PLOTS THAT FAILED

"'Because a thing must be probable, or at least possible, before I can give credit for it,' he replied, harshly, adding: 'I ought not to have one regret after a girl who can throw a man over as heartlessly as you would do. Heartless you have proven yourself to be—heartless and faithless. Even were you to take back the words you have uttered, I should still have lost my confidence in you. And a faith once broken can never be mended; it may be patched up, but a patched-up faith will not do to go through life with, because a woman who has deceived a man once, for one object, may deceive him a second time for another. Apply for your divorce, if you will,' he went on bitterly. 'I will not put a straw in your way to oppose it. Why should I seek to have and to hold an unwilling bride? By God's help, I will never see you again after to-day. Go—and good-by.'

"'Will we not part as friends?' she faltered. 'Say you firgive me.'

"'Falsehoods do not pass my lips as glibly as they do yours,' he answered, bitterly, forgetting, in his intense agitation, the rudeness of the words he uttered—he who was always so kind, gentle and chivalrous to the lowliest of womankind as well as to the highest-born. 'If I should say that I forgive you a thousand times, I should be no nearer the doing it. Good-by!' he said again, putting out his hand abruptly, feeling that the strain was getting too much for him to bear calmly much longer.

"'You will put in no answer when the papers are served upon you?' she queried anxiously.

"'None!' he responded, briefly. 'A woman should have her way in such matters; if she persists, and cannot be persuaded to love the husband whom she has wedded, she should be allowed to go, even though in going from him she tramples over his heart roughshod!'

"'Good-by—and thank you,' she replied, in evident embarrassment, not knowing just what words she ought to use in this instance in leaving his presence.

"She had gained her object, and now all she had to do was to leave him. There was nothing more to be said, and she turned away and left him, with his face turned from her."

This was the story as told by India Haven to Rupert Downing. What the fair impostor did not know was that ere she had passed out of the hospital ward, Clarence Neville had fallen back upon his pillow like one dead.

She wrote a long letter to India Haven, when she went back to her hotel, acquainting her with the great success thus far in their scheme; that she had passed for Barbara without the slightest suspicion being aroused in the mind of the young husband that she was other than his bride. She told of his pleadings most graphically, and of her reluctant consent at last, to let her have her will concerning the divorce, adding:

"This is the first stage of the game," she wrote. "I await here for further orders from you, my benefactress, who saved me from starvation, that memorable day on the Boston common."

India answered by return mail, giving her the instructions she asked for, which were to go into an adjoining State and select an obscure lawyer, and apply for a divorce in the name of Barbara Neville, remaining there until it was secured.

This plan Clorinda, the actress, faithfully carried out to the letter. The papers were duly served upon Clarence Neville, in the hospital where he lay. True to his promise, he made no opposition, put in no defense. He did his best to battle with his sorrow. He tried to harden himself to it; only Heaven knew what he suffered. He would say to himself, over and over again, and there was nether triuth, love nor faith in the world.

He did not complain; his was an inward grief, a thousand times harder to bear. He did not want to live; he prayed silently for death during all the long watches of the night, while the nurses thought him sleeping. He was an altered man from the day his lovely young wife had visited him, they noticed. The expression as though he was in mortal pain never left his face.

Why did she never come again? they wondered; the young wife for whom he used to call night and day, waking or sleeping.

One thing Clarence Neville never tired of being thankful for, and that was that his father was abroad, and knew nothing of his illness or his troubles. There was no one in tre hospital who knew him, to trouble him with questions.

On an adjoining cot lay a young man who was slowly dying. He was the only one with whom Clarence exchanged a word.

This young man's constant companion was a book of poems, with which some kind friend had presented him, and from which he often begged to be allowed to read selections to his fellow-sufferer.

One day he said to Clarence: "Here is a poem of Adelaide Proctor's, which had always seemed to me most pathetic. Shall I read it to you?"

Neville said to himself that it was easier to consent to listen—since it evidently gave him pleasure to read it—than to refuse, and he replied, rather listlessly:

"Please yourself, my friend, in regard to reading it aloud to me, and you will be sure to please me."

"The title is a pathetic one," remarked the invalid, "and tells its own story. I will tell you why I care for it, Mr. Neville," he whispered bitterly. "It touches my own case; the girl I loved jilted me and wedded another. I have never known a well hour since."

