

Marina:

The
Daughter of
Kison Ludim.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Prince Phalis of Tyre aids her escape and is summoned by the king.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

The armorer slowly advanced towards the throne, folded his arms across his huge breast, then bent upon the king a stern, proud, look. "Sire, I await your pleasure." Marina started further back upon his throne as he met the gaze of the prisoner, for he was not a little struck with the boldness of his manner; but in a moment a sense of his own royal power came to his aid, and in a tone made calm by his very effort to suppress his rising passion, he said: "Vile slave—" "I am a citizen, sire," calmly interrupted the armorer. "From this moment you are the lowest of slaves!" cried the king. "Last night you wrested a fugitive from my officers." "You mistake, sire." "Did you not secrete the daughter of Kison Ludim?" "She sought refuge in my house, and I gave it to her." "Ay, and you openly resisted a prince of the realm and his officers." "I resisted a rabble who chased the poor, frightened girl to my shop, sire; but under such circumstances I know no distinction of men. It was threatened innocence seeking an asylum and the gods smiled when I gave it." "By Jupiter, fellow, thou hadst better beware of thy tongue." "And thou of thy— But never mind; go on." The king gazed a moment upon the powerful man in silence. A variety of conflicting emotions stirred within him, and more than once the color forsook his cheek, but at length he said: "You knew that your king desired the presence of the Lady Marina?" "I knew nothing, save that I swore to protect her." "Haf and to whom didst thou swear it?" "To the lady herself." "And to no one else?" "No." "You slew Theodoric?" "Ay." "And threatened the prince?" "I advised the prince." "Did you not convey Marina out of the city last night?" "Yes." "And assault the sentinel on his post?" "I threw him overboard." "Did you meet the officers whom I sent after you?" "I did, sire." "And did they not tell you that they came with power from me?" "Yes." "Then how met you their demands?" "As the true man ever meets a demand to surrender his rights and liberties of those whom he has sworn to protect. I fought them, and all but one I slew, and to him I gave quarter." "And the lady—where is she?" "Where you can never find her." "Now, mark me, Gio," said the king in a deep, meaning tone, as he arose from his throne and took a step forward, "your life depends upon your answer. If you will give up to me the Lady Marina I will swear to overlook your crimes thus far and restore you to liberty." "Mapen," returned the armorer, raising himself to his full height, while his eyes flashed and sparkled with the proud spirit that moved within, "I will not deliver her up." "Then, by the immortal Hercules, you die!" exclaimed the monarch, sinking back upon his throne. "What would that benefit you?" asked Gio, in a strangely sounding voice. "Revenge!" hissed the king. "Few persons are so bold as to

risk life, and even a crown, for mere revenge," fell in quiet tones from Gio's lips. Mapen turned pale as these words fell upon his ears, and twice as he attempted to speak, the words were forced back. At length, however, with less anger but more of anxiety, he said:—"I have given you my word, and you may depend upon it. If you do not deliver up the girl you die." "Let me tell you one thing, sire, ere you fully make up your mind. I am not the only one who knows where Marina is, and when I am missing she will have another protector, and—here Gio bent forward and spoke so low as only to be heard by the king—"she may marry whom she chooses." "Haf! how guessed you that secret?" cried Mapen starting up again from his seat and looking earnestly in the face of the prisoner. "I have not guessed it, sire; I know it. Beware how you tempt the gods." For fully five minutes the monarch gazed fixedly upon the calm face of the stalwart armorer. At the end of that time he made a motion for all the soldiers to leave the divan, and then, turning to his attendants, he bade them stand further back from the throne. The prince alone remained within hearing, and even he wondered at the sudden change that had come over his father's countenance. "Gio," said the king, in an earnest, persuasive tone, "you know, then, the secret that lies in the destiny of Lady Marina?" "I do, sire." "And will you not give her up to me?" "I cannot." "I will make you rich." "I cannot." "You shall have honors." "You have my answer." "You shall stand next to the prince himself in the kingdom." "Not for your crown itself would I resign her to you." "And to abide by these answers you are unalterably fixed?" "As Persia is by her laws." "Then take your doom, and let me tell thee that if Marina be on earth I'll find her, though I have to dig through the base of Mount Caucasus. Ho, without there!" In a moment more the soldiers came rushing into the apartment. "Seize the dog!" cried the king, as the soldiers crowded about him, and strike off his head. Off with it I say!" A score of them gathered about the armorer and bore him to his knees. The same calm, iron look rested upon his countenance, and his eyes were still fixed unwaveringly upon the king. "Ebo, step you forward and strike." A stout soldier stepped forward at this summons and drew his sword. "Strike!" The soldier's keen weapon was already raised, when the king made a motion to pause, and then, turning to Gio, he said: "Once more I give thee a chance for thy life. Wilt thou deliver up to me her whom I seek?" "Never." "Ebo, strike." Again the soldier's sword was raised, but it fell not upon the head of the armorer, for at that instant there sounded a voice, as if from the very foundations of the palace, so deep and sepulchral that all started with awe at its very tones: "Mapen, beware! Tempt not thine own fate thus." The point of the raised sword dropped harmless upon the Mosaic pavement, and the king sprang, pale and trembling from his seat. "Ye gods! whose voice was that?" ejaculated the affrighted monarch, hardly conscious of what he said. "Mapen, tempt us not!" sounded like distant thunder from the realms of space.

