

# Marina:

The Daughter of Kison Ludim.

## CHAPTER V.

Upon a slightly raised throne of ivory, inlaid with gold and precious stones, sat Mapen, King of Tyre. By his side stood Prince Phalis, over whose features the marks of dissipation had already been plainly laid. A few steps in front of the throne stood the sentinel who had been on post at the northern gate on the previous evening, and around him were a dozen soldiers, while back of the throne were ranged in the most exact order a score of attendants.

The king's countenance was dark and lowering, and as he clutched with nervous grip the hilt of a small dagger that was confined within his jeweled girdle, one might have seen that an emotion of more than ordinary import was rankling his soul. The soldiers stood trembling before the monarch, and as they met his flashing glances they covered as before some raving beast.

"Slave!" cried the king, addressing the aforementioned sentinel, who stood cringing like a whipped cur, "was it by your post that these people passed?"

"A man and two girls, sire." "And had you not arms?" "I had, sire; but the man was powerful, and he seized me unawares. I stoutly refused the king's passage, but he overcame me. I know now it must have been the armorer, for no other man in Tyre could have done what he did."

"Then the man and the girls put off from your landing?" "Yes, sire—towards the coast." "And were they not almost immediately followed?"

"Yes, sire; by seven of the soldiers." "Phalis," continued the king, turning to his son, "have you sent messengers to the coast?"

"Yes," returned the prince. "I sent them early this morning. They should have returned by this time." "Yes," said the king, "but you are late. And, then, turning to one of the officers who had command of the soldiers, he continued: "Now take that vile slave away and confine him. We will consider whether his lie is worth the saving."

As the king thus spoke the poor sentinel was led away. He knew Mapen too well to think of asking for pardon, or to attempt further explanation, for he knew that the simplest circumstance might decide his fate.

For some time after the culprit was led away a strict silence was maintained about the throne; but at length a sudden stir was heard without, and in a moment more a messenger rushed breathlessly into the royal presence.

"How now, sirrah?" exclaimed the king. "Are you one who has been upon the coast this morning?" "I am, sire."

"And found you the soldiers who went thither last night?" "All but one," returned the messenger, trembling with the weight of the fearful news he bore.

"Hah! and why have they not returned? Do they still search for the fugitives?" "They are dead, sire."

"Dead!" iterated the king, springing from his throne and grasping the speaker by the arm. "Did I understand thee aright? Dead, saidst thou?"

"Ease thy hold, sire, and I will tell thee all I saw." "Speak then, and do it quickly."

"Near the spot where both the pursued and the pursuers must have landed—for we found the barge still fast in the sand—lay two of the soldiers stretched out upon the sand. They had been slain by stones. Further on, to the southward we found more of them dead. Two of these, also had been slain with stones, and the other two by the sword. The seventh was nowhere to be found, nor could we find the least traces beyond there of the fugitives, though we searched for over an hour."

"Then the villain must have ac-

complices," shouted the king, as he started nervously across the marble pavement of his divan.

"No, sire," returned the messenger. "The soldiers had but one opponent, for the footprints in the sand were plain."

"Think not strange of this, my royal father," said Phalis. "Gio is a man not to be easily overcome. Not only is he powerful in the extreme, but he is the best stone and sword player in Tyre."

"And who is this Gio?—this man who puffs at my authority as though it were a candle which he might extinguish?"

"You know him well, father; the old armorer of Tyre, and for so long a friend and follower of young Strato."

"Strato again!" uttered the king, suddenly starting as he heard the name.

Over the face of the monarch there came a still darker cloud, but in a moment it passed away, and a grim, savage smile took its place. Two or three times he strode up and down the apartment, and then, coming near to the prince, he uttered:

"By the Gods, Phalis, we will crush the viper beneath our feet. This Gio is Strato's friend—Strato stands between us and the daughter of Kison Ludim—Gio defies our royal will—Strato urges him on—Strato shall be seized!"

