The Scourge of Damascus

A Story of the East... SYLVANUS COBB. JR.

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CHAPTER XXII—(Continued). Julian stood like one thunderstruck. He raised his manacled hands to his brow, and tried to realize the force of the wonderful thing he had heard.

Horam started to his feet, and then sank back, and buried his face in his hands. His thoughts had suddenly flown from the story of the present hour to that other story which he had had beard on the night before; and the crash almost took away his senses.

Omar, when he saw how matters stood, felt called upon to speak; for he believed that he had discovered two things: First, that his old friend and brother was struggling to open his breast to his child; and, second, that Julian might be brought to forgiveness when he knew the whole truth.

"My friends," he said, rising to his feet as he spoke, "the story is not yet complete. It remains for me to finteh it."

Ben Hadad and Ezabel gazed eagerly up into his face; and Julian leaned toward him, with a beam of hope struggling upon his brow.

"I am to blame in this matter; or, at least, I was the innocent cause. continued the King of Aleppo, addressing Ben Hadad and Ezabel. "It was I who gave to Horam the evidence upon which he condemned his wife. supposed the guilt of the lady Helena was positive, as I had the information from officers who would not lie; and I felt it my duty to acquaint the husband with the circumstances. On my way back to my capital, while stopping in Balbec, I gained information which assured me that the Queen of Damas cus was innocent; and immediately sent back two of my officers to convey intelligence thereof to Horam. But those messengers never reached their destination. They must have been robbed and murdered on the way I pursued my course homeward, and amid the duties of my realm, the thing passed from my mind. Yesterday saw floram for the first time in threeand-twenty years; and last evening l revealed to him the fact that his first and best beloved wife, Helena, was wrongfully accused—that she was pure and true. When this truth burst upon him, his grief overcame him, and feared that the shock would kill him.

"Aye," cried Horam, starting up again, "It did almost kill me; for Helena was my first love, and her place was never refilled. O, my brother what can I do?"

"Do what is right," replied Omar, taking Heram's outstretched band "Be a man, and let the heart assert its away. Remember that you did the first great deed of wrong; and that all the other evil has flowed out from that one unfortunate act."

The king of Damascus stood for moment with his head bowed upon Omar's shoulder, and his hand still in Omar's grasp. Then he started up.

and his countenance had changed. "By the blood of my heart, he exclaimed, "the wrong shall not grow

deeper against me! What, ho! With out, there! Slaves! -attend me!"

The executioners chanced to nearest, and they answered the call. Bel-Dara, strike those from from that man's limbs! Strike off every bond and set him free! If you harm him as much as the prick of a rose-

thorn, your life shall answer for it!" The executioner stopped to ask no questions he did not even stop to wonder at the order; but he proceed-

ed to the work, and in a very few minutes the prisoner was free. Then the king started down from

the threne, and advanced to where the freed man stood.

"My sen," he said, extending both his hands, "the truth has come so naked and so plain, that there is no room for doubt; and I now see that you bear upon your face the features of your noble mother-God pardon me for the wreng I was led to do her! And, my son, -here, in the presence of these witnesses, I ask you to forget the past-I ask you to be my son-I ask you to let me be your father; and then, O, then, Horam will be no more childless!"

Julian had no power to resist the appeal; and as the old king tottered forward the son supported him upon his bosom, and sustained him in the embrace of his stout arms.

And ret Julian was not content. His face wore still a cloud; and there was trouble in his heart. What could it mean? Horam feared

that his son could not quite love him. Omar saw the trouble, and divined Ita cause; and stepping quickly forward he whispered into the ear of his brother. Horam caught at the words, and the star of hope beamed again. He clapped his hands and cried out: "What, ho! Without! Where is

The captain came. "Benoni, bring the lady Ulin!"

Pale and trembling the princess entered the chamber; but when she saw Julian alive and free, with the shackles broken at his feet, the blood leaped again through her veins. But she had not much epportunity for thought, for the king quickly advanced and took

her hand, and led her to Julian, "My son, this do I give thee in token of my sincerity! Now wilt thou own me for thy father, and forget all of the, don't you?" the past save that which tells that we are of one flesh? Take this fair hand, and with it my forgiveness to you oth-my forgiveness to all who have sectionded you. Take it, my son, and "Just for love and you," archly in- wards deliverance and triumph.--Carto Omer leaves us for his northern | terrupted Harry. "Durling, there is lyle."

realm he shall see Horam's own son sitting upon the throne of Damascus, while Horam himself withdraws from the world, that his last days may be spent in quiet repose."

