

PLOTS THAT FAILED

With a last effort he flung the fatal blossoms upon the bank, exclaiming as he did so: "Forget-me-not, sweetheart, forget-me-not!"

"And the lady fair, of the knight so true,
Never forgot his hapless lot:
And she cherished the flower of brilliant hue,
And she braided her hair with the blossoms blue,
And she called it "Forget-me-not."

He told her the legends of every wild flower that grew, and the beautiful sonnets of the poets connected with them, until she grew charmed, with an irresistible magical power that she could not withstand.

She started to her feet with a low cry.

"See, the sun is shrinking!" she cried; "I had no idea that it was so late!"

"How quickly falls the foot of time, that only treads on flowers!"

"I must go."

"Let us accompany you as far as the gate," he said, eagerly, but Bab shook her little head.

"No, no, you must not come, if you have sprained your ankle," but he insisted so persistently that she could not say nay.

"I have met numerous tramps hereabouts," he said; "I cannot suffer you to walk home by yourself."

Even while they stood together at the gate he made no mention of the thrilling experience which Bab had passed through, and her pique grew deeper and stronger.

He would not come in, although she pressed him strongly to do so, but promised to call the following day.

When Bab entered the house, it seemed to her that she was walking in a dream—slowly the truth had dawned upon her—her whole heart had left her, and had gone out to the keeping of Clarence Neville—she who was the betrothed to Rupert Downing.

Poor child! she felt so unhappy that all she could do was to bury her face in her hands, and break into a passion of sobs, and in this manner the old housekeeper found her, some half an hour later.

"Bab, child, what is the matter?" she exclaimed, anxiously. "You ought to be the happiest girl in the world, with nothing on earth to worry over—a father who idolizes you, and a lover who would give his very life for you."

"Mrs. Mack," murmured the girl, resting her curly golden head on the elder woman's shoulder, "how must you love a man to—to be betrothed to him?"

"Bless my life!" exclaimed the old housekeeper, "what a droll child you are, to be sure, and what a peculiar question you ask!"

"But I want to know," persisted the girl; "please tell me, if you know, Mrs. Mack."

"How much love does it take for a girl to betroth herself to any man?" mused the housekeeper; "well, let me see—it must take a heart full of love for him—it must take an unbounded faith in him—it must have with it the desire to be with him always—and the feeling that you could not exist, if he were to go any way on life's ocean and you should drift another."

"I'm not very learned, and cannot express myself as clearly as others might on that subject, but it all resolves itself into this one thing—you must love him, child, with a love deeper, better, stronger than any you have known before—love him with a love so strong that, for his sake, you would leave father, mother, sister and brother—ay, all the world, that you might walk by his side—hand in hand, heart to heart."

Barbara lifted her tear-stained face, and there was an expression on it that puzzled Mrs. Mack.

In that one moment all that was childish in Barbara Haven's heart died a sudden death, and womanhood assumed the throne.

"I understand now, Mrs. Mack," she said, and even in her tones the gay ring had died out, and one of hopeless pain seemed to take its place. In that moment Barbara Haven stood face to face with her own heart.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Yes, in that hour poor Barbara knew the truth—that all the love in her young heart had gone out to Clarence Neville, whom she had tried so hard to despise, instead of the man to whom her truth was pledged.

And this state of affairs made her miserable enough.

Every one, including India, who had a strange, unaccountable influence over her, seemed so greatly in favor of Rupert Downing that she hardly dared express her own feeling in regard to him.

To say that she was doing her best to keep from actually disliking him is very near the truth of the matter. She felt that she owed him her very life, and that her gratitude should be intense; but she realized in a vague, uncertain sort of way that this feeling of gratitude within her heart was not love, as the poets expressed it in their beautiful verses, or as even the old housekeeper had defined it.

Late that afternoon India returned, and Mr. Haven, though exceedingly weak, felt able to accompany her.