"Good father," returned Phalis, with sparkling eyes, "the pretext is warrantable. Surely the armorer would not have done this without urging from some one higher than himself. But we must be wary, for young Strato is the generally beloved of all the merchants, and 'twould be unsafe to estrange their wealth from the royal support."

"Leave that to me," said Mapen, in a confidential tone, "for I will make out a case against him of so firm a mold that even an Argus could not pick an objection against it."

Again the king strode against the divan, and, stopping near the messenger, he said:

"You say you found the tracks plain in the sand?" "Yes, sire."

"And of the two girls?" "We did."

"And could you not trace them?" "Only to where they became lost among the tall grass and moss of the ruins."

"Oh, that the dog of an armorer would but once more show his face in Tyre," exclaimed the monarch, striking his hands together with savage vehemence.

"Your majesty," said one of the soldiers who had followed the messenger into the apartment, "I saw the armorer this morning."

"How slave—this morning?" "Yes, sire."

"Where?" "In his shop, at work."

"Now, slave, thou liest! The dog would not dare thus to beard me."

"I speak soberly, and that which I know," confidently returned the soldier.

"And you saw Gio in his shop this morning?" "Most assuredly I did, sire."

"Then," cried the king, turning red and trembling with rage, "he shall find how a king can be revenged. Phalis, take you a guard and go to the armorer's shop. If he be in capture him and bring him here. Take javelins with you, and slay him if he offers the least resistance. Away now, and let me not wait long for your return, for till he be within my power I rest upon sharp, angry thorns."

With quick, eager movements, the prince prepared for his expedition, and ere long, at the head of twenty men, he set out.

Gio had indeed gone to work in his shop, and as he hammered away upon the anvil no one could have mistrusted from his manner that aught unusual had happened. His boy was at the bellows, and as the bright

sparks flew out from beneath the heavy hammer, the stout man seemed to forget that any other occupation had called him lately away from his forge.

"I think you'll be called for today," remarked the boy, as Gio placed the pike-head he was fashioning once more into the fire.

"I expect so," quietly returned the armorer, while a faint smile passed over his features. "But speak you from your own reason, Abal, or from what you have seen?"

"From what I have seen, good master. Last night's affairs were enough, for when I let the soldiers into the house so that they should not batter down the doors, they ran about like wild men; and when they left they assured me that you would never dare show your face here again."

"Is that all?" "No, it is not. Soldiers have looked in here upon you this morning, and then they hastened away towards the king's palace."

Again, Gio smiled, and drawing the pike head from the fire, he drew down its point beneath his hammer. While he was at work his doors were suddenly darkened, and on raising his head he beheld Prince Phalis and a body of soldiers.

"Ah, royal prince, I give you a good-day," said the armorer, in a half condescending tone and manner. "I have come to give you a better one," returned Phalis, in a bitter tone. "You are my prisoner."

"Aha—say you so?" "Dead or alive, you go with me. Now which do you prefer?"

"Oh, alive, by all means," returned Gio, as he deliberately dipped the end of the pike into the water that was near him, and then watched the varying colors as they came and went upon the surface of the steel.

"Then prepare to accompany me to the palace," said the prince, not a little surprised at the utter coolness of the armorer.

"Let me catch this temper first," returned Gio, without raising his eyes from the pointed steel. "One moment—hold—blue—ah! that's it. Now, sir, I will be with you in a moment."

From the armorer's movements Phalis seemed to fear that he was laying some plan for escape, and he drew his own javelin, and his followers did the same; but Gio thought of no such thing, for he turned quietly to where stood his wash basin, and having performed his ablution, he arranged his apparel, and then informed the prince he was ready to accompany him.

"Abal, he continued, turning to his boy, "if I do not return before dark you may secure the doors and retire; but I shall be here early in the morning at all events."

"Don't be too sure of that," uttered the prince, in a meaning tone. "Remember," added Gio, without seeming to notice the words of Phalis, "have all prepared for morning, for I will surely be here."

