

PLOTS THAT FAILED

"As you have settled the matter, there is nothing left for me to say," returned Clarence, gloomily.

"I have settled it, but for one more word or so. I wish you to write to Miss Haven, stating that you are pleased over the contemplated union between her and myself."

"I cannot do so, for it would be false," declared Clarence. "It would be an arrant falsehood to state that I am pleased, when, on the contrary, I am most bitterly opposed to this maddest of all mad marriages."

The old gentlemen sprang to his feet, with the alertness of a boy of seventeen, instead of a feeble man of two and seventy.

"I command you to do as I say!" he cried furiously, shaking his forefinger menacingly at the pale young man who sided him so sorrowfully.

"And I refuse!" said Clarence, in a law, faltering voice. "I cannot disgrace my manhood, and my principles by writing an untruth," he maintained.

"Again I repeat that I command you to do so," cried the banker, his fine old face fairly distorted and unrecognizable through his intense rage.

"Nothing on earth, not even your command, could force me to countenance such a monstrous union!" flashed out Clarence, bitterly.

That was the speech which was like a brimstone match to the gunpowder of the father's anger. The words were spoken almost in a whisper, but they seemed to echo like warning thunder through the room, and repeat themselves over and over again during the moment of utter silence which ensued.

Banker Neville stood motionless and dumb, glaring into the handsome, white, determined face, with a baleful light in his gray eyes, which boded no good to the young man, who met his gaze unflinchingly.

"Forgive me for refusing you—ask anything else, and I will gladly do it; but write to Miss Haven, using words at which my spirit, my heart and my conscience would revolt as I penned them—never!"

In all the years of his past life he had never seen his father give way to such a torrent of ungovernable rage as now seized him.

He was unprepared for the burst of passion to which the old man gave vent.

"Forgive you!" he retorted, "never while the sun rises and sets—not to the last hour of my life! From this hour you are no son of mine. I regret that my blood runs in your veins, but I will forget it—say, forget from this hour that I ever had a son to thus set my command at defiance. God! Leave my house, and never enter it again, not even if I lay dead within these walls. God! take my curse with you! I disown you; you shall never inherit one dollar that is mine!"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

It had all come about so quickly—this terrible rage of his father's—and his being driven from home, sent out homeless and penniless to face the world—that for the moment Clarence Neville was completely bewildered.

He had but a confused idea of his moments with his father, and what had occurred.

"From this hour, henceforth and forever, I disinherit you," his father had repeated, in a high, shrill, rasping voice. "You shall leave my home at once; it will be home to you no longer. I shall not do by you as you deserve—send you away empty-handed. I shall leave a small sum for you in the hands of my lawyers. You can collect it, and—"

Clarence had held up his hands with a haughty gesture. "Not one penny will I accept, father," he had said, interrupting his haughty. "I can and will do without it."

Turning he had staggered, rather unsteadily toward the door. He had paused on the threshold with the knob in his hand, and looked back, saying, huskily:

"You have been very hard in your judgment of me, father, and harder still in your treatment of me. I have loved and revered you all my life, and it cuts me to the heart to see how a stranger—a woman young and fair—can come in between us and sever the ties of affection that should have remained unbroken between us while life lasts."

There was not one gleam of softened tenderness in the harsh, stony, set face turned toward him; he had noted that with intense despair.

"Good-by, father!" he had said, huskily. "Will you not say good-by? I am passing out of your life forever, you know."

The old banker had turned on his heel and walked swiftly into an inner room, closing the door after him with a bang.

By that, Clarence knew that the stormy interview was at an end. He never knew how he turned away, groped his way down the broad staircase and reached the street.

Whether he went he scarcely remembered; all that he knew was that he walked on and on until the stars died out of the sky, and the gray dawn of early morning broke through the dusky clouds in the eastern sky.

Like one in a strange, bewildered dream, he saw a blood-red ball of flame break through the gray mists, changing them to a glory of crimson and gold, and he knew a new day had begun.

He took off his hat for a moment, to greet the cool morning air might fan his fevered brain. Looking about him in the early dawn, he saw that he was on the outskirts of the little village of Brookline.

