

A DAMASCUS NIGHT.

Being an Extract from the Journal of Andreas Dorian.

By CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Author of "Under Summer Skies."

[Copyright, 1897, by Clinton Scollard.]

On the 9th of July, 1890, Andreas Dorian, a Christian resident of Damascus, and a friend of mine, were sitting at the table, the measure of Christians having commenced. Andreas escapes, but betrays himself of his sweetheart, Glauce Vlachos, who lives in the threatened quarter. Andreas makes his way to the house of Mme. Evander, for the purpose of obtaining a disguise in which to search for and rescue Glauce. He is pursued on the way, but reaches his home in safety. Obtaining the garments of a Druse merchant, he starts for Glauce's home. He becomes involved in a fight and is knocked senseless. Reaching his home, he searches Glauce's home, but finds nothing but ruin and confusion. He calls her name aloud several times, and she appears from a hiding place in the store-room.

With a cry of joy I rushed forward to take her in my arms, but she sank upon her knees with a supplication for mercy, not recognizing me in my disguise. Raising her head, I saw in her eyes the assurance that it was indeed I who had come to her rescue, whereat she clung to me with such loving trust that the pain in my head was suddenly gone, and I felt that I had been endowed with a giant's strength. Then I learned that she had heard before the outbreak, her mother had gone upon an errand to her brother's bazaar; how Glauce had listened in horror to the attack upon the church; how one by one, the houses in the vicinity had been assailed, and the inmates butchered; how she had heard the murderers at the entrance to her own home, she had insisted on secreting herself behind some boxes in a closet in the store-room, though her maid besought her to hide elsewhere; how she had remained there for hours in awful suspense, and finally how she had ventured out at the sound of some one shouting her name, although she had not recognized the voice.

"Oh, Andreas," she cried, when this recital was finished, "my mother! Can she have escaped?" "Yes, if she is with your brother, I have little doubt but what she is safe," I answered, for how could I tell her that the Christian bazaars would be attacked and looted and perhaps those dear to her pitilessly murdered?" She brightened visibly under this assurance, and for the first time began to look about her. Then I cursed my carelessness in not removing the bodies of the two servants. As I stood wondering how I could for a few moments engage her attention she suddenly tightened her grip upon my arm.

"See!" she whispered. "There is some one in the outer court." We were exactly opposite the passage connecting the two courts, and I looked in the direction indicated just in time to detect a shadow slowly moving across the open space. An instant's hesitation might prove fatal to both of us, and I pushed Glauce gently within the store-room.

"Quick!" I said. "Conceal yourself again."

Seeing that she was hastening to do as I bade, I slipped off my loose shoes.

"REMEMBER," I SAID, "YOU ARE HASSAN, THE SERVANT OF ABDUL-HAMIR." and with drawn scimitar in hand sped silently across the marble pavement to the passage by which the courts were joined. Along this I crept until I was within four or five feet of the further entrance, where hung a heavy

piece of Bagdad drapery. Here I crouched and listened. The approaching footfalls told me that there was but one foe to be met, and I breathed a prayer of thanksgiving. Now the cautious steps were close at hand, and now I beheld, outlined clear against the moonlight background, the cruel and cunning face of a Druse. As he unsuspectingly advanced, I swung my scimitar and clove his head to the chin. Down he sank in a limp heap, and I surveyed by bloody work without a shudder, such was the avenging

that I was lying; they would discover who we really were, and would make an end of us then and there. All this went through my mind like a flash, yet I answered readily enough: "I am from Dekir in the Hauran. Whence come you?" "We are from Lebanon," was the reply.

"Never did words sound sweeter in my ears. My servant and I are lodged near the citadel," I said, moving a step or two. "May Allah make your slumbers peaceful."

"They gave me a similar greeting, and we turned our backs upon them. We had gone perhaps the length of two houses when we passed from the moonlight into the shadow, and I glanced behind. The Druses were still where we had left them, and seemed to be in dispute.

"Part of them suspect! We must make a dash for the consulate. Now, before they move!" I cried, grasping Glauce's hand.

We sprang forward together, and for a few seconds they did not hear us, nor could they see us, for we kept within the shadow. Then the sound of our flying footsteps reached their ears, and a wild shout of rage went up. "We are safe, Glauce, safe!" I exclaimed.

"I suppose a cult of Constantine's (Constantine was her brother) would not do," she said with a charming look, forgetting for the instant the gravity of the situation.