Clarence Neville started violently. The fickleness of woman was proverbial, then, it seemed. This poor fellow's sorrow was quite the same as his own. From that hour he took more interest in him.

"The poem is entitled 'Parting,'" said the young man, and in a clear, rich, melodious voice he read the beautiful lines.

When the young man turned toward when t heyoung man turned toward Neville, he saw that his face was buried in his hands, and that he was weeping as men seldom weep in a lifetime.

"His sorrow is the same as mine," he thought. "The beautiful, young wife who visited him here once, and who never came again, has deserted him. I say God pity him, from the bottom of my heart. I can understand now why he is failing so rapidly. I repeat, Heaven pity him, and all other good, true men who have been befooled by a woman!"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Not one word did Clarence Neville utter when he was notified that the decree of divorce had been granted which separated him forever from the lovely little bride whom he had loved so madly, so passionately.

"If she wishes it so, then so be it," he said to himself.

He arose from that sickbed so altered that when he first glanced into the glass he did not know the face reflected there. It was handsome still, though sadly careworn and traced with lines, which should not have been engraven there for years to come.

Should he go back to Boston to his father's banking house, or go elsewhere—where no one knew him? True, they did not know his story, his friends of other days, and they would attribute his changed appearance to the illnesshe had just passed through.

But this was not why he hesitated; he knew that Boston held Bab, the idol of his heart. He might meet her at any turn in the road, on any sree.

It was the old story of the moth and the flame—although it singed his wings he could not keep away. He had read in the newspapers of his father's arrival from abroad. He had refrained from writing to him from the hospital, knowing what a fright it would be to him.

He reached Boston without apprising any one of his arrival, and went directly to his home. The old butler looked in astonishment at the white, drawn face, as he answered the bell and recognized his young master.

"The good Lord deliver us, Marse Clarence! have you been ill?" he exclaimed, in great fright.

"I have been travelling more than was good for me," returned the young man, with a ghost of a smile flickering over his pallid face. "How is my father?" he asked, in the next breath.

The old butler's face grew solemn.

"Like you, sir, his trip abroad did not benefit him; and then, I think he worried a little about not hearing from you. He does not take his wine, as he used to, with his dinner at night, and he cannot be well when he omits that. And, then, he does not go out of an evening, as in other days, and I often hear him pace the floor of his room for hours after he has retired to his apartments. The old house has been very dull and gloomy since you went away, Marse Clarence; things will be sure to brighten and look up now that you are back."

Clarence passed him hurriedly, stopping on the first landing of the grand staircase to inquire whether his father was still in his room, it being late in the evening.

"You will find him there, sir," returned the butler.

Clarence waited to hear no more, but with all possible haste gained his father'sther's apartment. The door was and the son paused on the threshold, held speechless by the sight which presented itself from within.

Banker Neville sat in his great, Turkish armchair, by a large marble table, which occupied the centre of the apartment; a shaded lamp was on the table, its rays falling upon his white, wrinkled, old face; the thin hands, with the shadowy veins showing through them, and upon a portrait he held tightly clutched in one of them—the portrait of a beautiful young woman's face.

Even across the space which divided them, Clarence Neville recognized the portrait at the first glance as that of the beautiful India Haven, Bab's cousin.

For a moment Clarence stood quite spellbound. How came Miss Haven's picture here—why was his father gazing it it so intently?

With a heavy sigh, the old banker raised the portrait to his lips and kissed it with all the fervor of youth, murmuring:

"I feel it was not right to accept one as beautiful as yourself, believing you loved me, when you stood before me promising to be my bride; and yet," he murmured, straightening himself up and seizing a hand mirror which lay upon the table, and gazing wistfully into it, "I am no older than many another man who has married youth and beauty, and lived a happy enough life of it. Why should I doubt her, when she says she loves me? Love goes where it is sent; there seems to be a strange affinity between us which draws us together. Clarence would approve of it. I am sure. It is not natural for a son to be delighted over the prospect of his old father taking unto himself a bride during the last years of his life.

"But that will make no difference to me. Why should I not enjoy what the gods provide without heart burnings or questioning fate as to why it should or should not be so?"

"Father!"

It was Clarence who spoke from the open doorway, and as he uttered the word he took a few steps forward into the room, and stood hesitatingly there, with his hand outstretched.

The photograph and the hand mirror fell with a crash to the floor; owing to the thickness of the carpet they were not destroyed.

