

Tanadadadadadadadadadada PLOTS THAT FAILED KREKKERKERKERKERKERKERKERKERK

She knew how they had been attracted from the beginning and that three weeks of constant companionship must have drawn them irrevocably to-ward each other. Her guilty soul trembled with fear lest in an unguarded mo ment Clarence Neville had revealed to Bab that it was he who had rescued her in the terrible accident which had be fallen her as she left home-instead of Rupert Downing.

The young man greeted India kindly --courteously-but there gladness nor eagerness in his eyes, nor in the touch of his hand.

have lost a great deal of time," she thought to herself, and her anger Bab knew no bounds for not acquainting her of the fact in her letters that Clarence Neville was at Long Branch.
"She is learning to be tricky," she

She could scarcely wait to get Bab question her, and when Iindia or with not mentioning that he

was there, she answered: "Really, India, it seemed to me of such little moment that I quite forgot it." The French girl looked at her long and keenly, searchingly, but Bab's face did not betray what was in her heart.

During the next two days that fol-owed Clarence Neville did not get the opportunity of exchanging o much as a word with Bab-India was with her so continuously. He was growing desperate must in sheer desperation he wrote her a little note, which he bribed one of the maids to convey to her. It it contained but a few words, and

Miss Barbara: I leave Long Branch to night. I should appreciate, more than words can tell, your kindness if you would but come down on the beach alone in the gloaming to say good-by to me. If this is asking too much, forget that I have requested it and forgive me.

Yours sincerely, Clarence Neville." A very fever of unrest seized himthe very food he ate semed to burn his lips as he touched them. He did not see Mr. Haven or the two girls enter the spacious dining-room.

"What detained them?" he wondered; was anything amise?

Then he fell to wondering whether or ot Pah would keep the appointment.
The twilight deepened into the night, the stars slowly fixed themselves one by one in the blue arched dome overhead, gleaming in the dark waters like points

of dancing flame.

The water dashed sulleely upon the beach, breaking at his feet in, a low, murmaring sob—the moon was rising over the water and a great path of gold seemed to lead directly to it—but he was oblivious to the beauty of sky or water, or to the throngs of proper promenading the beach, or to the be-wildering strains of music that floated out upon the night air frem the hetel verandalis.
"Will she come?" he muttered, glanc-

ing at his watch for the twentieth time. but the waves at his feet could give him

In her room at the hotel at that moment Bab was twisting the note about in her fingers in a very distressed way. Should she obey Clarence Neville's request—or not! He was leaving her-alie might never—look upon his face again. Would it be very wrong to step own on the beach to say good-bye to

India was writing a letter for Mr. Haven, dinner was over, and it was just the hoar when most of the guests were grouped about on the piazzas.

How could she arrange to go without India or her father noting her absence? If she were to ask his permission a re-fusal would certainly be the result; he would not even let her go if India achis opinion, most emphatically, that it was decidedly out of place for ladies, unescorted. to promerade the beach, even though they were in plain view of the hotel of which they were guests. if she kept the appointament, she

dip out unobserved and risk her anger as wel las India's, go," she said to herself, cleap-

her little hand over her beating

She crossed to the window and stood looking out upon the sands; the silken portieres of the bay windows quite conthe slender form from India's

With a sigh of impatience she gave was auxious to get thronga with it and get down upon the verandah to see the object of her mad adoration. Clusence Neville, to whom she had given the great passionate love of her heart, unwas auxious to get through with it and asked. She did not see Bab emerge from the curtained recess, glide slowly toward the door and disappear through her light footsteps making no sound in the corridor without.

With fleet steps Bab hurried to th trysting place and on to her fate.

CHAPTER XXVIII. Love took up the narp of life, smote on all the chords with might; Smote the chord of self, that, trembling,

passed in music out of sight.

Many an evening by the waters did we
watch the stately ships.

And our spirits rushed together at the
touching of the lips."

Over the sands Bab sped, her heart beating, her pulses throbbing, with but one thought in her mind—she was going to the trysting place where Clarence Neville awaited her.