"No," I replied, "but one belonging to Petros, your man, might answer." Petros' roughest clothes were finally found, and when Glauce appeared before me in her new attire I saw that, with a few additional changes in her appearance, she would without much difficulty pass for an Arab youth. I staid her face and hands with kohl, and then I concealed her hair beneath a black kaff-yeh which we were so fortunate as to discover.

"Remember," I said to her smilingly, as I kissed her, "you are Hassan, the servant of Abdul-Hamir, a Druse trader from Dekir." She went boldly out into the street.

For a time we were not accosted, but we soon realized that we must seek other shelter than Mme. Evander's house, since the disturbance in that direction was by far the greatest. Glauce's face displayed an air of bravely, though it was bitter indeed.

"We must try for the English consulate," I said, as we began to retrace our steps.

On the 9th of July, 1890, Andreas Dorian, a Christian resident of Damascus, and a friend of mine, were sitting at the table, the measure of Christians having commenced. Andreas escapes, but betrays himself of his sweetheart, Glauce Vlachos, who lives in the threatened quarter. Andreas makes his way to the house of Mme. Evander, for the purpose of obtaining a disguise in which to search for and rescue Glauce. He is pursued on the way, but reaches his home in safety. Obtaining the garments of a Druse merchant, he starts for Glauce's home. He becomes involved in a fight and is knocked senseless. Reaching his home, he searches Glauce's home, but finds nothing but ruin and confusion. He calls her name aloud several times, and she appears from a hiding place in the store-room.

With a cry of joy I rushed forward to take her in my arms, but she sank upon her knees with a supplication for mercy, not recognizing me in my disguise. Raising her head, I saw in her eyes the assurance that it was indeed I who had come to her rescue, whereat she clung to me with such loving trust that the pain in my head was suddenly gone, and I felt that I had been endowed with a giant's strength. Then I learned that she had heard before the outbreak, her mother had gone upon an errand to her brother's bazaar; how Glauce had listened in horror to the attack upon the church; how one by one, the houses in the vicinity had been assailed, and the inmates butchered; how she had heard the murderers at the entrance to her own home, she had insisted on secreting herself behind some boxes in a closet in the store-room, though her maid besought her to hide elsewhere; how she had remained there for hours in awful suspense, and finally how she had ventured out at the sound of some one shouting her name, although she had not recognized the voice.

"Oh, Andreas," she cried, when this recital was finished, "my mother! Can she have escaped?" "Yes, if she is with your brother, I have little doubt but what she is safe," I answered, for how could I tell her that the Christian bazaars would be attacked and looted and perhaps those dear to her pitilessly murdered?" She brightened visibly under this assurance, and for the first time began to look about her. Then I cursed my carelessness in not removing the bodies of the two servants. As I stood wondering how I could for a few moments engage her attention she suddenly tightened her grip upon my arm.

"See!" she whispered. "There is some one in the outer court." We were exactly opposite the passage connecting the two courts, and I looked in the direction indicated just in time to detect a shadow slowly moving across the open space. An instant's hesitation might prove fatal to both of us, and I pushed Glauce gently within the store-room.

"Quick!" I said. "Conceal yourself again."

Seeing that she was hastening to do as I bade, I slipped off my loose shoes.

"REMEMBER," I SAID, "YOU ARE HASSAN, THE SERVANT OF ABDUL-HAMIR." and with drawn scimitar in hand sped silently across the marble pavement to the passage by which the courts were joined. Along this I crept until I was within four or five feet of the further entrance, where hung a heavy

piece of Bagdad drapery. Here I crouched and listened. The approaching footfalls told me that there was but one foe to be met, and I breathed a prayer of thanksgiving. Now the cautious steps were close at hand, and now I beheld, outlined clear against the moonlight background, the cruel and cunning face of a Druse. As he unsuspectingly advanced, I swung my scimitar and clove his head to the chin. Down he sank in a limp heap, and I surveyed by bloody work without a shudder, such was the avenging

that I was lying; they would discover who we really were, and would make an end of us then and there. All this went through my mind like a flash, yet I answered readily enough: "I am from Dekir in the Hauran. Whence come you?" "We are from Lebanon," was the reply.

"Never did words sound sweeter in my ears. My servant and I are lodged near the citadel," I said, moving a step or two. "May Allah make your slumbers peaceful."

