The Scourge ofDamascus

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CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.) Ulin bowed her head upon her hands: and could the instinctive promptings of her heart at that moment have been read, they would have revealed a secret not much to be wondered at.

"I think," said Ezabel, after a pause, "that you have had some opportunity to study Julian's character."

"I have seen enough to assure me that he is a noble, generous man,"

returned Ulin, raising her head. "And," added Ezabel, "if you could know him better you would find your impressions strengthened. But he will not be here long. As soon as he recovers from his wound he will leave

"If I am not mistaken," ventured grove and walk awhile." our heroine, "Julian is at home in this place."

"Most certainly he is, my daughter. From his earliest childhood he knew no other home but this."

"And he was on his way hither when he overtook me in the hands of the Arabs "Yes."

leave you?"

"I think not, lady. But you will give yourself no uneasiness on that account. If Julian feets that he had better be away from you, he will go for his own sake. And, remember—the truly noble soul finds joy in the generous sacrifices which it may be called apon to make. I hear Ben Hadad's woice. He is calling me."

She arose and left the chamber; and when ahe returned sne was followed by Ben Hadad. Now that Ulin saw the mermit by the light of the day she was awe-struck by his venerable appearance., All that could be noble and benerable and lovable in old age seemed combined in him; and as he bent his gaze upon her and extended his hand in welcome, she felt her heart so to him with all its trust and confi-

"My child," he said in tones of tenderest solicitude, "Ezabel has told me your story and I have come to bid you an affectionate welcome to my cave. Rest here and feel that you are at home. Your mother paid me for this long ago. Come-follow me to where the air is fresher, and where the sunbeams can greet you."

The maiden thanked Ben Hadad as well as she was able and then rose to follow him. He led her to the main cave, where she found Hobaddan and the slaves

"This is my home," said the old man; as he led the maiden to a seat "and here have I lived more years than to fill up the allotted age of man. All these trees and shrubs I have trained up from the tender sprout, and these vines I have taught to clothe the gray old rocks. And I have been most fortupase in my life. I have been able to protect many who needed protection and my days have been lengthened out to protect more."

Ulin was touched by the deep pathos pur she sat and listened to his convermation. At the end of that time he led her back to the cave where Ortok, the black slave, had prepared dinner. She did not feel hungry, but she sat down with Ben Hadad and Hobadden and Exabel she and Albia and partook with them.

Thus passed three days; and Ulin had become so used to the place that it already seemed like home. She had learned to love the hermit; and she had learned to love Ezabel; and she had learned to respect and esteem the stout-hearted Hobaddan and to converse with him freely. Once she asked the lieutenant what had become of Julian's band. Would they not be seeking him?

And he explained to her that he had communicated with them-that they knew of their chieftain's safety and had gone away into the mountains of Lebanon, where comfortable abiding places for them were plenty.

When Ulin retired to her own apartment she sat by herself, with her head howed upon her hands, taking no noties of her serving-maid. At an early hour she retired; but it was a long time ere she slept; and when she did leep she was troubled with strange dreams. She dreamed of the unfortumate Helena, and awoke with a cry of pain. And then she dreamed a more pleasant dream a dream of something that had haunted her waking thoughts dream of the Scourge and Damas-

CHAPTER XVIII. Something More Than a Dream.

On the following morning, when Ulin entered the main cave, Julian was there to greet her. She extended her hand to him and smiled as she poke. The youthful chieftain was comewhat pale, but his large, lustrous yes hurned with a deeped intensity and the white brow offered a strange on to the waving mases of golden tair. The maiden's smile faded away going away?" she met the earnest gaze that s fixed upon her, and her hand before she withdrew it. his gratitude that she had

"Julian, I mean," returned the maid, quickly and with enthusiasm. "Does he not look handsomer than ever?"

A Story of

the East...

SYLVANUS

COBB, JR.

Ulin bowed her head and made no

"Is he not beautiful to gaze upon?" pursued Albia, without seeming to notice her lady's abstracted mood. "Hush, Albia, say no more now.

am busy with my own thoughts." "Pardon, sweet mistress. I meant no wrong. I thought-we owed him so much-and he has suffered in our behalf—that you might—"

"Albia, say no more. I know you meant well. You mistake me if you think I am not grateful. There-say no more. 'I love you, and would not hurt your feelings. Go out into the

Ulin bowed her head again as she spoke, with her hand upon her browupon her brow for a moment-and then pressed upon her bosom. And thus Albia left her.

grove in front of the cave she found Julian and Osmir in close conversation and before they noticed her she "And will my presence cause him to had heard enough to excite her curiesity; and with a freedom that was natural to her, she asked them what had happened.

