

The Scourge of Damascus

A Story of the East...

By SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

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CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)
"I hope you have rested well," said the chief, approaching the princess.

"I have slept, sir," she replied, trembling as she looked into his dark face.
"Then you are ready to resume your saddle. We will ride before the heat of the noonday sun is upon us."

"You will not claim us for companions further, I trust."
"Only while our roads lay together, lady. Surely you cannot object to that."
"But I wish to go to the bank of the Phosphar."

"Just as I expected; so I shall not be disappointed. Your horses are ready. I will have them brought this way."
The guard had already been placed upon a horse, and Ulin saw them leading him to a saddle. What did this mean?

Hardly knowing what she did, Ulin suffered herself to be lifted into the saddle; and in a few moments more Albia was by her side.
"Why have you bound Shubal to his seat?" she asked.

"That he may ride safely. He is a bungling fellow, and might tumble off if he were not secured. But don't let that worry you."

CHAPTER XVI.
The Strange Horseman.
At this moment the guard came near to the place where his mistress sat, his horse having moved of his own accord, and as she turned towards him he spoke to her:

"My dear good lady, they lie to you when they tell you that they mean you no harm. I have heard them talk and I know their plans. We are all to be sold into slavery in the kingdom beyond the Syrian desert!"

"Mercy!" cried Ulin, turning pale as death and clasping her hands in agony.
"O, my dream! my dream!"

"Easy, fair lady," said Al Abbas. "This black rascal knows not what he says. I allowed him to speak so that I might see how his mind ran."
"It is false," exclaimed Shubal. "I heard them lay the plan. You, my mistress, are to be sold for—"

The guard's speech was stopped by two of the robbers, who threw him back upon his horse, and stopped his mouth with their hands.
"Silly robber," cried Ulin, stretching her hands out towards him, "deceive me no more. I think my poor slave has told me the truth."

"A pest upon the slave, lady! His tongue shall come out by the roots if he speaks again without my leave. Stick to your saddle, and keep up your courage."

As the Arab spoke he leaped upon the back of his horse, and ere the princess could ask another question, the party was upon the move, the order of arrangements being the same as before.

"We are not going towards the Phosphar," said Ulin.
"No," replied Albia. "We are going the other way."
"Then Shubal told us the truth," Al Abbas said to her.

"But you think so?"
"I cannot deny it."
"And you thought so before you heard Shubal speak?"

"I feared something of the kind."
Al Abbas overheard the girls as they thus conversed, and he was presently by their side.
"Lady Ulin," he said, and he spoke sternly and sharply. "You are now on the move, and when you stop again it will be far away from Damascus. I owe something to the officers of that city, and I will repay a part of the debt by taking you away from them. You are to go just as far as I please to take you; and the more quietly you go the better it will be for you; so you had better begin to accommodate yourself to the circumstances."

He rode back to his place and Ulin grasped the bow of her saddle for support.
"Courage," said Albia, riding as near as she could. "There may be some way to escape. The good spirits will not desert us."
The princess heard the words, and they had a marked effect upon her. She had naturally a strong resolution, and when she was once resolved to bear up, her strength was not long in coming to her assistance. On the present occasion she knew that she had heard the worst. In fact, she had reason to believe that her captor meant for her the most dreadful fate to which one in her station could be subjected. For a while she was completely stunned by the fearful blow; but as she came to reason with herself, she saw that her only hope was in escape. The Arabs were low, brutal and sordid, and would sell her for the gold. She could read in their evil faces that they were not to be touched by sympathy. What then could she do? She must get away from them. And it was this to be done she must summon all her energies to the work.

be answered, and if the most holy need could be met, it might be hoped for.

At the end of some two or three hours the party came to a thick grove of palms; near which was a spring, and here they stopped just long enough to water the horses. They had started on again, and were at some little distance from the grove, when one of the Arabs who rode in the rear, came forward and informed his leader that a horseman was following them. Al Abbas looked back and saw that the stranger was a black, and that he rode a swift and powerful horse.

"He wishes to overtake us," said the fellow who had come from the rear.
"Then he must ride for it," returned the chief. "I cannot stop. I wonder where he came from."
"When I first saw him, he seemed to have just emerged from the grove."

In a short time the strange horseman had come so near that the light of his eyes could be seen, and Al Abbas saw that he must soon overtake them; so he concluded to drop behind and find out what was wanted, evidently desiring that the men should not see what manner of prizes he had in charge, at least until his character was known. The robbers were directed to slacken their speed a little, but to keep on their course, and having given this order, the chief turned his horse's head and rode back; and ere long he was within speaking distance of the stranger, who proved to be a stout, well-made man, with a face as black as night.

