

TO THE PUBLIC

Marina: The Daughter of Kison Ludim.

We take this opportunity of thanking you for the valued patronage during the past year.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

Minutes lengthened into hours and hours began to multiply themselves, until at length the night spots in the door began to disappear and soon they were all gone. Then Gio knew that night had fallen over the city. Half an hour more passed and at the end of that time he placed his work in his bosom, and began to pace to and fro across his narrow quarters. Another half hour flew by and the armorer stopped more often in his walk, and listened more anxiously; still no signs of uneasiness were apparent. His lamp had burned nearly down to its socket, and he was upon the point of lighting another one when a slight sound from the large apartment overhead caught his ear. He listened and distinctly made out footsteps, which seemed to be traversing as if upon an errand of search. Here long the steps approached the door of the armorer's den, and the glimmering of a light beamed faintly through the small perforations.

"Gio," said a voice from above, in a hoarse, guttural tone.

"Good!" exclaimed the person from above, and on the next moment a key was heard to turn in the lock that confined one of the bolts to its place. Then another lock was fastened, and another bolt thrown back, and then the iron door was slowly lifted.

The armorer blew out his flickering lamp, and as he turned from the bench the ladder was lowered into the cell, and soon he stood face to face with his deliverer.

"I thought I should never find you," said the latter, as he shut back the door and replaced the bolts.

"This soon enough, Balbec," returned Gio, as he waited for the former to unlock the bolts.

The new-comer was indeed Balbec, the priest of the temple; but instead of the light dress in which we saw him before, he now wore a mantle and a pair of dark slippers which rendered his form less perceptible in the darkness.

"Have you seen Strato yet?" continued Gio, as Balbec arose from his work.

"No—I have left that for you."

"This well—I'll see him to-night."

"This best you should; but you must use discretion, for the king may have his eyes upon him, and we had better not have too much work upon our hands. Though we have the power, yet we must use it moderately, or must you subject yourself to any more such narrow chances as that which you ran last night?"

"Under the same circumstances I might be obliged to," returned Gio.

"Certainly—but avoid them if you can."

As Balbec spoke he led the way up the stairs at the corner of the building, but instead of passing across the piazza, he unlocked a small door that opened to a rear garden, stepped out, and then, relocking the door after him, he passed on to where a small stream ran under the wall, and here, without difficulty, they both gained the open space beyond. Once in the street, they separated—the priest taking the way to the great temple of Hercules, while the armorer sought the dwelling of Strato.

Gio walked slowly along, and occasionally his thoughts took to themselves words, and were born upon the breeze. Half the contemplated distance of his travel had he gained, when his steps were arrested by a party of the king's soldiers just coming up from a narrow street to the right, and a moment's observation showed him that they bore with them two prisoners, both of whom were begging most piteously to be released.

Gio trusted that none of the party knew of his arrest, so he made

bold to step over and ascertain what had transpired.

"What is the matter?" asked the armorer, as he came up to the spot. The soldiers stopped, and the officers, who led them, one of the king's base tools—insidiously replied:

"Get about your business, sirrah. These are two dogs that have been caught breaking the royal laws."

"And what laws have they broken?"

"We have broken no laws," quickly exclaimed one of the young prisoners.

"We were only passing home from our day's labor."

"And is not that trampling upon the royal authority, to be in the street at this time of night? The king has especially ordered that when we find two or more people together in the streets after a reasonable hour, we shall arrest them as conspirators. There is some trouble brewing, and Major is determined to stop it."

As the officer said this he would have passed on, but he was detained.

"You said the king did not allow the people to congregate in the streets at night, I think?"

"And what are those whom you can even now hear bawling at the next turn?"

"There are some of our young nobles."

"Nobles!" uttered Gio, with the utmost sarcasm. "And so our honest laborers—those who produce by the sweat of their brows the food and raiment that nourishes and covers royalty—must be treated like dogs?"

"Tell me, what will the king do with these two young men?"

"Perhaps hang them."

"No, no—do not do that," uttered the armorer, unable to repress a shudder at the thought that such might be the truth. "The king will not punish his subjects for what they could not avoid."

"Cease your babbling, or you may come in for the same chance," said the officer. "If there be rebellion in Tyre, as the king suspects, I doubt not that you have a hand in it, for I think I heard it whispered this afternoon that Major had ordered you to be watched at all times."

"Ha, ha, you didn't hear half the truth."

"What further?" asked the officer, not a little surprised at the armorer's manner, even though he affected to hold him in contempt.

