

Marina:

The
Daughter of
Kison Ludim.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Prince Phalis of Tyre pursues Marina to make her his wife. Gio aids her escape and is imprisoned by King Mapen. He escapes.

CHAPTER X.

On the next morning, King Mapen entered his divan at the usual hour, and shortly afterwards he was joined by the prince. The first thing the king did after saluting his son was to send for the jailer.

"I've a new plan in my head," said Mapen, after the attendant had gone on his errand.

"Ah," uttered the prince.

"Yes, and I think it's a good one."

"What is the subject?"

"The armorer."

"Good. What is it?"

"I'll starve his secret from him," returned the king, with sparkling eyes.

"He is strong and powerful now, and that makes him proud, but just let him waste away beneath want and famine, and I think 'twill take down his stubbornness somewhat."

"Glorious!" ejaculated Phalis.

"He will be more stubborn than I take him for if he can stand out long against such a course. Not a week certainly."

"No, not over half of it, for he shall parch with thirst, too."

"Then may fortune crown our efforts, and let me once get my eyes on the fair damsel again and she shall not escape me. Pshaw! I was a fool to lose her so easily before, but I had no thoughts of her running so nimbly."

"And you were foolish, too," added the king, "that you did not push your search in the armorer's house, for you might have obtained javelins and slain him at a distance."

"Yes, but such a squad of people began to collect about the door, that the matter took a serious turn."

"We must hang a score or two of the dogs upon the trees," muttered the king, as a dark scowl disfigured his face.

"Would that I had the hanging of the whole of them," kindly offered the prince, with an impatient movement.

"Ah, here comes the jailer," uttered Mapen, as that functionary made his appearance.

"Valero," he continued, "have you seen Gio this morning?"

"No, sire."

"You knew he was confined?"

"Yes; Ebo told me last night."

"Is his dungeon strong?"

"The strongest in Tyre. Hercules himself, ere he became immortal, might have beat its walls in vain."

"Good. See you now that he has no food nor drink; and you may go to him and tell him from the king, that he will parch and starve there till he gives me the intelligence I seek, and look ye, Valero, keep a strict watch over him. Go tell him this now, and if he relents call upon me with the information."

The jailer bowed and withdrew.

"I hope the fellow will not die till we find the daughter of Kison Ludim," said the prince thoughtfully.

"If he does we have still another chance," returned the king. "Our spies will lay upon the track of young Strato."

"Good—so they will."

For five or ten minutes the king and prince held a rambling conversation upon various topics, and just as the latter was enlarging upon the necessity of allowing the rich merchants all the power and privileges they wanted, the jailer hurriedly re-entered the apartment. His face was flushed by an unwonted excitement and he trembled at every joint.

"How now?" exclaimed the king, somewhat startled by the officer's manner.

"The prisoner, sire," stammered Valero, turning pale as death.

"What prisoner? Who?"

"Gio."

"Ha, and what of him? Speak! What of Gio?"

The king sprang forward as he spoke, and grasped Valero by the arm.

"Tell me!" he cried again.

"He's gone, sire!"

"Gone!"

"Yes, sire—escaped!"

"Escaped! Gio escaped!"

"He has, indeed."

"Now, by all the gods of both worlds," shouted the monarch, nearly bursting with rage; "if this be true, I'll—I'll—But no, no, no, Valero, you went to the wrong dungeon. Go again, and search. The armorer could not have broken out."

"He did not break out, sire, for the door of the dungeon was found securely locked."

"Then why is this? Gio's not gone!"

"Indeed he is, sire."

"Have you searched all the dungeons?"

"No, sire, for Ebo knows well which one the prisoner was placed in."

"Then how, in the name of Pluto's hosts, got he out?" urged the king, half frantic with the excitement of this startling intelligence.

"He must have been let out by someone who gained access to the keys," returned the jailer, in trembling accents.

"And where were the keys?"

"In my own apartment. Ebo returned them to me last night, and I hung them up as usual in their proper place."

"Then there are traitors in the palace!" shouted the monarch as he started upon one of his nervous walks across the apartment. "You found the keys this morning, slave?"

"Yes, sire, where I left them."

For three minutes the enraged, foiled monarch walked up and down the place with his hands clenched within the bosom of his mantle, while his teeth grated together like files, and his eyes rolled with a perfect wildness.

"Valero," he uttered at length, stopping in his walk and shaking his clenched fist at the face of his officer "yesterday I told Ebo I would hold him responsible for the safe keeping of this armorer of Tyre. Now I'll hold both your lives till you find me the traitor who has done this thing, and if you find him not your heads shall answer for it."