"Clarence, how you startled me!" gasped the banker, at a loss for further words, but the next instant he had recovered himself.

"A thousand welcomes home, my boy!" he exclaimed, shaking the young man's hand warmly; "I have missed you sadly. The old house has been as silent as a tomb. I went abroad because I could not stand the quietude, and when I returned I felt the lonesomeness more keenly than ever."

SCALES, DANDRUFF AND ITCHING

Head so Itchy Could Hardly Stand It. Dandruff Showed on Coat Collar. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Cured in One Month.

223 Elizabeth St., Montreal, Que.—"Cuticura Soap and Ointment cured me permanently from dandruff and scalp itch that I was suffering with since over a year. I had an inflammation of the lungs and a very strong fever. When I recovered, my head was covered with scales and dandruff, and it was so itchy I could hardly stand it. The dandruff showed on my coat collar. I had used various medicines without relief. I heard of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and decided to try them, and I am very glad of it, because I am perfectly cured. I used two boxes of Cuticura Ointment with the Cuticura Soap. It took one month to cure me. I take pleasure in recommending Cuticura Soap and Ointment to anyone who is suffering with scalp or skin diseases." (Signed) Hector Perras, Dec. 30, 1911.

TO REMOVE DANDRUFF

Prevent falling hair, remove crusts and scales, and allay itching and irritation of the scalp, frequent shampoos with Cuticura Soap, assisted by occasional dressings with Cuticura Ointment, afford the speediest and most economical treatment. They assist in promoting the growth and beauty of the hair by removing those conditions which tend to make it dry, thin, and lifeless, often leading to premature grayness and loss of hair. Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post card Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. 46D, Boston, U. S. A.

As he spoke the old gentleman stooped and recovered the mirror and the portrait. Clarence noticed that he pushed the latter face downward under a convenient pile of papers near his elbow.

"Sit down, sit down, my boy," he exclaimed. "Have you just returned—have you dined? I have so much to ask of you—where have you been, and why have you not written me—that I scarcely know where to begin."

He had talked on so volubly, and in such excited embarrassment, that he had not had time to scarcely raise his eyes to his son's face. Even when he did so, he did not discern how pale and haggard he was, because he was sitting half in the shadow.

Clarence gave him a little running description of his travels, but made no mention of the hospital affair.

For some moments after he ceased speaking, the old gentleman plucked nervously at the silken cuff of his dressing-gown.

"I, too, have something to tell you, my boy," he said, straightening himself up, sitting back in his great armchair, and twirling his white moustache nervously in his still, white fingers.

Clarence waited patiently for him to proceed.

"Ever since you went away, a strange loneliness seized me," began the old banker, "and I cast about for amusement, as a man naturally will, young or old."

Still, Clarence made no answer, and his father went on, desperately:

"And I found it in the shape of—do not be exceedingly surprised, my son—I found it in the person of a beautiful young woman, whom I met at the home of a friend upon whom I called one evening. It was a fatal infatuation, at first sight, with me. Once more I felt the fire of youth coursing through my veins. We corresponded all the time that I was abroad, and I plucked up the courage to do by letter that which I feel sure I could never have accomplished in person—I asked her to be my bride, and I was accepted, my boy. I want you to wish me joy, Clarence. The bride I am about to bring home is as beautiful as the morning itself—a radiantly lovely creature, whom you have met. When I tell you who it is, you will be amazed that one so young and fair could care for an old man like me. I will show you her picture; you will see the name written beneath it."

As he spoke, he drew out the portrait from beneath the pile of papers, and Clarence beheld the darkly handsome face of India Haven smiling maliciously up at him.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The silence lasted so long between the two that at last it became irksome to the old gentleman; he began to shift about uneasily in his seat, saying, huskily, at length:

"Well, my son, what do you think of my choice?"

Clarence Neville laid down the picture with a heavy sigh, saying slowly:

"You will not like my opinion, father; but since you have asked for it, I will tell you with candor what I think.

"Of course, it is hard to reconcile myself to the thought of any woman on earth filling my dead mother's place, but had your choice fallen upon a companion more suitable to your years, my regret would not have been so great."

He forebore telling his father that this very girl had been apparently deeply in love with himself.