No longer rested the cloud upon Julian's brow. He caught the small white hand which had been placed within his grasp, and sank down upon his knees-sank down, he and Ulin. one in love forevermore-and bowed before the king.

"My father-I accept the blessing! am thy son!"

THT END.

The Blind Bride.

By Amy Randolph,

Pentley Grange was a pretty place at all times of the year, but loveliest of all when the reapers were at work in the harvest fields and the yellow light of the October sun turned the woodland paths to enchanted aisles. long, low structure of warmly tinted red brick, with mullioned windows velvet-smooth sweeps of lawn and box borders, which stood up like walls of solid emerald on each side of the path, it had a savor of the antique about it. which one seldom sees in an American

And old Brande Bentley, walking up and down in the mellow sunshine, between the walls of black-green box, with his eyes bent on the ground, and his hands clasped behind his back,

corresponded well with the Grange. Suddenly a cheerful footstep rang on the stone terrace steps—the sound of a clear, flute-like whistle rose above the click of the distant mowing machine, and Harry Wade, the old man's nephew, stood like an incarnation of youth and sunskine before him.

got the prettiest place in the world

Mr. Bentley took out his big, oldfashioned silver watch.

"Two o'clock," said he, "and the bank don't close until four. Humph It appears to me, young man, that you don't stick very close to business

"Like a limpet, uncle," said Harry, "and just for today. Will Caryl has come to act as a substitute, for I really wanted to see you, uncle."

"Humph!" again commented Mr. Bentley. "You're very fond of mejust of late!"

"I'm always fond of you, Uncle Brande," said Harry, gravely, "but I've

something to tell you." "Some scrape you've got into," said Mr. Bentley.

"Nothing of the sort, sir!" Want to borrow money, perhaps!

"Upon my word no!" "You've falled in love with

girl, then!" "You are right this time, uncle," said Harry, laughing and coloring; "and, of course, I have come directly

to you to tell you of my good fortune.

It is little Bessie Bird!" "A milliner's apprentice!" snarled

the old bachelor. "If she chooses to help her mother along by trimming hats in her aunt's millinery rooms, I see nothing derogatory in that," said Harry, valiantly.

"A mere child of seventeen!" "But I don't want an old lady of forty-seven!"

"Humph!" growled Mr. Bentley. What do either of you know of life?" "Not much, to be sure, uncle, as yet," admitted the young lover, "but we

think we can easily learn together." "And where do you think the napkins and tablecloths and bread and sight. butter and rent and water taxes are to come from?" sardonically inquired Brande Bentley

"I have my salary, Uncle Brande, said Harry, "and Bessie has been educated to be very economical."

"I'll have nothing to say to such nonsense," said Mr. Bentley. "But, Uncle Brande, all we want

"Nothing, I say-absolutely noth ing!" thundered the old man, "It's folly-trash-sentimental tomfoolery! If you want my opinion, there it is Time enough for you to think of matrimony when you are thirty. There ought to be a law to prevent young people making fools of themselves."

And Brande Bentley turned on his heel and strode back into the house. So that Harry had no very inspir-Iting news for Bess!e Bird when he met her, as usual, on the corner of Broadway, to walk home with her through

the pleasant autumn twilight. "Was he very cross?" said Bessie, who was a white-kitteny sort of a girl, with fluffy yellow hair, dimples in her cheeks, and eyes the exact color of the "flowing-blue" china on our grandmother's shelves

"As savage as Bluebeard!"

"Told me I was a fool!"

"But if he won't consent-" "Then we must manage to get along without his consent," said Harry. "Because, you know, Bessie, I do love you so very dearly, and you like me a lit-

"But your mother has always counted upon your being his heir," said Bessie. "And to lose all that money.

nothing in all the world half so sweet to me, or that I court half so ardently as my little Bessle-so let there be no further argument about it. These jolly old coves down at the bank are going to raise my salary fifty dollars at Christmas, and so if you can get your frock made we'll be married then. And set Uncle Brande and the world at deflance, eh?"