He sat down on a fallen tree, and tried to gather his benumbed faculties together, wondering what he had done that Heaven showed him so little mercy—such scant pity.

Was it not enough to endure that he had lost Barbara, the idol of his heart, that this last grief, the losing of the father he had loved so well, was added to it?

His face dropped into his hands, and burning tears, that were no shame to

his mar-ood, broke through his eyelids, and trickled through his fingers, until at length his strong frame shook with heart-wrung sobs.

What strange trick was fate playing him? But a few short months before he had been fortune's favorite; now he was fickle fortune's plaything—buffeted about by her as she would.

For a moment, when his heart was nearest to bursting with the weight of his woe, he wished that he could die.

Then, manfully, he shook off the horrible feeling from him.

No, he could not die for the wishing, for his time had not yet come. He must struggle on manfully, and meet whatever fate was in store for him.

For a young man who had known every luxury to be thrust all at once upon his own resources, seemed, for the time being, appalling.

He had counted his friends by the hundreds, young, washing college fellows, whose aim had been to shine in society's world—many men who were proud of their family positions and of their inheritances.

Would any of these old chums receive him or stand by him now that he was penniless and an outcast from his once palatial home? He thought not. There was not one among the many to whom he could go for sympathy, expecting a glad hand to be held out in welcome to him.

He wondered vaguely what Bah would say or think when she heard of his plight. Probably rejoice because she was freed from the bonds which bound her to a beggar, as it were.

Woe after woe or sorrow swept over him. Then, by a great effort, he aroused himself, and with a gasp he said to himself: "I will show them all that, although I am penniless, I am not cast down while I still have my health and strength!"

So ruminating he arose from the fallen log, standing in the path hesitatingly, meditating whether he should go now.

He would not take one cent of the money his father had said he would place in the hands of his lawyers for him, though he starved with hunger by the wayside. As he stood there, late decided the present for him if not the future.

Clarence was about to move on, a little caring, little heeding which direction he took, when suddenly he was aroused from his reverie by the sound of a piercing scream.

Turning quickly in the direction from whence it proceeded, he beheld a sight which caused all thought of self to blot quickly from his mind: A young girl flying across an adjacent field, screaming with terror, while down the path, in full pursuit of her, tore an enraged bull, attracted by the fluttering crimson scarf she wore.

Clarence Neville took in the situation at a glance, and in less time than it takes to tell it, he had decided upon his own course of action, which was to save her life by imperiling his own.

With a dozen flying leaps he had reached the young girl's side, crying out:

"Courage! help is at hand; I can and will save you!"

With those words he grasped dexterously the crimson scarf from about her neck, and shouting out: "Run for your life, and get over the fence to the other side," leaped in an opposite direction over the fields, brandishing the red silk scarf above his head.

For an instant the animal stood quite still in a sudden halt, as though bewildered at the change of person who flaunted the red scarf which so enraged him by his brilliant, glowing color fluttering in the sunshine, the next instant the infuriated beast had whirled about and was plunging in the direction of the flying scarf had taken, seeming to lose sight utterly of the screaming girl he had been pursuing but a moment before.

Error had so overcome the young girl that she had barely time to carry out her rescuer's instructions ere she fell headlong in the thick, green grass on the other side of the fence in a dead faint.

Clarence Neville had barely time to note that she was out of danger, ere he wheeled suddenly about, making for the fence, relying upon his swiftness to outrun the plunging, bellowing beast who was so hotly pursuing him.

In his college days he had been one of the best athletes in his class—he had outrun all of his classmates.

He depended upon the tactics he had learned and practiced then to save his life now.

Swifter and swifter he dashed over the uneven ground; swifter and swifter the enraged beast tore after him.

He tried to cast the red scarf from him. Horror of horrors! its fringe caught upon a button of his coat, from which his strength seemed unable to detach it, running as he was at that terrific rate.

He realized, too, that each effort to dislodge it only took that much strength from him.