But with the keen eyes of affection, Bab noticed how exceedingly pale he was, and flew with a fright into his overstretched arms, a great, cold fear of impending evil straining at her heart-strings.

"Oh, papa, are you ill?" she cried in alarm, looking up eagerly into his face as she clasped her arms about him.

"No, Bab," he answered lightly, "and even if I were, your presence would banish it. I have been through a great fright in listening to the story—from India's lips of your peril and miraculous escape from death. Oh, my child, my child!" he added with deep emotion, "how can we ever show sufficiently our deep, heartfelt gratitude to Mr. Downing?"

"And now that we are on the subject," he went on rapidly, "I want to

say that you have my full and free consent to marry the man who loved you so devotedly that he imperiled his precious life to save you."

"Then you approve of—of my betrothal to him, papa?" she asked, breathlessly, and with a word of anxiety in her childish blue eyes which might have warned him of the state of her heart.

She quite hoped she had not heard aright, and that he would interpose some sort of objection.

He strained her to his heart and murmured a husky "yes."

And that on a fatal word was the cause of poor little Bab's undoing; causing her a world of woe in the time to come.

Her father sanctioned it. Then this betrothal, which seemed so horrible to her, must be right, she told herself with a smothered sob.

In talking over the matter a little later with the old housekeeper, Mr. Haven remarked huskily:

"Fate has taken little Bab's future out of my hands, Mrs. Mack; that shows us that we cannot build plans and hopes for our loved ones."

"I had wished so earnestly that Bab and young Neville would take to each other; in that event I should have died without a haunting regret. This Rupert Downing seems a sincere young man, and any one can see that he is desperately in love with my daughter. My ardent prayer to Heaven will be that she will make a better man of him than his mother made of his father. You were quite in error, you see, regarding young Downing's preferences. You were quite sure, Mrs. Mack, that India was the attraction which brought him here so much."

"No doubt even she thought of it, but, somehow, my intuition told me that he wanted Bab. If he had asked me for her heart and hand two days ago I should have said that he wanted my darling's fortune, but the fact that he risks his own life to save hers assures me, beyond all possible doubt, that he loves her for herself alone. A man does not put his own life in such jeopardy for any one whom he does not love."

"I quite agree with you, sir," returned the old housekeeper. "Love—strong, true and the very deepest of love—alone could have prompted such an act."

On the following afternoon the two young men called. Mr. Haven received them warmly, and he could not help but notice how buoyant Rupert Downing's spirits were—while his companion seemed thoroughly depressed.

How was he to know that it was because Rupert Downing had formally announced to Clarence Neville his betrothal to Barbara, and that her father had been made acquainted with the situation of affairs and had cordially approved of the arrangement?

Clarence Neville tried his best to congratulate him, but the words seemed to stick in his throat and die away there, unuttered.

And watching him narrowly, Rupert Downing could not help but notice how deeply the iron of unrequited love had entered his soul and wounded him.

Downing's object in permitting his friend to accompany him on this call was to hear the betrothal between Bab and himself duly acknowledged by the girl's father, and furthermore, to see the pretty diamond ring which he took the trouble to show him—declaring that his trip to Boston was for the sole purpose of purchasing it—shining upon Bab's little hand ere the evening was over.

All these things would certainly put a quietus upon Mr. Clarence Neville's hopes concerning Bab, providing he had entertained any.

Very adroitly Rupert Downing brought the conversation around to his betrothal with Bab in the presence of her father and his companion, and when Mr. Haven remarked that he hoped he would remember Bab's extreme youth and not press for a speedy marriage—Clarence Neville knew that the betrothal was a bona fide affair.

Rupert Downing's reputation for veracity was not so strong that his friends—who knew him best—would believe many of his utterances without positive proof.

Here it was—strong as holy writ—Barbara's own father had acknowledged it.

Clarence Neville's heart felt pitifully heavy over it, for he realized that his friend of the old college days had lived too wild and reckless a life to make the right kind of a husband for sweet, tender, little Barbara Haven. He would almost as soon have seen the girl he loved lying dead at his feet than the bride of Rupert Downing.