"Hallo!" cried Al Abbas, reining in his horse. "Who are you?"
"I am king of this plain," replied the African, at the same time reining in his own horse; "and I have come out to see who thus trespasses upon my domain. Who are you?"

The Arab hesitated in his answer, as he supposed the black must be crazy.
"Who are you, and what sort of company do you lead?" cried the African.
"I lead my own company; and if you want anything, come and get it," answered the Arab.

"I want nothing but to know who you are; and the next time you come this way, be sure and stop again at the grove of the date-palms. I will have a banquet prepared for you."
Thus speaking, the stranger wheeled his horse in a broad circle, and started back towards the place whence he had come.

Al Abbas rode back to his party, and when they asked him what manner of man he had met, he replied that it was only a poor crazy fool, who imagined that he owned the broad plain upon which they were traveling.
"He is worth capturing," suggested one of the robbers.

"We could not capture him if we would," said the chief. "He rides a better horse than we own."
While the Arabs were going back after the retiring horseman Albia drew close to the side of her mistress and spoke, quickly and excitedly:
"Did you recognize him?"

"Whom?"
"The crazy man who followed us."
"No."
"It was Osmir!"
"Osmir!"
"Hush! Not a word. As sure as I live it was Osmir; and be assured we have help at hand."

"But he has gone."
"Aye, for he only came out to see who we were. Be sure he has recognized us."
Ulin felt her heart bound up with springing hope; and her next prayer was uttered with returning faith in heaven's protecting power.

CHAPTER XVII.
By the Banks of the Phosphar.
Half an hour after Al Abbas had resumed his place at the head of his troop, the same robber who had before come from the rear, again rode to the front, this time bringing intelligence that a number of horsemen were pursuing them. The chief drew his horse aside and looked back, and saw four men coming. They were well mounted, and seemed to be in hot pursuit.

"There is something more than accident in this," said Al Abbas. "The fellow is with them who followed us before."
"Two of those men are white," remarked the robber who had ridden up from the rear. "What can they want of us?"

"Never mind," returned the chief. "If they want us, let them catch us. And if, beyond that, they want more, let them make their wants known."
Thus speaking, the Arab leader resumed his place, and urged his horses forward with increasing speed. Ever and anon he cast his eyes behind him, and it was ere long evident that the strangers were rapidly gaining upon him.

"We may as well stop now as at any time," said Al Abbas, addressing the man who rode by his side. "I will halt and ascertain what these fellows want. It is about time our horses had a breathing spell."
At a simple order from their chief, the Arabs wheeled their horses in a circle, bringing up in line, facing the pursuers, with their prisoners in the rear.

The man who is imprisoned for his no longer stands being found out.

"Who are you that thus pursue and stop me?" demanded Al Abbas.
"I am Julian, the Scourge of Damascus!" replied the foremost of the opposite party.

At the sound of that name the Arab trembled, for he knew that no king's officer had been more persistent in driving petty robbers from the plains of Damascus than had Julian. But presently he recovered himself, seeming to think that, were the man's assertion true, the opposing force was not strong enough to be feared.

"If you be Julian," he cried, "you have come forth with a small retinue. But what seek you?"
"I have come to take from you those prisoners that you hold. Deliver them up to me, and I will trouble you no more."

"And suppose that I should refuse to do any such thing?"
"Then I should be forced to take them from you. As I address you, I recognize you as you are. If I am not greatly mistaken, you are Al Abbas, the Arab—a villain who lives by robbing women and old men."

"Now, by the blood of Cosh!" exclaimed Al Abbas, drawing his sword and urging his horse forward, "I'll make you feel another thing the Arab robber can do! What, ho, my men! Down with these rascals!"
In a moment the Arabs were ready for action, and hurried forward to strike with their leader.

As soon as Shubal found his guard gone, he called to Albia to come and set him free.
"Cut these cords," he cried, "and I may be of some help in this affair. Merciful heaven, is not this the work of a good spirit!"

The bondmaid was not long in setting him free from his saddle, and as soon as he was clear he sprang forward to where the ring of clashing steel had already broken upon the air.

