

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; is traced to Marina's hiding place. King's officers take her on board their boat. A corsair comes up and takes her to Tarsus. She is sold and taken to her master's estate where she finds her father, supposed dead, in captivity; they escape, but are taken by a Tyrian war-ship. The king at once sends for a priest to marry Marina to his son.

CHAPTER XIX.

It lacked half an hour of midnight. Dark clouds had been piling themselves up in the heavens until they reached the zenith, and now they hung over the city of Tyre like the black pall of death. There was no break in the sable mass—no single spot by which to tell that the sky had not always been as black as now. A mournful wind went chanting through the long avenues and among the cypress trees, and small drops of rain began to descend and patter upon the pavement. Brawlers had shrunk from their nocturnal orgies in the streets and sought the shelter of their dwellings, where their revels would still break occasionally upon the night air. Along the walls the sentinels had crept into their niches, and there they stood peering forth into such thick darkness, that it seemed as though their spear heads would have cleared it. The waves dashed strangely against the rocks without, and their harsh voices seemed joined with the wind in mournful wailings. Where a lamp sent forth its dim rays from some open window, it looked as though a fiery eye was trying to peer out beyond the impenetrable veil, casting no light around, relieving naught of the gloom, but only seeming a speck of red against the sable wall of night.

At a single point near the temple a footfall might have struck on an ear near enough to have heard it, though nothing could have been seen; and had you stood still, you might have heard other footfalls following the first; or had you looked off to where a lamp stood near a window, some twenty yards distant, you might have seen that for an instant it occasionally disappeared. At first it might have seemed as though some hand moved it quickly away, and then set it back again; but the exactness with which it ever reappeared in the same spot would soon show you that opaque bodies were constantly passing between the two points.

But this pattering of feet was not confined to the grand temple piazza. All over the city—upon every sidewalk, near every station—it might have been heard.

Ah! Here comes one so near that we can see the outlines of a man. Let's follow him for he seems on an anxious errand. He cuts along through the darkness with cautious tread, avoiding such places as may give room to human beings, till he enters the chief bazaar, and ere long he stops in front of a rich dwelling, from the window of which struggle the beams of a large lamp. It is Strato's house.

"Hal!" exclaimed the young merchant, starting up from his seat and gazing upon the unbidden intruder. "What! this you, Alzac, and armed?"

"Sh! Flee, my good lord—flee at once to your treasure vault beneath the building! There's safety for you there, but there's none here."

"What is it? What means this, Alzac?" said young Strato, gazing with surprise and alarm at his dependent.

"It means that you must seek a place of safety. Follow me to the vault and I will lock you in."

"But why? What means this strange request? Why are you thus armed with my sword? Are you mad, Alzac?"

"No—no, my lord; I am not mad,

but I would save you. Come! there is no time to lose."

"But this danger—what is it?" "In truth, then, good master, the people have risen. Come!"

"Good God! is this thing possible?" cried young Strato, starting back, aghast.

"Yes; the avenger is let loose upon the tyrants and nothing now can stop him. Too long have the necks of the poor people been trampled in the dust, and now they cry for justice, and death alone can cheat them of what they seek. Ask no more, good master, for I cannot stop to answer. You have ever been kind to those under you, and I will save you. Moreover, whenever a Tyrian noble has a kind heart, there is a hand to save him. Come!"

"But the defenceless women?"

"Not a female will be harmed; their sex is sacred. To the vault—quick!"

As Alzac thus spoke he took the young man by the hand and motioned him earnestly, entreatingly, to follow. Strato hesitated no longer, for he saw at once his danger; nor was he entirely unprepared for this dreadful catastrophe, as the reader already knows. Alzac took the lamp and led the way, and only once did Strato speak. Then he asked: "Has Gio aught to do with this?"

"No," returned Alzac. "The armorer knows nothing of it, nor has he in any way a hand in it, though he is aware that the people have long thought of it and seriously meditated upon it. By the way, my lord, have you seen Gio lately?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because he has not been in his shop, and some say he is dead."

"I have not seen him," returned Strato; but he said no more, and in a moment afterwards he was safely locked up among his glittering gold and jewels.

"Ah, here comes the priest," said the king, as the large doors were swung open. "Good health be with thee, sacred sir. It is late to call for one like thee, but the case in hand brooks no delay. Shut fast the doors, and let no one approach."

The priest bowed to the king, and, in a tone of some surprise, he asked:—

"What is this business?"

"A marriage."

"Are the parties—"

"A truce to thy parties," interrupted Mapen. "It is the prince you are to marry, so hasten thy ceremonies."