When Bab entered the drawing room—side by side with India, a few moments later—was it only his fancy, that the girl seemed to shrink from her betrothed, who advanced to meet her eagerly, and that her welcome of himself was far more cordial?

"I am mad to imagine such a thing!" he told himself, clenching his hands tightly together, and doing his utmost to still the beating of his heart.

Again his surprise was great—that Mr. Haven should make no allusion to what has come so near being a terrible tragedy—and uttered not one word of thanks to him for saving his daughter's precious young life—an acknowledgment which he felt was certainly due him.

Pride prevented him from alluding to it himself, but upon serious reflection he concluded that India's explanation of it was undoubtedly correct. Bab had desired that no one thing should bring up the memory of that awful scene to her. Yes, of course, that was the true reason why every one avoided referring to the accident which had so nearly ended in a tragedy.

Mr. Haven did remark, however, upon the young man's lameness, and Rupert Downing hastened to say that it came about through a wrench—and he breathed freer in his guilty soul when Mr. Haven did not question how it had happened.

The hour that followed was one of torture to Clarence Neville.

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CHAS. A. MURTON, Secretary

As he looked upon Bab's sweet pure young face he could not help but think how pitiful her future might be—linked to Rupert Downing—whose boast for years had been that he was never infatuated long with any one woman's face—and when he tired of her he would find some means of breaking with her, even though he had to break her heart to accomplish it.

CHAPTER XXIV.

On their way home Clarence Neville signified his intention to his friend of leaving East Haven on the morrow.

Rupert Downing pressed him as far as politeness permitted to remain, though he was by no means anxious for him to do so. He knew quite well what hastened his determination to depart, for it was but the previous morning that Clarence was hesitating whether he would stay another fortnight or not. Rupert hoped he would go, for he realized that he had a most dangerous rival in his friend—for Barbara was drawn toward him with quite as strong a magnetic force as he was drawn toward her.

"I shall be sorry to depart from you, Clarence, old boy," he said, "but, of course, you know best. I shall expect you to join me—as arranged some time ago—at Long Branch a little later in the season."

"I suppose I shall have to make my promise good—providing you go there as a bachelor—and not as a benedict," replied Clarence, with a forced laugh.

"I do not expect to marry Bab until this fall, and in the interim I intend to crowd into my bachelor days all the fun and frolic possible."

Clarence Neville looked grave; he knew but too well how far Rupert Downing carried this plan of action which he called fun and frolic.

On the following morning Clarence went alone to the babbling brook where he had spent the happiest hours that he had ever known—for Bab had been by his side. He wanted to say good-bye to the murmuring stream and the bluebells and forget-me-nots that bordered its silvery banks.

Just how long he stood there he never knew—for a voice broke in upon his reverie—and, as before—it was Bab's. "This seems to be your favorite spot, Mr. Neville," she said, "this is the second time that I have encountered you here."

"It appears to be some one else's chosen bower as well," he replied, his face flushing as he bowed low to the vision of youthful, girlish beauty that greeted his eyes.

"I came to fill my basket with bluebells," she said, "papa is so fond of them and they grow more luxuriantly here than in any other place in the whole wide world," she declared.

"Let me help you gather them," he requested.

In silence, which seemed terribly constrained, they heaped the little willow basket until it could scarcely hold another blossom—there was something he seemed anxious to say to her—she could easily see that—yet he seemed in no hurry to speak.

It was Bab who broke the silence at last. "You—you will come over this evening and see how nicely I have arranged the little bluebells in vases," she said.

"I would be glad to do so—were I to be here, Miss Barbara," he said, "but I shall not be; I leave the village—this afternoon."