"'Tis the oracle!" uttered Prince Phalis, laying his hand upon his father's arm. "Push not this matter further, but let Gio be conducted to a dungeon. We may imprison him though we may not spill his blood." "You are right, my son," returned Mapen, as soon as he had recovered from his perturbation; and then, turning to his soldiers, he added: "Take the prisoner to the safest dungeon beneath the eastern palace, and, mind you, Ebo, I shall hold you responsible for his safe keeping." The officer bowed assent, and unresistingly the armorer was led away. His step was proud and firm, and he looked more like a laurelled hero than a prisoner being led to his dungeon. "What make you of that man?" asked the king, as he and his son were left alone with the slaves. "I can only say that he is a bold fearless fellow." "But I mean this strange protection he receives from the oracle," said the king. "I think I see through it," returned the prince, in a thoughtful mood. "You are warned that by cutting off your best men you are weakening your own power, and raising the people against you, for it is well known that the armorer is a favorite in the city." "But that the oracle should speak in my palace." "It is the voice of Hercules, and may speak where it chooses." "Perhaps you are right, my son; but at all events, Gio goes not forth from his dungeon till Marina be in the palace." "Ah, that brings young Strato to my mind," uttered Phalis, with a sudden energy. "Let him be taken at once, for we should surely have him within our power." "Not now, my son." "Why not? We have cause enough." "He may better serve our purposes where he is." "I do not comprehend." "Look ye, Phalis. If anyone is to be informed of the whereabouts of Marina, that one will be Strato, for Gio is under obligation to him; and in all probability the young merchant even now knows where she is, for the armorer said there was one other besides himself who possessed the secret of her concealment. Do you not understand?" "Yes—I see." "Well, then, Strato will be likely to visit the lady." "Aha, now I see," exclaimed the prince. "We will have him narrowly watched." "Exactly. We will depute a dozen or so of our most trusty men to watch his movements, and when he least expects it, his every step shall be noted. The Lady Marina shall yet be ours." "But," ventured the prince, "would it not be well to make some search among the ruins of the old city? She must certainly be concealed somewhere there, or Gio could not have had time to have gone farther." "No, that would not be so well, for such a search might only serve to frighten the bird away. We will wait till we are sure of her nest, and then all is safe." Again Phalis acknowledged that his father was right, and shortly afterwards he left the divan to select such men as he thought best suited to the object he had in view. A smile was upon his countenance for he thought he could see the shadow of his success even now cast before him.

CHAPTER VII.

When Gio was led from the king's presence, he was conducted out into the central piazza, and across to the eastern wing of the palace, beneath which were strong dungeons for state prisoners. From the extreme angle of the building there led a flight of stone steps to a dreary apartment beneath, and to this place was the armorer conducted. The pavement of this region was composed of heavy masonry, and here and there were numerous iron trap-doors which opened to the vaults that lay deeper down in the earth, each of which was secured by stout bars and locks. One of these was opened and then the soldiers prepared to force Gio to descend by means of a ladder which had been lowered for that purpose. "Fear not that I shall resist you," said the armorer as he observed their preparatory demonstrations. "The



WOMAN'S SHIRT WAIST.
32 to 40 Bust.