The first November snowstorm was drifting its white flashes through the air when a visitor was shown into Brande Bentley's snug parlor.

"Eh," said he, "a stranger, Jones? never see strangers."

"But you will see me!" said a soft voice-and a slender, golden-haired girl stood before him, neatly yet plainly dressed, her black cloak powdered over with snow, and a spectacled old lady by her side. "I am Bessie Birdand this is my aunt, Miss Belton, the milliner."

Miss Belton courtesied. Mr. Bentley stared.

"I suppose you have come here to speak to me about my nephew."

"Yes, sir," said Bessie. "It will be of no use," said he, curtiy, "My opinions on the subject of his marriage remain unchanged."

"But mine do not," said Bessie, "Please to hear me through, Mr. Bentley. I have written him a letter to give him up this morning. And I came to tell of it now, so that you will feel kindly towards him once more. I have told him we never could be married.

"You're a sensible girl," said Mr. Bentley, smiting his hand on the table "And I have sent him back the little garnet engagement ring that he gave me." added Bessie, with a sob in her

"Better and better!" said Uncle Brande, exultantly.

"Not," bravely added Bessie, "because I don't love him as dearly and truly as I ever did. But because I see now how wrong it would be for me to fetter his whole life. For--- " She stopped an instant and a slight shudder ran through her frame. "I may as well tell you all, Mr. Bentley; I sm going blind!"

"Blind!" echoed the old man. "Blind," repeated Bessie, gently, but

firmly. "I have had such strange blurs and darknesses come across my vision of late, and went to a doctor. And the "Uncle," he cried merrily, "you've doctor told me, as kindly as he could, that these are but the precursors of total blindness. So, of course, all is at an end between Harry and me. Will you please tell him this? I have referred him to you for all particulars."

> Harry Wade came to his uncle that very morning in great perturbation. "What does this mean, sir?" said le. "Have you been endeavoring to per-

"I will," said the old man, huskily.

suade her to throw me over?" "No, boy -- no," said the old man, and he told him all.

"I am bound to say that the girl has behaved very well," said he, "Shall you give her up?"

"No! Never!" shouted Harry, with pale face and tightly clenched hand. "Never! If she was dear to me before, she shall be doubly treasured and sacred now-my little smitten lamb-my drooping, white lily-bud! I will never give her up while we both live!"

The old man's eyes glittered, a faint color had risen into his withered cheeks, as he rose and grasped both his nephew's hands as in a vice.

"You're a trump, Harry Wade!" said he. "I respect you more at this minute than ever before. Give her up, indeed! If you gave up that little jewel of a girl you would give up the beacon star of your existence. She is a pearl of price, Harry-a true and noble woman, who wouldn't have hesitated to sacrifice herself for your benefit. Marry her tomorrow if you will and bring her right here to Bentley Grange, It shall be her home and yours henceforward." And in this strange and sudden way. old Brande Bentley relented and took his niece-in-law-elect into his heart, Bessie in all the flush of her rose-bud beauty could never have melted his heart, but Bessie stricken down by God became sacred and precious in his

NEW ENGLAND CONSCIENCE.

The Scruple That Prevented a Young Widow's Romarriage.

Said a drummer visitor (Miss M. Boyd) to a young widow-a seamstress-in a New Hampshire hill town, one day last summer: "You must be lonely here now since your husband died. Perhaps you will feel like marrying again; you are not so very old. "Oh, Miss Mary," she answered in voice full of feeling, "If I only couldif I only dared!" And then came the simple story and a touching example of "the New England conscience." She had loved in early youth a young man whom her mother disapproved as a suitor. He was a joiner by trade and worthy, but the mother, having higher ambitions, separated the couple. The girl married a quiet man, her senior, who died a few years later. Then, after a decent interval, the old lover, who had thriven in business asked her again to become his wife. That seemed a beautiful and natural ending of the story. But no. "Ah!" cried the poor thing. "If I had loved my husband I could go to James with "Did he scold dreadfully?" as!ed a happy heart—oh, how happy! But although things were pleasant enough between my husband and me, I always felb the difference and at heart I was unfaithful to him. I think this is meant for my punishment for thinking of James while I had a husband living. We can never marry."-Buffalo Commercial.

