JAN. 16, 1007

The second and the second s

which he required was freedom according to the forms of law; so only could he abide in Judes and excute the filial pur-pose to which he would dovice himself; in other land he would not live. Dear God ! How he had waited and watched and prayed for such a release ! And how it had been delayed ! But at last he had seen it in the promise of the tribune. What else the great man's meaning ? And if the benefactor so belated should now be slake ! The dead come not back to redeem the pledges of the living. It should not b2-Arrius should not die. At least, bet-ter perish with him than survive a galley-slave. Once more Ban-Hur looked around,

helped himself in this stress. Besides his usual strength, he had the indefinite extra force which nature keeps in reserve for just such perils to life; yet the darkness, and the whirl and roar of water, stupefied

sound of voices in tumult heard briefly. There was a mighty blow; the rowers in front of the chief's platform, reeled, some of them fell; the ship bounded back, recovered, and rushed on more irresis-tibly than before. Shrill and high arose the shrieks of men in terror; over the blare of trumpets, and the grind and crash of the collision, they arose; then under his feet, under the keel, pounding, rambling, breaking to pieces, drowning, Ben Hur felt something overridden. The men

counders at the head of the stairs: fire was to be added to the other horrors of the combat.
Directly the galley keeled over so far that the oarsemen on the uppermost side with difficulty kept their benches. Again the bearty Roman cheer, and with it despairing shrieks. An opposing vessel, caught by the grappling hooks of the great crane swinging from the prov, was being lifted into the air that it might be dropped and sunk.
The shouting increased on the right had and on the left; before, behind, swelled an indescribable clamour. Occable swelled in the vortexes.
Nor was the fight all on one side. Now and then a Roman in armour was borne the scaling through the steam, and fool with they scent of reasting human flash poared into the scaling through the cloud of a ship on fire and the scaling with swoid or jsvelin, they were all the scaling through the cloud of a ship on fire and burning up with the rowers chained to the burning up with the rowers chained to the scale and ther is trugged with firey reflections. With their strugged with search and ther and heat a trake

est movement, and beheld a galley coming

charge, A

JAN 15, 10-7.

drift like himself. In spots the sea addit in a himself. In spots the sea blackened by charted and somet smoking fregments. A galley up a way was lying to with a torn sail hap from the tilted yard, and the cars all Still farther away be could discern mo specks, which he thought might be a in flight or pursuit, or they might be w birds a wing

in flight or pursuit, or they might be w birds a wing. An hour passed thus. His anxiety creased. If relief came not speed Arrius would die. Sometimes he seer already dead, he lay so still. He took helmet'off, and then, with greater d culty, the cuirase; the heart he for flattering. He took hope at the sign, held on. There was nothing to do wait, and, after the manner of his peo-urar.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MOLLY MURPHY.

AN IRISH BALLAD OF REAL LIFE, AUTHOR OF WHICH IS UNKNOWN.

Molly Murphy, five-and forty, lived al Lived by selling the and cockles-and signed for Mosey's hand. Mooney was a mon of fortune, owned ap and a cart. And, oh. rsrer gift of fortune ! owned p Molly Murphy's heart.

Melly's heart was very tender, though hand was rough and red. Searred by fity lines and ereases in the for daily bread. Molly's waist was far from dainty, and voice was somewhat loud. Heard above the din of purchase in the ly market crowd.

Dressed in drugget gown and praskin, 'nd a kerchief res and green. With a creel behind her shoulders, stu Molly might be seen: There is little good in gushing, still I th that he world no Molly Murphys th 'were a woelul day'

Mooney's mother lay in fever, Mooney's wasstricken down; "This is taking," said the doctor, who driven out from town. "It may be their death to move them"-the neighbors shrank in dread-"Still, as there is none to nurse them"_ will burre them;" Molty said.

"It may cost your life, good woman," i the doctor, cold and dry. "God is good !" was all she answered, 1 pose painted in her eyes "Bravely spoken "' cried the doctor, " the man will scon grow wild: "After that -should he get through it---must purse him like a child."

Then he sought his car and left her wh the son and mother isy. One at each end of the cabin, as the day if died away; Hovering between their pallets, Mo marked the waning light, And she thought, "He'll rave to-morro he must have the priest to-night ?"