"But sire—"

"No buts, slave! I hold you as I have said. Go and call Ebo, and search the dungeons through, for Gio may yet—"

Mapen did not finish his sentence, for at that moment a soldier came rushing into the divan, all covered with dust and sweat.

"Now, knave, what dire disease of affairs brings you in such shape?" cried the monarch.

"This morning, your majesty," breathlessly uttered the soldier, "we saw him whom we took to the dungeon yesterday, busily at work in his shop."

"Is't Gio of whom you speak?"

"The same, sire."

"Then is the very air laden with disaster, and men breathe it. Gio escaped! Gio at work in his shop! Dog! slave! is't true what you say?"

"I saw it with my own eyes, sire," replied the soldier.

"Then call forth the centurion's full host, and take the dog of an armorer—"

"Hold, father," interrupted the prince, plucking his parent by the sleeve; "let's consider of this matter."

"No, not for a moment," angrily uttered Mapen, shaking off his son's hold. "Start you, sirrah, and call up the centurion of the east guard. Bid him hasten his men into service, and then report himself to me. Were there ten thousand reasons why I should not take off the villain's head I'd cast them all aside and have it. Phalis, attend to your soldiers, and expedite this business."

The prince knew his father too well to stop for further argument, and without remark he followed the soldier from the royal presence. It took but a short time to call the centurion's men to a state of duty, and ten minutes from the time of the prince's departure the commander was in the presence of his king.

"Are you—the centurion?" asked Mapen, as the officer entered the divan.

"I am, sire," returned he, not a little surprised that the monarch should have asked such a question, seeing that he had been in attendance upon the king for years.

"Do you know where Gio, the armorer, lives?"

"I know the place well."

"Then bring him before me."

"And if he resist?"

"Then bring him dead!" exclaimed the king, in fiery accents. "But mind you that I see him within this hour."

"If he be in his shop, sire, your commands shall be obeyed."

"And if he is not in his shop, then find him. He cannot leave the city, for I have issued orders to the effect of keeping him in."

The centurion bowed low before his monarch, and, with a look of confident success, he withdrew.

The centurion made all possible haste in his expedition, and as he approached the armorer's shop he heard the sound of the heavy hammer, and the sharp, clear ring of the anvil. He knew that Gio was at work, and for a moment he hesitated to consider whether any extra precautions were necessary. Ere he proceeded further he detached ten of his men and sent them around to guard the stairs that led down from the house-top at the end of the street, and having done this, he proceeded at once to the door of the shop.

The powerful armorer was there, busy at his anvil, and as he heard the tramp of many feet, he raised his head. A moment he regarded the centurion, and then quietly laying down his hammer he asked:

"What seek ye now?"

"I seek you."

"Who wants me?"

"The king."

"Immediately?"

"Yes."

"Then come and take me."

As Gio spoke, he sprang through the small rear door, which closed after him. The officer uttered an exclamation of anger as he saw this movement, and quickly darting forward he raised the latch and attempted to push open the door, but it resisted his efforts.

"Ho, boy," he exclaimed to Abal, "how is this door fastened?"

"It shuts with a spring lock upon the inside sir."

"Then give me the key."

"Gio has it."

The centurion stopped to hear no more, but seizing the heavy sledge that stood against the anvil, he dealt a blow upon the door with all his might, and had the satisfaction, too, of seeing it burst from its bolt and fly open. In an instant he dropped the sledge and jumped through, followed by a score of his soldiers. It was but the work of an instant to clear the passage beyond and spring up the stairs; but on pushing open the door that next stood in his way, he started back in dismay upon beholding the venerable form of Dalbec, the priest of Hercules.

"Man of arms, what unseemly haste is this that drives thee so madly on?" asked the priest, as he calmly regarded the leader of the intruders.

"We seek Gio, the armorer," breathlessly returned the centurion.

"The king has ordered it. If ye know whither he went, oh, tell us, for Mapen holds me to the task, and his displeasure will fall heavily upon my head."

"If you would find him you must seek him," said Dalbec; "and if your head is in danger then you had better haste, for Gio is not a man to be easily taken."

Thus speaking, the priest walked slowly out from the apartment, and the soldiers, trembling, stood one side to let him pass, for even the hem of Dalbec's garment they dared not sacrilegiously touch.

The centurion instantly separated his men, and every nook and corner contiguous to the armorer's dwelling was searched in vain. A messenger was hastily despatched to the spot where the stairs led down against the wall, and a dozen more were sent over the tops of the houses, but nowhere could Gio be found. Two hours did the soldiers hunt for their prey, and at the end of that time, with a sad trembling heart, the centurion drew them together, and set out on his return to the palace.

When Mapen heard of the officer's failure, his rage knew no bounds. With a chilling oath, he ordered the centurion to be thrown into confinement and then he strode up and

down his divan as though he would have walked through the very marble walls that opposed him.