"I cannot feel that she loves you for yourself alone, worthy as I know you to be, for it is hardly in the nature of human hearts for a young and lovely girl to become enamored of an old man. You realize that you have graced many a long year, father; your life's journey has been a long road, as you look back over it, and your future journeyings cannot but be short, at the best. You need rest, an easy, happy mind, at your time of life. This you would not be able to attain if you were to begin now to dance attendance upon the capricious whims of a young girl who is fond of life and gayety and a constant whirl of pleasure."

"She is tired of frivolous society, and is content to lead a quiet life," persisted the old man, testily.

"Nay, nay, father!" observed Clarence. "Youth must have its fling; you cannot put an old, wise head upon young shoulders."

"I thought I should be unwise in talking this very delicate matter over with you, prejudiced against it as you are. You are determined to view the matter in a false light."

"I see the situation in the true light, father," responded the son gravely. "I am anxious to secure your happiness at any cost, father," he went on, "but I cannot see happiness in such a union for you. I see only discontent, dissatisfaction and unhappiness, if not abject misery."

"I will hear no more!" cried the old man, wrathfully. "not another word. You are thinking not of my comfort, but of the few dollars I shall leave behind me, and the fear is uppermost in your mind that another will share it with you."

"That is not true, father!" exclaimed the young man, flushing hotly. "The question of your wealth, or what disposition you could or would make of it, in such a case, never once entered my mind, I assure you. You wrong me in believing, even for an instant, that I would let any prospects of mine stand in the way of your happiness. If you were to cut me off without a dollar, I should still exist, for I have two strong hands and a willing heart, and although I have been brought up an aristocratic idler, I am not above work."

Clarence stopped abruptly, walked over to the window, and drawing aside the heavy silken curtains, looked out of the window.

The night was so intensely dark that only the bright lights of the street lamps were visible below, and the star lamps that hung flickering jewels in the blue, arched dome overhead.

He seemed to choke up suddenly, as his eyes encountered the large, bright, golden star which he had wont to watch at night from the time he had been a little child, believing that that particular star was his dead mother's soul looking and shining down upon him. That was the sweet, quaint fancy his good old nurse had instilled into his childish heart.

He wondered if his mother knew and realized what was about to take place, and if earthly griefs ever penetrated those white, drifting clouds to the souls of those who had loved and been loved by us down below.

That a gay, giddy, brilliant young French girl should take his dead mother's sacred place in his father's heart and home was a thought almost intolerable to him.

His father looked at the tall, handsome, stalwart, manly figure standing in the shadow of the curtains, and liked him all the better for his show of spirit in regard to making his own way in the world.

"It is nothing more than what I had to do," ruminated the old banker "and it made a man of me. The young fellows who are born with a golden spoon in their mouths nowadays are illy fitted to cope with the world—and the pushing men who crowd up closely from behind."

His thoughts ran on in this strain until Clarence turned from the window again.

"Father!" he exclaimed, huskily, going up to the old man and laying his trembling hand on his shoulder, "weigh this matter carefully and well ere you plunge it. Take a year to think it over."

"Nonsense!" retorted the old banker. "I am not so young that I should deprive myself of a year of happiness and companionship, when there is no necessity for so doing. You will grant, I presume, that I am old enough to know what I want?"

"A little too old to know what he needs, and what he should not want," was the thought that passed through the son's troubled brain, but he loved and respected his father too much to pain him by giving utterance to the sentiment.

"Do not attempt to persuade me to give up my beautiful fiancee, because it would be simply a waste of words and time upon your part. My decision is made; I shall marry Miss Haven on the day we have set—if I live!"

(To be Continued.)

OUR PRECISE ARTIST.

SHE DIDN'T FAVOR HIS SUIT.

Love of Life.

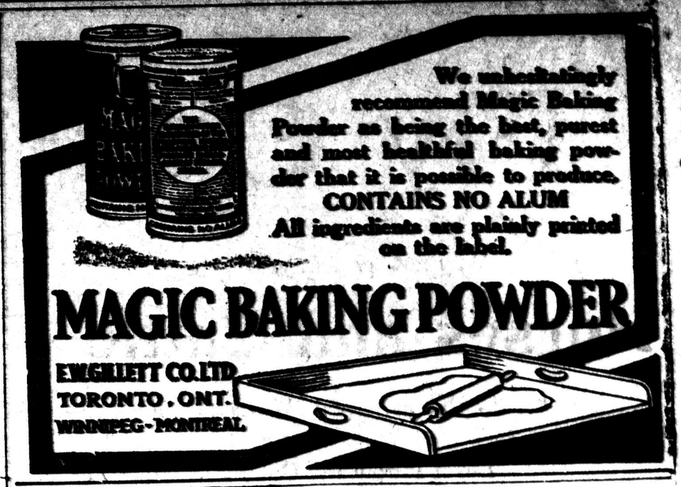
wide their branches
Cooling with their green shade the sunny days of June?
Love you not the little bird lost among the leaflets,
Dreamily repeating a quaint, brief tune?