He was pacing up and down the sands as she approached with trembling feet. Slight as the sound of her footsteps were, he heard them and turned quick-

ily, as though he could scarcely believe the evidence of his own eyes. He held out his hands and clasped the girl's lit-tle fulttering white ones, uttering no word; indeed, he could not, for at that moment his heart was too full for utterance. By a mighty effort he con-

"I asked you to come here that we might say good by on the spot where we have spent so many happy hours, little Bab." he whispered. "I leave Long Branch on the midnight train.'

A little 'cry proke from the girl's lips; the words seemed to pierce her very heart. She raised a face paled with sud-den pain to him. He crushed the little hands he held closer against his breast. "Bab," he cried, huskily, "to go and leave you behind me seems like tearing the living, beating heart from my body I have done my best to school myself

to the thought, but it has been a failure, and I was mad to have remained in the sunlight of your presence when you were not for me to woo and win. I have played with a fatal fire, and now my heart is seared beyond healing. Oh, Barbara, little Barbara! teach me how to say

good-by to you.
"My darling," he added, "I meant to go away without uttering one word of the anguish that fills my heart, but I was not proof against the mad desire to stand here face to face with alone, just once more, telling myself af-ter death; for it will be death in life

to me to go out into the world and leave you behind me. My heart hungers for just one word from you, Bab."

The girl flung her arms about him with a wild, piteous cry..

"Ten thousand stars were in the sky, hiding her face on his breast. "Oh, Clarence, stay, stay for my sake; I cannot part from you."

hoarsely, "Surely I. dreaming. Whisper those words to me

He caught her in his arms, straining her closely to his madly throbbing heart.
"If you love me, Bab," he cried, "they shall never marry you to Rupert Downing; you must be mine; all is fair in love In that moment the full madness of

ove was upon him, and he went on pas sionately:

"I am going to put your love to the test, Bab, Marry me to-night, this very hour, and I can take you with me."
"I—I cannot, Clarence," she sobbed.
"Papa would never forgive me."

"Yes, he would. Hundreds of mar-iages have taken place in the same way. would forgive you at once. He has not forgotten what it is to love, and the uncontrollable desire that accompanies it to wed the one beloved," he declared, eagerly.

She was silent so long, with her face still hidden on his breast, that he grew anxious as to what her decis on would be. He raised her face and

"Oh, Bab, I love you so madly, you must consent," he whispered. "Could must consent." he whispered. "Country you live for centuries, you would never know a love like mine again. Mydarling, will you consent?"

She was young, and the passion of the passion of

his words was beginning to influence here. She did not consent at once, although the novelty, the romance

the promised happiness tempted her.
"Say yes, Bab, will you not?" he murmured, his handsome face flushed with

eagerness, his eyes and lips eloquent words he whispered to her! What unal-terable devotion he swore! He wood her with such eloquent words, with such passion, with such romance, that it was little wonder that the grit yielded at length to his entreaties, loving him as she did.

The hour of night, too, had its own, withhere its own glamor, the light of such eloquent

witchery, its own glamor: the light of the stars was so tender and bright, the wind and the waves rippling at their feet sang of nothing but love and its joys; the place and the surroundings

mastered her. She did not resist when he bent his bandsome head and kissed her lips, the first kiss of love that she had ever known, although she was bound by

ledge to wed another. "This solemn kiss settles it, my darling," he whispered, eagerly, and, trembling like a flower in a chill wind, Bah whispered back a faltering, "Yes, Clar-Bab

That was the beginning of one of the most pitiful tragedies that was ever enacted. "Here is the New York boat," he claimed. "We will take that, and in

exclaimed. We will leave all trouble and heartaches behind us, sweet."

What happened afterward always seemed more like a dream to Bab than a reality; the night boat cutting its way through the beight, starlit waters, the hum and buzz of the passengers who crowded the deck, and the face of the hum. lover whom she was to wed so roman-tically bending over her, his low-spoken words of love making strange, sweet music in her beating heart.

Still more like a dream seemed the landing, with the hurrying throng at the dock, the ride in the hansom cab, and at last standing before the old white-haired minister, who uttered the words that bound her for life to the hand-come voung lover by her side. Then some young lover by her side. Then the sail back over those same starlit waters, with Clarence Neville clasping her hands tightly, and calling her in every breath his darling little bride—his, to have and to hold, to love and to herich with least hid them part cherish until death did them part.