"Osmir thinks," said Julian, with a smile, "that one of the Arab rubbers has followed us and tracked us to this place; but I laugh at him."

"I may be mistaken," rejoined the other, "but still I think I am right. I have seen the fellow twice; once by the river at the entrance of the wood. and once further away. It was one of the rascals wao escaped us."

"And if it is the Arab, what can he want?" asked Albia.

"If it be one of those fellows," reour ranks."

"Oh," added Osmir, "he may hope to caye so soon?" steal something."

"Very likely," assented the chieftain. "However," he concluded, after a brief pause, "we may as well keep a sharp

"Selim and I are on the watch," said Osmir; "and if we catch the rascal, we'll secure him."

Albia fancied that Julian had thoughts which he was not willing to express in her presence, but she did not mean to fret herself; and before she rejoined her mistress she had almost forgotten the circumstances.

At noon, and again in the evening. did Ulin meet Julian; but they did not converse freely together. She could not meet the gaze of those lustrous eyes without tremb.ing, and she sought to avoid that which so much moved her. If he had approached her and spoken freely with her on some subject of general interest she would have joined him readily; but he did cret which I had purposed never to

malden met the man who had saved them now; and then let them be forher from the Arabs. This lime he gotten. When I heard that the king greeted her in few words, and soon of Damascus had shut up a fair maidturned away to speak with Hobaddan. en within the Palace of Lycanius, and of the hermit's words, and for a whole He did not seem well. He looked that he meant to make that maiden paler than on the day before, and his wife, I felt my heart grow sick there was an expression of pain about | within me and I resolved, if the fair the mouth and eyes. Ulin was uneasy, Perhaps his wound was giving him would set her free. I led my brave new trouble. As soon as the morning's meal had been eaten, she sought Ezabel and asked her if Julian was was opened, but in the blessed realm suffering from his wound

do not think it is his wound. I have noticed his appearance and have asked | childhood; but my love I dared not him what it meant; but he puts me off with a smile and a blessing and tries to assure me that all is well. do not like to see him suffer. He is like a child to me and I love him tenderly. Ah, the world little knows what a noble, generous soul dwells within that manly form."

"If I thought he was suffering from my account," said Ulin, "I should be

most unhappy." "How on your account?" said Eza-

"I mean in consequence of the wound he received while fighting for my deliverance.

"I hardly think it is that. Something beside the wound troubles him. It may be that the short captivity in Damascus worries him. He may have heard something there that gives him unpleasant thought."

At noon Julian did not appear when the rest ate their dinner. He was out by the river. Late in the afternoon Ulin met Ezabel again and the latter seemed sad and dejected. "Julian is going to leave us." ex-

claimed the woman, in answer to an inquiry from Ulin. "Leave us!" repeated our heroine,

with a start. "Yes; so he told me only an hour

"When will he go?"

"Early in the morning." "But he will shortly return?" "I fear not. I asked him that and he only shook his head."

"None that you need to know, my child. In fact, he gives me no reason directly. I am left to draw my conclu-

sions from accidental remarks."

Does he give any reason for his

When Ulin retired to her chamber place of safety; and boped she was in a frame of mind not conuture might have no more ily analyzed. She spoke to Albia con- their talents or ability, who cannot

"Well," replied Albin, "I think Julian feels that there are enough dwellers in the hermit's cave without him. may be mistaken; but his manner, for a day or two past, has seemed to indicate that he was not perfectly at ease here."

The princess asked no more questions, but busied herself with her own thoughts.

As the sun was sinking from its daily course, Ulin wandered out into the grove alone, and as she approached the spot where she sometimes sat with the hermit, she saw Julian, seated upon a bench beneath an orange tree. At first she thought of turning back and retracing her steps; but an impulse which was no result of her will, but rather an instinctive emotion, as though some secret force, led her on; and almost before she was aware of it she came so near that the youth heard her stop and looked up. He started when he saw her and a flash of joy, like a quick passage of sunlight, was upon his face. In a moment, however, the look was gone, and a shade of sadness succeeded. The maiden could not now have withdrawn even had she been so disposed in the first place. Following the strong impulse, she agvanced to the shadow of the orange tree and placed her hand upon Julian's shoulder; and it thrilled the youth like an electric shock.

