

ALL FOR LOVE.

CHAPTER II.

AUNT PRUE'S ADVICE.

"Yes, he is better here than he would be anywhere else, for it is quiet and he is absolutely free from care." Miss Russell returned. "And now that he has begun to improve we want the good work to go on, so I really think, dear, it will be better for you not to run away, but stay here to meet Mr. Walton next week when he comes as he has planned. Or, if you prefer, you can write him a frank letter, stating exactly how you feel, and allow him to use his own judgment about coming. If he is the man I hope he is, he will not press this marriage when he realizes how repugnant the thought of it is to you, and he may think it best to drop it without any attempt to discuss it personally, since it could not fail to be an awkward interview for you both."

CHAPTER III.

BETH'S DECISION.

Beth sat silent for several minutes thinking the matter over, and Miss Prue, covertly observing her, thought her fair face wore a strangely anxious, weary expression for one so young. At length she looked up.

"I will write the letter," she said. "I will do it now, and have it over with." She arose with a sigh, stooped to kiss Miss Prue, and left the room, the gentle, meditative eyes of the elder woman following her yearningly as she went.

Beth had been appalled by her father's startling information, that he was on the verge of bankruptcy, and during the day and night that followed she had fought a terrible battle with herself.

Silas Russell and his daughter were all that were left of their immediate family, and, for years, they had been all in all to each other. Thus, when the girl learned of his misfortune, she was torn between the desire to secure her share of Miss Crawford's legacy, which would set her father at once upon his financial feet, and her long-cherished resentment against Philip, whom, as a child, she had adored, but whose thoughtless and unfortunate remarks to his chum, Teddy Armstrong, had broken her girlish heart and destroyed her faith in him. She had vowed, up in the dense foliage of the beech, that she would never, never marry Philip even though forty fortunes, equal to Aunt Eliza's, were to be forfeited, and she had never swerved during the intervening years from that decision.

Eczema Cured Three Years Ago
Best City Doctors Failed, But Cure Was Effected by Use of Dr. Chase's Ointment.



Mrs. A. T. Smith.

You apply Dr. Chase's Ointment for eczema and feel the benefit as if by magic. It may take some days to get the sores cleaned out and the healing process fully established, but from day to day you can see the old trouble gradually disappearing and know that you are getting rid of it.

Mrs. A. T. Smith, 1 Mt. Charles St., Montreal, Que., writes:—"I had eczema on my leg for four years, and tried many remedies and doctors in Montreal and Boston, without any benefit. I used three boxes of Dr. Chase's Ointment and was cured completely. This was three years ago. Since then I used Dr. Chase's Ointment for irritations and eruptions of the skin, and easily got rid of them with two or three applications. Dr. Chase's Ointment is a wonderful preparation."

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She would not, as she had said, see him after that; she would not even go down to bid him good-by when he went to make his adieu on the day of his departure for Japan. She did not answer his letters, nor make any response to messages sent through his friend Ted; neither did she talk about him with Ted, always evading or changing the subject if he spoke of Philip, and meeting her on the street once with a package in his hand, Ted told her that Philip had sent him some photographs of himself, and he offered to give her one if she wished. She thanked him rather loftily, and remarked, with an assumption of utter indifference, that she did not care for one; then wondered at the peculiar grin that overspread Ted's good-natured face as he walked away with his unopened package under his arm.

"I won't do it even to save papa," she had finally declared, after the struggle following their conversation at the breakfast table. "I would rather live on a crust with him, than be forced upon a man who does not want me."

But she lacked the courage to tell her father so, and for two or three days she went about in a very unhappy frame of mind until, on the fourth morning, Mr. Russell suddenly collapsed under his severe mental strain, and his physician ordered him to drop everything, and go away immediately for rest and quiet. This emergency aroused Beth, for the time from her individual troubles. She took matters into her own hands, telegraphed Miss Prudence Russell to send to the station for them on the arrival of a certain train the next evening, and almost before Silas Russell had realized what had happened, he found himself resting, without a care, in the refreshing atmosphere of his boyhood's home.

The ten days that followed were anxious ones for his loving nurses but at the end of that time he began to rally, and bade fair soon to be himself again physically, and now, three weeks having passed, he was able to be around, and was anxiously looking forward to the arrival of Philip Walton, who would be due in New York in about a week.

Naturally sanguine, Silas Russell believed that matters could be amicably arranged between Beth and the young man; and he hoped that his daughter's share of the fortune, secured through the marriage, would help give him another chance to re-establish himself in the business world. As the time drew near for Philip's return, Beth had grown very nervous and anxious, until, unable longer to bear her burden alone, she had confided her troubles to her aunt who, as we have seen, proved to be not only a hearty sympathizer with her niece, but also a wise counselor.

It was the first of June when Philip Walton again set foot in his native city, Boston. He proceeded directly to his hotel, which he had given as his temporary address to the friends to whom he had written, announcing his return. Here, among a lot of other mail matter, he found Beth's letter awaiting him.

She had written in a friendly, yet dignified tone, acknowledging the letter from him that her father had received a month previous, and informing him of Mr. Russell's recent misfortunes and the sudden illness following, also of his present whereabouts. Then, in concluding, she referred to his message to her, in which he had said he would await her convenience regarding a certain important event that was expected to occur some time during the following six months.