"Phalis," said he, stammering in his hot haste, "what—what shall be done?"

"What I would have told thee ere you sent the centurion on his errand," returned the prince, in a persuasive tone.

"And what was that?"

"To let Gio go at large for the present, and watch him, and I think that between him and Strato we shall be sure to hit upon the lady Marina."

"'Tis hard, 'tis hard, Phalis, thus to be bearded," returned the king, in calmer tones, but yet with a deep spice of pain.

"I know it; but 'tis harder to lose Marina."

"Good. You speak the truth, Phalis. It shall be done as you say; but yet I'll not brook another such movement from Gio, even though I tempt the very gods."

"Then I'll hie me and set the watch," said the prince as he passed out from his father's presence.

The king was left alone, and as the sound of his son's footsteps died away in the distance, he sank back upon his throne. A single circumstance alone had given rise to all his disquietude, but yet 'twas enough to bow him down in fear and anguish. He forgot how many backs had groaned beneath his bondage—he thought not of the blood that had been spilled to appease his hot wrath—nor dwelt he upon the misery his own hand was sowing broadcast in the midst of human hearts. He only knew that danger threatened himself and his son—that their interests were at stake—and it made him wretched. He thought not of rooting up the evil by humanity, but he thought to kill it by revenge. Mapen stands not alone in his mode of action.

To be Continued.

Subsides in the Black Country.

Quaint are the results of "crownings in" or mining subsides in the Black Country. Years ago, a cow, while going along the road at Dudley, disappeared in the chasm of a sudden subsidence. Later a horse and cart went in the same way, and were seen no more. Now, at the Foxyards, another horse has gone below, at least all but its head. That is above the ground. The poor thing found practically a living grave. The Foxyards is that portion of the coal field owned by Lord Dudley, where the famous "outcrop" of coal is to be seen, and now practically honey-combed by the old bell-pit system of working the coal.

Honey as a Perfect Food.

Few people know that honey possesses a great value as food on account of its ease of digestion and is especially desirable for those with weakened digestive powers. The nectar of flowers is almost entirely cane sugar. The secretions added by the bees change this to grape sugar, and so prepare it that it is almost ready for assimilation without any effort on the part of the stomach. The unpleasant symptoms from which some suffer after eating honey may often be removed by drinking a little milk.

An Ancient Urn.

At Crathie, Deeside, several fragments of an ancient urn, and many small fragments of human bones in an advanced state of decay, have been found about five feet below the surface of the ground. The fragments of the urn are of very rude construction, and have circular markings, which seem to have been made by an impression of the human nail. Several years ago a number of urns were found at Balbridge, Durris, about one and a quarter miles west of Nether Mills. These were of a more artistic design and finish.

The Maid's Advantage.

A small and very unsophisticated English maid of all work when warned by her first and newly married mistress to be home by ten o'clock on the occasion of her "evening out" could not conceal her amusement at the idea. "Lor', mum, I kin take care o' myself, I kin!" she remarked. "You ain't near so fit to be out alone as I be. Why, you couldn't walk dahn the Pentonville road after dark without being spoke to an' follered an' havin' bits o' paper pinned on your back!"

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Carrie Nation lectured to a large audience in Marietta, O., the other night, under the direction of H. J. Conrath, a saloon-keeper, and Joe Bruner, a pugilist. In answer to criticisms on her appearance under such management Mrs. Nation said: "Neither the W.C.T.U. nor the churches would bring me here, but these men did, and I am grateful to them."

Saturday is the worst day of the week in London for fires. In ten years London had 3,393 Saturday fires, against 3,002 on Monday, the day they were least frequent.

In England in 1800 a horse called Phenomenon trotted 17 miles in harness in 53 minutes, a record never beaten in England.

Irish horses are worth to-day 2½ times as much as in 1855.

EPILEPSY CURABLE.

A DISEASE THAT HAS LONG BAFLED MEDICAL SKILL.

Mr. M. A. Gauthier, of Buckingham, Gives His Experience for the Benefit of Other Sufferers from This Terrible Malady.

From the Post, Buckingham, Que.