But the men had all gone fishing out up

the evening tide, And the dreaded name of fever made women terrified. Years before the feil destruction devasts all their shore, And the recollection filled their frighte hearts for evermore.

No, she must not scare the neighbors; hereif will bring the priest. Though he live for down the parish-i long Irish miles at least. With a murmured benediction on the li thatched abode. Molly hasped the door behind her and p ceeded down the road.

When she reached and told the curate, a deniy she saw him stirred Like a twig that sways and trembles und meath a startied bird. "Father dear," she cried in 'arguish, 'y are young and far from strong! I will run for Father Brad, --it is not so v long."

"I will go," the young priest answer desibilite pallor on his check ; "No, your reverence-no, acushia :-this Father Brady's week ! He is old, his nerves are sleady, as your o will be some day, Please God !" Molly curtacyed, left hi and in darkness sped away.

In the solemn hours of morning, when watcher by the bed Feels the awful sense of silence weigh up his hearth like lead, Molly watched her fever patients and heart went forth in prayer. Grateful she had found the father and I brought his blessing there.

All the love she long had cherished, of with a sense of shame. For the rough and sturdy Mooney now i felt was free from blame. Blemsed love that links creation ! Love sulled, brave, serene, Makes the proudest queen a woman-mai

the humblest woman oueen ! Mooney raved, and in his raving told w Molly had not known--Told the secret of his passion for the da haired Kate Malone; Kate Malone was yourg and bloomi decked with ribbons fineand smart, And poor Molly, as she listened, feit words go through her heart.

Who Knows

The knows where pins and needles go, Where all the buildness strap? The knows where all the pennies go that sometimes get away? The knows how all the china breaks that waan't couched at all? is when y of so black a braise, And never had a fail?

Who knows whence all the fashions come. And where they disappear f Why one brief month about make a fright Of what was "such a dear ?" Who knows how little bills can swell

The knows just where her husband goes When "business" sceps bim out? The knows bust when to wear a smile, And when to wear a pout? The knows the time to face the fact That abe's no longer young ? Who knows how best to speak her mind, And how to bold her tongue ?

Who knows the most convenient day To bring a friend to dine? Who knows the haif of what he spends On clube, cigars and whe? Who knows one bonnet cannot last A woman all her life? Who knows that woman is the same Whon sweetheart turns to wife?

Who knows why all the preity gir's Are often last to go? How all the ugly women wod, Who mever had a beau? Why email men marry wives so large, And large men fancy small? Who know, in fact, how helf the world Was ever matched at all?

Who knows how far to trust a friend, How far to hat a foe ? Just when to speak a kindly yes. And when a suriy no ? Who kn)we ? - the grim old Greeian sage Says gravely. "Sare thyseir." The where than in all the world Is he woo knows himself.

BEN HUR: THE DAYS OF THE MESSIAH

BOOK THIRD.

CHAPTER III. _CONTINUED.

CHAPTER III. ---CONTINUED. The change that came upon Ben Hur was wonderful to see, it was so instant and extreme. The voice sharpened; the hands arose tight-clerched; every fibre thrilled; his eyes flamed. "Thou hast heard of the God of my fathers," he said: "of the infinite Jehovah. By His truth and almightiness, and by the love with which He bath followed Israel from the beginning. I aver I am inpo. from the beginning, I swear I am inno-

The tribune was much moved.

"O noble Roman !" continued Ben Hur, "give me a little fai h, and, into my darkaces, deeper darkening every day, send a

Arrius turned away, and walked the Didst thou not have a trial ?" he asked.

storping suddenly.