With something like a smile of disdain upon his handsome features did Julian behold the approach of the Arabs, while Hobaddan, who sat close by his side, looked grim and stern. Osmir and Selim drew to the front as the token of battle was given, and their cool, determined bearing, plainly showed that they were foemen not to be despised. Al Abbas rode directly for the youthful chieftain, with his sword ready for the stroke; but he had mistaken his man, if he thought to touch any vulnerable point. Julian knocked his weapon up, and quickly drove him from his horse; and then, seeking to make quick work of it, and feeling no great sympathy for woman-stealers, he simply rode the Arab leader down, cleaving open his head as he fell.

Shubal was close at hand when Al Abbas dropped, and quickly as possible he possessed himself of the fallen man's sword, and was just in season to join in the conflict as three of the Arabs had attacked Julian. The young chieftain struck down one of them by a winding blow across the bare neck, but he might have had severe work with the other two had not help arrived; for the rascals were strong, and the death of their leader had given them new impulse to conquer. It was not the impulse of revenge. No, no. The death of Al Abbas left more gold for those who survived. But the unexpected arrival of the freed slave upon the scene gave a new turn to the tide. One of the Arabs he struck down from behind, and the other one alone proved no match for the stalwart chieftain.

In the meantime Hobaddan, with Osmir and Selim, had disposed of the others. Two they had slain, and two had taken to flight.
(To be continued.)

BROKE BLAINE'S BOOM.
Ex-Governor Newell's Medical Opinion Turned Jersey Delegates.

Friends of the late William A. Newell, once Governor of New Jersey, have recalled an old story in which he figures as the rock upon which the Presidential hopes of James G. Blaine were wrecked in 1876. The ex-Governor, who was a physician as well as a politician, was a delegate to the Republican national convention in that year, and he was prominent among those members of the New Jersey delegation who favored Mr. Blaine's nomination.

While the struggle for the various aspirants was in progress, the news came that Mr. Blaine had been stricken with what was variously described as apoplexy and sunstroke. This event was eagerly seized upon by the two or three Jersey delegates who favored Mr. Conkling, and these, hearing that Dr. Newell had expressed a fear that the effects of such a "stroke" as Mr. Blaine had suffered might seriously and permanently affect his mental faculties, saw an opportunity, as they thought, to help their candidate. They secured a conference of the delegation, and when it had met, they called upon the ex-Governor to give his opinion, as a medical man, as to whether, in the circumstances, it would be prudent to nominate the Maine statesman. The answer, given with extreme reluctance and regret, and of course entirely sincere, was in the negative. Mr. Blaine's hold upon the New Jersey delegates was immediately broken, but their votes ultimately went, not to Mr. Conkling, but to Mr. Hayes. Those who like to ascribe great effects to small causes saw at the time, in the inaccurate, long-distance diagnosis of Dr. Newell the explanation of Mr. Blaine's failure to reach the Presidency, for they say that, though he was defeated in 1876, if he had been nominated in 1876 he would have been elected.—New York Times.

The man who is imprisoned for his no longer stands being found out.

The Weekly Panorama.

THE LATE ADMIRAL BUNCE.

Was Distinguished for His Services During the Civil War.

Rear Admiral Francis M. Bunce, who was retired from active service in the navy some time ago, died the other day at his home in Washington. He had been ill for several months and for the past few weeks had been failing so rapidly as to be unable to take much interest in current affairs.

Admiral Bunce was born in Connecticut in 1836, and entered the naval academy in 1852. He fought in several engagements in the civil war, winning particular honor for his bravery in the fighting at Yorktown, Va., and in the skirmishing with Fort Fisher and the batteries about Fort Caswell. He took part in the Wilmington, N. C., blockade and commanded the expedition which co-operated with General Gil-



more in the capture of Morris Island. He served also in the attack on Fort Sumter and in the siege of Charleston. In 1863 he became a lieutenant commander, a commander in 1871, a captain in 1883, a commodore in 1895 and a rear admiral in 1898. His latest service in the department was rendered as commander of the Brooklyn navy yard, to which post he was assigned in 1897.
In all respects Admiral Bunce was a model naval officer, and possessed of high ideals of duty and service. He was liked by his fellow officers and respected by the sailors who knew his record and admired his courage.

FLEETING CHANGES.
The New and Old Journey—Across the American Continent.

The announcement that the Northwestern and Union Pacific Railroad companies have reduced the running time of their "limited" train between Chicago and San Francisco by three hours and ten minutes and cut the time of two other trains also is calculated to put the old transcontinental traveler in a ruminative mood. There are still many people living who went overland first on a prairie schooner, and in the course of fifty years the change has been marvelous.

