

ALL FOR LOVE.

CHAPTER V.
EXCHANGE OF CONFIDENCES.
 (Continued.)
 "Spare me, Teddy, spare me," pleaded Philip, flushing again. "I am in sackcloth and ashes over the remembrance of it. Why the girl must despise me absolutely for speaking of her like that behind her back. Well," moodily, "I shall absolve her, as she requests, though, I vow, it is a burning shame that I cannot give her the fortune, especially as her father is now so straitened."

"It is tough, that's a fact," Armstrong sympathetically observed, adding, "but don't worry over it, old boy. Perhaps it was unwise to tell you, but I thought it might possibly throw light upon some things you did not understand, and help you to govern yourself accordingly when you two meet, as you are sure to do later."

Philip groaned in spirit, and wondered how he could ever make his peace with Lady Beth, of whom, as he had said, he had really been fond in the old days. How disloyal and hypocritical she must have thought him as she listened to his hotheaded and slighting speech, his bitter resentment in view of having her forced upon him as a wife. Doubtless she had brooded over his rash words all the intervening years, fretting, perhaps, even more than he had done, over Miss Crawford's absurd and sentimental disposition of her property; and now, even in the face of impending poverty, she had deliberately withdrawn from the contract. All the money would be sacrificed, and he feared his old friendly relations with the family would never be reestablished.

"I find myself in an exceedingly uncomfortable position," he observed at length. "You know Miss Crawford appointed my father and Leavitt, of the National Bank, trustees, providing that in the event of the death of either, some one else was to be chosen to fill his place. When it was found that my father's case was hopeless, he wrote Leavitt, suggesting that I be appointed to take his place, stating that he felt it was competent to do so. So you perceive, under existing circumstances, it will soon become my duty to assist in the disbursement of this money among the beathen. I say, Teddy, it's hard lines for me when I want the Russells to have it all."

"I see, and I believe you would be twitching of the nerves."

Twitching of the Nerves

A Distressing Symptom of Nervous Exhaustion Cured by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.



Mrs. John McKellar, 11 Barton street east, Hamilton, Ont., writes:—"I was injured some years ago, and that left me with a broken-down nervous system. I could not sleep, and suffered from twitching of the nerves and disagreeable nervous sensations. 'I then began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and can say that I never used any medicine that did me so much good; in fact, I am entirely cured of my old trouble. The Nerve Food not only strengthened the nerves, but also built up my system in every way.' Under date of Aug. 29, 1912, Mrs. McKellar writes, confirming her cure, and states that she has had inquiries from many people who had heard of the great benefits she obtained from Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 for \$2.50. All dealers, or Edmundo Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

almost tempted to sacrifice yourself and urge the fulfillment of the contract rather than lend yourself to such a measure," said Ted.

"I—I—don't know," responded Philip, moodily.
 Young Armstrong chuckled to himself and his genial eyes gleamed with amusement as he dryly remarked: "I think you will know after you have seen Lady Beth. But come let us talk of something else. I'm getting remorseful over spoiling your first day at home like this."

After finishing his luncheon, and making another appointment to meet his friend in the evening, Philip returned to his hotel in no very comfortable frame of mind. However, after considering the matter in all its bearings, he resolved that he would go to New Hampshire to see Mr. Russell and Beth and talk the situation over with them in a frank and straightforward way. Having arrived at this conclusion, he immediately wrote a brief note to Mr. Russell, telling him he would go to him two days later, on Friday, unless he heard from him meantime appointing some other date.

CHAPTER VI. A BEAUTIFUL STRANGER.

Wednesday and Thursday Philip was very busy attending to business which needed his immediate care, while his evenings were spent with Armstrong, whose family were at their summer home at York Harbor; but Friday morning, about eleven o'clock, found him on his way to the North Station where he was to take his train for — New Hampshire, and make his call upon the Russells. As he stepped off the elevated and made his way to the stairs leading down to the station, he observed a lady, with a handsome suit case at her feet, standing on the sidewalk at the foot of the steps, in the act of fastening an automobile veil over her hat. She wore a beautifully fitting tailor-made gown of blue cloth; her figure was trim and symmetrical; her pose graceful, and even though her head was bent forward so that he could not see her face, he knew that she was young, and was sure that she was lovely. Then something happened.

A few paces away, but creeping slowly upon her unawares, was a black-browed boy, ragged, dirty, repulsive, his greedy eyes fastened avidly upon a dainty watch that was attached to the left side of the girl's coat with a beautiful pin. Another moment and he sprang forward and roughly snatched at the jewels.

The girl, even though taken entirely by surprise, was game, and quick as a flash caught and grasped with strong and supple fingers, the hand that would have robbed her.

"Let go!" she commanded in clear, resolute tones, as she looked dauntlessly into the covetous eyes of her assailant.
 He muttered an oath and lifted his other hand as if to strike her. But before it could fall something clutched the back of the boy's neck with a powerful grip, and, with a startled howl of mingled fright and pain, he released his hold of the watch, and, turning a pair of astonished eyes upon the tall form towering above him, began to beg for mercy.