The fence was scarcely three feet from him now. He attempted to leap that distance, but in that awful instant he stumbled and fell headlong, and the next moment the bull was upon him.

CHAPTER XL.

A fortnight elapsed since the events narrated in our last chapter. When Clarence Neville opened his eyes, he found himself in a strange room, luxuriously furnished, and—was he mad or dreaming?—his eyes gazed up into the face of a lovely young girl, whom he never remembered having seen before.

As he looked at her in puzzled wonder, the young girl turned quickly to some one sitting on the opposite side of the room, exclaiming:

"Oh, papa, papa! I think he is coming to, at last."

This remark brought a short, stout, middle-aged gentleman hurriedly to the opposite side of the bed.

"This is certainly some dream, strangely like a reality," thought Neville, endeavoring to rouse himself.

"I suppose you are wondering where

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you are, my boy," said the old gentleman, kindly, "and are having a hard time of it in getting your scattered thoughts together. Let me help you. Your last collection was being chased through the field by an enraged bull, you stumbled and fell headlong, lying there stunned, at the mercy of the furious animal rearing over you."

"Oh, yes, I—I remember," gasped Clarence. "How did it happen that he did not kill me?"

"It seems a miracle," replied the gentleman, "but in reality it came about in a very ordinary way. I saw the whole occurrence—the enraged animal chasing the young girl, who is my daughter, and your noble rescue of her, drawing the attention of the ferocious beast upon yourself. In less time than it takes to tell, I had dashed into the house for my rifle. It was just in time to make good use of my weapon, while running toward you to wing him as he leaped upon you. It was a miracle that the shot took effect, but it did, and he fell with a roar of pain, barely escaping crushing you. We had you conveyed here to my home, and here you have been ever since."

Clarence Neville gazed in astonishment into the kindly face.

"Yes, yes, I can recollect all now," he said. "The young girl was saved then?"

"Yes, thanks to you, and was unharmed," replied the father, with tremulous lips. "She wishes to thank you herself for saving her life, but I have advised her not to talk with you about it until you are able to sit up. And I, too, shall say my thanks—my heartfelt gratitude for both. You have been very ill," went on the old gentleman, "the doctor says it was a relapse of fever from which you had not wholly recovered."

The young girl had retreated from the opposite side of the bed, but after a few moments stole quietly out of the room, down to the veranda, where she knew her father would soon join her.

"How is he, papa?" she cried, hurrying to meet her father as he stood on the threshold of the doorway.

"Ah, if he but knew it, I have fallen in love with my handsome hero already," she breathed, whispering her secret into the heart of the beautiful rose that nestled on her breast. "I always had an idea," she ruminated, "that I should meet my hero romantically, and such was the case. It came near being a tragedy, however, but for his interference. How nice that papa will take him for a secretary," and she threw herself down on one of the piazza seats.

"The first time I ever talk with him I shall know whether he is destined to like me or not. I seem to be gifted with a premonition that way. I knew the last secretary would fall in love with me, and this he did, acting in such a perfectly ridiculous manner that papa was obliged to send him away. I think this young man will be sensible. The old house was getting quite gloomy—how nice it will be to have some one of my own age to talk to, especially when evening comes," and Lillian Harvey nestled herself in the broad depths of the great piazza chair, much after the fashion of a young kitten, day-dreaming, as romantic young girls will.

CHAPTER XL.

A week later Clarence Neville was duly installed in Judge Harvey's office in Boston, as private secretary. He was an inmate of his own country home at Brookline suburb, coming down on the train with him each morning, and returning with him each night.

It seemed almost a miracle to him that he did not run across a single person who knew him during the first fortnight.

After the dinner hour, Clarence found time hanging heavily upon his hands, for he had nothing to do during the long evening hours, and those thoughts were always of Bah, whom he had loved and lost, Bah, his bride of but one short, blissful hour.

In that fortnight, fair Lillian Harvey, the old judge's darling, the idol of his life, had taken it into her pretty head to fall desperately in love with her father's handsome young secretary.

