

The Love Story of Dean Andrews.

By Rhodes Campbell, in the Rocky Magazine.

(Continued.)

Yet she loves him and clings to him as a mother to her sinning child. She says no one cares for him but her, and she could not desert him. She cried heart-brokenly over my knowledge of the disgrace, until I felt ashamed to think of myself when I realized all she had borne and what she had done for me. I put my arms about her and told her we would bear it together and so lighten it, or at least make the burden a little less heavy. I studied that last year strenuously and took honors. I have thought over since, and have made up my mind that never would I risk carrying on the disgrace and perpetuating it by my marriage and probable progeny. My mother knows nothing of this and cannot understand why I have refused a man such as this one, because I cannot love him. No wonder she thinks me cold and abnormal! Who, knowing Dean Andrews—there! I've told the same! Well, Virginia, you know that it is your employer. If you weren't the woman you are I should regret the slip more keenly. I have never mentioned the feeling about my father nor about this affair to any one before. Forget it. It is over and I must bear it.

Some women cry over their sorrows; some are hysterical; a few bear them calmly. Elizabeth was one of the latter type, yet I never saw any one who gave the impression of suffering as did her eyes and her utterances of those few words: "It is over and I must bear it." The rare tears sprang to my eyes.

"Elizabeth, you magnify the trouble. Others have married under similar circumstances." But she shook her head.

"I shall never marry," she declared, and I felt that it was final. Nothing that I could say made the least impression. I lay awake long that night. I tried to remember my work and that it was imperative for me to rest and keep fit for it. All in vain. Even Louise for a time took a secondary place. I had soon received my answer for Mr. Andrews in a most unexpected manner. It may seem strange that this was the first intimation that I had of my friend's love affair, and that I did not even know that she had met Mr. Andrews. But I had far less time than Elizabeth—her school hours ended at two every day—and I was not strong. I had to deny myself many recreations, one of them being social pleasures of the simplest description. Then this had all occurred in six weeks time, and I had only seen Elizabeth once at church, as her mother had been ill and she had kept closely at home, which was three miles from mine. I had been there but two or three times. She understood and was willing to do the visiting. With all my planning and thought I could see no way out of the dilemma except sorrow and disappointment for both my friends. You see that, in spite of my creed, I was coming to look upon Dean Andrews as something more than the machine I had taught myself to consider my employer. When I resolved the office a gentleman was there with Mr. Andrews.

"This is my uncle, Mr. Christian Andrews, Miss Townsend."

A fresh surprise confronted me. For the uncle looked almost as young as the nephew, and I had pictured him as elderly and grey-haired. I gazed into my work until evening. Mr. Dean Andrews had been gone for an hour, and I was preparing to leave when the door of the office opened and Mr. Christian entered. He was not so handsome and distinguished-looking as his nephew; but he had an open, cordial manner and pleasant face which won you at once.

"Dean has told me that you know of his unfortunate affair of his, Miss Townsend," he began, when I interrupted him.

"Why unfortunate?" I demanded coolly.

"He looked astonished." "Do you know the father?" he asked by way of reply.

"Do you know the woman?" was my counter question.

"Do you?" he laughed.

"She is my dear friend."

"Do's Dean know this?" he asked in surprise.

"I never knew it myself until by accident yesterday."

Itching Skin

Itches by day and night—That's the complaint of those who are so unfortunate as to be afflicted with Eczema or Salt Rheum—and outward applications do not cure. They can't.

The source of the trouble is in the blood—make that pure and the itching, burning, itching skin disease will disappear.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

cures the blood of all impurities and cures all eruptions.

All I have. These youngsters are hard to manage.

I could hardly repress a smile. He looked so almost boyish himself!

"But why do you worry?" I asked.

"Don't sit on it, and even I can't influence him," he explained in some surprise.

"But Miss Clafin refuses."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, she cannot hold out against Dean," he announced with an air of finality.

But I knew better; and so did Mr. Christian later on. It shows his kind heart that when he saw his nephew's unhappiness he added his urgent plea to Mr. Dean's, but Elizabeth was adamant. Only I knew that the heart of the adamant was a softer thing than appeared on the surface.

Poor Elizabeth! I could hardly bear the change in her. She kept up bravely, but she could not control her eyes and mouth. Her mother became alarmed at last, and in June urged her to visit a cousin at a quiet seaside resort. Mrs. Clafin was kind, but unobtrusive and slow of mind. Mr. Andrews worked like a giant those days. He rarely spoke of his trouble. It was too deep, I feared. Yet I had always declared that men recovered from affairs of the heart so much more readily than women! But Mr. Andrews was different. Just as he had been slow to yield to woman's charms, so had he been tenacious of his love when finally given.

The summer was unusually close and stifling that year. I found myself wondering if I could hold out until my vacation in August. Louise was better than usual, for I had sent her to Elizabeth at the latter's urgent request.

It was the middle of July when Mr. Andrews announced in the most decided manner that I was not to wait until August, but was to leave work the next day and get away.

"I wish I could dispose of Jim Clafin as easily," he said suddenly.

"Even if he were put out of the way it wouldn't solve the problem," I declared sadly.

"That is true," he sighed, as from the ground of the heart. "I really suspect my uncle of encumbering to the tender passion," he said with a change of manner. "It is catching. Well, I hope the dear fellow's affair will prove more fortunate than mine. He deserves the best."

