

Phyllis Dearborn

Countess of Basingwell

CHAPTER XVI.

"Pay me only what they are worth!" said Carrie, scornfully. "He will pay me ten times what they are worth. He is so generous he couldn't help it."

"He is such a gentleman he would not pay you any more than a fair value under the circumstances," said Phyllis, quietly.

"How well you understand him," said Carrie.

The color mounted to the round, fair cheeks, and there was no answer. Presently Carrie had a new idea.

"If he gives only a fair price, and the money is truly and properly mine, to use as I please," she said, "will you share with me just as usual?"

"That is different," said Phyllis, in a troubled tone.

"It is not," said Carrie. "I see how it is, you are not honest, Phyllis, any more. You were trying to make me take the money and use it, because I am only a poor little cripple. If the money isn't good enough for you it isn't good enough for me, and I'll send it right straight back to him, I will so. I didn't think you'd let any man come between us," and Carrie wept.

"Carrie, darling!" said Phyllis, piteously, "you'll make yourself sick. Please don't feel so. Don't use the money if you think best not to. Never mind about it at all."

"If you didn't like him so much you wouldn't be so hard on him," sobbed Carrie, with delightful inconsistency.

"You'll make me cry if you keep on," said Phyllis, her under lip beginning to quiver.

"I know I'm horrid," said Carrie. "My temper's as crooked as my back."

"Oh, Carrie, Carrie, I can't stand it!" said Phyllis, and presently there was a clearing up shower of tears, two pairs of arms, one pair plump and one pair piteously thin, being twined sympathetically around the necks of the girls.

"Now it's all right, isn't it, Phyllis?" said Carrie, cheerfully, after the tears had been duly wiped away.

"Yes, dear."

"And we won't touch his old money, will we?"

"It shall be just as you say, dear."

"But it's your way I want to follow," insisted Carrie.

"Well," said Phyllis, smiling a little sadly, "that is the way I wish it to be. We won't use the money, but we won't hurt him by sending it back."

"Now we've settled that, let's go to work," said Carrie. "There are those dinner cards not half finished. Oh, Phyllis! think of painting dinner cards when we have the famous Sir Lionel for a customer!"

Phyllis laughed.

"What a little sunshine you are!" she said.

"Am I? He wasn't to send the money until to-morrow, was he?"

"What does it matter, if we are not to use it?" asked Phyllis, who was putting her work in order, to begin on.

"None, I suppose; but I'd just like to know how he will send, and then I am curious to learn whether you judged him right about the amount. I'm sure I'd be puzzled between the desire to do something nice and the gentlemanly notion that I mustn't," and Carrie exhibited no little scorn for the gentlemanly notion.

"I don't know how he will do it," said Phyllis. "I suppose it will be difficult; but I am sure he will do what is right."

"I am sure of that, too," said Carrie, dryly.

Fortunately for Carrie's impatience they were not obliged to wait until the next day to learn what Lionel would do about the paintings. A package came to Miss Carrie Braithwait that afternoon, and when the landlady handed it to her she saw by the seal on it that it must have come from him.

The landlady had some curiosity in the matter, too, and remained in the room talking generally but cheerfully, touching lightly but enthusiastically on the noble gentleman who had called in the morning, and doing everything to intimate that she would not mind it at all if the package were opened in her presence. Carrie, however, curbed her own burning curiosity, and put the package quietly on the bed beside her, and worked while Phyllis answered the landlady.

"Shall I tell the man to wait?" snapped the landlady presently, seeing that she was not to be admitted to the symposium.

"If you please," answered Phyllis. "Lock the door," said Carrie, when the woman was gone. "She's crazy to know what's in the package. And so am I."

Makes Stubborn Coughs Vanish in a Hurry

Surprisingly Good Cough Syrup Made at Home

If some one in your family has an obstinate cough or a bad throat or chest cold that has been hanging on and refuses to yield to treatment, get from any drug store 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex and make it into 16 ounces of cough syrup, and watch that cough vanish.

Pour the 2 1/2 ounces Pinex (50 cents worth) into a 16-ounce bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. The total cost is about 54 cents, and gives you 16 ounces—a family supply—of a most effective remedy, at a saving of \$2. A day's use will usually overcome a severe cough. Easily prepared in a minute—full directions with Pinex. Keeps perfectly and has a pleasant taste. Children like it.