"You darling young highwayman, to try to rob a lady in broad daylight! What am I going to do with you, I wonder?" thundered Philip, in tones that might well have appalled an older rogue. His youthful prisoner, however, when he found that he had not fallen into the grasp of a policeman, as at first he had feared, quickly recovered his bravado, and began to fight vigorously for his liberty, kicking and striking viciously at his captor, while he swore lustily. But Philip's grip was relentless, and he was on the point of beckoning to an officer, whom he espied across the street, when the lady interposed.
 "Oh, please let him go," she said in a musical voice that sent an unaccustomed thrill through the gentleman's nerves. "He has really done no harm. My watch is safe, and I do not want him arrested even though he may deserve it."

Philip looked his surprise at the request, at the same time involuntarily giving the boy's neck another squeeze which evoked a second howl, of which rage was now the keynote. "Please!" persisted the girl, and

emphasized her plea by laying a pretty gloved hand upon the tense muscles of the gentleman's arm. He flushed at her touch, held her beautiful eyes a moment with an intense look that sent the rich color in a flood to her own cheeks, then smiled acquiescence.

"Certainly, I will let him go if you wish," he courteously replied, and instantly released his hold upon the boy, who lost no time taking to his heels, and, rounding a convenient corner, was soon out of sight. The ludicrous figure that he made in his anxiety to escape the officer, whom he also had seen, evoked from the lady a rippling and infectious laugh of amusement in which Philip heartily joined.

"There goes a sprinter who is liable to make his mark in the athletic world if he doesn't get into jail first," he observed, turning to his companion, adding, while his appreciative glance swept her glowing face and graceful figure: "I hope he has done no harm to the watch nor torn your coat."

"I am sure he has not. The cloth's strong and the watch still ticking," he assured her after a quick examination of both; "but," glancing with a shiver of repulsion at the delicate tan glove that covered her right hand, "he was so dirty I cannot bear to think I have touched him."

"He was indeed. I am sure it would require a series of Turkish baths to make him really clean," Philip returned. "And now," glancing at the suit case on the sidewalk beside her, "may I assist you in any other way?"
 "Thank you; that reminds me that I have been very remiss in acknowledging your kindness in delivering me from the hands of the hillbilly," said the girl with a brilliant smile that set her companion's heart fluttering again. "I am expecting some friends every moment," she explained. "I was to meet them here at the foot of the stairs—ah, here they come now!" she concluded as a handsome automobile, containing two ladies and a chauffeur, dashed into sight and then slowed down by the sidewalk close to them.

"Oh, dearie, you are here already? hope we have not kept you waiting long," vivaciously cried the younger of the ladies. "We got into the midst of a tie-up in Adams Square or we should have been here earlier. Dixon, help the lady in; then take the suit case on the front seat with you."
 The chauffeur sprang to obey, took possession of the case, swung open the door of the car, and, with another thank you, very much, accompanied by a smiling look and nod of farewell to Philip, the girl stepped within and the next moment, in the midst of greeting her friends, the car was gone, leaving her recent companion gazing yearningly after her, the hat

DOCTORS GAVE HER UP

Mrs. Stuart Finally Saved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—Her Story Interesting.

Elmo, Mo.—"I think your Vegetable Compound is wonderful for it has helped me. I had four doctors and they said I had female troubles and a tumor and nothing but an operation would help me. I could not sit still long enough to eat, and could sleep hardly any I was in so much misery with pains in my side and back."
 "A year ago last spring my doctor gave me up, and he was surprised to see me this spring and to see my condition. I give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound the praise wherever I go for I know I would not be here today or have our fine baby boy if I had not taken it."
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Children Thrive on "Epps's"

he had removed, when returning her parting salutation, still in his hand.
 Who was she?—this bewitching little sprite who had slipped across his path like a burst of sunshine and then vanished, leaving no clue to her identity. Her going left him with a sense of loss and depression. He suddenly wished he did not have to go to New Hampshire to meet his old friends. His enthusiasm was gone, and he shrank from the approaching interview, particularly with Beth, with a feeling of intense repulsion.
 Arousing himself after a minute, he passed into the station, hurrying a little, as a glance at the clock told him it was nearly time for his train to leave, purchased his ticket, and straightway boarded a car.

When well out of the gloomy station he settled himself to read his morning paper, but found little in it to interest him. His thoughts constantly reverted to the recent episode. The bright, piquant face of the girl, crowned with lustrous hair, with the laughing eyes so deeply blue, the delicate, sensitive lips, scarlet as partridge berries, glanced back at him from every column. Her sweetly modulated tones, her little bursts of rippling laughter, still haunted his ears and set his pulses leaping as when she laid her hand upon his arm in her appeal to him to release the little thief.

She was the sweetest girl he had ever seen, he secretly owned to himself, a deep flush creeping up over his handsome face, his eyes glowing with some unaccustomed inward emotion. Should he ever see her again? He had longed to ascertain her name, but had felt it would be unpardonably presumptuous to ask it; now he was almost sorry he had not forced the situation by introducing himself.

Who were her friends—those two quickly aristocratic ladies? Evidently they belonged to the wealthy class of cultured, conservative old Boston, as their bearing, rich attire, and expensive car indicated. Well, he would find out when he returned from his errand, if diligent inquiry would avail anything. And now with a sense of secret exultation he realized that Beth had absolved him from all allegiance to her, and had begged for her own freedom, expressing aversion to an enforced marriage. He was, therefore, free to follow wherever fate might seem to lead him. As for Mr. Russell and his unfortunate financial plight, he would arrange some way to set him on his feet again and give him another chance to climb fortune's ladder.

(To be continued.)

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