1/2 THE Time Cost SAVED BY GOLD DUST WASHING POWDER. What More Can be Asked? Only this ask your grocer for it, and insist on trying it. Largest package—greatest economy.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, St. Louis, New York, Boston, Philadelphia.

FAIRBANK'S GOLD DUST WASHING POWDER. It is generally known, become associated in the public mind with the general appearance of the package which contains them. It is quite conceivable that a dishonest dealer who kept complainants' and defendant's packages mingled together on the same shelves, might easily palm off the one for the other upon an unsuspecting purchaser.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY. PERSONALLY CONDUCTED TOURS MATCHLESS IN EVERY FEATURE. CALIFORNIA. TOURS TO CALIFORNIA AND THE PACIFIC COAST will leave New York and Philadelphia Feb. 21, stopping at New Orleans during Mardi-Gras festivities, and allowing four weeks in California, and March 27, returning on regular trains within nine months. Round trip rates from all points on the Pennsylvania Railroad system east of Pittsburg: \$350.00 for tour of Feb. 21, and \$200.00 for tour of March 27.

OLD POINT COMFORT TOURS RETURNING DIRECT OR VIA RICHMOND AND WASHINGTON. For detailed itineraries and other information, apply at ticket agencies, or address George W. Royal, assistant general passenger agent, Broad street station, Philadelphia.

THE MOOSIC POWDER CO., ROOMS 1 AND 2, COM'L BLD'G, SCRANTON, PA. MINING AND BLASTING POWDER. MADE AT MOOSIC AND RUZZALE WORKS. LAFLIN & RAND POWDER CO'S ORANGE GUN POWDER. Electric Batteries, Electric Exploders, for exploding Blasts, Safety Fuse, and Repauno Chemical Co.'s EXPLOSIVES.

Complexion Preserved DR. HERRA'S VIOLA CREAM. Removes Freckles, Pimples, Blemishes, Moles, Blackheads, and all skin troubles. For sale by MATTHEWS BROS. and JOHN H. PHELPS, Scranton, Pa.

CUSHMAN'S MENTHOL INHALER. HAVE YOU ASTHMA, CATARRH OF THE HEAD, BRONCHITIS, OR HEADACHE NEURALGIA? CUSHMAN'S MENTHOL INHALER will cure you. A wonderful relief from all these troubles. For sale by MATTHEWS BROS. and JOHN H. PHELPS, Scranton, Pa.

NEW YORK HOTELS. EVERETT HOUSE. WM. M. BATES, Proprietor. R. L. M. BATES, Proprietor.

WESTMINSTER HOTEL. Cor. Sixteenth St. and Irving Place, NEW YORK. Rates \$3.50 Per Day and Upwards (American Plan.) GEO. MURRAY, Proprietor.

THE LEADER. 124-126 Wyoming Ave. FEBRUARY. Unusually extensive arrangements for bargain offerings have been made by us for this entire month.

CLOAKS, JACKETS, ETC. LOT 1. 75 ladies' Kersey, boucle and Irish frize jackets, half-line and some all lined; values \$8.00 to \$10.00. Reduced Price \$4.98. LOT 2. 50 fine quality boucle, astrakhan, Kersey and Irish frize, coat and empire styles; worth from \$10.00 to \$12.00. Reduced Price \$5.98.

Embroideries, Laces, Etc. We will have on display Monday, Feb. 1st, a complete line of cambrie nainsook and Swiss embroideries that we bought at prices from 25c to 50c a yard. This is one-half of regular prices.

Great Pearl Button Purchase. We bought 2,500 gross of pearl buttons at one-half the price from one of the largest pearl button manufacturers in the country who is retiring from business. We have divided the entire lot.

Men's Furnishings. 60 dozen men's natural wool shirts and drawers, made and trimmed in the best manner; worth \$1.00. Our price, 50c. 70 dozen men's mixed half hose, full seamless; worth 10c. Our price, four pairs for 25c.

Hosiery. 51 dozen misses' fast black cotton hose, full seamless, sizes 5 to 8 1/2; worth 15c. Our price, three pairs 25c. 38 dozen misses' black wool hose, full seamless, sizes 5 to 8 1/2; worth 25c. Our price 15c.

Fancy Soaps. 12 gross Castile, Lemon Juice and Buttermilk soap; formerly sold at 10c a box. Our price, a box of three cakes 5c.