"Of course I understand that you refer to the condition in Aunt Eliza's bequest to you and me," she wrote. "I sincerely hope, Philip, that your heart is not set upon securing this money in this way, for I feel that it will be impossible for me to fulfill such a contract. We were but children—at least I was but a child—and far too young at the time you went away, when it was tacitly assumed by your family and mine that we would fulfill the conditions of the will, to realize what such a step might mean to us ten years later. We have grown to be almost like strangers during this time, and, assuming that the thought of entering into such a union simply to secure this fortune to ourselves is as repulsive to you

as it is to me, I write this to absolve you from such compulsory allegiance to me, and to ask you to confer the same favor upon your old-time friend."

The letter closed cordially and was signed "Elizabeth Russell."

As Philip Walton finished his perusal of the above, he shrugged his broad shoulders expressively, while a look of mingled amusement, chagrin, and relief swept over his handsome face.

"Hum! So she has no desire to become Mrs. Philip Walton. Even Aunt Eliza's fortune offers no temptation to marriage for her," he muttered as he refolded Beth's letter, which faintly exhaled the odor of wood violets, a flower, he remembered, she had loved as a child, and for which they had hunted the woods together. He slipped it into its envelope and studied the superscription which, possessing a peculiar individuality, somehow reminded him forcibly of the little romp he had known ten years previous with the independent toss of her small head, the slight upward tilt of her freckled nose, and the utter fearlessness of her attitude whenever honesty and loyalty demanded her espousal.

"Well, I'm free to confess it is a great relief to me," he thoughtfully went on. "The idea of this forced union has always been like an irritating curb to me. Yet what else could I do, when to balk meant practically throwing the girl's fortune away! I'm mighty glad the proposition has come from her; though, I own, it's a shame for all that money to go to the heathen, especially since her father has met with reverses, and is ill. They ought to have the whole of it, unconditionally. It is like Lady Beth's old-time honesty, however, to make her stand in spite of everything

unless—Great Scott! there may be a over in the case. I had not thought of that."

Again his broad shoulders went up, he had returned at this time imbued with a self-abnegating determination to marry Beth, because his fine sense of honor forbade him to deprive her of her fortune by shirking his part of the obligation; and now to be greeted by her outspoken rejection of this clintary sacrifice of his own feelings regarding the matter, wounded his pride and made him wonder if she had really outgrown her old-time adoration of him. With the perversity of human nature this later thought of another lover made him suddenly resent the suggestion that he was perhaps being deprived by a usurper of something that had once been very pleasant to him.

He looked over the remainder of his mail, sorting out the letters which needed his immediate attention, after which he proceeded to answer Beth's letter first of all. He expressed the pleasure it gave him to hear from her, his deep regret to learn of Mr. Russell's recent misfortunes and illness, and his joy to know that he was recovering from the latter. Then in a manly, straightforward way he took up the chief point in her letter.

"Of course, I shall absolve you, My Lady Beth," he wrote, "from all obligation in connection with this long-talked-of contract. Do not be troubled by any fear that my 'heart is set' upon this money for myself. I would surrender the amount many times over rather than have you assume relations that would cause you unhappiness. Nevertheless, I chafe sorely in view of the fact that Miss Eliza's fortune must be so misappropriated, when by right of inheritance it should all go to you, unconditionally. However, I am going to give myself the pleasure within a few days, of running up to see you and your father, when we will discuss the matter more in detail and settle it definitely. With kindest regards for Mr. Russell and yourself.

"Your sincere friend, PHILIP."

CHAPTER IV.

EXCHANGE OF CONFIDENCES.
Philip had barely addressed and stamped the letter to Beth when there came a familiar signal upon his door—a strong knock followed by two fainter ones.

"Teddy!" exclaimed the young man as he sprang to admit his caller, and the next moment the old friends were gripping each other's hands until their joints cracked, and looking deep into each other's eyes through what seemed very much like a mist of tears.

"Old boy! this is great, don't you know, to have you home again? though Jove! I'd never have believed you are Phil but for the photos you have sent me from time to time. Gad! from a stripling you have developed into a veritable giant!" and Theodore Armstrong ran an admiring, comprehensive glance over the splendidly-developed athletic figure of his friend.

"That's true enough, Ted; I was a puny, undersized youngster when I went away. I had never been very strong, you know, but I began to grow and take on flesh as soon as I landed on the other side, and—with a light laugh—"I'm not sure that I have stopped yet. You're no dwarf, either. I say, you're good to look at once more," he concluded, laying an affectionate arm around his companion's shoulders.

(To be continued.)

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For we were selling the Remington at \$50.00.
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9613. — A SIMPLE PRACTICAL PROCK.



Child's Dress with Long or Short Sleeve.

Brown and white striped galatea with brown for collar, cuffs and belt is here shown. The design is equally appropriate for gingham, chambray, lawn, dimity, seersucker, crepe, challie, linen or linon. It is cut on simple lines and made with front closing. The sleeve may be finished at the wrist with a band cuff, or in shorter length with a shaped cuff. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for a 6 year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

9619.—A POPULAR AND PRACTICAL MODEL.



Girl's Dress with Long or Shorter Sleeve.

The front closing and simple lines of this design will recommend it at once to the home dressmaker. It is suitable for serge, cashmere, linen, corduroy, linene, chambray, gingham, percale or galatea. As here shown blue and white striped gingham, with white ratine for trimming was used. The waist has the new drooping shoulder, and is bloused in back and front. The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 44 inch material for a 12 year size.

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