be scrupulous concerning their uniforms, their salutes and their decorations; and the officers of the court are always in a state of anxiety lest the king should detect them in some delinquency. But he sets them a very poor example himself.

Some Astonishing Figures.

In a sermon the other day Rev. Charles M. Sheldon of Topeka, Kan., famous for his extraordinary works on "what Jesus would do" in various spheres of life, presented these astonishing figures: Last year the United States paid over \$1,000,000,000 for intoxicating drinks, \$600,000,000 for tobacco, \$25,000,000 for kid gloves, \$5,000,000 for ostrich feathers and only \$12,000,000 for mission work.

Exports of cottonseed products from New Orleans last year reached a value of nearly \$10,000,000, a remarkable record for what not many years ago was thrown away as a waste material.

## For Fall Pasture.

Rape has been grown successfully for fall pasture in this state, but the experience with this plant for fall use is somewhat limited, and it is not considered so sure a crop as Kafir corn and sorghum. It is a cool weather plant, and requires a reasonable amount of moisture; but the spring sowings have stood the drought and heat of the summer quite well on the College Farm this year. Rape may be sown in the corn where the stand is not good, or where the growth has been seriously retarded by the drought, sowing at the rate of about two pounds per acre, and covering lightly. If sufficient rain comes to start it well, it will make a large amount of excellent pasture for sheep, hogs and cattle, and will continue green until the ground freezes. Its greatest growth will occur after the corn is cut. Rape will do better, however, if sown alone, in which case three pounds of seed per acre should be used. Dwarf Essex is the variety to use. The seed will cost from 13 to 20 cents per pound or from 13 to 20 cents per acre so that the farmer will not be at much expense even if the season is not favorable enough to make a crop.

Turnips.—On land especially suited to this purpose, turnips would be worth sowing for the farmer who expects to winter any considerable number of sheep. While in ordinary seasons this crop is not considered especially profitable except in a small way, yet in view of the great scarcity of feed, it will be well worth growing this year.

A large area of rye and wheat should be sown as early as possible for fall, winter and early spring pasture.

Of course it is understood that if the drought continues through July and August, all of the crops recommended for hay will fail, but in view of the great scarcity of feed, it will be well worth the investment and risk to sow every available acre in something that will produce feed if it rains. It is hardly necessary to add that all the straw should be carefully saved for feed, that all the corn fodder should be preserved, and arrangements made to protect the stock against the winter storms, to make the feed go as far as possible.

The experience of 1881, the time of the last disastrous drought, in which the continued rain of the winter did so much damage to the small amount of feed on hand, should not be forgotten, and every reasonable precaution should be taken to prevent its repetition this winter.—H. J. Waters, Director Missouri Experiment Station.

## Circumventing the Cut-Worm.

An exchange gives the following method of protecting plants from cut-worms:

Cut newspapers into squares of 3/4 inches. Take a needle and thread and string about 100 pieces by one corner. Tie the string tight, so loose side of papers will spread apart. Attach string to a button on your vest. Pick up a tomato or cabbage plant with one hand, tear off a paper with the other and wrap it around the plant so a part of paper is under ground and a part above. It is quickly done and will last until all danger from cut worms is over, and is effective. I have saved acres of tomato plants this way when worms were abundant and plants scarce. I might add the reason for plowing early in the fall to keep free from cut worms. The beetles are said to lay their eggs under any litter on the stubble ground, as well as in sod fields. Early plowing leaves a clean surface free from litter and no eggs are laid. Harrow down after plowing, as a general rule.

## Demanded for Horses.

There appears to be a fair demand for horses at the Chicago Horse Market, especially for big horses. The best prices realized at the sale last Wednesday were \$167.50 for a six-year-old bay mare of 1700 pounds weight; \$225 for a black 1600-pound gelding of 5 years; \$225 for a 1600-pound bay gelding of 6 years; \$180 for a 1500-pound brown gelding of 5 years. Two six-year-old bay geldings of 1100 pounds each, drivers, sold for \$225 apiece. Good to choice carriage teams are bringing \$300 to \$700; drivers \$125 to \$500; draft horses \$130 to \$255; export chunks \$90 to \$160; general use horses \$50 to \$100. Prices on poor to fair offerings are about 50 per cent below the figures quoted.

## Pasturing Meadows.

In his work on grasses and forage plants Charles L. Flint discusses the effect on meadows of fall feeding. He quotes the opinions of farmers in various sections, all of whom deprecate it, even those who are compelled to practice it, and close feeding was in every case condemned. Mr. Flint says: "The fall growth collects the elements of a thrifty growth the following spring. These are stored up in the roots over winter for the early use of the plant. If it is closely fed the spring growth must be proportionately later and feebler."

Young orchards that are kept perfectly clean by cultivation are seldom injured by mice under snow. There are some instances, however, where mice will attack those that stand near the boundary fences or in proximity to grass; and sometimes a hard crust of ice or snow may be formed on the surface, over which mice will travel beneath a second fall of snow, in committing their depredations.

Latent Buds.—Only a small portion of the buds of trees formed one year grow the second year; the rest remain dormant or latent for years, and are made to grow and produce shoots only when the others are destroyed.

Mirth is nature's best remedy for grief.