The Roman raised his head, surprised. "No trial-no witnesses! Who passed jadgment upon thee?" Romans, it should be remembered, were at no time such lovers of the law and its

at no time such lovers of the law and its forms as in the ages of their decay. "They bound me, with cords, and dragged me to a vault in the Tower. If aw no one. No one spoke to me. Next r day soldiers took me to the seaside. I have been a galley slave ever since." "What coulds thou have proven ?" "I was a boy, too young to be a con-ispirator. Gratus was a stranger to me. If I had meant to kill him, that was not the time or the place. He was riding in the midst of a legion, and it was broad day. I could not have escaped. I was of a class most friendly to R me. My isther hid been distinguished for his ser-vices to the emperor. We had a great estate to lose. Ruin was certain to myssife my mether are side services to the services to the services to the mether are side of the services to th

close all moved him to mercy. His faith was wes. Yet, he soid to himself, there was no haste-or rather, there was haste to Cythers; the best rower could not then be spared; he would at least be sure this was the prince Ben Hur, and that he was of a right disposition. Ordinarily, slaves were liare.

"I spoke to thy ambition," he said, re-covering. "If thy mother and sister were dead, or not to be found, what wouldst thou do ?" A distinct pallor overspread Ben Hur's face, and he looked over the sea. There was a strugg'e with some strong feeling ; when it was conquered, he turned to the

"What pursuit would I follow ?" he

"What pursuit would I follow ?" he asked. "Yes." "Tribune, I will tell thee truly. Only the night before the dreadful day of which I have spoken, I obtained permission to be a soldier. I am of the same mind yet, and as in all the earth there is but one school of war, thither I would go." "The palmetra !" exclaimed Arrius. "No; a Roman camp." "But thou must first acquaint thyself with the use of arms."

"No; a Roman camp." "But thou must first acquaint thyself with the use of arms." Now a master may never safely advise a slave. Arrius saw his indiscretion, and, in a breath, chilled his voice and manner. "Go now," he said, "and do not build upon what has passed between us. Per-i haps I do but play with thee. Or"-he looked away musingly-"or, if thou dost the renown of a gladiator and the service of a soldier. The former may come of the favour of the emperor; there is no I reward for thee in the latter. Thou art to a knort while after Ben-Hur was upon his bench sgain. A man's task is alway light if his heart so tollsome to Judah. A hope had come to him, like a singing bird. He could in hardly see the visitor or hear its song; to him, like a singing bird. He could that the song of the song to the ship in labor, and listened to each on the sit was there, thou gh, he knew; his to prevent the here, though, he knew; his to thim, the a senging bird. He could the the twas the ship in labor, and listened to each on the sit twas the aview, his to him, like a singing bird. He could the the twas the found. He seemed to hard the tree, though, he knew; his to thim the twas the same the song to the abiling place to him, like a singing bird. He could the thardly see the visitor or hear its song; the there the found. He seemed to hard the time the labor, and listened to each one as if it were a voice

A short while after Ben-Hur was upon his bench sgain. A man's task is alway light if his heart is light. Handling the car did not seem so toilsome to Judah. A hope had come to him, like a singing bird. He could hardly see the visitor or hear its song; that it was there, though, he knew; his feelings told him so. The caution of the tribune—"Perhaps I do but play with thee", was dismissed often as it recurred to his mind. That he had been called by the great man and asked his story was the bread upon which he fed his hungry spirit. Surely something good would come of it. The light about his bench was clear and bright with promises, and he prayed.

right disposition. Ordinarity, slaves were interval for their targe, and the singer defined in the matter face, and that he was dealed in the stress of the start of the stress in the stress in the stress in the stress into the stress of the stre

At a signal the first rested upon its cars. When the movement was resumed, Arrius led a division of fifty of the galleys, in tending to take them up the channel, while another division, equally strong, turned their prows to the outer or seaward side of the island, with orders to make all haste to the upper inlet, and dessend sweeping the waters. To be sure, neither division was equal in number to the pirates; but each had advantages in compensation, among them, by no means least, a discipline impossible to a lawless horde, however brave. Besides, it was a shrewd count on the tribune's side, if, peradventure, one should be defeated, the other would find the enemy shattered by his victory, and

the enemy shattered by his victory, and in condition to be easily overwhelmed. Meanwhile Ben Hur kept his bench, relieved every six hours. The rest in the Bay of Antemona had freshened him, so that the oar was not troublesome, and the chief on the platform found no fault.

