

Ends Stubborn Coughs in a Hurry

For real effectiveness, this old home-made remedy has no equal. Hoarseness and chesty coughs are cured.

You'll never know how quickly a bad cough can be conquered, until you try this famous old home-made remedy. Anyone who has coughed all day and all night, will say that the immediate relief given is almost like magic. It takes but a moment to prepare and really there is nothing better for coughs.

Into a 16-oz. bottle, put 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex; then add plain granulated sugar syrup to make 18 ounces. Or you can use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, this mixture saves about two-thirds of the money usually spent for more expensive, and often worse, cough preparations, and gives you a cough that is perfectly, and tastes pleasant—children like it.

You can feel this take hold instantly, soothing and healing the membranes in all the air passages. It promptly loosens a dry, tight cough, and soon you will notice the phlegm thin out and then disappear altogether. A day's use will usually break up an ordinary throat or chest cold, and it is also splendid for bronchitis, croup, hoarseness, and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, the most reliable remedy for throat and chest ailments.

To avoid disappointment ask your druggist for 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex with directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

Happiness At Last, Loyalty Recompensed.

CHAPTER XXIV.

She drew a long breath. He was smoothing the tendrils of her soft hair from her forehead, was looking into her eyes with the hungry, craving look of love.

"I am glad," she responded, with innocent abandon.

"That is right!" he said. "And you shall never regret it, dearest—never! While I live, I will spend every hour in making you happy. You believe that—you trust me?"

"Yes," she breathed. "But think! Am I fit to be your wife?"

The word fell like a bolt from the blue. His wife! His face went white. But she went on, all innocently:

"You—you are so—so far above me. I am only Decima Deane."

He laughed as he thrust the greasy specter of his past, of his bonds, away from him.

"You are, yes, Decima Deane—the girl I love, the one woman in the world to me. Oh, my darling—my darling—"

His voice broke. "Decima, tell me, am I awake or dreaming?"

She raised her head from the pillow of his breast, and kissed him on the lips.

"Awake," she breathed.

He returned the kiss four-fold.

"Listen, dearest," he said. "To-night we will start for—anywhere; it does not matter where."

She looked at him with a faint smile at first, then with a faint questioning. "Start? Why?"

He met her inquiring eyes, then looked aside.

"We must go away together," he said, hoarsely. "There—there will be some fuss and—and stir. We—we will go to—yes, to Egypt, to Cairo."

"Shall we be married there?" she asked, her innocent eyes on his face.

"Married?" the word echoed on his lips hoarsely. "What—what does it matter?"

The word again reminded him of his bondage, of the fact that he was married already. He thrust the remembrance from him once more. He would not remember.

"You can trust me, dearest," he said.

"Trust you?" she repeated after him, with a slight knitting of her brows. "What do you mean? I don't understand."

"See here, dearest," he said, his eyes falling before the innocent directness of hers. "There are circumstances—it may be necessary that—would you come with me?—does it matter whether we are married or not?"

With all her ignorance of the world and life's miserable mystery, Decima

know something of the sacredness, the necessity of the marriage tie.

"I—I don't understand. It is very stupid of me," she faltered.

He turned white and bit his lips.

"Suppose—I ask you to come with me without being married?" he said, desperately. "Suppose there was some reason why—why—we could not be married like—like other persons—would you risk—dare all? Would you trust me and—come with me?"

She looked up at him with no fear in her eyes; nothing but a faint surprise.

"I would go anywhere with you," she said. "I could not refuse." She drew a long breath and smiled up at him. "And why should I not? If we can not be married, we can be friends, just as we have been at Leadmore. I was very happy there—ah, very happy! And I should see you every day, should I not? Perhaps Bobby could go with us? But I suppose not. He could not leave his work, could he, even for a time?"

Before her absolute innocence Gaunt quailed.

Aunt Pauline's system had been very thorough. He bit his lip, and for the first time his eyes fell before her pure gaze.

"Come—come and sit down," he said, huskily. He drew her to the big chair, but she signed to him to sit, and sinking on to the thick fur rug at his feet, she leaned her arm on his knee and her head on her arm. Gaunt stroked her hair with a trembling hand and stared at the fire.

Conscience stung and lashed him, but its sting, its whip, fell upon a heart made insensible by passion. If, he argued to himself, he did not take her away, she would marry Mershon. He knew the pressure which would be brought to bear, knew that she would not be able to withstand it. She would marry a man she did not love. And from such a hell, such a life in death, surely, Gaunt, the man she loved, ought to snatch her at any cost. The happiness, the misery of her life, hung in the balance.

After all, would the wrong be very great? He could take her away to some land where she would not be likely to meet any English people. They could hide themselves under an assumed name. No breath of shame or reproach should touch her. He would watch over her happiness every hour of his life. And she should be happy!

