PLOTS THAT FAILED

CHAPTER XXV.

The train that left East Haven on the afternoon of Clarence Neville's memorable interview with Bab carried the young man with it, and as the last spires of the quaint little town faded from his sight, he bowed his head and wept like a child, for he was leaving his treasure behind him.

He said to himself with a bitter sigh, that arose from the very depths of his heart: "I feel that Barbara Haven was intended for me, but fate has parted us, why I know not. Ah! this is a cold and cruel world, and it is better to live and learn and learn to forget!"

He went to Boston, and flung himself heart and soul into his father's business, to shut out from his thoughts the memory which was fraught with such bitter pain to him.

Thus a month passed away, and yet another. June had come on, with its roses at its best—intensely hot for that time of the year. The old banker watched his son with considerable uneasiness. What had caused the change in Clarence? he asked himself over and over again. Surely the young man had no secret trouble that he did not know of? It would not be possible!

He had hoped that he would give him his confidence, but as he did not seem inclined to do so, he did not broach the subject to him. One day, however, he came across the young man's secret in a rather unexpected way.

"I have just had a letter from my old friend Haven," he said, laying down a long, closely written page, "and in it, I find, quite a piece of news, concerning his daughter, little Miss Barbara. She's engaged to be married!"

He saw his son's features contract spasmodically, and his hand clutched the pen he was holding so tightly that the slender ebony snapped in twain, under the force of his touch.

"It seems only yesterday that she was a little child," went on his father, musingly. "And do you know, Clarence, odd as it may seem to you, I always had an idea that you might some day take a notion to that little fairy and marry her."

The young man got white to the lips.

"Why should you think that, father?" he asked in a voice that he tried to make appear natural—though it was an intense effort to do so.

"I may as well tell you," laughed the old banker. "Do you remember seeing an oil painting of a very beautiful young girl which was sent to my office for my inspection of a couple of years ago—and which you were anxious to purchase, thinking it a fancy picture?"

"Yes I remember," said Clarence Neville, slowly, and in puzzled wonder as to what was coming next, and what his marrying Barbara Haven had to do with the picture.

"Well, my boy," said the banker, settling himself back easily in his office chair, "that picture which you admired so much—nay, I may say, which you fell so violently in love with—was pretty Bab's and none other! I had it painted from a photograph as a present for her father.

"I supposed you would see it when you called at Haven House and recognize it. But, not hearing you mention it, I concluded that the picture was probably hung in her father's own apartment. But, to get back to the subject in question, when you admired the picture so fervently, I had a notion that you would admire still more the lovely original. I am surprised to learn in this letter of Miss Barbara's betrothal to your friend, Rupert Downing, whom you went to East Haven to visit recently. I wonder that you did not mention this to me when you returned, Clarence, old boy!"

"Why, I did not think that the love of young people would interest you, father."

"I am interested in little Barbara Haven for her own sake as well as her father's," rejoined the banker, adding, pensively: "Of course, it was a foolish fancy, but I have thought for years that I would yet call her daughter. That goes to show you, my son, how very useless, how foolish, it is for parents to lay plans for their children."

Clarence Neville arose hastily and without a word quitted the banker's private office. The expression on the handsome, haggard young face was a revelation to the banker. As in a glass, darkly, he saw in his mind's eye just what had occurred.

"He has loved and lost" murmured the old man to himself.

When he saw Clarence that evening at the dinner table, at home, he suggested to him that he was working too hard over the bank's books, giving business to much attention.

"I would suggest, my son," he said, "that you run up to Bar Harbor or go to Long Branch—anywhere you like, for a few weeks' vacation! I insist upon every clerk in the bank taking his regular vacation—you must do the same, Clarence. All work and no play is not good for the young!"

"I think I shall take your advice, father!" returned the young man.

Two days later Clarence Neville arrived at Long Branch and registered at the West End Hotel.

In looking carelessly over the page containing the list of arrivals a few days back, to see if there were any among the guests whom he knew—suddenly the blood rushed in a crimson tide to his face—a strange thrill of joy shot through his heart. Midway on the page he read the names: Mr. Karl Haven and the Misses Barbara and India Haven.