We venture to say that in our town of 3,000 inhabitants few business men are better known than Mr. M. A. Gauthier, the young and hustling butcher of Main street. He was not, however, as energetic or as hustling a couple of years ago as he is to-day, and for a good reason—he wasn't well. Having gone into business ere reaching his majority his desire to succeed was such that no heed was paid to keeping the body in the state of health necessary to stand a strain, and in consequence of the extra demands upon the system it became run down to such an extent that epilepsy or falling sickness resulted, and these lapses into unconsciousness becoming alarmingly frequent he consulted physicians and took some remedies, but without beneficial results. Finally seeing Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advertised as a cure for falling sickness he decided to give them a trial. As to the result the Post cannot do better than give Mr. Gauthier's story in his own words: "Yes," said Mr. Gauthier, "for nearly four years I suffered from epilepsy or falling fits, which took me without warning and usually in most inconvenient places. I am just twenty-four years of age, and I think I started business too young and the fear of failing spurred me to greater efforts perhaps than was good for my constitution, and the consequence was that I became subject to those attacks which came without any warning whatsoever, leaving me terribly sick and weak after they had passed. I got to dread their recurrence very much. I consulted doctors and took their remedies to no purpose, the fits still troubled me. I saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advertised and determined to try them. I did so, and the medicine helped me so much that I got more and kept on taking them, until to-day I am as well, yes better, than I ever was, and am not troubled at all by epilepsy or the fear of the fits seizing me again. Thinking there may be others similarly afflicted, I give my story to the Post; it may perhaps lead them to give this great medicine a trial."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a positive cure for all diseases arising from impoverished blood, or a weak or shattered condition of the nervous system. Every dose makes new, rich, red blood and gives tone to the nerves, thus curing such diseases as epilepsy, St. Vitus' dance, paralysis, rheumatism, sciatica, heart troubles, anaemia, etc. These pills are also a cure for the ailments that make the lives of so many women a constant misery. They are sold in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the full name—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Can be procured from druggists or will be sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

COULD DO HIS PART ANYWHERE

There are funny incidents in the life of a photographer. A man came in the other day and looked over all the samples, asking the price of each.

"Do you want a sitting?" I asked.

"I don't see nothin' like what I want," he replied.

"I told him that if he would indicate what he wanted, I might arrange it."

"I don't know as you can," he said, "for I don't see nothin' at all like what I want."

"I repeated what I had already said. He asked me to sit while he told me."

"You see, it's like this," he began. "I had a girl that I loved, and we was going to git married. She had her things made up, and we was all but ready when she was taken ill and died. And what I wanted was a picture of me sittin' on her grave weepin'."

"I was touched at the homely story of grief, and told him I could send a man with him to the grave and have the picture taken as desired."

"It's some distance," he said. "It's over in Ireland. I expect it 'ud cost a lot to send over your traps for what I want."

"I said it would."

"I thought," he answered, "that maybe you could rig up a grave here in your shop and I would weep on it, and it would do just as well. It's no trouble for me to weep anywhere."

WITHOUT A CURVE.

There is a railway over the Egyptian desert which runs for forty-five miles in a straight line, but this is easily beaten in Australia. The railway from Nyngan to Bourke, in New South Wales, runs over a plain which is as level as a billiard table, for 126 miles in a mathematically straight line. There is hardly an embankment, nowhere a curve, and only three very slight elevations.

England's record trout weighed 25lb. It was caught in the Avon at Salisbury. Scotland can show one of 29lb., caught in Loch Stenness, in Orkney.

BRONCHITIS—A Serious Disease.

Becomes Chronic and Returns Year by Year or Develops Into Bronchial Pneumonia, Croupous Bronchitis, Asthma or Consumption.

The real dangers of bronchitis are sometimes overlooked. It is too serious a disease to trifle with, and for that reason everybody should be familiar with the symptoms. Children are most liable to contract bronchitis, and, if neglected, it becomes chronic, and returns year after year, until it wears the patient out or develops into some deadly lung disease.

The approach of bronchitis is marked by chills and fever, nasal or throat catarrh, quick pulse, loss of appetite and feelings of fatigue and languor.

Bronchitis is also known by pain in the upper part of the chest, which is aggravated by deep breathing or coughing, until it seems to burn and tear the delicate linings of the bronchial tubes.

The cough is dry and harsh, and is accompanied by expectoration of a frothy nature, which gradually increases; is very stringy and tenacious and is frequently streaked with blood.

There is pain, not unlike rheumatism, in limbs, joints and body, constipation and extreme depression and weakness. In some people, the exhaustion amounts almost to nervous collapse, delirium follows, and in young children convulsions may follow.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, is, we believe, the most effective treatment for bronchitis that money will buy. This fact has been proven time and time again in many thousands of cases.

It is the most effective remedy for bronchitis, because it is far-reaching in its effects on the whole system, not merely relieving the cough, but actually and thoroughly curing the disease. It loosens the cough, frees the chest of tightness and pain, aids expectoration and permanently cures.

There are other preparations of turpentine and linseed put up in imitation of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. To be sure you are getting the genuine see the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase on the box you buy, 25 cents a bottle, family size, three times as much, 60 cents. All dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.