"We shall see," said the prince, as he made a motion for his men to advance and surround the prisoner.

"So we shall," returned Gio, with another of his peculiar smiles. "But come, sirs, I am ready for the palace."

Phalis set forward with his prisoner, but shortly after he entered the street he began to find that had the armorer a mind to escape, it would have taken a greater force than his to have prevented, for on all hands the people began to collect, and though they spoke not openly in words, yet their gestures plainly evinced that they not only knew that Gio was prisoner, but that they would dare even to rescue him should he give the signal.

From house tops and from curtained windows, from behind garden wall and from half-closed doors, came hisses and groans, and more than once the prince heard his own name used in connection with epithets anything but agreeable.

"Be not alarmed, prince," said Gio as he noticed the manner of Phalis, "those are nothing but poor subjects of your father's crown."

"But, by my father's sceptre," hissed the prince, seeming hardly to know at which to be the most exasperated, the sound that met his ears from the cover around or the cool efrontery of the prisoner, "they shall suffer for this."

Once more Gio laughed in his own peculiar way, but he spoke no further. Phalis gazed at the working

features of the armorer, and wondered what feelings could thus move him in view of the sure fate that awaited him.

## CHAPTER VI.

Mapen was waiting anxiously for the arrival of those who had been sent after the armorer. Part of the time he had been lounging upon his throne, and then he had walked nervously and hurriedly up and down the divan. The thoughts of Gio alone had not the power to move the king as he was now moved, nor had the simple fact that the daughter of Kison Ludim had escaped him. The immediate circumstances connected with these two persons might have irritated him, even to madness, but they could not have so utterly aroused the maniac within him. There was a hidden cause, a deep, unfathomable mystery, that cast its black pall over the future, and Marina, the fair daughter of the murdered noble, was imaged forth in the vista.

Again and again the monarch turned in his walk, and amid the incoherent mutterings that fell from his lips there was an occasional casting of the eyes upward, as though he feared that heaven was frowning upon him too. At length the sound of many feet upon the broad stairs that led to the divan fell upon his ears, and starting back towards his ivory throne he waited for the visitation. The first who entered was the prince, and next came Gio.

To be Continued.

## BUSINESS SIDE OF FASHION.

### Paris Is Almost Given Over to the Service of Dress.

The commercial side of fashion is a thing which an observant visitor to Paris can hardly fail to notice. The whole city is more or less given over to the service of dress. It is estimated that about fifty thousand customers and their assistants are at work in the city. A glance at the books of some of the big houses proves that Paris is all she claims to be in the world of dress.

Queens and princesses order their choicest gowns there; the wives of the Sultan and the women of the Mikado's court wear on special occasion dresses created by the artists of the great Paris houses; and belles of South America are their most extravagant clients.

To adapt their work to this foreign patronage, the models who stand to try on and show the superb costumes are chosen to represent the average type and figure of women of different nationalities—German, American, Spanish.

Some of the dresses are created in modest ateliers, or shops, others in apartments which do not in the least resemble a business establishment. Places like Paquin's are almost theatrical, with their spacious rooms and well-dressed attendants.

Those women who achieve success in attracting and retaining customers sometimes receive from three to four thousand dollars a year. The profits of a popular establishment are large, but much depends upon the personal characteristics of the assistants. Tact, experience and good taste are absolutely essential.

The dressmakers of Paris take the greatest pains to keep themselves informed of the fluctuations of fortune of their clients, so many of whom are persons well known to the public; and the credit of patrons is always carefully noted. In fact, a little select detective force has these matters constantly in charge.

If Paris is the centre of fashion, all France assists in the production of the materials used. Whole towns, such as Lyons, Amiens, Roubaix and others, depend for their prosperity on the making of the goods used by Parisian costumers. Taking the country all through, it is estimated that no less than one million four hundred thousand masters and workpeople are engaged in supplying fashion with its materials; and since caprice is always the chief element of fashion, these industries are subject to constant change.