Mr. Neville spent most of his evenings in the judge's magnificent library, browsing among the gems of literature of centuries back which it contained, and here Miss Lillian usually found her way in search of some particular book which the merry rogue well knew was not to be found among those austere works of grave old authors.

Mr. Neville always laid aside his own book to help her to find for what she

wanted, and the younger always pointed without their being able to locate it.

If Clarence Neville had been heart whole and fancy free, Lillian Harvey's bright remarks and merry wit might have aroused in him some interest. As it was, he quite forgot her very existence when she was out of his sight.

His one thought was: "Would he, by any chance, see Bah, ere the sun, which had just risen, would set?"

He bought the daily papers, and perused the society column with feverish interest, for very often he found in it little paragraphs concerning Bah.

They always called her the prettiest girl of the Hub—in fact, the belle of Boston.

Now that the chill month of November had rolled around, society had begun to awaken from its summer lethargy, there was no end of gay, social functions, and "Thank Heaven, he has regained consciousness at last; say, my dear," he went on, "I agree with you. I am heartily glad that he is through babbling empty notions and has returned to the light of reasoning once more."

"But who is he, papa?" whispered the lovely young girl, nestling her talltale, blushing face and curly, golden head on her father's breast.

"His name is Neville, my dear, and by what I can gather from his remarks, he must have recently come from New York. The doctor was right about a previous illness—he had just recovered from an attack of brain fever in one of the hospitals there."

"He must indeed be a New Yorker, then," returned the girl, thoughtfully. "How are we ever to reward him, papa, for the great service he rendered me in saving my life?"

"I think that will be easier than we anticipated," returned her father; "for the young man is in search of a position."

"Oh, papa, and you are in want of a secretary," cried the girl, breathlessly. "Did you think of that?"

"You anticipate what I was going to say, my dear Lillian," replied the gentleman, laughing. "I offered the young gentleman the position, and he has accepted it. Indeed, I may say he was very glad of it. I did not ask him for a reference," he went on, more to himself than to the girl; "his brave act of chivalry in saving your life, my darling,

was at the price of his own, shows me that he is a really young man, and one of sterling quality. Indeed, as I soon learned, he has been a Yale student. That also argues his respectability."

"And will he live here with us, papa?" inquired Miss Lillian Harvey, eagerly.

The old judge took the lovely young face between the palms of his hands, and kissed it repeatedly.

"As my office and his work is in Boston, he may prefer residing there. He may live here if he comes to-life in the dull little village of Brookline may not be suitable to a young man from New York; generally it is the older men who like living in neighboring villages, going in every morning and coming out each night. We must leave that to him to decide."

"Mamma is sure he is a perfect gentleman," replied Miss Lillian, "and she would like him to live here," she declared.

"And how about the daughter?" asked the judge, pinching the rosy cheeks.

"I don't mind her living," replied the girl, trying to look serious, though her whole face beamed all over with smiles at the prospect.

"There is just one drawback to the arrangement," said the old judge, looking thoughtfully out over the distant corn-fields.

"And what is that?" queried the girl, eagerly, quick disappointment noticeable in her voice.

"(To be Continued.)

BRITAIN'S OIL FUEL PROBLEM.

(Philadelphia Record)

A hot debate has been raised by the proposition of the British Admiralty to substitute oil for coal as fuel in all ships of war. Lord Bessborough declares it would be a gamble, but his lordship is always against the Government when any innovation in the navy is suggested.

The issue does not turn on the relative efficiency or economy of oil and coal as fuel; but the question is raised whether a kingdom with a world's supply of coal to draw upon in the island which is its naval base should resort to another fuel, which must be imported from lands beyond thousands of miles of sea. There are few oil fields in British Empire; indeed, if the unimportant Trinidad field be excepted, there are none. Germany could get oil for her ships from Russia without running a blockade; but Great Britain would be dependent upon the lack of watchfulness of her naval enemies and the condescension of John D.

Remember to brush your teeth always after eating acid fruit.

GILLETTS LYE EATS DIRT



CHILD SLAVERY.