The shirt waist that closes at the back is a recognized favorite, and promises to extend its vogue for many months to come. This admirable model is suited to silk, velvet, corduroy, flannel, cashmere, albatross and all waist materials; but in the original, is made of white flannel, with tiny gold buttons as trimming. The lining fits snugly and smoothly, and is desirable for all lightweight wools and silks, but can be omitted when heavier materials are used, or for any reason it is not desired. The front of the waist proper is laid in small box plaits, that are stitched deepest at the center, and grow shorter as they approach the arm-eyes, each of which is held at the end by three small buttons. The five plaits at the back are stitched for their entire length and form groups of two at each side of the center, where the closing is effected by means of buttons and button-holes. The sleeves are in bishop style, with pointed cuffs that match the novel treatment of the collar.

king's dungeons have no fear for me."

The soldiers stepped back with a feeling somewhat akin to awe, and with an unflinching step Gio placed his foot upon the ladder and descended. Then the ladder was drawn up, and the door shut, bolted and locked.

The dungeon into which the armorer was thus cast was small and damp, and all the light and air it received was from the perforations in the iron door above; but even those admitted scarcely a beam of light into the cell, though on looking up one could see the dim specks in the door when night had begun to creep around. There was no food, no water in the place, but that might have been brought anon. The couch upon which a prisoner might rest his limbs was a mere wooden bench, without even straw to relieve its hardness.

As soon as the sound of the soldiers' footsteps had died away in the distance, Gio took from a bag he wore about his neck a small iron tube, open at one end, and within which worked an air-tight piston. At the end of this piston was an indentation, and having broken from a piece of light punk a quantity sufficient for his purpose, he placed it in the said indentation, and then inserting the piston into the tube he drove it home with such force that the combustible was immediately ignited. As soon as this was accomplished, the prisoner produced a small waxen taper, and ere long he had a light.

It was some time past meridian when Gio was consigned to his dungeon and as time crept slowly on he sat there upon the rough bench, with his light beside him, fashioning small bits of wire into a sort of mail for the neck and breast. There was not the slightest uneasiness manifested upon his countenance, but, on the contrary, he appeared as happy and unconcerned as though he had been by the side of his own forge.

"Ah, Mapen," he murmured to himself as he twisted piece after piece of the wire, one within the other, "how little dream you of the powers that dwell on earth. Kings may glory in a crown, and they may wield the power it bestows, but they must beware of other powers more mighty than theirs. Ah, upon what flimsy tenure hangs the power of man! and especially of kings! Mapen where is thy master, Xerxes? He is safer than thou. He has fallen—thou art to fall. Death is thy monarch, and he will take thy tribute when he likes. Even now there is one in Tyre mightier than thou, for there dwells in the temple one whose mind is his sceptre. Ah, King Mapen, beware the oracle!"

Something like a smile passed over Gio's face as he spoke, but it was so deep that it might have passed for a frown. Still he worked on, ever and anon casting his eyes up towards the iron door to observe the dim, star-like specks that the daylight formed there.

To be Continued.

TO BE LOOKED AT.

"Of course, madam, I would not be expected to light the fire?" "Certainly not," replied the lady. "Nor to sweep the floors?" "Certainly not." "Nor to attend to the door?" "Of course not." "Nor to wait at table?" "No, I want none of these things," said the lady, with her sweetest smile. "The only thing I require a servant for is to look at her, and for this you are far too plain."

CRYING BABIES.

The Cry of an Infant is Nature's Signal of Distress.

Babies never cry unless there is some very good reason for it. The cry of a baby is nature's warning signal that there is something wrong. Every mother ought to get to work immediately to find out what that something wrong may be. If the fretfulness and irritation are not caused by exterior sources, it is conclusive evidence that the crying baby is ill. The only safe and judicious thing to do is to administer Baby's Own Tablets without the slightest delay.

For indigestion, sleeplessness, the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth, diarrhoea, constipation, colic, and simple fevers, these marvellous little tablets have given relief in thousands of cases and saved many precious baby lives. Do not give a child so-called "soothing" medicines; such only stupefy and produce unnatural sleep. Baby's Own Tablets are guaranteed to contain no opiate or other harmful drugs; they promote sound, healthy sleep because they go directly to the root of baby troubles. Dissolved in water these tablets can be given to the youngest infant. Mrs. Walter Brown, Milby, Que., says:—"I have never used any medicine for baby that did as much good as Baby's Own Tablets. I would not be without them." Baby's Own Tablets are for sale at all drug stores, or will be sent direct on receipt of price (25 cents a box) by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

COUNTERFEIT MONEY.