Is there not a joy in the waste windy places;
Is there not a song by the long dusty way?
Is there not a glory in the sudden hour of struggle;
Is there not a peace in the long qiet day?

Love you not the meadows with the deep lush grasses;
Love you not the cloud-flocks noiseless in their flight?
Love you not the cool wind that stirs to meet the sunrise;
Love you not the stillness of the warm summer night?

Have you never wept with a grief that slowly passes,
Have you never laughed when a joy goes running by?
Know you not the peace of rest that follows labor?
You have not learnt to live, then; how can you dare to lie?

—Fertius VanDyke in August Scribner



ABERDEEN CLIPPER.

Passing of a World-Famous Class of Ships.

A famous class of sailing ships, the clippers, is recalled by the passing away, in somewhat dramatic fashion, of one of the most famous of them, the Thermopylae, formerly of the Aberdeen Line. She made many brilliant performances as a fast sailer, taking a leading part ni the races from China with the new season's teas that used to be the great sporting events of the maritime world. But with the suppression of sailing vessels by steamships the clippers were completely effaced, and for several years past the Thermopylae did humble duty as a training ship at the mouth of the Tagus. She became too old, as well as too small, for even this services, and so was discarded. The Portuguese Government, however, did not like to sell a vessel with her reputation, and decided to give her a "naval funeral." She was accordingly towed out to sea and sunk by two Portuguese men-of-war.

The clipper has been characterized as the highest development of the wooden sailing ship in construction, speed, and beauty. However, much or little there may be in the suggestion that the name is derived from an old meaning of the word "clip," to run or fly swiftly, a clipper was at any rate a ship built expressly for speed, though latterly it was so constructed as to combine the greatest carrying capacity with the form best adapted for speed. Speaking generally, and avoiding technical terms, the clipper was longer and narrower than the ordinary sailing ship, was very sharp at the bows, and was gracefully fined away towards the stern.

The first Aberdeen clipper was built for an association of traders to compete with the paddle steamers to London. The firm of Alexander Hall & Sons constructed for these merchants a schooner of 142 tons, experimenting in the substitution of a sharp cutwater bow for the broad, bluff bow that was then common. This was in 1839, and the vessel—the first of its kind in Great Britain—was called the Scottish Maid. The experiment was successful, although the time it made on the trip to London—49 hours.—seems ludicrous now. Other three schooners were built on the same model, and the "Aberdeen clipper bow" became celebrated.

While Aberdeen took the lead it soon ceased to have a monopoly of clipper-building. The Lord of the Isles, built on the Clyde, was a very noted clipper in her day, and other prominent Clyde clippers were the Sir Launcelot, the Taeping, the last four taking part with the Fiery Cross of Liverpool in a remarkable ocean race in 1866. This was the last of the races at which premiums for first arrivals were awarded, and with the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869 and the development of steam shipping the halcyon days of the clippers came to an end. The clippers by that time, however, had thoroughly accomplished the purpose for which they were designed, and had rescued the China freight trade from American dominance.

The Aberdeen clippers were remarkably immune from disaster; but one of the largest and very best built, the Schomberg, 2,600 tons, launched in 1865, was lost on her first voyage, being wrecked on the rocks at Cape Otway, 150 miles west of Melbourne.

Tht Average Man.

His face had the grimness of granite;
It was bleached and bronzed by the sun.
Like the coat on his poor, narrow shoulders;
And his hands showed the work he had done.
His dim eyes were weary and patient;
And he smiled through his pallor and tan
A wistful, sad smile, as if saying:
"I'm only an average man.

"I can't be a hero or poet,
Nor a dictator wearing a crown;
I'm only the hard-working servant
Of those set above me. I'm down;
I'm down, and it's no use complaining
I'll get on the best way I can;
And one o' these days 'll come morning
And the rest for the average man."