"And are we really married, Clarence?" she whispered, clinging to him like a frightened child. "It seems so

The sound of his happy laughter and the answer he made her rang in her ears until the hour she died.

until the hour she died.

"It is real enough, my darling. I have anchored you so fast to me that no one in this world can ever take you from me; we may have to face a little anger will be like the clouds at first, but it will be like the clou that obscure an April sun-it will pass away directly, leaving the sky of our future all the brighter."

Another thought crossed his mind. He had saved her from a faste worse than death in rescuing her from a marriage with Rupert Downing, of whose follies he know altogether too much he knew altogether too much.

He never meant to tell sweet inno sworn that Downing should never lead any other girl than herself to the altar. She defied him to ever attempt it, vowing that it would end in a tragedy; that the bride should be clasped by the bridegroom death, at the very altar; that she should never turn from it alive. Since those old college days in which Rupert Downing had been dare devil enough in every way possible, Clarence Neville found that after Downing's re-turn from gay life abroad he had de-veloped into a libertine and a gambler. He had done his best to arrest his old college chum's downward course, but to no purpose.

He had learned more of Rupert Down-He had learned more of Rupert Downing's true character during the week he had passed with him in East Haven than all the years he had previously known him, and on the very day of Bab's memorable birthday party he had come to the conclusion that his old college chum was no longer a fit companion for an honorable men and that he would for an honorable man, and that he would draw his visit short and drop his ac-quaintance forever. It had also been the cause of much agitation to him a to whether he ought to inform Bab's father of Downing's true character when the fact of his betrothal to Mr. Haven's lovely daughter had first become known to him.

He had insisted to Rupert Downing that he should make a clean breast of the past ta Mr. Haven; that it was due him, for his innocent young daughter's sake, and in consequence they had parted from each other the bitterest of enemies.
"It is simply a case of jewlousy on your part," Downing had said, with a sneer. "I do not thank you for interesting yourself so conspicuously in business. What they do not know con-cerning my past will not hurt them; it will be time enough to acknowledge my misdeeds, as you are pleased to term she sobbed, them, when they come to light and confront me. You would like to make your self out a model young man, and me a libertine; but it will not work, Clarence "To you mean it, Bab?" he cried, arsely. "Surely I must be mad or arsely. "Surely I must be mad or world."

Neville. I would kill you do you hear?—I would kill you ere you should win from me the little beauty upon

whom I have set my heart." Clarence Neville knew Rupert Down ing well enough to know that he would challenge him to a duel on sight; but he had no fear. They were both equally skilled in the use of firearms, and he would have gone through seas of blood for Bab's dear sake.

He and Bab loved tach other; that was reason enough for the step he had taken.

He was willing to take any con hasty marriage had been born of the impulse of the moment; he had meant to say farewell to had had meant to say larewell to Bab forever when they met on the sands, and at the last moment his mighty love for her had conquered him. He said to himself that he should never regret what he had done, nor should the dear little girl wno had trusted him with her future.

No, he would make her life too beau tiful a reality for that.

Mr. Haven would naturally be dis pleased, but when he learned how de-votedly they loved each other he would forgive them willingly, no father would stand in anger against the happiness of the child he loved better than life

itself, especially when the lover who had won her was worthy of her. And again he said to himself, comfort-ingly. That all was fair in love and

Meanwhile the steamer glided rapidly on to her destination; already the lights of Long Branch glimmered in the distance.

CHAPTER XXIX.

So engrossed were the bride and bridegroom with each other as they sat sat upon the deck that neither had noticed how the sea and the sky chang-ed on the homeward trip. The young moon shyly hid herself behind a huge bank of dense clouds, the stars died out bank of dense clouds, the stars died out one by one, and a cold, gray mist seem-ed to rise up from the waters. Even the light of Long Branch seemed glink-ing, and very indistinct, considering how near they yere to them.

Suddenly, and without a moment's

suddenly, and without a moment as warning, they discovered the meaning of it a fog had arisen; a white mist, enveloping and obscuring all things, rendering it an impossibility to recognize objects scarcely three feet distant.

