

PLOTS THAT FAILED

"This was the line which I was to remember and repeat to myself from the very outset for the waltz:
"One little further step—one little further step,
And halfway around;
One little further step—one little further step,
And halfway around."

"And do you know when I got out on the floor the lines were jumbling every which way in my head, until I didn't know whether it was:
"One jump sideways—and kick;
One jump sideways—and kick,"

"Or what in the world it was. I was saved from the disgrace of making an ignominious failure before every one by Mr. Mr.—Neville's self-possession. He said that I was all in a flutter and whispered: 'Do not get nervous, or you will miss all the delight of waltzing; just trust to me and I will carry you through triumphantly!'"

"And—and—the did, India. I shall always believe that he put the motion into my feet and the rhythm of it into my silly little head."
"And what a pity that he was laughing at you all the time over your shoulder," really, that was not very nice of him," commented India, her black eyes glittering with a suppressed fire of annoyance.

"Did he do that?" exclaimed Bab, breathlessly, her big blue eyes dilating. "I am forced to confess the truth—disagreeable as it is to do so—that you may be on your guard," murmured India.

"I hate him!" cried Bab, stamping her foot vehemently. "If there is anything I detest it is to see a fellow make fun of a girl, either to her face or behind her back. Don't you, India?"

"Yes, indeed!" replied the French girl, hastily, "and a girl does not show a proper spirit unless she resents it—rebukes him for his levity by giving him the cut direct, avoiding him and letting him understand that she does. He will certainly realize that she has discovered him laughing to his chum over her shoulder."

"What a pity it is that he is so rude—he—he is so nice to talk to," murmured Bab, with suspicious tears in her big blue eyes.

"That is the very opinion he has of himself—that all girls think him nice, in fact, charming, and that all he has to do is to give them a tender look, a few smiles, and lo! they are ready to fling themselves at his feet, desperately in love with him and his handsome face and fascinating ways."

"He—he—made the mistake of his life if he thought he could make me fall in love with him!" declared Bab, "and I shall take particular pains to let him see that I hate him!"

"But even as she uttered these words her red lips quivered pitiously, for she had a dim notion that it would not be quite so easy to hate handsome Clarence Neville as she was trying to make out to India.

"You must not think, dear, that all young men are two-faced and deceitful because you find this one to be so," said India, throwing her arms as a prelude to what she was about to say next. She always crossed the one first whom she was about to wound to the heart.

"Oh, wise India!" cried Bab, "just as if you know any more about young men and their ways than I do."

If India had not been standing with her back to the lamp, thus throwing it into shadow, Bab would have seen that her thoughtless words brought a sudden flush to her cousin's face, from neck to brow; then a terrible pallor covered it, and the gleam in the black, flashing eyes would not have been pleasant to behold.

Without noticing Bab's remark, she whispered, laughing, into the girl's pink ear:
"What would you give to learn a little secret, Bab, dear?"

"Some one has fallen in love with you, and—and—perhaps proposed; a case of mutual love at first sight, as the stories we read tell us about once in a while."

"I wish you were right, but, unfortunately, you are not," sighed India. "I am not so attractive as, for instance, another little girl that I know of."
"What in the world are you driving at, India? I don't understand what you are trying to tell me at all. What girl did some one fall in love with? I did not see anything of that kind!"

"Oh, wiffully blind little Bab!" laughed India, mockingly. "Don't try to be so innocent about it; you amuse me, indeed you do."
"If I do, I am unconscious of any attempt to do so," declared Bab, seriously. "Come, now, India—this very coaxingly 'do tell me; I'm just dying to hear all about it.'"

"Do you mean to tell me that you are unconscious of the fact that a handsome young man lost his heart completely to the sweetest girl at the party, and that you were unaware that every one save yourself was speaking about it?"

Bab shook her curly, golden head decisively. "I assure you I'm completely in a fog," right or wrong, I will take it upon myself to enlighten you. The gentleman in question was Mr. Rupert Downing, and the maiden was—your own charming self."

"Nonsense, India!" cried Bab, fairly beside herself with irrepressible laughter. "She laughed so long and so loud and so merrily that at last her father thumped on the adjoining wall heavily with his walking stick, exclaiming loudly, and in an irritable voice:
"Silence in there! What are you two girls up to, I would like to know? Isn't it bad enough for a man to get to bed at 2 o'clock at night without being kept awake by you two shouting and laughing at the top of your lungs?"