shained to the benches, not one but ested himself the question. Tasy were without incentive. Patriotism, love of honeur, sense of daty, brought them no inspiration. They felt the thrill common to men rushed helpless and blind into denger. It may be supposed the dullest of them, poising his oar, thought of all that might happen, yet could promise himself nothing; for victory would but rivet his chains the firmer, while the chances of the ship ware his; sinking or on fire, he was doomed to her fate. ne down from the deck. At his eame down from the deck. At his word the marines put on their armour. At his word again, the machines were looked to, and spases, javelina, and arrows, in great sheaves, brought and laid upon the floor, together with jars of inflammable oil, and baskets of cotton balls would looke like the wicking of candles. And when, finally, Ban Hur new the tribune mount has platform and don his armour, and get his helmet and shield out, the meaning of the preparations might not be any longer doubted, and he made ready for the last ignominy of his service. At his ked to,

of the oar he looked towards the tribune, who, his simple preparations made, lay down upon the couch and composed him-self to rest; whereupon number sixty chid himself, and laughed grimly, and resolved not to look that way again. The hortator approached. Now he was at number one--the rattle of the iron links sounded horribly. At last number sixty ! Calm from despair, Ben-Hur held his oar at poise. and save his foot to the

sixty ! Caim from despair, Ben-Har held his oar at poise, and gave his foot to the officer. Then the tribune stirred—sat up —beckoned to the chief. A strong revulsion seized the Jew. From the hortator, the great man glanced at him; and when he dropped his oar all the section of the ship on his side seemed aglow. He heard nothing of what was said; enough that the chain hung illy from its staple in the bench, and that the chief, going to his seat, began to beat the going to his seat, began to beat the sounding board. The notes of the gravel sounding board. The notes of the gravel were never so like music. With his breast against the leaded handle, he pushed with all his night—pushed until the shaft bent as if about to break. The chief went to the tribune, and, smiling, pointed to number sixty. "What strength !" he said. "And what spirit !" the tribune answered. "Perpol ! He is better with out the irons. Put them on him no more."

So saying, he stretched himself upon the

couch sgain. The ship sailed on hour after hour under the cars in water scarcely rippled by the wind. And the people not on duty slept, Arrius in his place, the marines on the floor. Once-twice-Ben-Hur was relieved;

Once-twice-Ben-Hur was relieved; but he could not sleep. Three years of night, and through the darkness a sun-beam at lat! At sea adrift and lost, and now laud! Dead so long, and, lo! the thrill and stir of resurrection. Sleep was not for such an hour. Hope deals with the future; row and the past are but servants that wait on her with impulse and suggestive circumstance. Starting from the favour of the tribune, she carried him forward indefinitely. The wonder is, not that things so purely imaginative as the results she points us to can make us so happy, but that we can receive them as so real. They must be as gorgeous poppies under the influence of which, under the crimson and purple and gold, reason lies down the while, and is not. Sprows assuaged; home the time or the piece. He was riding in the midst of a legion, and it was riding in the midst of a legion, and it was riding in the midst of a legion, and it was riding in the midst of a legion, and it was riding in that it was there, though, he hear its son; it a class most friendly to Rome. My father had been distinguished for his ser-vices to the emperor. We had a great tribune—"Perhaps I do but play with the great man and asked his story was the rause for malice, while every consideration property, fauily, would have stayed my hand, though the foul inten thad been evers on strong. I was not mad. Death was pre-it as to jet." "I was on the house top—my father's house. Tirzth was with me—at my side such were the central ideas which made him happier that moment than he had ever been. That he was rushing, as on wings, into horrible battle had, for the wings, into horrible tattle had, for the time, nothing to do with his thoughts. The things thus in hope were unmixed with doubt—they were. Hence his joy so full, so perfect, there was no room in his heart for revenge. Messela, Gratus, Rome, and all the bitter, passionate mem ories connected with them, were as dead plagues—missues of the earth above which he doated for and sefs listening to sincing he floated, far and safe, listening to singing

breaking to pieces, drowning, Ben Hur felt something overridden. The men about him looked at each other afraid. A shout of triumph from the deck—the beak of the Roman had won! Bat who were they whom the sea had taken? Of what tongue, from what land were they? No pause, no stay! Forward rushed the Astrees; and, as it went, some sailors ran down, and plueging the cotton balls into the oil tarks, tossed them dripping to courades at the head of the stairs: fire was to be added to the other horrors of the combat. Directly the galley keeled over so far