LEBECK & CORIN. Compiling everything requisite for fine Merchant Tailoring. And the same can be shown to advantage in its splendidly fitted up rooms.

JAMES MOIR, THE MERCHANT TAILOR. Has Moved to His New Quarters, 402 Lackawanna Avenue. Entrance on side next to First National Bank. He has now in a Full Line of Woolens. Compiling everything requisite for fine Merchant Tailoring. And the same can be shown to advantage in its splendidly fitted up rooms.

RAILROAD TIME-TABLES. LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD SYSTEM. ANTHRACITE COAL USED EXCLUSIVELY INSURING CHEAP AND SAFE TRAVEL. IN EFFECT NOV. 15, 1896. TRAINS LEAVE SCRANTON.

Del. Lacka. and Western. Effect Monday, October 13, 1896. Trains leave Scranton as follows: Express for Del. Lacka. and West. 6:15 a. m., 12:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m.

Central Railroad of New Jersey. (Lehigh and Susquehanna Division.) Anthracite coal used exclusively, insuring cleanliness and comfort. TIME TABLE IN EFFECT JAN. 25, 1897. Trains leave Scranton for Pittsburg, Pa., via Allentown, Pottsville, etc., at 8:30 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 1:30 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 9:30 p. m.

DELAWARE AND HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD. On Monday, Nov. 23, trains will leave Scranton as follows: For Pottsville, 6:45 a. m., 10:15 a. m., 12:30 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 9:30 p. m.

NEW YORK AND ONTARIO RAILWAY. Trains will leave Scranton for New York, Newburgh, and other points, at 7:00 a. m. and 2:28 p. m. and arrive from above points at 10:30 a. m. and 5:38 p. m.

REVIVO RESTORES VITALITY. Made a Well Man of Me. THE GREAT 10th Day. FINEST REMEDY produces the above results in 30 days. It is powerful and quick. Cures when all other fail.

SCRANTON DIVISION. IN EFFECT OCTOBER 1st, 1896. North Bound. 8:00 a. m. Scranton to Pottsville. 10:30 a. m. Pottsville to Scranton.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD. Schedule in Effect November 15, 1896. Trains Leave Wilkes-Barre as Follows: 7:30 a. m., week days, for Sunbury, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and for Pittsburg and the West.

Houses for Sale or Rent. If you contemplate purchasing or leasing a house, or if you have a piece of desirable property on page 2 of the Tribune.



I KNEW OUR PURSUERS WERE GAINING RAPIDLY.

INFANT HEALTH SENT FREE. A little book that should be in every home. Issued by the manufacturers of Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. N. Y. Condensed Milk Co., 71 Hudson Street, New York.

Complexion Preserved DR. HERRA'S VIOLA CREAM. Removes Freckles, Pimples, Blemishes, Moles, Blackheads, and all skin troubles. For sale by MATTHEWS BROS. and JOHN H. PHELPS, Scranton, Pa.

CUSHMAN'S MENTHOL INHALER. HAVE YOU ASTHMA, CATARRH OF THE HEAD, BRONCHITIS, OR HEADACHE NEURALGIA? CUSHMAN'S MENTHOL INHALER will cure you. A wonderful relief from all these troubles. For sale by MATTHEWS BROS. and JOHN H. PHELPS, Scranton, Pa.

CUSHMAN'S MENTHOL INHALER. HAVE YOU ASTHMA, CATARRH OF THE HEAD, BRONCHITIS, OR HEADACHE NEURALGIA? CUSHMAN'S MENTHOL INHALER will cure you. A wonderful relief from all these troubles. For sale by MATTHEWS BROS. and JOHN H. PHELPS, Scranton, Pa.

NEW YORK HOTELS. EVERETT HOUSE. WM. M. BATES, Proprietor. R. L. M. BATES, Proprietor.

WESTMINSTER HOTEL. Cor. Sixteenth St. and Irving Place, NEW YORK. Rates \$3.50 Per Day and Upwards (American Plan.) GEO. MURRAY, Proprietor.

THE ST. DENIS. Broadway and Eleventh St., New York. Opp. Grace Church—European Plan. Rooms \$1.00 a Day and Upwards.

WILLIAM TAYLOR AND SON. The great popularity it has acquired can readily be traced to its unique location, its homelike atmosphere, the peculiar collection of its cuisine and service, and its very moderate prices.