"Come into the cabin, my darling," exclaimed Clarence. "See, the deck is quite deserted by all save ourselves. You will take your death of cold, and ""

The rest of this sentence was drown The rest of this sentence was arounded by the loud clanging of the fog bells. "Come, my love," whispered the solicitious young husband, anxiously. "I should never forgive myself for permitting you to have one moment's discom-fort which I could ward from you. Come, Bab, let us go into the cabin. Of course, it is not so delightful as sitting out on the deck, where we can make love to each other to our heart's content, but we shall have all the remain der of our lives to adore each other in, and that will make up for this brief half hour."

With those tender words ringing her ears, and making sweet music in her pulsing young heart, Bab turned to follow his outstretched hand.

That was the last clear remembrance she had of what transpired. Before she could take the first step forward a violent shock hurled her to the farthest end of the deck.

In less time than it takes to tell it, the wildest pandemonium reign hoarse cries from men and chrieks horror from women and children. Then above the shrill cry, "Two steamers have collided; our boat is sinking; gather the women and children on the forward

deck with all haste!"

The awful holocaust which followed The awful holocaust which followed will be a matter of history as long as time shall last. When the lifeboats landed with their human freight, India Haven was standing among the frantic throng on the dock, enveloped in a long dark cloak, eagerly watching for Bab. She had missed her quite as soon as she had left the room, making a hurried excuse to Mr. Haven that her head ached, and that she would be glad if she coull be permitted to finish the letters on the morrow, she had arisen hastily and had

morrow, she had arisen hastily and had started off in search of her cousin. There should be no more interviews be

tween Bab and Clarence Neville, she told herself. At that moment she caught a glimpse of a bit of crumpled paper on the floor in a bay window at which Bab had been standing. She pounced upon it quickly, and smoothing it out and read ng it found that it was a note from Clarence Neville, bagging Bab to meet him just once more at the old trysting place. Her rage knew no bounds. She did not know just what place the note referred to, but she knew it was

somewhere in close proximity upon the "Bab will tell him that Rupera Down one, it will end in the elopement of Bab

with the man she loves, unless I can in some way prevent it," she muttered. Like a veritable shadow India Have glided up and down the entire length of the beach where it was possible they might be, but her search was in vain. The sands were crowded with young and beautiful maidens, with their escorts and among them.

As a last desperate effort she reached the pier just as the New York boat was moving out and there upon the forward deck she beheld them.

She shrieked out frantically to them but the crash of the dance music from a near by pavilion, and the hum of the hundreds of people rushing hither and thither about the pier drowned her voice. She hurried to a lone spot on the beach, and there, throwing herself face downward upon the sands, wept as few women weep in a lifetime

Despite all her plottings and planning to keep them apart, they had eloped to-gether at last, the sweet, baby-faced young cousin whom she so heartily detested, and Clarence Neville, the man whom she loved in secret, and with such mad idolatry that she grew frightened at herself at times, when she fell to wondering what she would do with her life if Barbara Haven succeeded in win ning him from her. And now what she had feared and dreaded most had actual

ly occurred. THEIR SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

(Guelph Mercury)

There seems to be a special providence hanging over the greenhorn and his girl in the canne, for the casualty list is proportionately small.

The man who goes up against the wool market often gets worsted.

Hamilton Centennial Industrial Exposition and Old Home Week

August 11th to 16th, 1913

Manufacturers' Exposition of Hamilton-made Products, filling two Armouries and Parade Grounds. Grand Carnival Midway. Aviation Exhibition daily. Military Pageant, with seven Canadian and U. S. Regiments participating. Fourteen Military Bands. Aquatic Sports. Motor Boat, Sailing and Rowing Races. Championship Athletic Events. Championship Ball Cames, two U. S. League Teams. Trap-Shooting Tournament. Rifle Matches. Big Parades daily.

Come to Hamilton—Canada's Magneto

and see the biggest Civic Holiday Week and Industrial Demonstration that has Special Rates by Rail and Boat-ask your Local Agent.

CHAS. A. MURTON, Secretary

UNSIGHTLY PIMPLES CAME ON FACE

Sores Spread Until Face Was Covered. So Itchy Could Not Resist Scratching. Cured Entirely in About Two Weeks by Cuticura Soap and Ointment.