> In the huge mass of evil, as it rolls along and swells, there is ever some good working imprisoned; working to-

ILLINOIS ITEMS

Mrs. L. Boos of Effingham, a well-todo woman of 75 years, has just finished sawing and splitting five cords of wood for her winter supply of fuel. Mrs. Boos accomplished the task unaided and afterward carried the wood to a shed and stored it. Her motto, as announced to protesting relatives, is, "It's a sin for people to be idle when they can labor."

The attorneys at Jacksonville for Mrs. Mamie Barnes, who is in jail under indictment charged with complicity in the plot to poison her husband, Dr. Joseph Barnes, entered a motion for a change of venue on the ground that she cannot have a fair trial here. The motion will be argued on Dec. 14.

The home of Frank Glover of Allenville, near Mattoon, was entered by burglars, who secured \$3,000 in cash. Glover had recently disposed of stock of merchandise at that place and had not yet banked the money. The large grain elevator of William Funkhouser, at Lerna, was entirely destroyed by fire. The little village is

almost entirely without fire protection. William Shaffer, an insane man from Toledo, jumped from an Illinois Central train about two miles south of Gilman, and was instantly killed. He Wiseley of Cumberland County, who was taking him to the Eastern Illinois Hospital at Kankakee. While the sheriff dozed in his seat the insane man opened a car window and jumped out, fracturing his skull. Shaffer was a farmer, aged about sixty, and has a son living at Jewett, III.

It is understood at Rockford that a Freeport friend of Congressman R. R. Hitt has received a letter from him, stating that he would be a candidate for United States senator. No word that could be construed as a declaration has been received there. The nearest to it was a statement made in a visit over a month ago. "It is too early to get in the race," said the congressman then. "There will be time enough later on. I've no wish to be the early worm caught by the early

Manager Nicol has signed Henry Hines to captain and play second base for the Rockford team in the Three-I league next season. Hines has been manager of the Des Moines team in the Western league for the last two seasons and his contract is with the proviso that Des Moines is not in the field next year.

French plays to be given at Chicago University to awaken interest in the stray.

Woman coming from church in Chi cago choked and robbed by a North Side highwayman. Youth who tried to help her knocked down by an ac-

Joseph Hinkle, 30 years of age, was found guilty of wife-murder by jury at Peorla and condemned to death. The prisoner sat sullenly in his chair and gave no sign when the as chief executive of Jerseyville at last verdict was read by Judge Green. The crime for which Hinkle was convicted was one of the most atrocious in the history of the county. On the afternoon of September 18 he went to the residence of Mrs. Sargent, 209 Pecan by the biggest majority ever given the street, and following his wife into an outhouse stabbed her nine times savagely with a pocket knife. She died almost instantly. Hinkle attempted to commit suicide, but was prevented by the officers. He has feigned insanity

since Monday last. The postoffice and store at Wheeler was robbed early Sunday morning, the thieves getting \$200 in stamps and \$500 cash. Nitroglycerin was used to blow open the safe. A portion of the effects was found south of this city. The thieves stole two horses and rode to Greenup, where one of the animals was abandoned and all trace lost.

William H. Carman, an old resident of Chicago, was buried Wednesday from the family residence, 191 Lincoln avenue, at Graceland. He died Sunday. Mr. Carman and his wife, who celebrated their golden wedding April 19, 1898, came to Chicago in 1860 and have resided there continuously since then. He was connected with the police department for more than twenty

years and was retired in 1897. C. A. Evilsizer, town marshal of Dubois, is dead, and Henry Cameron fatally wounded, as the result of a pistol fight which occurred at a dance in the town hall at Dubots, ten miles south of Nashville. Cameron resisted Marshal Evilsizer's attempts to arrest him. Evilsizer knocked him down with a cane, and, while prostrate on the floor, Cameron drew a revolver and shot Evilsizer three times. Evilsizer drew his revolver and shot Cameron four times. All of the bullets took effect. Cameron cannot live.

Ex-Representative Samuel C. Smile" of O'Failon suffered a severe stroke of paralysis Friday morning and is in a critical condition. Mr. Smiley is one of the most widely known public men in southern Illinois. He was trustee of the institute for the feeble-minded at Lincoln under the Tanner adminis tration.