"No matter. If you must take those two helpless youths simply because they chanced to be together in the streets after dark, then do so; but when you make your report to the king tell him that for every deed of tyranny like this, he shall surely be called to an account."

"We are innocent of all wrong, indeed we are," uttered one of the prisoners, in an imploring tone. "We could not leave our work quicker."

"Then why didn't you stay till morning?" roughly asked the officer.

"We had no food in our workshop."

"Then you had better have starved. But come, for I've no time to waste. And as for you," continued the officer, turning to Gio, "the king shall know of your hints, and your head may keep company with these."

"Villain, and minion of a greater villain!" pronounced the armorer, in a calm, deep tone; beware the rod that the king is preparing for the people of Tyre falls not upon his own back. He who speaks knows what he says."

Gio waited to hear no reply, but quickly turning away he strode from the place, and when he once more gained the other side of the street, his steps were quicker and more nervous, and he seemed much moved.

Short, broken sentences fell from his lips, his hands were clenched with a powerful grip, and once or twice he turned his gaze back upon the house he had left.

The moon had just risen, and though her silvery beams fell not yet into the streets yet she gave consid-

The Nomination Proceedings.

Two Men Seek the Reeveship.

erable light by her bright reflection. In the shade of the buildings. Numerous companies of dissipated young lords and merchants were abroad in the city, making the air infectious with their vulgar and profane, and many were the bitter shades that passed over the armorer's face as their hoodling fell upon his ears. Several times he turned out of his way to avoid them, for he desired not to be mixed up in any brawl and well he knew that an humble artisan would not escape their impudent notice if they were to meet him.

Said indeed were the affairs of Tyre at this time. The great mass of the population were hard-working people whose labor was called upon to satisfy the demands of a tyrannizing and overbearing nobility. To be laboring people, and even to be poor, they could not have borne, for they expected nothing better; but to be the mere footstool of a selfish aristocracy, to have the fruits of the labor wrung from them to support their superiors in idleness, galled them to the quick, and the more because they could not help themselves.

They knew that they were citizens of Tyre, and yet they saw that they were gradually, but surely, losing all the privileges that belonged to them.

Wealth had poured in upon the island city, and power had become theirs; but this was in the hands of a few, and that few had become selfish and arrogant. In vain had the Hercules oracle warned them of the sure punishment of their iniquities, and in vain had the people pleaded for a redress of their wrongs.

The king and the nobles were given over to their wickedness, and though they sometimes feared from the indignation of their subjects, and had even taken the most stringent measures to prevent them from holding any sort of meetings, yet they knew not the dark cloud that was lowering above them!

CHAPTER VIII.

In a luxuriously furnished apartment of a house situated near the grand bazaar, sat a young man of twenty-five years of age. He was strikingly handsome, and his features, which were cast in the purest mold, combined a vast amount of quick-witted intelligence with singular beauty. His hair was a little darker than flaxen; his eyes blue, large and almost dreamy in their expression, but yet capable of sparkling and glowing under excitement.

In stature he was of fair size, though he possessed few of those physical points that mark the powerful man. Kindness lurked in every feature of his face, and right good will beamed from his eyes and lay riveted in active life about his finely chiselled lips.

Such was young Strato, a merchant of Tyre, whose father had been dead little over a year, and who had inherited vast wealth in a manner that became the noble heart he possessed.

At the present time he was sad and gloomy, and though he had in his hand a volume of vellum, written in Persian character, yet he read it not. The golden lamp that stood upon the table by his side shed its light for him to no purpose, for he regarded not its beams.

While thus he sat, the door of his dwelling was unceremoniously opened, and as he started up from his deep reverie, he encountered the gaze of the armorer.

"Ah, Gio!" he uttered, as he tossed the volume upon the table and sprang forward, "you are the man above all others I would see."

"Then, dear master, I am in season," returned Gio, as he shook the proffered hand with a joyful look.

"Not master, Gio."

"You are more my true master now than when I was your servant, Strato, for I will risk even life for you now that I am free to obey you."

"I thank you, and I may be able to reward you, but a fearful calamity has befallen me."

"Is it so fearful then?"

"Yes, yes—they have stolen away my beloved Marina."

"Who, think you, has taken her?"

"The king, perhaps, for he has stolen her father, and upon my life I believe the poor old man is murdered."

"Oh, Gio, can you ferret out this villain?"

"The prince's good Strato, went to Kison Ludim's house, and by force he would have dragged Marina to the palace."