The words fell upon the sweet spring air like a death knell. "I am going away this afternoon," he repeated gently, and

suddenly the song of the brook at Barbara's feet seemed to cease—the light went out of the sun—the glory faded from the blue sky, the music died from the bird's song; the words fell like the sting of a lash upon the girl's heart, and the bitterness of death seemed to surge over her. The light left her eyes and her lovely face grew pale as a snowdrop.

The little willow basket fell from her nerveless fingers and the flowers fell in a blue, odorous heap at her feet.

He looked at her in consternation for an instant—in the next he was kneeling at her feet.

"Great Heaven, Barbara!" he cried, "a voice hoarse with emotion, "I—I—believe you—"

"Hush! Mr. Neville," she whispered, faintly, "remember I am—betrothed to me—we—we are bidding each other farewell; let no word pass between us that either might regret."

But he could not regain his composure.

"Tell me the truth, Bab," he cried, "it is not too late. You belong to me, by every right—oh, tell me, darling—love me, indeed, love your heart by the mad, mighty force of my great love for you!"

"It is not yet too late to look into your own heart and follow its dictates," he went on, passionately, adding: "Oh, Bab—Bab! if you love me, you must give yourself to me. It would be wicked—it would be monstrous—it would be inhuman for any one to urge you into marrying another if your heart had gone out to me, and you love me."

The sweet face of the young girl before whom he knelt so despairingly grew paler still and her lips trembled, still she spoke no word.

"I could not remain here—and see another who and win you, Bab," he went on, brokenly, "for I am neither the stick nor a stone. Let me tell you the truth, Barbara. I love you—that is why I am going away. I never meant to tell you—but the words sprang from my heart's deepest depths in an unguarded moment."

"Are you displeased with me, Barbara?" he moaned, burying his face in the folds of her dress, "if you are I—I—I did not finish the sentence for a hand, small and white as the petal of a rose, fluttered down over his lips."

"I cannot—I must not listen," she whispered in an aw-stricken voice, "with me a betrothal is a sacred thing."

Then she broke down utterly.

"I understand," he said, hoarsely, "I can read the truth in your face, Bab—you are going to marry Rupert Downing, but just why I do not comprehend—yet for you do not love him. I pray of you, do not allow a trivial misunderstanding to wither the blossom, which, standing in my heart, has been the stem—slighted—left ungathered on the stem—can never be renewed."

How that scene might have ended, who shall say—had not India put in a sudden appearance.

"Oh, Bab, dear," she cried, affecting not to have noticed that Mr. Neville had been kneeling at her cousin's feet—and had gone on rather awkwardly and in no little confusion; "I have been looking everywhere for you. Ah! good-morning, Mr. Neville," she went on, airily, as though she had but that moment beheld him, "what a lucky encounter! I was just wishing I could see you—to tell you that the music you sent me was very sweet—charming, in fact—but, unfortunately, I have the same music—I know

all those tender songs—by heart."

"There must be some mistake, Miss Haven," he said. "I do not remember to have sent you any music. Some one else was the happy donor."

She shook her finger at him roguishly, saying, with an odd little laugh: "Be careful—take care—Mr. Neville, lest you should lead me to believe you so much of a flirt—in fact, that you send so many musical selections about love—to young ladies—that you quite forget the occurrence almost before the ink is dry on the wrapper. The chirography is dangerously like yours, however."

"I earnestly protest that the music did not come from me," he declared, firmly. He did not wish Bab to think that he would take sufficient interest in any other girl—as to send her—love songs.

There was no opportunity to say another word to Bab alone—and he was obliged to make his adieux to Mr. Haven, Bab, India and the housekeeper—all together—on the veranda, when he had walked with them as far as the Haven House.

With the heaviest heart that ever beat in a man's bosom he turned away.

Like one dazed he walked down the white, daisy-bordered road.

It seemed to him that he was leaving all that was bright and beautiful in his life behind him, and that he was walking into the blackness and bitterness and death—for that was what life would be—a living death without Barbara Haven.

(To be Continued.)

AN OLD BUILDING.

Gubernatorial Residence in Santa Fe, N. M.