"Kind sir," she said, scarcely able When the freed girl reached the to speak above a whisper when she commenced, "Ezabel tells me you are going away."

"Yes, lady," Julian replied, rising as he spoke; "I have so determined. "And you go soon?"

"In the morning." "This is sudden, sir." "No, lady; no more so than m movements are apt to be."

CHAPTER XIX.

Ulin and Julian.

Ulin hesitated and trembled, and finally sat down upon the bench from which the chieftain had arisen. In a few moments she had recovered herself so that she could speak without faltering.

"Good sir, I have one question to ask you." She went on hurriedly, as turned Julian, "he may wish to join | though the old impulse still led her; "You had not planned to leave the

"I had planned nothing about it, "But-if I had not been here, with

my servant, you would have remained "Lady, do not ask me such ques-

"I must ask them, sir, for I want

to know. If I thought that my presence here had caused you to leave your old home, I should be most unhappy. When I came here I did not know how near and dear this place was to you. If one of us must go. let me find some other resting place."

Julian started and trembled like an aspen. A moment it was so, and then he turned upon the maiden a look so earnest and so deep and so full of tumultuous feeling, that she shook beneath it.

"Lady," he said, speaking almost in a whisper, "you shall know the sereveal to mortal being. The words Morning came again, and again the are forced from me. Let me speak one was held against her will, that I men to the palace and overcame the guard which the king had set. Heaven I was offered no abiding place. I saw "No," replied the old woman. "I the loved spirit of light within the cave which had been the home of my speak. How could I, the enemy of Damascus, and the branded robber tell my love to the daughter of the king's prime minister. Lady, I dare not trouble you more." (To be continued.)

THE INDISPENSABLE MAN.

Prudent Business Men Now Get Rid of

That Pomposity. Some of the most successful busi ness men in this country make it rule to dispense with the services of any man in their employ, no matter how important his position may be. as soon as he comes to regard himself as "indispensable," says Success. This may seem harsh and even unbusinesslike; but, if we look into it, we shall find that there is wisdom in this practice. Experience proves that, the moment a man looks upon himself as absolutely necessary, he usually ceases to exercise to the fullest extent the faculties which have helped him to rise to that indispensable point. He becomes arrogant and dictatorial, and his influence in an organization is bound to be more or less demoralizing. Many concerns have been seriously embarrassed by the conduct of managers, superintendents, or heads of departments, after they had reached positions where they thought no one else could take their places. undue appreciation of one's own importance is as disastrous in its results as utter lack of self-esteem.s It is really evidence of a narrow mind, and ignorance of general conditions; for the man who is up to the times, thoroughly posted in regard to the world-wide trend of the twentieth century, will realize that there are few people in the world no matter what cerning the chieftain's unexpected de- be replaced. It is a very rare charac- Churchill, hence the resemblance beparture and the girl expressed the ter, indeed, that is imperatively necsinion that he felt himself to be in essary, and the man who actually is but natural. It is said that in looks

As the World Revolves

THE PERILS OF BALLOONING.

The perilous journey of seven men and one woman in Professor Baldwin's air ship, near San Francisco the other day merely emphasizes what has already been demonstrated by M. Santos-Dumont in his experiment at Paris and by other aeronauts, that man will never be able to successfully steen through the air in a balloon.

In that incomparable calm that rests upon the French capital in the autumn days Santos-Dumont was able to steer his dirigible balloon in a fixed circle upon several occasions, but it was noted that when he encountered atmospheric disturbances he lost control of his air ship to such an extent as to place his life in great peril and upon one or two occasions was res cued with much difficulty.

In the thrilling ride at San Francisco, in which the occupants of the balloon were swept over a distance of a hundred miles in less than two hours, a mile above the earth, the machine was completely at the mercy of the breezes. At one time they were swept out over the ocean, dipping at times so close to the surface of the water that all occupants expected to drowned, and then rising to great altitudes, finally being carried back over the land by a breeze from the sea, dragged through the tops of a forest and dropped on a hillside near Pesca-

The most powerful motor and steering mechanism that can be devised cannot resist the elements when attached to a balloon. It is not possible to propel a great bag of air against the upper currents or to control its course when opposed by the slightest breezes. The problem of navigating the air must be solved without balloons. How? With wings-if ever.