"I was on the house top--my father's house. Tirzh was with me-at my side -the" soul of gentlenes. Together we leand over the parapet to see the legion pass. A tile gave way under my band and fell upon Gratus. I thought I had and fell upon Gratus. I thought I had killed him. Ab, what horror I felt!" "Where was thy mother ?" In her chamber below." "What became of her ?" Ben Hur clerched his hends, and drew Breath like a gran

"Bitto"

ALL AND

Ben Hur clerched his hends, and drew breath like a gap. "I do not know. I saw them drag her away—that is all I know. Out of the house they drove every living thing, even the dumb cattle, and they sealed the gates. The purpose was that she should not return. I, too, ask for her. Oh, for one word! She, at least, was innocent. I can forgive—but I pray thy pardon, noble tribune! A slave like me should not talk of forgiveness or of revenge. I am bound to an oar for life." Arrius listened intently. He brought all his experience with slaves to his aid.

all his experience with slaves to his aid. If the feeling shown in this instance were assumed, the acting was perfect; on the other hand, if it were real, the Jew's innosence might not be doubted; and if he were innocent, with what blind fury the power had been exercised! A whole family blotted out to atone an accident! The thought sheeked him.

There is no wiser providence than that our occupations, however rude or bloody, our occupations, however that such that such that not wear us out morally; that such the qualities as justice and mercy, if they if them, like flowers under the snow. The tribune could be intxorable, else he had not been fit for the usages of his calling; he could also be just; and to excite his sense of wrong was to put him in the wry to light the wrong. The crews of the tribune relief he served came after a to light the wrong. The crews of the hips in which he served came after a time to speak of him as the good tribune.

Shrewd readers will not want a better definition of his character. In this instance there were many cir-

in this instance there were hady er-cumstances certainly in the young man's favor, and some to be supposed. Possibly Arrius knew Valerius Gratus without hoving him. Possibly he had known the sfder Hur. In the course of the appeal, Fudah had asked him of that; and, as will be poticed, he had made to reply.

A GLEAM OF HOPE.

In the Bay of Antemona, east of Cythera the island, the hundred galleys assembled. There the tribune gave one day to inspec-tion. He sailed then to Naxos, the larg-et of the Cocheta mitters. There the tribune gave one day to inspec-tion. He sailed then to Naxos, the larg-est of the Cyclades, mid way the coasts of Greece and Asis, like a great stone planted in the centre of a highway, from which he could challenge everything that passed; at the same time, he would be in position to go after the pirates instantly, whether they were in the Ægran or out on the Mediterrapeen. As the fleet, in order, rowed in towards the mountain shores of the island, a galley was descried coming from the north. Arrius went to meet it. She proved to be a transport just from B_j zantium, and from her commander he learned the par-ticulars of which he s'ood in most need. The pirates were from all the farther shores of the Euxine. Even Tanais, at the mouth of the river which was supposed to

mouth of the river which was supposed to feed Palus Mæptis, was represented among feed Palus Maptis, was represented among them. Their preparations had been made with the greatest secrecy. The first known of them was their appearance off the entrance to the Thracian Bosphorus, followed by the destruction of the fleet in station here. Thence to the outlet of the Hellespont everything sfloat had fallen their prey. There were quite sixty galleys in the squadron, all well manned and sup-plied. A few were biremes, the rest stout triremes. A Greek was in command, and

the pilots, said to be familiar with all the Eastern scas, were Greek. The plander had been incalculable. The panic, con-sequently, was not on the sea alone; cities, with closed gates, send their people nightly to the walls. Traffic had almost ceased. Where were the pirates now ?

Where were the pirates now i To this question, of most interest to Arrius, he received answer. After sacking Hephæstia, on the island of Lemnos, the enemy had coursed across to the Thessalian group, and, by last to count discovered in the culta between account, disappeared in the gulfs between

better.