Clachan, Ontario.—"My trouble started Clarnan, Ontario.—".My trouble started with sores breaking out on the face. They came as pimples and were unsightly. These sores seemed to keep spreading until my face was covered. They were so itchy that at times I could not resist scratching them. After trying two or three different salves which did not stor, the scree breaking out. I which did not stop the sores breaking out, I tried a cake of Cuticura Soap also Cuticura Ointment. I found that they cured mentirely of the sores in about two weeks. (Signed) Fred E. Meyer, Feb. 12, 1912.

LEGS BURNED AND ITCHED

Souris West, P. E. Island .- "My little girl, aged four years, was troubled with a painful rash on her legs. It began in a dry rash very hot and itchy and after a few days it looked like little pimples with a white top on them. Her legs burned and itched very much and she was very restles itched very much and she was very restless and was also cross and fretful. She used to scratch and make sores when I was not watching her. I had to leave her stockings off her as they would irritate her legs. I used to bathe her legs with warm water and use the Cuticura Soap freely, then dry her legs and rub on the Cuticura Ointment and she was cured is one week!" (Signed) and she was cured in one week." (Signed) Mrs. P. J. Mullally, Aug. 1, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere For a liberal free sample of each, with 32-p book, send post card to Potter Drug & Che Corp., Dept. 51D, Boston, U. S. A.

BASED ON SCIENCE. Were Forecasts of Prophets of the Bible.

A London theologian has recently claimed for the prophets of old a knowl-edge of science lar greater than modern men give them credit for. He says that they prophesied because they understood perfectly the laws of nature. For instance, the weather moves in

cycles and that was a fact known sgee ago. The cycle is nineteen years. Elijah predicted a drought in the land. "As the Lord God of Israel liveth there stal

not be dew nor rain these years but according to my word."

The scientists of those days could have predicted the drought as well as Flijah, or it was known at that time that droughts move in cycles of nineteen years, and it was then just 42x19 years after Pharaoh's drought in the days of Joseph, and that was 5x19 years after the drought in the time of Isaac, as ecorded in Genesis xxvi.

recorded in Genesis XXI.

Xineteen years after Elijah called down the drought and famine on the land Elisha said, "For the Lord hath called for a famine," And then drought and famine came on the land.

The drought in David's time was not predicted, but it was expedient as being because of Saul and his "bloody house." Yet it occurred just 36x19 years after haraoh's drought.
In all probability the astronomers of

the ancient world were familiar with the the ancient world were familiar with the cycles of drought and famine just as they were with the cycles of celipses 4,000 years before our era. So undoubtedly the Egyptians knew of the cycles of the fat and lean years, and the Jews carried that knowledge with them when they left Egypt.

WOULD HELP A LOT. (Niagara Falls, N. Y., Gazette.)

If British diplomacy can enlarge the entente cordiale to include Germany this world will be a lot nearer the dawn of universal peace.

Oh, Yes, He Came in for Pie, Allright!







CONFIRMS BIBLE.

Giant California Trees Tell of Giant Drought.

Biblical history has been recalled by the forestry bureau of the Government to assist in advertising a new pamphlet it has just issued on the giant trees of California. The tree scientists have discovered in the grains of the California trees what they claim to be unmistakable proof that the great drught and famine in Palestine, great drught and lamine in the days of the prophet Elijah, 870 in the days of the prophet Elijah in the days of the prophet Elijah in the days of the day years before Christ, was equally felt on the Pacific Coast of the United States. However, the press agent of the Bureau of Forestry tells his own story in the following language:

"In the days of the Prophet E in some famine afflicted the land of Falls

sore famine afflicted the land of I'alestine. No rain fell, the brooks ran dry and dire disaster prevailed. "Go through the land," said King Ah to to the prophet, Obadiah, "unto all the brooks per; peradventure we may find grass and save the horses and the mules alive, that we lose not all the

When Obadiah went forth in search "When Obadiah went forth in search of forage he fell in with his chief, Elijah, and brought him to Ahab, who greeted him as the troubles of Israei. Then Elijah prayed for rain, according to the Bible story, and the famune was stayed. From this famine in Palestine, some \$70 years before Christ to the stayed. From this famine in Palestine, some 870 years before Christ, to the forests in the Sierra Nevadas, in the twentieth century, is a far cry, but the connecting link between the past and the present, between the ancient east and the modern west, is found in the big trees of California, the huge spectres known as Sequoia Washingtonians.

ians.