Falliacoa Tacco, aged 25, has been arrested at Detroit, charged with the murder at Springfield of Guisette Mato. Tacco claims that he acted in self-do-

The Christian county grand jury will return several counts against Thomas J. Smith, defaulting city clerk of Pana, whose shortage mounts up icto the thousands. Smith's whereabouts is known to the police. Af a special meeting of the city of Saturday night John M. Ruhn,

Senstor William E. Mason has removed the literary bureau which is booming his re-election from Chicago to the home of his son, Lewis F. Mason, at Waukegan. For the balance of the campaign it is expected all the Mason literature will be sent out from here. The first issue of a bi-monthly bulletin was issued Monday. The change was made partly for the sake of convenience and partly because help is cheaper here than in Chicago. Several rooms are occupied by girls mailing circulars. Senator Mason and his daughter spent Thanksgiving day at Waukegan.

Tenants of the Allen apartment building, Sixtleth street and Normal avenue, Chicago, were driven from their beds early Thanksgiving morning by a fire that started in the rooms of William Caldwell. The loss to Mr. Caldwell was \$500.

Delegates from thirty cities in Illinois met at Rockford for the fourth annual convention of the State Association of Letter Carriers. Among the places represented were Chicago, Oak Park, Elgin, Emporia, Rock Island, Freeport, Joliet, Pontiac, Galesburg, Bloomington, Decatur, Dixon and Belvidere. Chicago was represented for the first time in the meetings of the was in the custody of Sheriff Samuel association. W. G. Edens of Chicago W. E. Hull, postmaster at Peoria, and Colonel Thomas G. Lawler of Rockford were among the speakers. A resolution was passed indorsing the bill for the relief of substitute carriers known as the Grout bill. The association also indorsed the resolution passed at the last national convention of letter carriers recommending that the salary of carriers in cities of the first class be placed at \$1,200 and in cities of the second class at \$1,000. Officers were elected as follows: Prestdent, C. E. Camp, Elgin; vice-presi dent, R. T. Mercer, Peorla; secretary M. T. Finnan, Bloomington; treasurer. H. J. Wasson, Galesburg; sergeant at arms, Thomas H. McCann, Rockford; delegate to national convention, Chas. D. Duffy, Chicago; alternate, D. G. Mc-Carthy, Galesburg; executive committee, J. W. Crowder, Springfield; Oames Doty, Decator; Chris Koch, Rock 18land; H. A. Arnold, Oak Park; Mark D. Hall, Belvidere; E. J. Scantlan, Freeport; J. C. Slyder, Pontiac. It was voted to hold the next convention in Peoria the second Thursday in May.

George D. Locke, although the youngest mayor in the United States and only about six months in office, has established a record that is being emulated in many cities of southern Illinois. He has fought a battle with the gamblers and saloon-keepers and won at every stage. As a result there is no garabling in Jerseyville and the saloons are closed on Sunday, achievements never before effected in the history of that city. Mayor Locke is only 26 years old. He is a gold democrat and was elected to his present office April's election. In the campaign he openly announced that he would break the power of the saloon-keepers and gambiers. As a result his candidacy was hotly opposed, but he was elected mayoral candidate.

Mattoon high school defeated Charleston high school at Mattoon by a score of 17 to 6. Both teams are now tied for the championship of Coles, Douglas, Effingham and Moultrie counties. Fitzpatrick scored three touchdowns

The railroad and warehouse commission has appointed E. J. Moueham of Benton, Franklin county, as assistant registrar of their East St. Louis office for state grain inspection. The new appointee succeeds A. L. Lindley of Lebanon

George Fox, a Denver bricklayer, found his mother at the Kankakee insane hospital on Thanksgiving day. She was sent to the institution from Chicago six years ago. Mother and son had not seen each other for twenty-six years. Mrs. Fox separated from her husband at that time. She took with her her infant daughter. The husband took the 2-year-old boy. Mrs. Fox subsequently married a man named Schilling in Michigan. She became insine and was placed in an asylum in that state. She was discharged as partly recovered, but her malady returned, and in 1895 she was sent to Kankakee from Chicago. Though hopelessly insane, Mrs. Schilling has had lucid moments, and in these she dispatched letters to the principal cities of the United Sta as inquiring for her son. One of these came into the hands of the Denver chief of police and from it George Fox was traced. A few days ago George Fox's father died in Callfornia, leaving his son \$5,060. The money and news of his mother's whereabouts came to the young man about the same time. He lost no time in going to Kankakee. He was not aware that his mother was at the hospital, however, until he was assisted in his search by the local chief of police. Mrs. Schilling has a daughter, Miss Ida Fox in Grand Rapids, Mich.