"Oh, the villain!"

"Hold! He did not drag her there, however, for she fled, and took refuge with me."

"And you saved her! Oh, say that you did, Gio."

"I did," he answered, "and I have saved her from my shop, then I conducted the fair girl to a place of safety; and it was to tell you this that I came here now."

"The great God above bless thee, Gio," ejaculated Strato, as he again grasped his friend's hand. "You will conduct her to me with you?"

"I will conduct you to her, for she must not return to the city at present."

"Why not?" uttered the young man in surprise. "Surely beneath my roof none would dare to touch her."

"You know not what a king dares to do when he is driven to it. My son desires Marina as a wife for his son, and you may rest assured that he will risk his life to gain that end. She cannot return to Tyre, but I promised her that you should visit her in her place of retreat."

"Gio," said the young man, with sudden energy, "what means all this? To what a pass are we coming in Tyre, when the rights of the citizens are thus trampled upon? What phantasy is this that has seized upon the mind of the king?"

"This simply that the prince must have to wife the fair Marina."

"And by the eternal gods! he shall never have her," cried Strato, starting quickly across the apartment, and then turning and setting into his seat.

"So too have I sworn, uttered Gio, "I will defend her to the death."

"But why is this sudden freak of the king?" asked Strato.

"What does he find his claim? He asked of Kison Ludim the hand of his daughter for the prince, and the old noble refused him. Then Ludim was sent off on an embassy to Sidon, and he was destroyed—the king says accidentally. Of that he knows best. But why should the monarch press the suit further? Gio, what is this mystery?"

"I truly confess, Strato, that I know the secret of the king's strange desire on this point but when I tell thee that I am under oath not to reveal it, I know you will not question me further. But one thing I can assure you, he shall be thwarted."

"Well," returned the young man, after gazing for a moment into the face of the armorer in silence, "which a variety of shades passed over his features. 'I will not urge you beyond your entire willingness; but yet, this strange, this unaccountable.'"

To be Continued.

BETTER THAN ORTHOGRAPHY.

The old man had given his son a very fair education, and after graduating he took him into his shop.

"The young man was a good one about a great many things, but the father made no comment. One day an order came in from a customer.

"I wish, to goodness," exclaimed the son, "that Jones would learn to spell."

"What the matter with you, is it?" quired the father, cheerfully.

"Why, he speaks of with a 't'."

"No, does he? I never noticed it."

"Of course you never did," said the son, "but I have noticed it."

"Perhaps not, my son," replied the old man, "but there is one thing I do notice, which you will learn by-and-by, and that is that Jones pays cash."

JUST LIKE A WOMAN.

The coffee was weak, the toast burnt to a cinder, and the ham as hard as leather, or at least he said so. His wife's long patience gave way.

"John, Henry," said she, "I've cried faithfully to cook for you twelve long years. No one in the town has better cooked food, yet you are always finding fault. Why can't you praise me once in a while?"

"I like to know," he answered, "how you look up in astonishment."

"Well, if you ain't the most unreasonable woman I ever saw," he ejaculated. "Why, many and many is the time I've sat down to a meal and never said a word about it. Anybody would know there wasn't any fault to be found, or I'd a found it, and yet you want a better compliment than that! That's just like a woman—they can't tell a compliment when they get one!"

DRIVEN TO THE WALL.

A lady and her daughter were going along a country road when they met a tramp, who asked for alms, and when refused walked away, exclaiming:

"Ah, I must do it at last," he said, "Oh, mamma, did you hear what that poor man said?"

"No," said the mother.

"He said he must do it at last. I suppose he is going to do what all poor, hungry wretches do—commit suicide."

The lady, hearing this, exclaimed: "Call him back; I must save him from such an awful deed," and, taking out her purse, handed the tramp sixty cents.

"Now, my good man," she exclaimed, "what did you mean when you said you must do it at last?"

"Work, ma'am."

A chestnut tree planted by King Edward grows beside the tomb of Washington, at Mount Vernon.

THANKS!



New Yorkist.
32 to 40 Bust.

Waists that include a square neck effect are held peculiarly smart and admit of many combinations and contrasts. The admirable example shown is made of Liberty satin in pastel pink with trimming of black velvet ribbon, overlaid with tiny lace applique, yoke and cuffs of Irish crochet and full front of chiffon; but all the fashionable soft silks, and all the lightest and most delicate weight wools, as albatross, veiling and the like, in white and light tints make charming materials for entire gowns, to which purpose the design is well suited.