One of the most interesting of books of pioneer times is Edwin Bryant's "What I Saw in California." Its author reached the coast just before the gold discoveries and during the Mexican war, and when he made his journey of five or six months' duration the country which is part of the United States beyond the Missouri was a wilderness. Could he return to earth now and see the many lines of railroad which cross the continent he would be as much surprised as Lieutenant Peary might be if he were to find a through mail route to the north pole and a network of tracks covering Greenland.

Bank Embezzlers.
The old theory that certain crimes come in waves seems to be confirmed by the frequent occurrence of bank embezzlements during the last week. After long immunity from losses of this kind three embezzlements are recorded within the period of two days—that of George Armitage, the New York bank messenger; M. A. Emory, bank cashier of Boyertown, Pa., and A. G. Smith and Louis Swift, bank tellers of Lowell, Mass., the aggregate of their peculations amounting to \$271,000. During October there have been three other cases of embezzlements by bank employes, which brings the total for the month up to \$308,000, which is the largest sum the banks have lost in any one month of this year, the record standing: January, \$169,000; February, \$3,000; March, \$233,000; April, \$246,000; May, \$74,000; June, \$2,500; July, nothing; August, \$13,000; September, \$5,000. The total sum embezzled during the present year to date is \$2,968,911, so that the bank stealings represent nearly one-half of the whole amount.—Chicago Tribune.

Cold Weather Advice.
A great mistake made by many is that clothing gives warmth, whereas it only retains the warmth that is produced by the food eaten. Therefore the best way to keep warm is to take plenty of heat-giving food, such as milk, butter, cheese, oatmeal, potatoes and the like.

Always wear wool or silk next the skin, breathe deeply and regularly, keep your mouth shut, never miss a meal, try walking to business instead of huddling yourself up in the corner of a car or omnibus, and you will have no difficulty in keeping warm.

Novel Naval Show.
A proposal is on foot for holding an international naval and military exhibition in Brussels next year. Hitherto no such enterprise has been attempted on the continent, and the almost universal interest taken in naval and military matters by every European power, it is thought, should lead to a very large attendance from all parts. Such an exhibition could only take place in a neutral country, and Belgium as a central resort for tourists is the most suitable locality for carrying out the undertaking.

The Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette says: "Walter Baker & Co., of Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A., have given years of study to the skillful preparation of cocoa and chocolate, and have devised machinery and systems peculiar to their methods of treatment, whereby the purity, palatability, and highest nutrient characteristics are retained. Their preparations are known the world over and have received the highest indorsements from the medical practitioner, the nurse, and the intelligent housekeeper and caterer."

Sick Citizens Can Vote.
In Victoria a sick voter can record his vote by post; it has been enacted that he can obtain his ballot paper through the local postmaster from the returning officer, fill it up in the presence of the policeman, who must not look at the name he is writing, and post it.

Care of the Complexion.
Many persons with delicate skin suffer greatly in winter from chapping. Frequently the trouble arises from the use of impure soap and cheap soaps. The face and hands should be washed only in clear, hot water with Ivory Soap. A little mutton tallow or almond oil may be used after the bath to soften the skin.
ELIZA R. PARKER.

Hat dealers buy principally from the English and Italian markets. England furnishes stiff and Italy soft hats.

Putnam's Famous Buckwheat makes the finest Buckwheat cakes. Ready in a moment. Ask for Mrs. Austin's Buckwheat. Refuse substitutes.

About 200,000 miles of railroads are operated in the United States.
I am sure Pile's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thos. R. Maxon, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

What is cheapest to you now is likely to prove dearest in the end.—Ruskin.

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There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years Dr. J. C. Brown has announced a local disease, and guaranteed local relief with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

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To Preserve Flowers.
Several methods of preserving the natural color of pressed flowers have been suggested, but the best, it is said, is that used in the New York botanical garden. After the specimens have been under pressure for a day or two they are laid in papers heated in the sun, and this is repeated until the drying is completed. This, it is said, preserves the colors perfectly.

Telephone Line Connecting Oceans.
With the construction of two short gaps, one from a point in North Dakota to Miles City and the other from Billings, Mont., to same place, there will be a telephone line from ocean to ocean via Boston, New York, Chicago, Helena, Mont., Portland and Los Angeles.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. See a bottle.
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with a softly breathed blessing from the lips of thousands upon thousands of women who have been restored to their families when life hung by a thread, and by thousands of others whose weary, aching limbs you have quickened and whose pains you have taken away.
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