And—perhaps fate would take pity on them and kill that other woman, his wife. Then he would marry Decima, and—and all would be well.

One knows what an admirable advocate the devil can be, and now he was pleading with Gaunt not only for Gaunt himself, but for the girl he loved. He could not let her go.

"Decima," he said, and his voice sounded so labored that she raised her head and looked at him with some apprehension in her eyes. "I—I want you to understand. We must go—if we go—alone; we could not take Bobby with us. Child, the world—everybody—will blame me for taking you."

"It would be wrong?" she said, thoughtfully.

"It would be wrong," he said, as if the admission were wrung from him. "That is, in the eyes of the world; but—but I am not sure—I feel that even if it is wrong, it would be a greater sin to let you go back to—to him."

She shuddered.

"I could not go back," she said, gravely. "Not now, not now, I know"—she paused, then went on, with a sweet abandon—"that I love you."

He bent his head, until his lips touched her hair. Then he rose, and taking her in his arms, put her in the chair.

"Let me think," he said.

He began to pace the room, and walked to and fro with quick steps. His blood was at fever heat, and something beat at the back of his brain like the crash of a wave against a rock.

Now and again he stopped and aimlessly took up some article from the table and looked at it mechanically. One of the things was a quaint Persian dagger in an exquisitely enamelled sheath. He drew the blade, looked at it without seeing it, then replaced it.

As he did so, the thing fell from his fingers. As he picked it up and poised it on the table, Decima looked round.

"Why are you so troubled?" she said in a low voice full of loving sympathy.

He came to her, and kneeling beside her, took her hands and pressed them against his heart.

"Decima, you must leave yourself, your fate, in my hands. You must trust to me. If I let you go now, it—it must be forever. I shall never see you again."

She uttered a faint cry, and stooping, looked into his face with terror and grief in her eyes, on her lips.

"No, no!" she breathed. "I—I could not bear it!"

"You see!" he said. "And if you could not, how then could I, whose love for you is a thousand times greater than your love for me? Dearest, I must take you with me to-morrow. We will have to say good-bye to the past; we will have to begin a new life in a strange place—among strange people. Will you come?"

A great solemnity fell upon her. "I must come," she said; and the low, sweet voice thrilled through him. "I must do whatever you ask me. I—I could not let you go away from me, and see you no more. I—I think—I hope—I should die if you did."

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He almost laughed.

"That settles it," he said, with a kind of reckless, desperate gaiety. "Now, see, dearest, you must go back to Lady Pauline's—it's too late to start to-night. To-morrow morning—at eight o'clock—is that too early?"

She smiled at the triviality of the question. What hour could be too early? What did it matter?"

"Well, then, you must leave the house and take a cab to Charing Cross Station."

"To Charing Cross Station?" she repeated, carefully.

"Yes, I will meet you there—I shall be watching for you; and then—well, the rest remains with me."

She leaned back and looked at him with perfect trust and confidence, as a woman looks when she has placed her life in the hands of the man she loves.

"And when shall we be married?" she asked. "Will it be soon, or shall we have to wait a long time?"

His face quivered.

"It—it may not be for a long time," he said, trying to speak calmly. "Until then we shall have to live away—away from everybody. You will not even be able to write."

A troubled, perplexed expression shone in her eyes as they rested on his. She thought, with a pang of pain and remorse, of her father.

"Why? Because it will be wrong to go away with you? Yes, I think I understand."

But he knew that she did not—fully. He was silent a moment, then he said, in a constrained voice:

"You do not ask me why I can not marry you now, Decima?"

"No," she said; "I am waiting until you choose to tell me."

"I will tell you—some day," he said, thickly. "Promise me that—that when I do, you will not turn from me, Decima! Promise me that—that when you know you will still love me."

"I promise!" she said. "How could I turn from you? How could I cease to love you? I shall always love you, while life lasts. I couldn't do otherwise if I tried, whatever happened. Even if—if you did not love me."

"Hush!" he broke in, almost solemnly. "That is impossible. If you knew—"

He glanced at the clock.

"I am afraid you must go, dearest!" he said. "Heaven! what it costs me to let you go, to part with you even for a few hours!"

She rose, her hands resting on his shoulders, and he kissed her dress as it touched him.

"It will not be for long," she said, with a happy little sigh. "I shall not sleep, I know. I shall be awake and try and realize what has happened to me. It all seems like a dream."

"May you never wake from it, dearest!" he murmured.

She laughed softly.

"I wonder where Bobby is? I should like to have seen him, to have told him. But I am not to tell him; I forgot."

"No," he said; "you must tell no one."

"My things are in his room," she said. "I will go and get them."

(To be continued.)

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