The residence of the Governor of New Mexico, in the city of Santa Fe, is the oldest and one of the really historic public buildings in the United States. For three centuries it has been the gubernatorial residence of this State. It was erected by the Spanish when the greater part of the western world was theirs, and was the finest house in the colonies. According to legend millions of dollars were spent on the quaint old building. Most of the material in it was brought from Spain and it was built by the best builders to be found among the Sons of that period. The ships that brought over the material had convicts to ward of pirates and other enemies of Spain, who scoured the southern seas in search of Spanish ships.

Besides building material and builders to shape the structure in accord with the wishes and whims of the Spanish Governor the ship brought many art treasures which were to decorate the finished house.

In this house, one of the sights of old Santa Fe, which, by the way, is the second oldest city in the United States, were planned many daring expeditions of the Spaniards in this country.

After the Spanish went the Mexicans used the house as a Governor's palace. With the overthrow of the Mexicans by the American Government it was converted into the residence of the head of the territorial government that was formed. When New Mexico became a State an attempt was made to give the Governor a modern residence. Such a move would have met with much disfavor in the old city on the famous Santa Fe trail. The house is still in use as the residence of the Governor.

The truest reason to believe it will continue to house many of New Mexico's future Governors. Governor Price of New Mexico is credited with saying the old building is "the most historic in the United States."

NERVOUS TROUBLES ON THE INCREASE

They Are Due to an Impoverished Condition of the Blood.

Nervous exhaustion—or neurasthenia, as medical men call it—is one of the greatest evils of the present day, for it is destroying the life and energy of thousands of men and women, or worse, driving them to insanity. The causes of this trouble include overwork, mental strain, worry, indigestion, and some of the most distressing of all. The signs of this trouble are usually great weakness, trembling hands, shakiness in the legs, irritability of temper, weak digestive power, insomnia. The life of the sufferer becomes full of miseries.

The true treatment of this trouble must consist of a building up process, for the above signs mean that the exhausted nerves are calling for more nourishment from the blood supply. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new, rich blood that feeds the starved, complaining nerves, and in this way they have cured thousands of times neurasthenia, neuralgia and other nervous disorders, and have restored strength and energy to despairing people. Mrs. Isaac Wilson, Calabogie, Ont., gives thanks for having been restored to health through the use of this medicine. She says: "When I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I was a nervous wreck; I couldn't do my work, could not sleep at night, suffered from nervous headaches, and the least noise would completely upset me. Only those who have suffered from nervous trouble can tell what I endured. I doctored for a time, but did not get any benefit. Then I learned of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and sent for a half dozen boxes. By the time I had used these I was almost well, and a couple more boxes completely restored my health, and I have had no return of the trouble. I can cheerfully recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to those who suffer from any form of nervous trouble."

If you are weak, nervous or out of health, begin to cure yourself to-day with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. You can get them from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

TAILOR-MADES.

They lead, Rivals there are. Elaborations are seen. But the tailor-made holds its own. Drapings and slashings may be introduced. But the true tailor-made rig is guiltless of such nonsense. What is more self-respecting than a fine, well-cut tailored suit?

SALT RHEUM BEGAN WITH SCALY SPOTS

On Arms for Years. Used to Crack, Burned and Itched Terribly. Clothes Irritated the Sores. Completely Cured by Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment.

Woodstock, Nova Scotia.—"I had salt rheum on my arms for years. The trouble began with little scaly spots, which kept enlarging and my arms used to crack and bother me awfully. My clothes irritated the sores very much and they burned and itched terribly. I could not help scratching them, and kept them out of water as much as I could, for the water made them worse. I used to rub different kinds of ointment on them, but nothing did me any good, until I tried Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Soap. I put the Cuticura Ointment on at night and washed next morning with the Cuticura Soap. They soon relieved me and in two months I was completely cured." (Signed) Mrs. Henry Allen, Nov. 29, 1911.