NURSE HELD FOR CRIME. In the big, red jail at Barnstable, Mass., Jane Tappan sits all day in her cell, as calm and placid and ap-



JANE TAPPAN.

parently unmoved as if she were spend ing pleasure holidays at the quaint old town by the sea instead of being a pris oner accused of a crime so deep and black it has few parallels in history. The only thing that breaks the monotony is visits from her lawyer.

Cataumet, which was the scene of the crime of which Miss Tappan is ac cused, is one of the most picturesque little summer villages on the coast of Buzzard's Bay.

Talking of her the other day, one of

her neighbors said: Under a charge of murdering Mrs Mary Gibbs by poisoning she was arrested at Amherst, N. H., and after appearing in the police court at Nashna, N. H., where she protested her innocence, she decided to return Massachusetts without requisition pa-

Miss Tappan nursed four members the Davis family at Cataumet. Mass., last summer, and all four died. Her arrest followed a report made by Prof. Wood, an analytical chemist. who examined the stomachs of two of the supposed victims, that he found traces of poison. The persons nursed by Miss Tappan whose illness proved fatal were Mr. and Mrs. Alden P. Davis, of Cataumet, and their daughters, Mrs. Henry Gordon of Chicago and Mrs. Gibbs of Cataumet. The formal charge against Miss Tappan is based on the last named case.

A WASHINGTON BELLE.

Miss Marcia MacLennan, well know in Washington society, has just re turned to the capital from Honolulu where she made a long visit to her brother, who is a banker there. Her mother is a member of the Jerome family and a cousin of Mrs. George Cornwallis-West, formerly Lady Randolph



MISS MARCIA MACLENNAN. tween Miss Marcia and Lady Churchill ches this point does not brag of it, she is almost the counterpart of Lady

OWL TERRORIZES A CAMP.

Severely Injures One. Mr. Walter Butchart, clerk for

Knocks Down and Frightons Men.

logging company in its camp far out on the Iron Range road; Minnesota, tells a strange story of the conduct of an owl. "I arrived at the camp late one

evening," said he, "and as I entered the door of the sleeping shanty I met another man coming out. He had scarcely gone ten feet when I heard a sound as of some object striking heavily with a thud like a sack of grain falling on the floor. It was accompanied by a scream, and in an instant the man who had passed me at the door rushed into the camp with blood flowing down his face and from the back of his hands. He was se filled with terror that all he could say was that something came at him through the darkness—some great bird, he thought. The next night I went outside the sleeping shanty when I was suddenly knocked down. When I recovered my cap was missing and I never saw it afterward. The mysterious assaults began to look serious, and after this the men did not go out after dark if they could avoid it. Some thought the bird must be an eagle. Nobody suspected the truth, but the mystery was soon solved. Ala bert Newman started out with a lantern. He had not gone twenty feet before he was knocked flat. He came screaming into the shanty with a huge owl on his breast, the bird striking savagely at his face with its strong beak. The bird had sunk its talons into Newman's mackinaw coat and was unable to let go. It was fighting to free itself and at the same time administering severe punishment on the man. We killed the owl. He measured four feet six and a half inches from tip to tip. Newman was so severely torn on both sides of his face that we had to hustle him off to a doctor. He will always carry the sears of that singular assault. have never been able to explain the conduct of this owl. Some of the boys

THE WORKING OF FATE.

thought it must have been hungry.

How It Affected the Careers of Mckinley and Roosevelt. Fate is peculiar. It knows better

than we do what is best for us. It fixes our destiny without our knowledge, and often against our will, says Leslie's Weekly. William McKinley's most vigorous battle was his contest for the speakership with Thomas B. Reed, in 1890, which Reed won. According to custom Mr. Reed made his distinguished opponent chairman or the ways and means committee, and thus it was that the protective tariff measures drafted by that committee, largely through the influence of Mr. McKinley, came to be popularly known as "the McKinley bill." This made McKinley the champion of the working masses, the candidate of his party for President, and finally gave him a triumphant election and re-election for the office of chief magistrate. At the Republican national convention at Philadelphia, a little over a year ago the party leaders of New York insisted that Governor Roosevelt must accept the tender of the Vice Presidency. He resolutely declined, insisting that he was entitled to re-election to the governorship. The party leaders of New York, aided by those of Pennsylvania and several other states, forced the nomination of Rooseveit, and then compelled his reluctant acceptance Scarcely six months have elapsed since his inauguration, and he is now the President of the United States, with nearly a full term to serve. This is destiny, and who shall say that the Fates are always unkind?

