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In a pint bottle, pour 2½ ounces of Pinex, then add plain granulated sugar syrup to fill up the bottle. Or, if you prefer, use clarified molasses, honey or maple syrup instead of sugar syrup. In this way, it tastes good, never spoils, and gives you 16 ounces of a cough remedy than you could buy ready-made for $2.50.

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Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract and has been used for generations for throat and chest ailments.

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Maddolena's Story

AND

The Cameo Bracelet.

CHAPTER V.

"No—no!" Sir George exclaimed. "Would you have my son merely a pensioner on his wife's bounty?"

"What signifies?" asked Charlie, impatiently. "Let the girl have her own money. I want none of it. Go on, Mr. Goldryng."

"You are a sensible young man, Mr. Ormsby," said the usurer, "much more so than—hem! My friend shall have the papers ready for your signatures on—let me see—on Thursday next. On the following morning the bride shall meet you at the church yonder. Nothing could be better," and he rubbed his hands, and nodded with a smiling, satisfied air that drove Sir George to the verge of desperation. "We want no fuss, no parade, no needless and ridiculous expenses. To church at ten, back here for the bride's luggage before noon, and then the happy couple can start at once for the seaside, or, if you prefer it, Mr. Ormsby, you can take little Liz quietly home, and introduce her to her new relatives."

Sir George struck his forehead with his clinched hand, as he pictured his refined, fastidious wife brought face to face with Lucas Goldryng's dwarfish niece, and informed that she must welcome her as the bride of her only son. Charlie, too, closed his eyes with a shudder, and a spasm of positive agony contorted his features. But he quickly rallied. If the price must be paid, what was the use of torturing himself about the disagreeable circumstances in involved?

"We prefer to make our own arrangements," he haughtily told Lucas Goldryng; "you have given us to understand—and pretty plainly, too—that you are so eager to get rid of your ward, and finger her money, that the sooner she is out of your house, the better it will please you. You shall be gratified; I will remove my bride as quickly as you propose; but take care that the prize for which you put aside all natural feeling does not burn your fingers."

"Chut! Money is money!" was the retort. "If you should live to be older and wiser, you will know how to value it as I do."

"Heaven forbid! I'd rather die to-morrow than live to be the miserable mercenary wretch you are! And mark my words, Mr. Goldryng, if there is truth or justice in Heaven, you will yet learn that for such deeds of usury there is always a heavy reckoning to pay."

"Are you threatening me, young man?" demanded the miser, shrinking from the glittering eye and menacing finger of the youth.

"Not I," was the scornful retort. "We only threaten those we think worthy of our anger. You are so utterly beneath it, that if it were in my power to crush you, like the worm you are, I should disdain to do more than kick you out of my path."

"Are these your thanks for my leniency—my——" the old man, who was pale with passion, began to ask; but he was sternly checked.

"Silence, hypocrite! Where is your ward? Does she give her consent to this marriage?"

"Of course—of course. Girls are always eager to be married; why should she be different from the rest? You will treat her well, Mr. Ormsby?"

The question might have been dictated by a momentary relenting toward his neglected niece, but it was heard with a contemptuous smile.

"Could she be treated worse than she has been used by you? If she throws off the yoke of the hoary brute who ruled her with stripes and curses, it will be to intrust her future to the keeping of a man of honor. When I am no more, my father will take care that she lives quietly and respectably, and whether as my wife or widow, we will both take good care that her affectionate uncle, Mr. Lucas Goldryng, exercises no further control over her."

"You are out of humor, my young friend," was the placid reply. "In your state of health you should guard against any excitement. You wish to see your betrothed? Good. I will fetch her. If she is not all such an aristocratic gentleman could wish either in person or manner, you must remember that she brings you thirty thousand pounds and safety—eh, Sir George?—safety!"

"Oh! that I had strength enough to seize him by the throat and shake him till he prayed for that mercy he never had in his own cold heart!" exclaimed Charlie, as the usurer bobbled away. "He is worse than Shylock, for he is ready to barter away his own flesh and blood for the gold he cannot live to enjoy."

"My dear, dear boy, pray renounce all thought of such an incongruous marriage?" Sir George urged, warmly. "It is not yet too late, and it maddens me to see you made the sufferer by my folly."

"Hush, father! I can bear that. It will not be for long. The part of the affair that infuriates me is the knowledge that this vicious old scamp will reap so much advantage from it."

"Disappoint him, then. Tell him that you refuse to carry out the agreement, and let him do his worst."

"And Lil—and my mother?"

As before, this question silenced Sir George, who, with a groan, turned to the window. For a moment he was seized with a determination to make a confidant of Lord Effingham, and borrow from him the money to meet Mr. Goldryng's demands; but he had not sufficient strength of mind to carry out such a purpose. The mere thought of the surprise and the condemning looks with which such a tale would be heard by the dignified young nobleman, sufficed to make him abandon it.