"All right, papa," sang out Bab, pitching her voice to a high, ear-splitting key, "you shall not suffer the death of poor Tom Col-lins. You've shut us up effectively for the night."
For the next half hour the girls talked in subdued whispers.

"They were just at the point where Bab's curiosity must be gratified, and India was nothing loath to gratify it. "To begin with," she whispered, "I heard of this handsome Prince Charming some time before he put in an appearance from a group of lovely girls who were discussing him, each declaring that she meant to win him for a lover that evening if it were within human power; they almost got into a squabble over the matter, girl fashion, I earnestly assure you."

"And awaited his coming with some little curiosity, saying to myself that a young man whom every prettier nobby young man whom every pretty girl in the room wanted must be something worth beholding."
"He came at last, I knew when he entered the room, there was such a flutter among the girls, I saw that he was all my fancy had painted him, and more well worth the admiration he created."

"When I had time to observe him again, he was dancing with you, and by your side he remained during the rest of the evening, as immovable as a rock, much to the envy of all your girl friends; and the expression on his face told its own story. He was desperately in love with—you—Bab. Every one saw that it was a case of love at first sight with the poor fellow."

CHAPTER XII.
The expression on Bab's lovely face was one of unmistakable amazement rather than pleasure at this intelligence.
"You are certainly mistaken, India," she declared. "Mr. Downing did not fall in love with me; he was only showing me a few of the different steps."

"Was that the excuse he offered for lingering constantly at your side? And you—Bab!—Bab! were you goose enough to believe him? Surely you were not blind as to what the adoring look on his face meant, and you could surely see that he had no eye for any one save your own sweet self!"

"I assure you, upon my honor, India,

The Right Soap For Baby's Skin Is Cuticura Soap

In the care of baby's skin and hair, Cuticura Soap is the mother's favorite. Not only is it unrivaled in purity and refreshing fragrance, but its gentle emollient properties render it of great value in promoting skin and hair health generally. For the treatment of eczemas, rashes and other itching, burning infantile eruptions, warm baths with Cuticura Soap, followed by gentle applications of Cuticura Ointment are usually effective when other methods fail. Cuticura Soap wears to a wafer, often outlasting several cakes of ordinary soap and making its use most economical.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold throughout the world. A liberal sample of each will be sent upon request to the address: Free Address: Post Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. 16D, Boston, U. S. A.

that no such thought occurred to me," exclaimed Bab, distressedly. "I pray you believe me."
"There! there! do not look so worried over it, dear; for it is the most natural thing in the world to have happened—that your sweet face should have captured the heart of the handsomest young man in the room; indeed you are to be congratulated heartily. I—I only wish that I had been the favored one."

"You can certainly have him, for all of me, India," cried Bab, earnestly. "You shall surely have him, India."
"My dear cousin, the young man has something to say regarding the disposal of his heart. I suppose you have heard before the old quotation: a girl may be 'naught says his own inclination can direct which way and to whom his affections shall go out.'"

"But I don't want him!" cried Bab, adding, below her breath, "and I do hope that what you have just said, and that everybody was talking about, won't get to papa's ears, for, really, India, he does not quite like Mr. Rupert Downing."

"Why?" queried India, sharply.
"Well," replied Bab, reflectively, "he did not like his father. He said he was a cheat and had acquired his wealth speculating with the money of widows and orphans, and just what else I don't remember."
"He hesitated some time before inviting me, and I heard him say to my governess: 'I have not met the young man since he has grown up. As a youth he was wild—quite like his father was at that age. I fancy he will follow in his footsteps, should he have done this he would not be a safe companion for my daughter. I have a strange presentiment that I should not include him among the invited guests. Still, as it is only, perhaps, a prejudice upon my part, I do not know how I could slight him, he being a neighbor.'"

"How cruel and unjust to form a prejudice against one whom we do not even know!" murmured India, a trifle, adding, "but, of course, I suppose he saw when he met Mr. Downing that his fears were groundless and that he was really charming. Confess, now, Bab, don't you think he is and an ideal lover to the bargain?"

"I really won't know," replied the girl, frankly. "I seemed pleasant and agreeable. I fancy he will follow in his footsteps, should he have done this he would not be a safe companion for my daughter. I have a strange presentiment that I should not include him among the invited guests. Still, as it is only, perhaps, a prejudice upon my part, I do not know how I could slight him, he being a neighbor."