Post-Graduates in Mendacity.

In an English paper there appeared recently the veracious story of two brothers who lived in the Rocky mountains. They had two rifles, one bullet, and a keg of powder. With this outfit they managed to kill on an average 21 head of buffalo a day. The way they managed was this: Brother No. 1 would stand on one side of a buffalo and shoot through it, the bullet going into the barrel of the rifle of Brother No. 2 who stood on the other side. Then Brother No. 2 would fire through the next buffalo into the rifle of Brother No. 1, and so on until the day's sport was over. Some one who saw this story has written to say that he is acquainted with a man, a cousin, he thinks, of the two mentioned, who also lived in the Rocky mountains at one time. He had one rifle, one bullet, and a keg of powder, yet he managed to kill 30 head of buffalo a day-buffaloes were plenty then-and the way he did it was this: He was not only a champion shot, but a champion runner, and when he fired through a buffalo he would run around and catch the bullet again to reload with, and so on until he exhausted his powder.

Milling in Minnesota.

With its several hundred monster mills Minnesota easily leads country in its milling industry. The annual output of Minneapolis mills amounts to over 13,000,000 barrels, and the combined capacity of the state's mills is considerably over 100,000. barrels a day. The Minneapolis mills are the finest in the world, and one system of five of them grinds about 20,-900,000 bushels of wheat a year.

Doubtful. An eastern editor thinks that Rudyard Kipling is canny in not endeavoring to explain his latest rhymes. Yes: but can be?-Cleveland Plain

Watch-Tohs for Women Fobs for the watch are in fashion again for women and they are worn tucked through the belt. All the old devices which the jeweler can invent are wrought out in these little fancies, every sort of fancy stone, as well as valuable gems, being used in the varied designs, while for riding there is a leather fob with a fancy monogram for ornament.

Look at the Labels!

Every package of cocoa or thocolate put out by Walter Baker & Co., bears the well-known trade-mark of the chocolate girl, and the place of manufacture, "Dorchester, Mass." Housekeepers are advised to examine their purchases, and make sure that other goods have not been substituted. They received three gold medals from the Pan-American exposition.

Would Remove Two Objections.

Bishop Philpotts of Exeter once went to stay with a friend in Devonshire. "It's a beautiful place, is it not" remarked somebody upon his return. "Yes," said the bishop, "It is a beautiful place; if it were mine, I would pull down the house and fill up the pond with it. That would remove two objections."

\$100 Reward, \$100,

The readers of this paper will be pleased to that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treat-Hall's Catarrh Curo is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its carative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for my case that it fails to cure. Send for list of

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For children teething, softens the gume, reduces in-fammation, allays pain, cures wind colle. Se a bettle.

A miser is known by the money he

OPEN LETTER

keeps.

Address to Women by the Treasurer of the W. C. T. U. of Kansas City, Mrs. E. C. Smith.

"My DEAR SISTERS: - I believe in advocating and upholding everything that will lift up and help women, and but little use appears all knowledge and learning if you have not the health to enjoy it.



MRS. E. C. SMITH.

"Having found by personal experience that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a medicine of rare virtue, and having seen dozens of cures where my suffering sisters have been dragged back to life and usefulness from an untimely grave simply by the use of a few bottles of that Compound, I must proclaim its virtues, or I should not be doing my duty to suffering mothers and draggedout housekeepers.

"Dear Sister, is your health poor, do you feel worn out and used up, especially do you have any of the troubles which beset our sex, take my advice; let the doctors alone, try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; it is better than any and all doctors, for it cures and th do not."-MRS. E. C. SMITH, 1212 Oak St., Treasurer W. C. T. U., Kanan.

Mrs. Pinkham advices shot we on free Address Lynn Han