It's really remarkable how promptly and easily it loosens the dry, hoarse or tight cough and breaks the inflamed membranes in a painful cough. It also stops the formation of phlegm in the throat and bronchial tubes, thus ending the persistent loose cough. A splendid remedy for bronchitis, winter coughs, bronchial asthma and whooping cough.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, rich in quaiaccol, which is so healing to the membranes. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction goes with this preparation of money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

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Phyllis did not say she was also, but she locked the door with a gentle turn so that the landlady's feelings should not be hurt by hearing the click, and then she ran to the bedside where Carrie's nervous fingers were trying to open the package.

"I can't do it, Phyllis, she said, despairingly. "If it was a love-letter I couldn't be more nervous."

Phyllis took the package and made a much better show of composure, but, indeed, she was as much moved as Carrie.

"Is it the Basingwell seal?" asked Carrie, seeing Phyllis studying it.

"No, the Warne seal, I fancy. It isn't the Basingwell crest."

"Don't break the seal, will you, Phyllis?"

Phyllis cut the string around the seal and gave that to Carrie, while she unrolled the package.

"Here's a note to 'Miss Carrie Braithwait, and an unsealed package to the same person," said Phyllis.

"Shall we look in the package first, or read the note first?" asked Carrie.

"I should think the note first," answered Phyllis.

"That's what I should say. Let's read it together. Or shall I read it aloud to you?" asked Carrie, in a fever of excitement.

"There might be something in it you wouldn't wish me to hear," suggested Phyllis.

"Well, I should say!" and Carrie laughed derisively as she opened the envelope. "Um! that's nice paper he uses! Look at his crest, Phyllis. Oh, and he begins, 'Dear Carrie!'"

"Rather familiar," said Phyllis.

"Now, you needn't say a word, Phyllis. I like it. There! he explains it, apologizes for it. Now keep still while I read.

"Dear Carrie.—Excuse me, but I started a letter with dear Miss Carrie, and liked the looks of it so little that I tore it up. In revenge you may call me anything you like, or Miss Honesty will permit."

"You are Miss Honesty," laughed Carrie, looking gayly at Phyllis.

Phyllis only laughed.

"I write to-day," read Carrie, "instead of to-morrow because I must go to Basingwell this evening, and may be occupied there for several days. I have had a great deal of trouble with your pictures, chiefly because of a vivid recollection of a pair of big brown wondering eyes, which seem to be putting a fellow on his honor all the time, and demanding every sacrifice to honesty."

"He has you on his mind, Phyllis," said Carrie.

"Nonsense!" said Phyllis, soberly.

"I knew," went on the letter, "that I must give no more than the pictures were worth, and I was afraid not to give enough. On the one hand our—you—brown-eyed friend would say, 'He has no right to burden us with his charity,' and on the other hand there was you, with your terrible grasping nature, and I was in dread that you would say, 'The mean, stingy thing!' It was a painful situation."

"I think this is simply splendid," cried Carrie.

Phyllis said nothing at all, but looked very sober—a trifle sad even.

"What was I to do?" read Carrie.

"I looked at the pictures and wondered and puzzled over them, trying to put a fair valuation on them, and was about to give it up in despair, when I had a great idea. A really great idea! I am sure even Miss Phyllis will admit it. Please put it to her. I said to myself that my fears had incapacitated me for a fair judgment, and that the only safe plan would be to call in an unprejudiced third person of critical judgment, and let him decide. Oh, don't applaud yet! My brightness was not exhausted yet. Who should the third person be? A wealthy connoisseur? No, for he would appraise them at their artist value, which would be above the market price, and therefore would be repugnant to the strict notions of our—you—brown-eyed friend."

"Does it annoy you," asked Carrie, "to have him refer to you in that way? I am sure he really admires you. I wouldn't read another word if I didn't think so."

"It doesn't annoy me at all," said Phyllis. "I think he misunderstands me."

"Now, I think you misunderstand him, Phyllis. But never mind, as long as it doesn't annoy you."

"Who then," read Carrie, "should I call upon? Who but a dealer in pictures, who, if he made any mistake at all, would make it against the artist. You know that it is always the case. Well, I went to a man who has sold me a great many pictures, and told him that I wished him to appraise some pictures, the painter of which he was not to know, lest his judgment should be biased. Wasn't that quite clever of me? He came, his critical nose all ready to take on a skyward turn. He looked at the pic-

tures, and as I am an honest man! he put the value as follows: "One picture of chimney pots 45 Guineas.