"But the lady sir?"

"Is the daughter of this old man?"

The priest looked upon Kison Ludim and started. In a moment his face was calm again and he proceeded to the spot where stood the prince. The monarch laid his hand upon Ludim's shoulder, and, with a look of demoniac meaning, he silently pointed to the drooping form of Marina.

The old man read his death warrant in that look, and, with a fearful shudder in his frame and a flood of agony in his furrowed countenance, he took Marina by the hand and led her towards the spot where

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

stood the priest and the prince. Phalis and Marina stood side by side. The priest united their hands, and then he threw over their heads a mantle of purple silk, fringed and worked with gold. His lips were opened as if to speak, when his eye caught the expression that dwelt upon Esther, who had crept near to the side of Marina. In an instant, however, he seemed to comprehend that she had a right there and again his lips separated.

"Hark!" suddenly exclaimed Phal-

is, letting go the hand he held, and bending his head eagerly forward.

"It is nothing but some midnight brawlers," hastily said the king. "Ha! there sounds the gong; it is midnight indeed. Hasten—hasten with the ceremony, for, by the power of Hercules himself, this meeting breaks not up until Marina is married to the prince, and thus shall the Oracle be fulfilled! O priest, go on with the work!"

"Ye gods! there's more than midnight brawling in that!" cried Phalis, throwing the bridal canopy from his head and springing forward. "Hark! Hear those shouts! And, by the god Pluto, there's clashing of steel within the piazza of the palace!"

"Ho! without there, slaves!" he cried, half starting towards the door.

Not a sound indicated the attendance of those whom he called. Again in thunder tones, he cried for his attendants, but no one came.

"This smacks of rebellion!" he exclaimed, trembling with a fearful foreboding.

Marina looked upon her father, but his face was livid with terror. She sought protection. Then she turned towards Esther. The latter was as calm and unmoved as though she had been alone in her own chamber, and hurrying to her side, the poor girl laid her head upon her bosom.

Mapen turned to where, at the back of the throne, stood a dozen of his trusty tools—slaves, who always did his bidding with ready hands—and in frightened tones he ordered them to spring to the doors and find his guard. Quickly they obeyed, but hardly had they passed the threshold, when they hesitated and turned back.

The first low sound that attracted the attention of the prince had now swollen to a horrid din, and amid the yells and shouts was plainly heard the sharp clang of arms. Nearer and nearer it came—the very air was laden with groans and curses—torches flashed through the windows; and when the slaves had opened the large doors, the glare of red lights poured up from the pavement below.

"The king—the king!" shouted a hundred voices. "Death to the Tyrant! Death to those who murder our children! On—on! The king—the king!"

"Flee!" said Phalis, grasping his father by the arm, and trying to pull him towards a small side door.

They leaped to the door, but it was locked on the outside. They turned, and the thunder of voices was heard in the passage. The next instant, the insurgents rushed into the apartment. Hand to hand stood the king's own slaves, but they fought against men who were panting for liberty, and in a single minute the last man of them was borne back on the sword-point of the citizen Gaba.

"The king!" cried one who led the rest, and in whose noble countenance we recognize the features of Uz. "On—on!"

"The king is mine, remember!" cried Uz; and as he thus spoke, he pressed upon his monarch.

The affrighted Mapen begged but none heard him. He swung his short dagger frantically in the air, but even while he did so the avenging steel of Uz pierced his breast. The prince fell beneath a dozen strokes of as many swords, and then the avengers looked around upon those who stood aside. The priest they would not touch—the girls were sacred by their oath, but upon old Ludim they looked with flashing eyes.

"Who have we here?" cried one.

"Down with him!" shouted those behind. "He is a Tyrian noble."

"Hold! Back! Touch not a hair of that man's head!" exclaimed Esther, springing between Ludim and the slaves.

"Down with him! He should not be here in secret with the king," yelled a dozen voices, and the angry strife waxed hotter. "Ay, down with him!" and a score of bright, sharp swords were raised to take the old man's life.

"Freemen of Tyre, stand back!" at this moment came in deep thunder tones from the large doorway.

At the sound of that voice every sword was lowered, and even the king was startled back to life, for he bent forward from the wall against which he had fallen, and with a deep groan he strained his eyes in the direction from whence the voice had come.

Instinctively the insurgents fell

WOMAN'S AILMENTS.

SUFFERING WHICH DOCTORS FAIL TO CURE.

Thousands of Women Throughout Canada in a Similar Condition—Words of Hope to Sufferers.