Meanwhile, Lucas Goldryng had gone in search of his niece. Some hours previously he had locked her in the sparely furnished attic that was her sleeping chamber, to insure her being forthcoming whenever he wanted her; and now, breathless with the fatigue of mounting so many stairs, he unfastened the door, and bade her follow him.

She was meekly obeying, when, reminding himself that it might be as well to prepare her for her destiny, he stopped to accost her.

"Hark ye, Liz; you are very tired of being here with me?"

She nodded emphatically.

"Ungrateful jade!" he muttered. "And you want to live where you can have more amusement, see more people, and so on?"

"Are you going to move, uncle?" she took courage to ask.

"Not I. Do you think I am one of those idiots who cannot be content without they have a crowd of other idiots about them? But you are going to leave me, Liz. You and I have nearly done with each other."

The girl uttered a joyful cry, and though she instantly composed her features for fear of offending him, she could not conceal the gladness that shone in her eyes as she gazed at him inquiringly.

"I have found you a husband, Liz. You are old enough to be married, and so you shall make a good match. You shall be a lady, my niece; what do you say to that?"

But Liz, as he called her, looked more stupefied than pleased by the information. Her notions of matrimonial happiness were drawn from the narrow court down which she had sometimes passed when she had stolen out of the house unknown to her guardian, and accompanied Hannah on her errands. The wives she saw there were either miserable slatterns standing at their doors with equally miserable-looking infants in their arms, or vixens who quarreled and fought with their sullen spouses; and the only young men she had ever seen at her uncle's were two of three keen, hook-nosed Hebrews, too much absorbed in business to notice the pale, dark-eyed girl who crept into a corner out of their way.

"Do yer hear?" demanded her uncle, irritated at her silence. "You are to be a lady. You remember Sir George Ormsby who played the champion for you the other day——"

Liz began to evince some signs of interest now.

"Well, I have promised to give you to his son. An excellent arrangement; in every way as good an arrangement as I would hope for."

Mr. Goldryng nodded as he spoke and mentally congratulated himself on having made what he called the best of an absurd bequest; but his placidity was disturbed when his niece began to question him.

"He said that his son was dying; yes, I heard him, and he said that was why he did not want you to trouble him for the debt. How can he wish to marry me if he is dying, unless it is to get the money you would not let me lend? Is it for the money, uncle—is it?"

"Chut! I have agreed to forgive him the debt. The young man may get well, and, anyhow, it is an excellent match for you—excellent! No more dull hours with the poor old uncle, Liz, but a carriage to drive about in and visit theatres and balls, and so on. You are a lucky girl, and you have me to thank for it—remember—me!"

(To be continued.)

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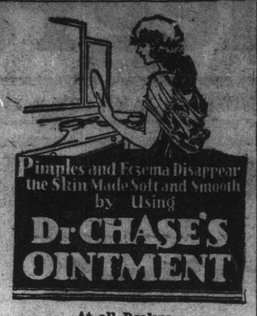

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By EDGAR A GUEST

FRIENDS.

He does not know me, and he flings
At me the scorn which burns and stings;
Perhaps my name he greets with jeers,
Questions my motives with his sneers,
But here and there I have a few
Good friends who are forever true.

If I should fall they would be there
To comfort me in my despair;
To bind my wounds, and win me back
To strength to meet a fresh attack.
Whatever cruel storm descends,
It will not drive away my friends.

Strangers may flee and fawners hide,
Pharisees walk the other side,
The crowds may mock and jibe and jeer;
But from the few I still shall hear,
Though trampled in the dust I lie,
The words that they are standing by.

The men who walk in throngs depart
When the harsh storms of trouble start,
But friends who know—the loyal few
Who have gone down the road with you—
When life grows pitifully gray,
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The good old horse I used to drive! I sometimes wish he were alive; he something lacked of pep and power, he hit up seven miles an hour. He had his faults, I must allow; but so has every sheep and cow. He'd sometimes cut up monkey shines, and wrap his tail around the lines, and use his feet, with iron soles, to kick the dashboard full of holes, and driven batty by the flies, he'd grip the bit and close his eyes and try to climb a barbed wire fence, an animal bereft of sense. But taking Dobbin pro and con, I'm sometimes sorry that he's gone; when my old bus is full of bugs, with fantods in the sparking plugs, when tires blow out or springs break down, some forty-seven leagues from town; when I am stalled for lack of gas, a long night in the rain to pass; King Richard's plaint I then indorse: "My ten cent kingdom for a horse!" When motorcycle cops draw near and tell me that I must appear before the jurist and explain why I was pushing my old wain some sixty parasangs or so, where thirty is the clip to go, I cry aloud, in my remorse, "My crown and sceptre for a horse!" When reckless drivers hit my car, and from its bearings knock the tar, and I am knocked about a verst, so that my pink suspenders burst, I cry aloud, amid the gorse, "My silver corkscrew for a horse!"

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