The seniors of Northwestern University, Evanston, appeared at chapel Wednesday in their new silk hats. It | Identical in composition with the or was expected that the juniors would attempt to make trouble for the upper class men, but they contented themselves with a counter attraction. Some of the juniors were straw hare, and others headgear much out of season and out of shape.

At Jacksonville testimony is taken in the Barnes polaceing

In a letter to "The Farmer," Ht. dated Sept. 1st, 1901, Prof. T Shaw of the Minnesota State Univ sity has the following to say, with having made a trip through Western Canada:

"The capabilities of the immens area known as Western Canada are but little understood on this side of the line. Our people are apt to look upon it as a region of frost and snow, a country in which but a small portion of the land relatively will ever be tillable, because of the rigors of the climate. True, the climate is cold in winter, but Western Canada has, nevertheless, just that sort of climate which makes it the most reliable wheat producing country in all the continent.

An Immence Area. Western Canada is not only an immense area, but the same description will apply to those portions of the country that are capable of being successfully tilled or grazed. Nearly all of the prairie Province of Manitobs can be brought under cultivation, although probably not one-third of its surface has been laid open by the plow. Assinibola to the west is a grain and stock country. Saskatchewan to the north of Assinibola has high adaptation for the same. This also may be said of Alberta to the west. Here lies what may be termed a grain-growing and stock producing empire, the resources of which have been but little drawn upon comparatively, viewed from the standpoint of the agriculturalist. When it is called to mind that even in the Peace River country in Athabasca, and several hundreds of miles north of the Canadian boundary. wheat was grown which won a premium at the World's Fair in 1893, the capabilities of this country in wheat production loom up more brightly than even the brilliant northern lights of the land that lies toward the pole. Adapted to Stock and Grain Fraduction.

The region under consideration in however, mainly adapted to growing grain and grazing stock. Much of it is adapted to growing both grain and stock, but certain areas, especially towards the mountains, are only adapted to ranching, except where trigation will yet be introduced. This, of course can be done successfully along the many streams that flow down from the Rockles and water the country towards the east and north. The adaptation of the country for wheat production is of a high character. The cool nights that usually characterise the ripening season are eminently favorable to the filling of the grain, and to the secur ing of a plump berry, and consequently large yields. The crop this year is a magnificent one. In Manitoba and the territories it should certainly give an average of more than 30 bushels per acre. But should the yield be not more than 20 bushels, the crop will be a most handsome one, owing to the large area sown to wheat. Many farmers only grow grain. But those who do succeed as well in growing oats and barley as in growing wheat, bence these foods for stock should always be abundant. Some grow cattle mainly. and others combine the two. The last named, of course, is doubtless the safest of the three during a long com of years, that is to say, where much farming is practicable,

Quality of the Live Stock. It was a p'easurable surprise to note the high quality of the stock. The average of quality in cattle is higher than the average of cattle in our state, unless in the dairy classes. This opinion is not reached rashly or without ample opportunity for investigation. I spent three long days in the show ring at Winnipeg making the awards in the beef classes. I question if any of our states, single handed. could make such a showing in cattle. It was my privilege to make the awards at several shows and at all of their fairs were evidences that much attention is given to the improvement of the stock. I noted carefully the character of the berds that grased along the railroad and everywhere the high average of the quality of the stock was in evidence.

Reasons for Quality in Stock.

The quality of the grass is good. Many of the settlers came from Ontarlo and had been schooled as to the value of good stock before going west. The railroads and the government have taken a deep interest in making it less difficult and costly to the farmers to secure good males.

Those who are anxious of changing their residence should bear in mind that the lands in Western Canada are many of them free and others reasonably cheap.

Information will gladly be given by any agent of the Canadian government. whose advertisement appears cleawhere.

Sabetitute for Sulphur Water The eminent French chemist Are mand Gauter has reported a disto the French Academy of which is likely to prove of great hygienic value. He has found that fi powdered volcanic stones treated boiling in water at a ter 270 to 200 degrees Celsius yield a liqu nary sulphur water of mineral except that it is stronger