## GROWING BABIES.

### Need Watchful Care to Prevent Overfeeding and the Evils That Follow.

All children at some period of their infancy are subject to indigestion, diarrhoea, or constipation. While the symptoms of these troubles greatly differ, the origin of each is due to the same cause—improper food or overfeeding. This results sometimes in diarrhoea, sometimes in constipation. In either the treatment is to remove the cause, and this can only be speedily, safely and effectually done by the use of Baby's Own Tablets, a purely vegetable medicine guaranteed to contain no opiate nor any of the poisonous stuffs found in the so-called soothing medicines. Mothers who once use Baby's Own Tablets for their little ones never after experiment with other medicines, and always speak of them in the highest terms. Mrs. Geo. R. Johnston, Wall street, Brockville, says: "I have been using Baby's Own Tablets for over a year, always keep them in the house and always find them satisfactory. If my little boy—two years of age—is troubled with constipation, indigestion or diarrhoea, I give him the tablets and he is soon relieved. The tablets regulate the bowels and do not cause after constipation as many medicines do. I have also found them beneficial in teething."

Baby's Own Tablets are a certain cure for all the minor ailments of little ones such as colic, sour stomach, constipation, indigestion, diarrhoea, etc. Children take them readily, and crushed or dissolved in water they can be given with good results to the youngest infant. Sold by druggists or sent post paid at 25 cents a box by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## WHY THE CONGREGATION STAYED.

The chapel of an English fishing village used to depend for its services on the occasional help of the clergy of the nearest town. One very wet Sunday the clergyman who volunteered to do the duty drove over in a rig.

Tolling the chapel bell himself, he announced his arrival to the natives, but for a long time no one appeared.

At last one solitary person came in and took a seat at the very back of the chapel. The clergyman then found his surplice and conducted the service. That ended, he remarked to his audience of one that perhaps a sermon was superfluous.

"Oh! please go on, sir," was the flattering reply, and the clergyman mounted the pulpit.

In the course of his address he expressed the fear that he was wearying his hearer, and was gratified to be told that he could not be too long. The sermon, consequently was lengthened out to some forty minutes.

When it was ended the preacher expressed a desire to shake hands with the gentleman who had listened to him with such evident appreciation. Imagine his consternation at discovering on a nearer view (for he was somewhat short-sighted) that he had been preaching to the driver of his rig, who was all the while charging overtime!—London Tit-Bits.

## CAN SEE 200 MILES.

About 200 miles in every direction is the distance a man can see when standing, on a clear day, on the peak of the highest mountain—say, at a height of 26,668 feet, or a little over five miles above the level of the sea. An observer must be at a height of 6,667 feet above sea level to see objects at a distance of 100 miles. The distance in miles at which an object upon the surface of the earth is visible is equal to the square root of one and a half times the height of the observer in feet above the sea level.

"You run your motor car very fast through the streets," said the friend to the doctor. "Yes," replied the man of pills and bills. "I'm always in a hurry to get there; and, besides when times are a little dull, I can pick up a few cases on the way."



"Waiter, here's a suspender button in this plate of turkey." "Yes, sah. I know. Dat's part ob de dressing, sah."

# Is Your Child in Danger?

Group, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough and Severe Chest Colds are Threatening.

It is the old story of wet feet, exposure to cold and dampness and chilled bodies. Towards night the hoarseness comes and the hollow, croupy or tight chest cough. Then mother's anxiety, for she knows the danger and the suddenness with which the little ones are sometimes snatched away. When you think of the thousands of times that Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has saved the lives of the little ones it is scarcely to be wondered at that mothers look upon it with confidence and satisfaction.

## DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE

Is an ideal medicine for children because it is remarkably pleasant to take and is perfectly free from Morphine. It is one of the few remedies for diseases of the throat and lungs which thoroughly cures the cold as well as the cough. There are other preparations of linseed, Be sure you get Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, with portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase on the bottle. Price, 25 cents; family size, three times as much, 60 cents. All dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.