"In a publication entitled The Secret of the Big Trees, by Ellsworth Huntington, just placed on sale by the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C., it is shown that the growth rings in the big trees of California indicate that in general the same sequence of climatic changes took place in California and Asia Minor. Curves indicating climatic conditions in California and Asia Minor show a remarkable resemblance between the two regularity. able resemblance between the two reg-

"The curves begin with the epoch of the Trojan War about 1200 B. C. There both curves dip very low, indicating an epoch of sudden and severe dessication. That particular period, historians tell us was one of the most chaotic in all

history.

"The famine in the days of Elijah appears in both curves. Apparently at that time the climate did not become extremely dry, nothing like so bad as it had been a few hundred years earl-ier during the twelfth century, but there was rather a distince falling off in the amount of rainfall as compared in the amount of rainfall as compared with the uncommonly good conditions of the preceding century. About 700 years before Christ both curves stand high in the day when the Greeks were laying the foundation of their future greatness, and the empires of Mesopotamia were at their height. Then comes a pronounced falling off, with a recovery 300 of 400 years before Christ, another decline eliminating about 200 B. C., and a recovery reaching a high point about 50 B. C. ing a high point about 50 B. C.

"The time of Christ, the great era of

universal peace under the sway of Rome, was apparently an epoch of favorable climate, a time of abundant rain and consequent good crops in all the countries around the Mediterranean Sea and eastward in Asia, as well as in California. Next omes a long period of decline culminating six or seven centuries after the time of Christ. No period in all the history, save that which centers about 1260 P. C., was more chaotic, and that early period appears to have been a time of greatly diminished rainfalls.—Chicage News. -attent

Pure Fiction.

"Say, Central, I've been waiting twenty minutes."

"My wife and I never had a word with each other."

"I never wore a hat that cost loss than eighty-five dollars."

"I've had only one drink to day."
"I never put myself out for company."
"We did not have a fly in the house all summer. "I've got to meet a customer to-night."

We never have trouble keeping ser-"I was reared in luxury and refinement."

"When the baby came their happiness was complete."—August Smart Set. UNPROFITABLE AIR NAVIGATION.

(Philadelphia Record.)

There is no profit yet in the navigatioen
if the air. The aeroplanes will not carry Incre is no profit yet in the navigatioen of the air. The aeroplanes will not carry passengers; the huge, unwieldy, costly and fragile dirigible balloons encounter too constant a succession of disasters to permit them to come anywhere near to paying their expenses. A German company that is building the airsinps invented by Count Zeppelin, and operating some of them commercially, gets a subsidy from the Government, but it admits a deficit last year of \$375,000, or one-half its capital. Yet its charges are far higher than are justified by any commercial service it renders. Only while it is a novelty will men pay \$50 for a couple of hours' ride.

If It's Hot.

If you should think it's hot Think of your private yacht; Think of a shower cool, Think of a shady pool,
Think of an ice-bound shore,
Think of a zero score, Think of an ocean dip, Think of a North Pole trip, Think of artesian wells, Think where the Storm King dwells— Heed all these hints of min

If you'd feel fresh and fine! John Smith, Buffalo Express. LITTLE WRAPS.

Aren't they fetching?
And aren't they dainty?
And aren't they dainty?
Some are altogether shapeless.
And some show stole lengthy ends.
Chiffon taffeta is a favored frabire.
Chiffon cloth is also very much liked.
A pinked ruche is the approved trimning in taffeta.
Embroidery, richly heavy, is also used on some of these wraps.
Some of them dip down low in the back and others are very short.

Daudet received \$200,000 for "Sapho"; Victor Hugo \$100,000 for "Les Miser-ables," but Dwight L. Moody received \$1,000,000 for his share of the profits on the famous hymn-book.