For pimples and blackheads the following is a most effective and economical treatment: Gently smear the affected parts with Cuticura Ointment, on the end of the finger, but do not scrub. Wash off the Cuticura Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water and continue bathing for some minutes. This treatment is best on rising and retiring. At other times use Cuticura Soap freely for about a bath, to assist in preventing inflammation, irritation and clogging of the pores, the common cause of these facial eruptions. Sold everywhere. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post card Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. 45D, Boston, U. S. A.

TO FIGHT FLAMES.

Sawdust Shows Up Well Under Test.

Sawdust is an efficient distinguisher of small fires, particularly those in which liquid combustibles are in question, is recommended by E. A. Barrier, a local engineer, in a report made to the Association of Mutual Fire Insurance Companies. Sand is generally considered the best thing to use in such cases when it can be applied promptly, but the tests showed sawdust to be greatly superior, says The Mechanical Engineer.

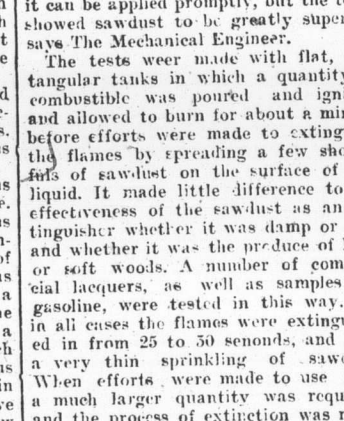
The tests were made with flat, rectangular tanks in which a quantity of combustible was poured and ignited, and allowed to burn for about a minute before efforts were made to extinguish the flames by spreading a few shovelfuls of sawdust on the surface of the liquid. It made little difference to the effectiveness of the sawdust as an extinguisher whether it was damp or dry, and whether it was the produce of hard or soft woods. A number of commercial laqueers, as well as samples of gasoline, were tested in this way, and in all cases the flames were extinguished in from 25 to 50 seconds, and with a very thin sprinkling of sawdust. When efforts were made to use sand a much larger quantity was required, and the process of extinction was much slower.

The efficiency of the sawdust seems to be due to its blanketing action in floating for a time on the surface of the liquid and excluding air, and naturally its efficiency is greater on viscous liquids than on thick ones, since it floats more readily on the former than the latter. Sand appears to be less satisfactory, because it sinks through the liquid and has not the same blanketing action. It was found, further, that the efficiency of sawdust as an extinguisher was greatly increased by mixing it with sodium bicarbonate—10 pounds to a bushel of sawdust—since this material when heated liberates carbonic acid. Sawdust itself, however, is not easily ignited, and burns without flame, while it would be difficult, if not impossible, to ignite sawdust mixed with bicarbonate with a carelessly thrown match.

Of course, it is not suggested that sawdust is a material to use when once a conflagration has got hold, but the tests clearly show that in many works where laquer and similar inflammable substances are liable from some accidental circumstances to ignition, either in tanks or from leakage on a floor, a supply of sawdust, especially if it is bicarbonated, is most convenient for stamping out the initial fires from which big ones spring.

OUR PRECISE ARTIST.

APPLES PEACHES PEARS



THE LOUD PEDDLER

ORDER.

There's nothing like it. The more one appreciates it, the more one enjoys it. They simply enjoy it without so much as being grateful for it. Of course, they are orderly—the very idea of not being orderly. But there are others and very orderly persons all disorder is quite inexcusable. They never know the agony of being unable to find their purse when they are missing a train because they can't find it.

Tommy—Pop, marriage is a tie, isn't it? Tommy's Pop—Yes, my son; so is the relationship that exists between a tin can and a dog's tail.

THE COW by ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

The friendly cow all red and white. I love with all my heart: She gives me cream with all her might. To eat with apple-tart.

She wanders loving here and there, And yet she cannot stray. All in the pleasant open air. The pleasant light of day:

And blown by all the winds that pass And wet with all the showers, She walks among the meadow grass And eats the meadow flowers.

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