"If it is any comfort to you, I promise," returned Bab, sleepily, "but you need not."
The sentence never was finished; the words trailed off into a long sigh, and Bab still off into the fairy world of dreams.

It was not of Rupert Downing that she dreamed, however, but of a handsome, laughing face and a pair of hazel-brown eyes, and a deep voice that made her shiver with a thrill as she drove slumber, and in that mystical hour she caught the faint voice of Mrs. Mack, the old housekeeper, murmuring over again:
"Baby, dear, the conviction haunts me that you will meet your fate at your birthday party. It is most likely to be with whom you first dance." And her first dance had been with handsome Clarence Neville, the very young man whom India had impressed upon her mind that she must snub in every possible way.

Again, India lay awake long after her cousin slept, plotting, planning and scheming.
"People certainly meet where hills and mountains don't," she muttered between her tightly clinched teeth, "and here, quite as soon as I have stepped over the threshold of an honorable home, to lead an honest life. I am confronted by a demon out from my past who vows to expose me unless I aid him in winning this little empty-headed, pink-and-white baby-faced fool with whom he fancies that he is in love."

"But I never thought him capable of anything save a wild fancy which would secretly outlive a fortnight."
"But I cannot be choosier. I am in this fiend's power. I must do as he dictates. I have great influence over the girl, and I can bend her to my will. It is not a difficult matter to talk her into believing that she reciprocates Rupert Downing's mad infatuation; one can make a girl like innocent Bab believe anything, if you din it into her ears persistently, cautiously and artfully, and, above all, make her think she is carrying away the prize from the rest of her girl friends. Ha! ha! ha! And better still, the man whom I must win for myself, or die in the attempt, and who, like all the rest, fell deeply in love with this little chit of a Bab the moment his eyes rested on her."

At length, utterly exhausted with the warring passions that tossed her hard-hearted heart to and fro, India Haven's dark, brooding eyes closed in a deep, dreamless sleep.
It was after 8 o'clock when the girls awoke the next morning.
Awoke to find a dark, eldren sky overhead and the rain pouring in torrents against the window-pane—a typical April day, which shined at the outset the promise of the golden afternoon to follow.

"What on earth shall we do with ourselves to-day?" cried India in consternation. "If there is anything that gives me the blues—and horrors—call them what you will, it's a rainy day."
"Why, I don't mind them a bit," declared Bab, blithely.

Then suddenly her face clouded over, and she smiled rather ruefully. "Mr. Downing said he would cover over with some books which he would like me to read. Of course, I couldn't be rude enough to tell him not to come, though I knew papa would be sure to be displeased."

"Bab," whispered India, throwing her arms with apparent affection around her innocent little cousin. "Let me aid you in this dilemma. If he—your father, I mean—says anything, you can inform that Mr. Downing came over to see me. For an instant Bab clapped her hands merrily, exclaiming: "What a capital idea; why, how very clever you are, Cousin India." Then she suddenly stopped short, with that same cloud of doubt stealing like an April shower over the sunshine of her dimpled face.

"Not at all," declared India, promptly. "for no doubt he will call for both of us for politeness' sake, not to show a preference too soon."
"Are you sure it would be right, India?" Bab persisted.
"Quite sure," asserted her false friend smoothly, and Bab stifled her doubts, saying to herself that India had such superior knowledge of everything that she must certainly be right about the matter. Yes, she would trust it all to India.

And that was the first step that innocent little Bab took in the path of deception that led to such a bitter ending, cruelly exemplifying the truth of the familiar lines:
"Ah, what a fatal web we weave
When first we practice to deceive."
CHAPTER XIII.

Mr. Haven was awaiting the two girls at the breakfast table, though they

PURE BLOOD MAKES HEALTH
Disorders of the Blood are Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

