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Maddolena's Story
AND
The Cameo Bracelet.

CHAPTER VI.

"I have explained to our friend here that you are too bashful to go and meet your betrothed, and so his father comes to you. It is in your power, you know, child, to take a great burden off his shoulders, and make both him and his son very happy. You understand this, don't you? And I have promised for you that you will become Mr. Ormsby's wife."

"And yet you would not let me lend them the money," she murmured, distrustfully.

"Indeed, child, I could not. Sir George will tell you that, as your guardian, and one of the executors of your father's will, I dared not have sold out so large a sum. But as soon as you are wedded, it will be your own to do as you like with."

"Do you wish for this marriage, sir?" she mustered courage to inquire of the silent baronet.

Sir George colored and stammered; but clever Lucas Goldring answered for him.

"Of course he does. Is not he here to ask you to fix the day for it? When Mr. Ormsby has a good little wife to help to wait upon him—a wife, too, so wealthy, that she will be able to take him to the German spas, and try every remedy his physicians can suggest—he will stand a better chance of recovering. It will be a great thing, Liz, to know that your money has saved your handsome young husband's life. How grateful he will be to you! And his mother—a charming woman as Lady Ormsby, I am sure—why, she will not be able to do enough for the dear girl who has given her back her only son!"

He had touched the right chord now. His auditor began to brighten, and she timidly extended her hand to the baronet, who could not resist saying, as he took it: "Poor child!—poor little girl!" for he felt ashamed of being even tacitly concerned in what was little better than a deception.

But Liz understood nothing of this. She believed her new friend to be genuinely interested in her, and that his affectionate sympathy had induced the exclamation; so it was in quite a confidential tone that she observed: "It will be very nice to have a mother. I can scarcely remember my own. It is so very long since she died."

"The day is fixed for Thursday next," Goldring interposed. "And Mr. Ormsby generously insists on settling your dowry on yourself—that is," he added, rather confusedly—"that is, with the exception of a certain portion, which he proposes paying over to me on consideration of certain papers I have agreed to sell him—your board and lodging, etc."

How large this portion was to be, he did not think proper to arouse her suspicions by revealing, and, therefore, Liz only answered, indifferently: "I do not want the money for my-

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self. I should like Sir George to have whatever he needs—that is all."

"Then there is nothing more to adjust," her uncle answered, looking very much relieved, "and so, like the good girl you are, I hope you will come down and see Mr. Ormsby."

But Liz was intently studying the countenance of the baronet. In spite of her inexperience and credulity she fancied she could discern in it that he was more agitated and distressed than he ought to be if this marriage met his approbation.

"You are sure that you wish this? You would not say so if you did not, would you?" she asked, so simply, yet earnestly, that he knew not how to reply.

"Tell her that it is your only way of surmounting your difficulties," prompted the archfiend at his elbow. "Tell her that whether your son lives or dies, it will afford you unpeakable relief on your wife and daughter's account as well as your own."

"It will—it will," Sir George was forced to avow.

"Then I am very glad," and Liz smiled and crept a little closer to him. She felt so sure the kind hand that held hers would never be lifted in violence, that her heart began to expand toward the fine-looking, elderly man, who had so generously interposed to protect her from her harsh kinsman. "And you have a daughter? Will you bring her to see me? I think I could get on better with a girl of my own age. She would tell me what I ought to do and say."

"The idea of the peerless Lily Ormsby—the graceful, delicate bride-elect of the most noble the Earl of Eppingham—visiting Lucas Goldring's niece was more than Sir George could contemplate without a shudder; and erasing a direct reply, he expressed himself anxious to return to his son, who might be wondering at his absence, and he politely offered to escort the girl downstairs. But now Liz drew back as obstinately as before.

"I will not be seen by him, this shabby figure. If I am to be the wife of a gentleman, let me be dressed so that he shall not be ashamed of me."

Lucas Goldring, forgetting his conciliatory mood in his vexation, began to scold and threaten, but Sir George applauded her determination. To lead her to the fastidious Charles such an odious little fright as she now appeared, would have been a most painful task, and he upheld her in her resolve.

"Your niece is quite right, sir, in demanding those things which are necessary to a person in her position, and if she wishes the interview with Mr. Ormsby postponed, it shall be so."

The miser looked viciously from one to the other.

"I have no loose cash to fling away in woman's finery," he growled. "Do you, Sir George, intend to bear the expense of this whim?"

"For shame, sir!" was the stern reply. "Are you not reimbursing yourself a hundredfold for the little this poor child has cost you?" Liz looked up sharply when he said this, but did not speak.

"Promise her what she needs, and in noiggardly manner, or I shall advise her to order her trousseau in your name at some West End modiste's, and my son shall refuse to sign the marriage agreement till you have settled the account."

"It will not do to play fast and loose with me, Sir George," he was told, with a frown.

"Act honorably yourself, sir, if you would have us do the same. You may go beyond my powers of endurance, and lead me to oppose plot with plot. Your little niece is on my side—not on yours, remember."

"I have no wish to deny her anything that is really necessary," muttered the old man, suddenly subsiding.

With this assurance, both Sir George and Liz were forced to be content.

Charlie Ormsby was not at all sorry to hear that his meeting with his intended would not come off till the morn of their bridal; and he went home very languid and dispirited, certainly, but consoled with the thought that he had done his best to avert the heavy trouble that had loomed over the heads of those he loved.