Judah hed akked him of that; and, as will be noticed, he had made no reply. For the tribune was at a loss, and besitated. His power was ample. He was mor arch of the ship. His preposses

of course, was only of clear days like those good fortune was sending the tribune. The experience had not failed time in the period succeeding the depar-ture from Cythera. Thinking they were tending towards the old Judean country, le was sensitive to every variation from the course. With a pang, he had observed the sudden change northward which, as has been noticed, took place near Naxos; the cause, however, he could not even conjecture; for it must be remembered that; in common with his fellow-slaves, he knew nothing of the situation, and had no interest in the voyage. His place was

no interest in the voyage. His place was at the oar, and he was held there inexorably, whether at anchor or under sail. Once only in three years had he been permitted an outlock from the deck. The occasion we have seen. He had no idea that, following the vessel he was helping drive; there was a great squadron close at hand and in beautiful order; no more did he know the otject of which it was in pursuit. which it was in pursuit.

When the sun, going down, withdrew his last ray from the cabin, the galley still held northward. Night fell, yet Ben-Hur could discern no change. About that time the smell of incense floated down

the gang ways from the deck, "The tribune is at the altar," he thought. "Can it be we are going into battle?"

He became observant.

Now he had been in many battles with. out having seen one. From his bench he had heard them above and about him, until he was familiar with all their notes, almost as a singer with a song. So, too, he had become acquainted with many of the preliminaries of an engagement, of which, with a Roman as well as a Greek, the most invariable was the sacrifice to the gods. The rites were the same as those performed at the beginning of a voyage, and to him, when not ead, they were always an admonition. A battle, it should be observed, pessessed for him and his fellow slaves of the oar an interest unlike that of the sailor and

marine; it came, not of the danger en-countered, but of the fact that defeat, if survived, might brieg an alteration of condition—possibly freedom—at least a change of masters, which might be for the

In good time the lanterns were lighted and hung by the stairs, and the tribune

tars. The deeper darkness before the dawn The deeper darkness before the dawn was upon the waters, and all things going well with the $Astrac_i$, when a man, descending from the deck, walked swiftly to the platform where the tribune slept, and woke him. Arrius aros, put on his helmet, sword, and shield, and went to the commander of the marines. "The Firates are close by. Up and ready!" he said, and passed to the stairs

calm, confilent, insomuch that one might have thought, "Happy fellow ! Apicius has set a feast for him." Apicius

> CHAPTER V. THE SEA-FIGHT.

Every soul aboard, even the ship, awoke. Officers went to their quarters. The marines took arms, and were led out, looking in all respect like legionaries. Sheaves of arrows and armfuls of javelins were carried on deck. By the central stairs the oil tanks and fire balls were set ready for use. Additional lanterns were lighted. Buckets were filled with water. The rowers in relief assembled under guard in front of the chief. As Providence would have it, Ben-Aur was one of the latter. Overhead he heard the mufiled noise of the final preparations —of the sailors farling sul, spreading the nettings, unsling the machines, and hanging the armour of bull hide over the

The Astran all this time was in motion. Suddenly she stopped. The oars forward were dashed from the hands of the rowdown upon him. The tall prow seemed doubly tall, and the red light playing upon its gilt and carving gave it an ap-pearance of snaky life. Under its foot ers, and the rowers from their benches. On deck, then, a furious trampling, and on the sides a grinding of ships afoul of the water churned to flying foam.

the water churned to flying foam. He s'ruck out, pushing the plank, which was very broad and unmanageable. Seconds were precious—half a second might save or lose him. In the crisis of the effort, up from the sea, within arm's reach, a helmet shot like a gleam of gold. Next came two hands with fingers ex-tended—large hands were they, and strong —their hold ouce fixed, might not be loosed. Ben-Hur swerved from them appalled. Up rose the helmet and the each other. For the first time the beat ing of the gavel was lost in the uproar. Men sank on the floor in fear or looked about seeking a hiding place. In the midst of the panic a body plunged or was falling near Ben-Hur. He beheld the half naked carcass, a mass of hair black-ening the face, and under it a shield of bull-hide and wicker work—a barbarian loosed. Ben Hur swerved from them appalled. Up rose the helmet and the head it encased—then two arms, which began to beat the water wildly—the head turned back, and gave the face to the light. The month gaping wide; the eyes open, but sightless, and the bloodless pal-lor of a drowning man—never anything more ghastly! Yet he gave a cry of joy at the sight, and as the face was going under again, he caught the sufferer by the chain which passed from the helmet beneath the chin, and drew him to the plank. The man was Arrius, the tribune. from the white skinned nations of the North whom death had robbed of plunder and reverge. How came he there? An iron hand had snatched him from the opposing deck-no, the Astran had been boarded! The Romans were fight-ing on their own deck? A chill smote the young Jew : Arrius was hard pressed—he might be defending his own life. If he should be slain ! God of Abraham forefend ! The hopes and dreams so lately