The foundation lining is smoothly fitted, and closes at the centre front. Or it are arranged the deep pointed yoke, the full front and the waist proper, which closes invisibly beneath the left front and at the left shoulder seam. The sleeves are snug at the lower portions, flaring over the hands, the upper portions being gathered to fall in a puff over the elbows.

To fit this waist for a woman of medium size 3 yards of material, 21 inches wide, 24 yards 27 inches wide or 14 yards 44 inches wide will be required, with 14 yards of all-over lace, 3 yards of chiffon, 6 yards each of velvet ribbon and lace applique to combine and trim as illustrated.

A RAPID RECOVERY.

Mrs. Whittier: "Why, what brings you home so early this afternoon?"

Whittier: "Pressing his hand to his right side and sinking slowly into chair with a weak smile: 'Appendicitis, that's all.'"

Mrs. Whittier: "Appendicitis? What can you mean?"

Whittier: "I know what you want to know. Mrs. Highflower reception is to-day, and that you said you would never forgive me if I didn't go to it with you. I am afraid, my dear, that I can't home not to go to a reception, but to die."

Mrs. Whittier: "Oh, don't say that. Where is the pain?" (Feels for her husband's pulse.)

Whittier: "Right here. It came on gradually this morning. Not a sharp pain, but a feeling of oppression. That's the way it always begins, you know."

Mrs. Whittier: "Nonsense! You may have strained a muscle practising with those dumbbells. You must go to that reception, dear. I know that it is the hardest thing I could ask you to do, but it is only for this once. This is my last day. Oh, I'll go. What time is it to be—four until seven? Have the ambulance there for me at 6.30. If this thing progresses as rapidly as they say it does, I won't be able to stand by then."

Mrs. Whittier: "Now, dear, calm yourself. It may be nothing, after all. You are so easily alarmed."

Whittier: "Easily alarmed! With this pain? Of course, you know more about it than I do. But I'll go to your reception. I may as well die there as anywhere. But in case I live—this is only a supposition, madam—in case I live to get to the hospital, have Knifer operate on me. I've known him for years. Best surgeon in town."

Mrs. Whittier: "Dear, don't take on so. You mustn't."

Whittier: "You'll find all my papers in order in case peritonitis should set in, as it probably will. The insurance policy is made out to you, and you can get the money when Knifer signs the death certificate."

Mrs. Whittier: "But, dear, do you think you will have to be operated on?"

Whittier: "Why, of course; don't all cases like mine have to be operated on?"

Mrs. Whittier: "Not always. I think I can cure you in about half a minute."

Whittier: "You? How?"

Mrs. Whittier: "It's the easiest thing in the world. You made a slight mistake. That reception isn't until a week from to-day. To-night is the smoking concert at your club."

She: "Harry, you said something last evening that made me feel so bad." He: "What was it, dearest?"

She: "You said I was one of the sweetest girls in the world." And aren't you, darling?" She: "You said 'one of the sweetest.' Oh, Harry, to think that I should live to know that I have to share your love with another."

Chosen From a Multitude.

The Preference Shown by Thinking People for Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine—Record Sales This Season.

Considering the large number of remedies for coughs and colds that are now offered to the public, and in view of the fact that nearly every druggist has a preparation of his own which he makes an effort to substitute for the medicine asked for, it seems truly remarkable that the demand for Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine should increase by such leaps and bounds.

During October the sale of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine exceeded by several hundred bottles the record of any previous month in its history. When it is remembered that this preparation received very little newspaper advertising the evidence seems to be conclusive that it makes its way by sheer force of merit.

Thinking people recognize the harmfulness and danger of using strong drugs which are said to cure a cold in a few hours. They prefer to cling to Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, which they know beyond a doubt to be a thorough and effective treatment for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, whooping cough, throat irritation, asthma, and even consumption itself.

The combination of Linseed and Turpentine, with half a dozen other ingredients of equal value for treating colds, in such proportions as they are found in Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has proven to be a perfect protection against such developments as pneumonia, consumption and serious lung troubles. You can with certainty rely on this preparation to afford prompt relief and perfect cure.

Do you suppose that the sale of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine would be more than three times that of any similar preparation if it was not the most effective remedy that money can buy? It has stood the test and proven itself worthy of the confidence that is placed in it. People recommend it one to another, and so the good news spreads. Be sure you get the genuine, with Dr. Chase's portrait and signature on the wrapper; 25 cents a bottle. Family size, three times as much, 60cents. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.