After all, this marriage would not affect him materially, nor interfere with his domestic comfort. Apartments in some respectable but very quiet suburb should be taken for Mrs. Ormsby, a lady companion provided for her—some well-conducted widow, who for a good salary would teach her whatever she was willing to learn; and neither his mother nor Lily need know of her existence till all was over. If they demanded an explanation, they might be induced to find it in his bitter mortification at the marriage of Lady Camilla. As for the outer world, should it marvel at so strange a match—the fact that Liz Goldring inherited under her kinsman's will the munificent dower of sixty thousand pounds would be sure to satisfy the inquisitive.

Liz herself was troubled with few misgivings. From an upper window she had watched Sir George Ormsby and his son depart. The dear charwoman hobbled up to the carriage window just as they were driving away, with a handkerchief one of them had dropped, and Charlie leaned forward to slip something into her wrinkled palm and smile his thanks. As he did this, the girl contrived to catch a glimpse of his face. Although so pale and worn from suffering, it was handsome enough to have pleased a more critical taste than that of the inexperienced user's niece.

For the next day or two, she avoided her uncle's presence as much as she could, spending hour after hour in conjuring up delicious visions of the new life she was to lead—of the attentions she should lavish on her invalid spouse—the costly gifts she should lavish on his mother and sister in order to make them love her. Poor child! her wildest dreams of splendor never soared higher than the mirror-trickling ornaments of his lady and daughters, who passed out of the hall on their way to a theatre as the girl entered it. How could she know that Lady Ormsby—the elegant, tasteful Frenchwoman—would have utterly disdained the loud shawls and bracelets her daughter-in-law proposed presenting to her?

(To be continued)

Promises to Get Votes Deferring Tax Reductions

HOPE FOR CERTAINED EXPENDITURES LIES WITH SENATE.

OTTAWA—The promises of expenditures that have been made in the bye-elections in the Maritime Provinces do not give much hope of important reduction in expenditure by Parliament. Candidates know that the Government should economize, but when they get into a warm election they seem to conclude that their chances of election will be improved by promises of expenditure.

In the Kent County election, one party had been blaming the other because the Government had not taken over the Kent Northern railway. The other party has replied that the Kent Northern does not serve the purposes of the district anyway and that a new 18-mile line should be built. An attempt is also being made to take over another unprofitable short line in Nova Scotia. The idea in these matters is not to save the country money, but to have it spend more.

The Senate is the only legislative body from which much in the way of taxation and expenditure can be expected, the reason being that its members do not have to seek re-election. This means that they do not have to make promises of bridges, wharves, and new railway lines. In addition, the average Senator being a little better off than the average member of the House of Commons, knows better what the pressure of taxation means.

That the average law-making body in this country is anything but a check on expenditure is also evident from the fact that the provincial legislatures spend as freely as parliament. The belief that their constituents like free-riding is one of the chief reasons for this.

It is useless to predict what the House will do next session, in view of the strong outcry against expenditure and taxation; but it is generally found that the nearer election day comes, the greater is the inclination to spend. Of course the Senate may get its back up, but that remains to be seen.—Financial Post.

C.I.B. Old Comrades Lottery
—45 Prizes: Coal, Flour, Butter, only a couple of days left to win one of these prizes. There are a few tickets at the following Stores: Pedigrew's, Kavanagh's, McMurdo's, Maritime Drug Store, Bartlett's, Chaplin's, Spurrell's, Wadden's, Goudie's, Smallwood's and Ruby's.—Jan. 3.

FEEDING UP.
If we suppress the vicious sports who daily cut us up rough, we must speed up the sluggish courts where Justice makes her bluff. We must convince the law who robs his law at last is working right, and hitting on all six. The criminal too often thinks, as he proceeds to jail, that he'll be freed in forty winks, that justice won't prevail. His crime is so depraved, perchance, if he at once were tried, he'd see the doomsman pour advance, with hamper robe swung. The public voice, aroused to ire, demands that he must pay, and on the gallows tree expire, all in the good old way. But weary weeks must drag their course, and weary months must slide, while lawyers wrangle till they hoarse, before this oat is tried. The courts are jammed and years behind, with cases old and stale, and judges face the beastly grind and wring their hands and well. And when at last the sinner climbs to the defendant's chair, we have forgotten all his crimes, we know not why he's there. For seven weeks that sinful skate-in jeopardy is tread, and then we hear a clerk relate, "The Jury disagreed." And later on he's tried again, before a yawning throng, and twelve good useful honest men can't see where he was wrong. But if the crying mortal saw he'd surely get the gall, he would not greet the threat of law with an indecent laugh.

A rain-soaked sentry of the Sixth Staffordshire Regiment, tumbling in his pocket for the half of a "raz," gave "Padre" Stubbert Kennedy the germ of an idea that resulted in his distribution of eight million, seventy-five thousand cigarettes to the soldiers in the trenches during the world war. The incident as related to newspapermen by Rev. G. A. Stubbert Kennedy, while he was in New York conducting noonday service at Trinity Church on the corner of Broadway and Wall Street, also resulted in his nicknames "Woodbine Willy," by which title the Rev. of St. Edmund's, London, and Chaplain to the King, is familiarly known. "And you bet I did some preaching along with the cigarettes," said Dr. Kennedy.

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