which passes and chin, and drew him to the plank. The man was Arrius, the tribune. For a while the water foamed and eddied violently about Ben Hur taxing all his strength to hold to the support and at the same time keep the Roman's head come, were they only hopes and dreams? Mother and sister-house-home-Holy Land-was he not to see them after all? The tumult thundered above him ; he looked around ; in the cabin all was confusion — the rowers on the benches paraly-zed; men running blindly hither and thither; only the chief on his seat imperat the same time keep the Roman's head above the surface. The galley had passed, leaving the two barely outside the stroke of its ours. Right through the floating men, over heads helmeted as well as heads bare, turbable, vainly beating the sounding-board, and waiting the orders of the tri bune--in the red murk illustrating the matchless discipline which had won the she drove, in her wake nothing but the sea sparkling with fire. A muffled crash, succeeded by a great outcry, made the rescuer look again from his charge. A world.

The example had a good effect upon certain savage pleasure touched his heart -the Astrona was avenged. After that the battle moved on. Re-After that the battle moved on. Re-sistance turned to flight. But who were the victors? Ben Hur was sensible how much his freedom and the life of the tri-bune depended upon that event. He pushed the plank under the latter until it floated big office which while the latter until it

The example hal a good effect upon Ben Hur. He controlled himself enough to think. Honour and duty bound the Roman to the platform; but what had he to do with such motives then? The bench was a thing to run from; while, if he were to die a slave, who would be the better of the sacrifice? With him living was duty, if not honour. His life belonged to his people. They areas hefore him average hanging the armour of bull hide over the sides. Presently quiet settled about the galley sgaip; quiet full of vague dread and expectation, which, interpreted, means ready. At a signal passed down from the deck, and communicated to the hortator by a petty officer stationed on the stairs, all at once the oars stopped. What did it mean ? Of the hundred and twenty slaves

Did she leave him? Friends, I fear me I h toid my ta'e in vsin If you question thus of Molly-honest Mo or poor and plain. No! she tended son and mother days a nights when both were wild; Then as first the dc ctor said it, nursed th gently like a child.

And when Looney's strength came to b and he mixed once more with life, Gratitude within him promited and sought to make ber wire. "No," said she, "you love another; love not for such as me; Kate, no doubt, will make you happy would rather far be free."

Kate Malone is Mrs. Mooney; children cro

her cottage floor; Molly Murpby trots to market as she did days of yore. While her pack can bear a burthen Mol

crust is pretty sure, After that—well, there's the workhou wealth's last tribate to the poor!

The Victor's Crown

Should adorn the brow of the inventor the great corn cure, Putnam's Pain Corn Extractor. It works quickly, ne makes a sore spot, and is just the th you want. See that you get Putna Painless Corn Extractor, the sure, s and painless cure for corns.

The Deaf Made to Rear.

After eight years suffering from deafn so bad that I was unable to attend to business, I was cured by the use of H yard's Yellow Oil. With gratitude make this known for the benefit of oth afflicted." Harry Ricardo, Toronto.

J. H. Esrl, West Shifford, P. Q., writ "I have been troubled with liver co-plaint for several years, and have tu different medicines with little or benefit, until I tried Dr. Thomas' Eclec Oil which care me immediate solic benent, until 1 tried Dr. 1 nomes Ecolect Oil, which gave me immediate relief, a I would say that I have used it since w the best effect. No one should be wi out it. I have tried it on my horse cases of cuts, wounds, etc., and I think equally as good for horses as for man. Be on Your Guard

Against sudden colds, irritating coup and soreness of the throat. Keep H yard's Pectoral Balsam at hand for th prevalent troubles of Fall and Winter

1 -