In countless homes throughout Canada, where health and happiness should reign supreme, the peculiar weakness and diseases of women are responsible for an atmosphere of hopelessness and despair. This awful condition is largely due to a misunderstanding of the proper manner in which to effect a cure for female troubles of all kinds. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been more successful in cases of this kind than any other medicine, and they should be used by every woman who is not perfectly hearty and strong. Mrs. Fred. Murphy, a well-known resident of Pubnico Head, N.S., cheerfully bears testimony to the great value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in woman's ailments. Mrs. Murphy says:—"A few years ago my health was completely broken down, my troubles beginning in one of the ailments which so frequently afflict my sex. I was a great sufferer from violent attacks of pain which would seize me in the stomach and around the heart. It is impossible for me to describe the agony of the spasms. Several times the doctor was hastily summoned, my friends thinking me dying. I was wholly unable to perform my household work, and was under medical treatment all through the summer, but without benefit. My appetite left me; my heart would palpitate violently after the least exertion, and I was pale and emaciated. My husband urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and procured me a supply. After using the pills a couple of weeks, I could feel that they were helping me, and after using seven bottles, I was fully restored to health. From that time until the spring of 1901 I enjoyed the best of health, but at that time I felt run down, and suffered from pains in the back. I at once got some more of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and they soon put me all right, and I am now feeling better than I have done for years. I cannot praise these pills too much, nor can I too strongly urge those who are ailing to test their wonderful health restoring virtues."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills go right to the root of disease by making new, rich blood, and restoring shattered nerves. In this way they cure such troubles as the functional ailments of women, restore the glow of health to sallow cheeks, cure palpitation of the heart, anaemia, headache, indigestion, kidney and liver troubles, rheumatism, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, etc. Be sure you get the genuine with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on every box. If you do not find them at your dealers, they will be mailed postpaid at 50c a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

back on either hand, and up through the passage thus formed stalked the giant form of Gio, the armorer of Tyre. On the instant Esther sprang forward and fell upon her father's bosom, while Marina, with a movement equally as impulsive, clasped her hands together and thanked the great God that she was saved, for in that strange man she knew she beheld one who was able to deliver her.

"Oh, God!" fell in rattling accents from the lips of the dying king, as he pressed his left hand hard upon his bleeding wound, while with the other he supported himself from falling. "Has death itself turned treacherous? Does the grave turn forth rebellion? Do the mouldering bones of the pit take to themselves flesh and life, and pass before me thus in battle form? Gio—Gio! why art thou come thus untimely from thy tomb?"

"Mapen" returned the armorer as he went to the side of the king, "I told thee we should meet again."

"I remember. But how art thou alive?"

"I have not been dead."

"That must be false," said the king, vainly endeavoring to raise himself further up. "I saw thee dead, I saw thee buried, and now the grave has sent thee forth to lead on this most foul rebellion. Oh—oh! What powers have combined against me?"

"Mapen," answered Gio, in accents of deep distinctness, "with this rebellion I have nothing to do. Not one word of mine has gone to kindle this spark in the bosoms of the Tyrian people; but it has been your own wickedness and lust—your own iron grasp of willful wrong—the curse of your own wicked satellites. I had a different power from this to hurl against your head, had need have been; and though its results might not have been so fearful in their extent, yet upon you they would have had the same weight. I have long seen the clouds that penetrated this storm, but I lent not my breath to fan them up. No, wicked man, I have rather endeavored to keep back this result by reforming the abuses that led to it. The powers that have combined against you are nothing but the wills of your people to be free from the curses you have heaped upon them."

"But who art thou? Oh, tell me! Did I not see thee dead?"

To be Continued.

LOW SETTLERS RATES.

During March and April, 1902 the Northern Pacific will sell ONE WAY SECOND CLASS SETTLERS' tickets from eastern terminal points—St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland, Duluth, and the Superiors—at greatly reduced rates to nearly all points on its main line, branches and connecting lines, west of North Dakota. These tickets to Northern Pacific points will be good for stopover west of Hope, Idaho.

For example the rate to Portland and North Pacific coast common points will be \$25. For further detailed information about these rates call upon or write to Wm. G. Mason, D.P.A. Nor. Pac. R'y, 215 Ellicott Square, Buffalo, N.Y., or address Chas. S. Fee, Gen. Pass & Tkt. Agent, Nor. Pac. R'y, St. Paul, Min.

For those who have not yet arranged to buy homes in the Northwest this is a rare opportunity to go out to Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon and look over the country. The good lands are being rapidly sold and the country and towns are prosperous and growing. Ranch lands, farm lands, fruit lands, timber lands are all to be found. If you want to go where irrigation renders you independent of rainfall or drouth come along and we can fix you out.