Bankers Can Tell a Bad Note by Instinct.

It seems wonderful to the casual observer that cashiers, bank tellers and others who handle large amounts of paper money are able at a glance to detect a bad note. Exactly what it is that does expose the counterfeit the best experts find it difficult to tell. They say they know it instinctively. They judge not only by the looks of a note but by the "feel" of it. It is obvious that a counterfeit note must be widely circulated to make it profitable. No sooner does a counterfeit appear than its description is widely published. Those who are likely to suffer by taking counterfeit notes make it their business to be on the lookout for new ones, which are soon distinguishable by some easily discovered mark.

A teller knows of just what denomination are the counterfeits, and just where to look for the tell-tale marks. He detects the spurious note as easily as the reader does a misspelled word. It is no particular effort. It is a habit.

The principal reason why counterfeits are so easily detected is because in some feature they are almost uniformly of inferior quality. This is, indeed, the main protection of the public. Genuine notes are engraved and printed almost regardless of cost and the very best materials are used in the engraving and printing. It is done in large establishments, with costly materials and by the best workmen. It is practically impossible for counterfeiters to do as well. They must work in secret and at a disadvantage, and of necessity cannot have the experience to produce such perfect work. If they get the engravings done nicely they fail in the printing, or if they get the engraving and printing done well they fail in securing the proper paper.

There is little protection for the poor and ignorant from counterfeit money. They do not rely so much upon their own skill as upon keeping track of the sources from which they receive money. They know from whom they receive a bank note, and if it turns out bad they take it back and get it redeemed. In some degree this protection exists among financial institutions, which keep trace of the sources of their receipts.

WATERING UNDER THE SOIL.

The Ohio Experiment station has been trying the value of "sub-irrigation" in the greenhouse. The idea of irrigating the soil below the surface arose out of an attempt to prevent the rotting of lettuce by not wetting the foliage. It is cheaper than the old method of surface watering; the soil remains in a better condition, and the plants are less apt to decay. These advantages come from the soil permitting the air to pass freely through it, besides supplying water constantly to the roots. Lettuce grown in this way are double the size of those grown in the old way.

SOLDIERS AND SUICIDE.

The French Militaire publishes statistics showing that cases of suicide are very frequent in the French army, more so, perhaps, than in any other European force. Among every 1,000 deaths in the army from all causes, no less than an average of fifty (in 1896 exactly fifty and in 1897 fifty-one) are caused by self-destruction; while of every 100,000 men on the rolls of the army no less than an average of twenty-seven commit suicide every year. Among the colonial troops the number is even higher. In the navy the practice seems less prevalent.

IS NOT THIS STEALING ?

IN SPITE OF AT LEAST HALF A DOZEN IMITATIONS, DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE HAS MORE THAN THREE TIMES THE SALE OF ANY REMEDY RECOMMENDED FOR THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES.

Have you been imposed upon when asking for Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine by being offered an imitation? Many have been, and we know of some who have changed their druggist as a result. It is not safe to deal with a druggist who offers imitations and substitutes. An honest druggist will not offend his customers by such questionable methods. The use of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has become so universal that on all sides are springing up preparations of turpentine and linseed, put up in packages similar to Dr. Chase's, with the object of making sales on the reputation of this famous remedy. Is not this dishonest. Is it not stealing, or even worse? For, besides the injury done to the proprietors of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, the people are being deceived. In some cases, no doubt, even life is lost as a result. Are you being deceived? Have you asked for Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine and been given an imitation or substitute? There is no doubt about the virtue of this great throat and lung remedy. It is too well known as a thorough cure for bronchitis, croup, whooping cough, asthma, coughs and colds to need further words of commendation. What we want to do is to warn you against these imitations. To be certain that you are getting the genuine, be sure that Dr. Chase's portrait and signature are on the wrapper. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has reached phenomenal sales, because it cures when other remedies fail. It is far-reaching in effect, curing the cold as well as the cough, and uprooting the most serious forms of bronchitis, asthma, and similar throat and lung diseases. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Family size, three times as much, 60 cents. At all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Company, Toronto. A handsome and useful Christmas present for mother or grandmother is Dr. Chase's Last and Complete **Respiratory** Book. Illustrated folder free.