He wages all battles and win them
He builds all turrents that tower,
Over walls of the city to tell
Of the rulers and priests of the hour.
Without his the general is helpless,
The earth but a place and a plan;
He moves all and clothes all and feeds all,
The sad-smiling average man.

With And at a Will.

A drill sergeant was drilling the recruit squad in the use of the rifle. Everything went smoothly until blank cartridges were distributed. The recruits were instructed to load their pieces and stand at the "ready," and then the sergeant gave the command:

"Fire at will!"

Private Dunn was puzzled. He lowered his gun.

"Which one is will?" he asked.—New York Post.

LANSBURY'S GRAVE ERROR.

(Philadelphia Record)

Mr. Lansbury has astonished his wife by winning his hunger strike. He went without food three days, and the English Government sent him home to dinner. But hereafter it will be in vain for him to upbraid Mrs. Lansbury because dinner isn't ready. If he can go without food three days in jail he can wait his wife's convenience for food. Mrs. Lansbury said she never saw a man so dependent on his regular meals and predicted that he would starve to death in six hours. He can no longer impose upon her, and she may feed him when she gets good and ready.

FADED INK.

Reveries Caused by an Antique Ink-Well.

A London cable to The Sun reported the sale on Monday of an old inkstand. The price paid was $7,010. A good deal of money for an inkstand, yet it would be worth a sum not to be estimated in figures, but in fancies, could the owner know whose quills have been dipped into it and what thoughts have come out of it, as imps came out of an oven in an old fairy tale. It must be a wonderful inkstand, as these words show:

"It is formed as an equestrian group of Marcus Aurelius, with an inkwell and sand box by his side, mounted on hexagonal plinth, with foliage border and claw feet."

When the sand was fresh and clean in that little box Henry VIII. was a boy playing tennis. We know how he lost his temper over one fame and broke his racquet. Did the inkwell tell what a fine, healthy youth Henry was, really noble? So elaborate an inkstand must have belonged to persons "in the know," as we say to-day, and they wrote of intrigues until the ink went dry many times before the character of Henry became fiendish.

With fresh ink and new quills and another hands dipped toward that well there must have come a time when words like these came out: "I saw a new play this afternoon, called 'Hamlet.' I forget the playwright's name. And how the quill must have shaken and the sand blurred the page when the head of Charles fell off the block. What an awful news story that would be to-day, but letter writers were the only reporters then. What strange, stray rumors they penned each other about a land across the Atlantic! The sand on the paper turned to rubies and diamonds wasted on Indiana. A sweep of history, scandal, love, parental duty, lies and truth, they have all come out of that old inkwell.

Once a man lost his health and went to Colorado to regain it. When he returned to New York friends asked if he had been minin. "Yes," said he, "in an inkwell." Who knows what gold still lies in the inkwell that has stood so long at the side of Marcus Aurelius?—New York Sun.

Returning the Call

Snodgrass—Kinder thought I'd step in and pay you my respects.

Postmaster-Storekeeper—Yer did? Wal, I'd feel better if yer paid yer bills.

Sea Longing.

A thousand miles beyond this sun-steeped wall
Somewhere the waves creep cool along the sand,
The ebbing tide forsakes the listless land
With the old summer, long and musical;
The windy waves mount up and curve and fall,
And round the rocks the foam blows up like snow—
Though I am inland far, I hear and know,
For I was born the sea's eternal thrall.
I would that I were there, and over me
The cold insistence of the tide would roll,
Quenching this borning thing men call the soul:
Then with the ebbing I should drift and be
Less than the smallest shell that stars the shoal,
Less than the seagulls calling to the sea.

—Sara Teasdale in August Smart Set.

GETTING DOWN TO LEVEL.

(Montreal Gazette)

New York newspapers say that the "kitchen sink" is the latest in freak dances, and that it has got to be a perfect craze in that city. It is to be presumed, therefore, that in a short time it will be being danced by the pasty-faced men and bold-faced women who run in the smart cafes in other cities. The fast dances have gone from the barnyard to the kitchen in naming their prancing acts. Perhaps in time their craziness will be rightly named.

Willie—I don't think Auntie will stay. She didn't bring her trunk. Johnny—Huh! Look how long the baby has stayed, and he didn't bring anything.—Boston Record.

One good turn may deserve another, but sometimes it's a mighty long time between turns.