(Montreal Herald)

The early riser who happens to see the onrush of laborers, in the morning hours, is astonished to remark the great number of little ones who board the trains. Small boys, and even small girls, hurry along the street, their dinner hastily wrapped up and carried under their arms. They almost tumble, as they go, for want of sleep. They look ahead, with heavy eyes, as if they had an inkling of the dreary path they are so soon condemned to follow in the turmoil of the big city.

They are already bent forward, as if under some unseen burden, and they thread the way with that creeping step which recalls the chained inmates of the ergastula. They are devoid of flesh. The pector of their cheeks asserts the murder of childhood, and their strained lips hint at the coming of that dread disease which slays its thousands and tens of thousands, and society goes on without giving heed to this crying injustice done unto the men and women of to-morrow—if illness and misery do not mow them down. It pays no attention to the ever increasing threat that arises from these little outcasts from the world of childhood.

The presence on the street of children going to work at six o'clock in the morning, with a meagre lunch under their arms, is a shocking arraignment of all the official hypocrisy that dwells in official reports on that vile aspect of white slavery, the child laborer.

Occasionally you meet a man in real life who has almost as much dignity as a butler in a play.

When Will Moon's Rays Fall Just Right in Chalk Creek Canyon to Reveal Fabulous Spanish Treasure to Old Tom?



(By W. H. Alburn) Staff Correspondence

Brown's Canyon, Colo. In "Colorado George's" cabin, several miles to the east, hidden in a gulch between steep mountains, lives an old miner who believes that he has the secret of a Spanish treasure greater than any ever carried by galeon across the Spanish main.

It is a lonely place, far from human habitation. But Tom Summers, the present tenant, wants no company.

At evening, when the cliff shadows his cabin and the wild creatures of the hills come down to drink he lights his lamp and sits for hours poring over a strange old parchment.

Often he sits thus all night. And then, at dawn, he shoulders his pick and shovel, with a haversack of coffee, bread and bacon, and starts off on the long tramp to the base of Mount Princeton, southwest of Buena Vista. But he goes there only when the moon is near the full.

As long as his food lasts Summers moves slowly up and down the Chalk Creek Canyon, tapping rocks, digging away debris, peering into caverns, sleeping by day and working by moonlight, and pausing often to consult his worn parchment.

When he has found the locality indicated by the chart, the moon's rays, at a certain elevation, will fall upon the entrance of the secret cavern where the romantic "conquistadores" stowed their gold. But Summers has not yet discovered the precise spot, or the time of the night, month or year when the moonbeams make the proper angle to bring into relief the rudely carved figures of men and

"HE LIGHTS A LAMP AND SITS FOR HOURS PORING OVER A VERY STRANGE OLD PARCHMENT."

animals that mark the cavern and are not seen by daylight.

Treasure or no treasure, the canyon is a wonderful place. The chalk cliffs stand as mighty warders, and the canyons are a wonderful place. The chalk cliffs stand as mighty warders, and the canyons are a wonderful place. The chalk cliffs stand as mighty warders, and the canyons are a wonderful place.

There were Spanish explorers and miners in these "Mexican Mountains" long before Americans penetrated the rich gulches—centuries before Cripple Creek and Leadville. Everywhere traces of old mine workings have been found. And Summers' theory is that a band of them had taken the easiest and richest pickings of the mountains and then, before they could get back to Mexico were attacked by Indians and cached their gold here for safety. Only one of them escaped, the story runs, bearing the secret, and Summers thinks he has the chart which that man left

The searcher is sure that some day he will find the cavern and its old wooden chests with rusted locks and worm eaten covers, bulging with gold nuggets and the yellow stream running in streams from the rotten sides. And with them, perhaps, will be rare old coins and handfuls of precious stones.

And then the quest of centuries will be ended.

For Summers is not the only man who has spent his life in this search. Many and many a miner has turned back from the lure of gold-bearing rock to the lure of the Spanish Treasure.

Residents hereabouts all know the tradition, in arid forms, and the way it touches men's minds in the lonely canyon.

"There's a gold devil in these mountains," they say. "That steals miners' brains. His last victim was an engineer from the Rio Grande railroad. And after him came Tom Summers."