"One picture of floating clouds, 40 Guineas.

"Five picture of floating clouds, 200 Guineas.

"Total—435 Guineas.

"I know you will be inclined to look with doubt on this statement; but I give you my word of honor that it is strictly correct."

Carrie dropped the paper, which had been trembling in her hand for some time. She was quite pale.

"Do you believe it?" she said to Phyllis.

"Every word of it," answered Phyllis. "I would have believed it without his word of honor. With it I wouldn't think of doubting."

"But it's a fortune," gasped Carrie.

"Yes, dear," said Phyllis, sadly.

"Oh, I forgot," said Carrie, calmly. "It doesn't matter anyhow. But it's something to have one's pictures appreciated, isn't it?"

"A great deal."

Carrie took the letter up again, trying hard not to show the disappointment that was in her heart. She had already been having visions of the things that could be done with the money.

"I might have sent you a check for the amount, but I fancied you would be better pleased with bank-notes, and I send them in the accompanying package. It may interest you, by the way, to know that these notes are among the last possessions of the famous Sir Lionel. Before he could touch the money of the worthy earl he felt the need of something to live on, and he squeezed a few more pounds out of the money-lender. I thought you would like to know this, for as I shall always think of myself as the famous Sir Lionel when I think of you, so I would like you to remember me in the same way."

"I do think he's lovely," said Carrie, brushing a tear away.

"I have taken a liberty, I know," the letter went on; "but I ventured to do it, and have sent you a picture of the famous Sir Lionel. If you feel that you cannot accept it as a remembrance of the man you may send me a shilling. That is what it cost, for I was obliged to buy it out of a shop."

"You don't mind if I keep the picture, do you, Phyllis?" asked Carrie.

But Phyllis' head was on the counterpane and sobs were shaking her. Carrie put her hand in dismayed silence on the brown head.

"I couldn't help it," said Phyllis, suddenly looking up, and smiling through her tears. "Don't you see the money was Sir Lionel's. There is no reason why you should not keep it, and I will share it with you. Oh, you don't know, Carrie, how thankful I am."

"And so we can go abroad and study," said Carrie.

(To be Continued.)

BELOW THE STANDARD. How do you feel to-day? Not quite right? Energy a little below standard—not strong enough to make much exertion? Perhaps a slight cough?

Nyala's Cod Liver Compound is what you need. Don't get frightened about those words "Cod Liver." You'd never know it from the taste.

It's a real tonic containing cod liver extract, extract of malt, wild cherry and hypophosphites—a splendid combination.

The cod liver extract builds you up so does the extract of malt. The wild cherry soothes the bronchial tract and the hypophosphites supply phosphorus to the nervous system—just the thing it needs.

And the taste is pleasant. As an all round tonic, strength restorer and body-builder, you'll find nothing better than Nyala's Cod Liver Compound—so why look further? You will be pleased.

The price is one dollar. PETER O'MARA, THE DRUGGIST, 40-43 Water St. West.

Your Boys and Girls.

It is a good idea to teach your children that the toothpick should no more be employed in public than the toothbrush. Do not allow them to use it as they parade through the public halls, sit in drawing rooms or even at the table. If you have neglected this very important item in their education, instruct them from now on to attend to such matters in private and without compulsory witnesses.

If they say that well dressed men and women commit this offence against decency and good taste, assure them that they were unfortunate in having no well bred parents to teach them better manners, and that they are not to be emulated, but pitied.

List of Unclaimed Letters Remaining in the G. P. O. to Jan. 24th, 1916

A Allan, Master Allan, Theatre Hill Adams, Mr. King's Road Avery, Isaac, Carter's Hill

Baker, Mrs. Mary, card Cabot St. Balfour, Mrs. James, late Tack's Beach

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SEAMEN'S LIST.

Butler, James, schr. Archie Crowell Corkum, Aubrey.

Messages Received

Previous to 9 A.M.

OFFICIAL. LONDON, Feb. 2. The Governor, Newfoundland: 18 France there has been only one military activity.

Nothing special on other fronts. BONAR LAW.

INSURANCE ON THE APPAM. LONDON, Feb. 2. Perplexity regarding the question of the insurance on the Appam is alluded to in the distance is as being considered one. The solution of the question depends largely on the attitude of the United States Government.

Peckins, Capt. care Reid Co. Penney, Mrs. R., LeMarchant Road

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