"I hope so," I assented listlessly.

I made my simple preparations to go to the country, with a strange depression. I felt all at once old and settled. I was tired of being thought sensible, cool and clear-headed. I had a wild longing to be giddy and young for a while. For twenty-five is not aged. Truly it is time that I had a change.

I was back at work, the summer not over and Elizabeth and Louise still away, when a messenger brought me a note marked "urgent." It was from Elizabeth and dated from the city.

"Dear Virginia, will you meet me at once at Christ's Hospital? My father has had an accident and is very ill. He wishes me to bring a stenographer, and I cannot bear the thought of a stranger. I think Mr. Andrews will spare you under the circumstances." "E. C."

Silently I handed the message to my employer. My heart gave a bound of relief, for I had felt sure that it was Louise. In five minutes I was taken in Mr. Andrews' motor car to the hospital. Elizabeth met me and took me at once to Mr. Clafin's room. He had been run over by an automobile. He lay propped up on pillows, deathly white, his burning eyes feverishly slight and eager.

"Henry?" he said.

The nurse gave him stimulants and I sat ready, with pencil and pad in hand. I braced myself to bear of some unusual crime, and so I think did Elizabeth. Two notes started one by his strength and shrewdness.

"I shall live but a short time. I cannot face eternity without making my confession. Elizabeth is not our child. We adopted her when a baby. An English doctor and his wife came to this country for their health. For a time they improved

and Mr. Thrale took a small parish in which we lived. When Elizabeth was born my wife showed the motherly affections. Both were young and had no near relatives. Mr. Thrale was the last of his family, the country gentry. They were both greatly loved by their parishioners. Mr. Thrale died suddenly, before Elizabeth was a year old. The shock proved too much for the wife who, my wife always insisted, died of a broken heart. Mr. Thrale's ill health had all come from a long run of typhoid in England, and the doctors advised a change. Mrs. Thrale gave her baby to my wife, who loved her as her own. Mr. Clafin insisted that she should never be told the truth. Lately I urged that she should know—for she keenly felt my misbehavior—but my wife, always so conscientious, was always opposed to it, and, as I had caused her so much misery, I felt that I must give her her way in this. Only lately have I guessed Elizabeth's trouble, and I want this paper to be headed at once to Mr. Dean Andrews, of Lippinot & Andrews, Temple Place.

The voice grew alarmingly faint. The nurse sprang to the bedside with a restorative. The patient rallied and asked for me.

You will give that to Mr. Andrews as soon as you leave here?" he gasped.

I promised.

Elizabeth followed me to the outer entrance. She seemed transformed. Her eyes shone like stars.

"We ceased mother to lie down. She is quite prostrated.

Poor Mr. Clafin! He must die so soon and with the burden of all his misdeeds! Who could feel hard towards him now?" she said, softly.

Was So Nervous Could Not Stay In The House Alone

Mr. Arthur Moore, Prospect, N.A., writes—"I would recommend Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills to anyone who is weak, run down and their nerves all unstrung. I was troubled with nervousness of the very worst kind, and when I started in to take your pills, I was so bad I could not stay in the house alone, nor could I sleep nights. Since taking the pills I am entirely cured and can recommend them to anyone who is nervous and run down."

To any of those suffering in any way from any derangement of the heart or nerves, we can recommend our MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS with the greatest confidence.

They have been tried and proved, for the last twenty years, to be exactly what we claim for them.

Price 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.50, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

"I thought I told you not to cut your coat with your razor" thundered the exasperated husband who was trying to lose a few of his whiskers.

"And I haven't since you told me you were so particular with your old butcher knife," replied the wife sweetly.

"Well, it feels that way."

"I did open a can of tomatoes with it. Would that hurt it any? You didn't say I wasn't to do that."

St. Isidore, P. Q., Aug 1904
MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., LIMITED.

Gentlemen,—I have frequently used MINARD'S LINIMENT and also prescribed it for my patients always with the most gratifying results, and I consider it the best all-round Liniment extant.

Yours,
DR. JOSEPH SIROIS.

Speak gently; it is better far.

But when some men you know You throw a brick to turn the trick, That kind of argument you pick, For it is all they know.

Minard's Liniment cures Neuralgia.

An actor was bragging about his summer home by the seaside.

"What did it cost you?" asked a friend.

"Around \$50,000," said the actor, modestly.

"Say Bill!"

"Well?"

"I wouldn't be so reckless as that if I were you, even with stage money."

Mary Ovington, Jasper, Ont., writes—"My mother had a badly strained arm. Nothing we used did her any good. Then father got Hayward's Yellow Oil and it cured mother's arm in a few days. Price 25c."

"Oh, mother," cried little Benny, breathless to be first with the news, "uncle George has got something that don't agree with him."

"Say 'esten,' my child. But what of that? Is he sick?"

"Do you suppose it was Aunt Lizzie or one of the children that he eaten?"

"Where did you get such an idea?"

"I heard you tell father that some of the family agreed with him."

There is nothing harsh about Laxa Liver Pills. They cure Constipation, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, and Bilious Spells without griping, purging or sickness. Price 25c.

"Do I look like an idiot?"

"I refuse to commit myself."

"But a fellow just called me one."

"Chance of a lifetime. See him for libel and see what the jury says."

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