If people would realize the importance of keeping the blood rich and pure they would be less sickly. The blood is the medium through which the nourishment gained from the food reaches the different parts of the body. If the blood is impure the nourishment that reaches nerves, bone and muscle is tainted with poison and disease follows. If the blood is thin and watery this power of resistance to disease is weakened.
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People build up the blood. They increase the ability of the body to resist disease. They strengthen the nerves, increase the appetite and cure every disease caused by thin and impure blood, and that embraces such diseases as anaemia, indigestion, neuralgia, nerve exhaustion, rheumatism, and many others. Every claim made for this medicine is amply proved by the grateful testimony of those who have been cured. Here is one instance: Mr. Jas. Sanger, Peterboro, Ont., says: "I began to be troubled with dizzy spells. These were especially noticeable in the morning on rising and were accompanied by a feeling as if my body had taken on two or three times its weight during the night. When I went out of doors everything would suddenly seem to get topsy-turvy for a few moments, and I would apparently see specks floating in front of me, and for a while I could hardly drag myself along. This feeling at first only lasted for a few minutes, but as time went on the duration of the spells seemed to increase. Whilst during the day I would be suddenly attacked with dizziness compelling me to hold on to something until the feeling passed. I had in the meantime been taking various blood tonics, as I was convinced my condition was due to my blood being out of order. None of these, however, seemed to have any permanent effect. For a little while I would be fairly well, but as soon as I quit using them the attacks used to come back with renewed vigor. One day I came across an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and decided to try them. I soon noticed a more decided improvement than I had felt before. The dizzy spells were becoming less frequent and less violent, and by the time I had taken six boxes I was well again. From former experience I had some fears that the trouble might return, but now, four months after discontinuing the use of the pills, I have had no return of the trouble. In fact, I never felt better than I do now, and I think nothing can equal the pills as a blood medicine."

The Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or can be had by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

made their appearance a little later than usual.
He had thought of lecturing Bab upon dancing so often the previous evening with young Downing, whom he disliked from intuition rather than any particular reason. But, on second thought, he came to the conclusion that the wisest course to pursue would be not to mention him in any way—that would only cause her to think of him. Otherwise, she would be sure to forget him.
Had he not been called away from the ballroom by what he feared was an attack of apoplexy coming on, a feeling which demanded that he should retire from the gaiety at once, and seek the quiet of his own room, Bab would never have been permitted to dance the entire evening with handsome Rupert Downing.

He found an excuse for his tardiness in the fact that she knew no better, this being her first party.
As he listened to the chat of the two girls, he noted with much relief that Bab did not mention the young man's name.

He was curious to know how Clarence Neville, the son of his old and valued friend, had impressed her, but on this subject also he held his peace. He remembered to have heard that young girls were singularly perverse in their love affairs, and they were sure to take a decided dislike to a suitor their parents pushed forward. He had given the young fellow a pressing invitation to call often while he was in the village, and he told himself if the attraction would be mutual, as he earnestly hoped it would be, the young man would certainly win his own way in her heart.

Not that he wanted to lose his little jewel for many a long year yet; still, he believed it would be well to keep in reserve a suitor for Bab's hand.
When India found herself alone with Mrs. Mack, the housekeeper, a little later, she made it a point to mention that she was expecting a caller that afternoon. A Mr. Downing had said that he would come and bring her some sheet music.

"He added, ingeniously:
"Do you think it would disturb Mr. Haven in his study if we were to practice them over in the drawing room this afternoon?"

"I am sure it would not," declared Mrs. Mack. "He is so fond of music, my dear, he will be sure to enjoy it."
"Is not Mr. Downing handsome?" commented India, with admirably assumed enthusiasm. "I have never met any one so tall, so courteous, and so thoroughly gentlemanly."

"The young gentleman must have quite captivated your fancy last evening," remarked the old housekeeper, good-humoredly.
A fiery blush instantly covered India's face. She possessed the treacherous art of being able to blush at will after the manner of so many gay French stage beauties with whom it was a trick of the trade, so to speak.

Carrying her face with her hands in a delightfully bashful, girlish manner, India fled from the room.
The old housekeeper looked thoughtfully after the slim, retreating figure, murmuring to herself:
"What a romantic race these French people are, to be sure! One glance into a handsome face, and lo! the mischief is done. Our American girls never fall in love so easily. Indeed, the young men had to prove themselves worthy of them first—at least, they did in my day, and I presume it is pretty much the same way now."

Mrs. Mack thought no more of the matter, and it would have passed completely out of her thoughts had it not been recalled in a rather forcible manner.
During the early part of the afternoon she was so busily engaged in supervising the arrangement of the suite of rooms adjoining Bab's, which India was to occupy, that she gave little heed to the chatter of the maids, that there was a gentleman caller in the drawing room, and that Miss India and Miss Bab had gone down together to receive him.