Some of the important valleys reached by the Northern Pacific are the Yellowstone, Gallatin, Madison, Deer Lodge, Bitter Root, and Clark Fork, in Montana, the Palouse, Big Bend, Colville, Clearwater, Walla Walla, and Yakima valleys in Idaho, and Washington, the Puget Sound and British Columbia regions and the Oregon country. It is a vast empire where climate soil and other advantages make of it a favored land.

BAD FAMILY EXAMPLES.

Brown—"I don't like to read tales which show how geniuses were once unruly children."

Jones—"Why not?"

Brown—"They merely encourage lazy parents to believe that their unruly children will all turn out geniuses."

THE BRITISH AMERICA.

At the sixty-eighth annual meeting of the British America Assurance Company held in the head office at Toronto the other day, a highly satisfactory report was presented. The net profits for last year were \$99,590; \$65,000 in dividends was distributed at 6 and 7 per cent., and \$30,544 carried to the reserve fund, which now stands at \$612,001. Hon. Geo. A. Cox, the president, said that the net gain in premiums for last year was \$127,150, and the reduction in losses \$16,124. Reviewing the business of the company for the past eight years, the president showed that during that period the net premiums in Canada had increased from \$173,951 to \$351,505, an advance of 100 per cent., while the average increase of companies doing business in the same field, according to the Government reports, was only 40 per cent.

REFUSES TO DIE.

The creature most tenacious of life is the common sea-anemone. One may be cut into half a dozen sections which will grow into as many animals. They may be turned inside out, when they apparently enjoy themselves just as well as before. If two be divided and the two halves containing the heads placed end to end, they will unite, and the result will be a monster having a head at each extremity.

NO VERIFICATION NEEDED AT HOME

EVERYBODY IN OSHAWA IS FAMILIAR WITH THIS CASE.

Joe Brown's Wonderful Escape From Death is Now an Old and Oft Told Story to the People of His Own Town.

Oshawa, Ont., March 3.—(Special)—While interest in Joe Brown's case has been revived by the recent publication of the facts in so many papers, Oshawa people are well acquainted with the whole circumstance. Mr. Brown's father-in-law, Mr. John Allin whose place of business is right in the centre of the town, has, however, had to answer many questions recently, but as he was very close to Mr. Brown during the whole of his painful experiences in '97 and '98, he finds this an easy matter.

Mr. Allin is quite as enthusiastic as Mr. Brown himself, and never tires telling the story of how Dodd's Kidney Pills conquered disease, and saved Mr. Brown's life. He says:—"We didn't think he would ever live through it, let alone get strong and be able to work, but the pills made him all right and well in a short time, and the best of it all is that the cure has stood the test of time. It must be three and a half years since, and as you know he's strong and hearty to-day and has been ever since Dodd's Kidney Pills sent him back to the shop."

There are many others in town who have recently been reminded of this wonderful cure of a seemingly hopeless case who find no trouble in calling up the facts, and none are slow to give all the credit to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Protruding Bleeding Piles.

Two Letters from Mr. Walker Explaining the Severity of His Case and the Permanency of His Cure by Using Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Some people seem to think that it is too much to claim that Dr. Chase's Ointment will cure every form of piles, but facts go to prove the truth of this claim. These are interesting letters from one who has suffered much and been cured.

In November, 1901, Mr. Sherwood Walker, a fireman on the Canada Atlantic Railway, living at Madawaska, Ont., writes:—"I am a great sufferer from bleeding piles. Sometimes the protruding piles come down, causing much misery and uneasiness, and at other times I am subject to bleeding piles, and they bleed to such an extent as to make me quite weak. If Dr. Chase's Ointment will cure this awful ailment you will have my everlasting gratitude."

On March 1, 1902, we received the following letter from Mr. Walker, which speaks volumes for Dr. Chase's Ointment as a cure for piles of the most distressing form. He writes:—"According to my promise, I now take pleasure in writing to you. If you remember, you sent me a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment for a bleeding pile some three months ago. I used it faithfully, and can say that it proved a Godsend, for it has entirely cured me of bleeding piles."

"I would have written sooner, but I wanted to be able to tell you that it was a permanent cure. This you can use for the benefit of other suffering people. There are several people here who have been cured of very severe cases of protruding piles by using this great ointment."

So far as we know there is no other preparation extant which is so successful in curing piles of the most aggravated kind as Dr. Chase's Ointment. Its soothing, healing powers are marvellous, and its cures thorough and permanent. Sixty cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.