Nor did she give the matter a thought when she heard bewildering strains of music from the direction of the drawing room, executed as only Miss India could do it.
All at once she was summoned in a hurry to Mr. Haven's studio.

She found him pacing angrily up and down the length of the room, his hands locked tight behind him, his face pale with annoyance and his eyebrows knit into a heavy frown.
(To be Continued.)

DRY CLEANING.

Here is the Best Way to Do It Work.
The dry-cleaning process is so rapid and simple that many imagine some great mystery is attached to it. Usually benzine or gasoline is used by the amateur, and, as this is somewhat expensive, it is well to bear in mind that it can be used over and over again, until entirely gone. Stains are often due to dirt being held in materials by greasy substances. The cleaning solution dissolves or releases the grease and naturally falls off and the stain disappears. There is danger in benzine, gasoline and similar dry-cleaning solvents, as they are extremely inflammable and should never be used in a room where there is a light burning or fire in a stove. Outdoors, or a room free from fire, should be selected for the cleaning process.

In preparing the garment to be cleaned, first give it a good brushing if it is cloth, going through all the pockets, backs of cuffs and under the collar, etc. Put it in a vessel sufficiently large enough to hold it and then pour over it enough gasoline to cover it as if you were going to wash it. To each gallon of gasoline used add one-half ounce of turpentine, one ounce of borax and a piece of benzine soap the size of an egg. Cover the vessel tightly and let it stand for 20 to 30 minutes, allowing the garment to thoroughly soak. Proceed to clean as you would if washing it, squeezing it into the solution, squeezing, etc., afterward rinsing it in clean gasoline if necessary. If it is possible to do so, wring it out and hang in the open air to dry.

In cleaning a very light-colored garment omit the turpentine, as it has a tendency to make delicate lines a little yellow. In cleaning silk waist trimmings, such as lace or chiffon, should be specked off with warm water and naphtha soap, and very great care should be exercised in doing this not to spatter the water on the silk.

Feathers and plumes may be dry-cleaned in warm gasoline. To heat the gasoline put the vessel containing it in a larger vessel holding hot water. Add nothing to the gasoline but benzine soap and wash the feathers as if you were using soap and water. Done with care, the plumes are renewed in their beauty and their curl is not affected.

From Great Lakes To the Rockies

WOMEN SING THE PRAISES OF DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Saskatchewan Lady Adds Her Testimony to What Has Already Been Said of the Great Work Dodd's Kidney Pills Are Doing.

Caesarsville, Sask., June 2.—(Special.)—The scarcity of female help in a new country subjects the women of the prairies to unusual strain, and careful observation has established the fact that this strain first makes itself left in the kidneys. For this reason Dodd's Kidney Pills are making an enviable reputation from the Great Lakes to the foothills of the Rockies.

Everywhere you will find women singing the praises of the great Canadian kidney remedy that has banished their pains and weariness, and brought them back to health. Among the many is Mrs. Edgar Cowen, an estimable lady of this place.

"I have found Dodd's Kidney Pills very beneficial," Mrs. Cowen states. "If anything I can say will help any sufferer, I am glad to add my testimonial to what has already been said."
The kidneys strain all the refuse material out of the blood. If they are out of order this refuse remains in the blood, and becomes poison. That's why sound kidneys mean pure blood, and good health. Dodd's Kidney Pills make sound kidneys.

"Theatrical Note"



Looking out for the business end of the "Yellow Jacket."

HEAD LICE CURE.

(By a Physician.)

Although it seems a needless unpleasant subject to discuss, head lice are found here and there among children by school nurses and physicians. Inasmuch as it is a disease from which many persons often want aid, and one that they have a great deal of hesitancy in discussing, it may be well to give a recipe here. The following wash is used by many school nurses and should be repeated two or three nights to be beneficial:

Mix equal parts of kerosene and olive oil (sweet oil), and at night rub the mixture well into the scalp. Then cover the hair with a piece of muslin and fasten about the head securely.

Caution.—Do not bring the head in contact with any kind of flame or the gas jet.

In the morning wash the scalp well with soap and hot water and vinegar. Then use a fine-toothed comb wet with vinegar to remove the "nits."
Dry the hair thoroughly afterwards with a towel.
"Say, pop, what do they mean by an author's 'posthumous' work?" "Usually the indiscretions of his youth, which his literary executors dig up, instead of allowing them to be decently buried with him."—Judge.