He shut the book quickly; his first impulse was to leave the hotel, ay, to leave Long Branch on the first outgoing train. But while he was deliberating on this plan of action, a hand was laid on his shoulder and Mr. Haven himself appeared before him.

"Clarence, my boy," he said, "this is indeed a surprise! I cannot tell you how delighted I am to see you! The girls will all be glad, too! When did you come in?"

"Only an hour ago!" confessed Clarence, casting desperately around in his own mind for some plausible excuse to offer to avoid meeting the young ladies. It seemed to him that he could not meet Bab again. His heart was too sore for that. Time had not, as yet, healed the wound of unrequited love. "I hope the young ladies are well."

"India is," remarked the old gentleman, "but I cannot say as much for my little Bab. Somehow she has lost all her bright, joyous disposition. She is no longer my merry little Bab; but she seems so languid that I am frightened about her!"

"Indeed, I am more than sorry to hear it," said Clarence, his voice very husky with emotion.

"India does her very best to cheer Bab up," went on Mr. Haven, "but even her efforts seem to fail utterly. Although you see India's name on the register, she is not here yet," he continued. "The clerk anticipated her coming upon our arrival, so he jotted down, as usual, the three names as occupying rooms. India begged to be permitted to stay in Boston and visit for a few weeks. She was so tired with her constant watching over Bab that I could not say to her nay! My poor little girl misses her sadly! Therefore, I say your presence here, just at this time will be more than welcome to her. Even her betrothed, your friend, Mr. Rupert Downing, is unable to join us, for that length of time, having been called west, as perhaps you are aware of."

"No, I did not know of it," returned Neville.

Somehow his heart gave a quick throb at the thought that he should, perhaps, see considerable of Bab for at least a fortnight. He knew he should not have yielded to the temptation of seeing her, but the passionate love in his heart seemed to take complete possession of him.

He said to himself, cost what it would, let right or wrong rule, let the price be high or low, he would pay it, for the sake of being near her, for just one fortnight.

The love story enacted on the beach at Long Branch for the next fortnight was as pitiful as it was romantic. Clarence Neville was frightened at himself at the vehemence of his own passion.

To Barbara Haven the surprise was great of hearing that Clarence Neville was at Long Branch and was stopping at the same hotel. A sudden flush burned her cheek as she recalled that golden hour spent among the bluebells by the brookside.

The memory of the handsome, anguished face as he had asked her if it was indeed true that she was betrothed to his friend, had never faded from her mind; nor had the sound of his voice as he bade her good-by ever left her—as he murmured that they had met too late—that they must part. She remembered how he had kneeled at her feet, praying for one kind word from her. Now he was under the same roof with her, this handsome, impetuous young lover, for whom she was pining in secret, even though she was the betrothed of his friend. She was frightened at herself, at the tumultuous way her heart had bounded when her father told her of Clarence Neville's presence there.

Barbara Haven had long since known the truth, that she loved him with her whole heart. She knew that she ought not to see him, but she said to herself:

"It cannot be wrong to take two weeks of happiness out of my life when the rest will be filled with torture."

She wondered in the long, sad, after years how she could so far have forgotten her own ideas of right and wrong as to yield to the temptation—how she could have been so dead to the appeals of her better self, her nobler nature; how she could have rushed so blindly, so madly on to her fate!

"Will you see him this afternoon, my darling?" asked her father.

"Yes," anskered Bab.

Mr. Haven, in the simpleness of his kindly heart, little dreamed that he himself was forming the links in the chain of the cruelest tragedy that ever was enacted. He guarded his treasure too well and that was how he came to lose it.

Neither Bab's face nor manner betrayed the excitement she was undergoing when Mr. Neville's card was sent up a little later.

"I will be down directly," she said, carelessly.

The long drawing-room was unoccupied, save for the tall figure standing at one of the open windows, as she entered.

Bab advanced timidly—hesitatingly, and in no little embarrassment, remembering but too well the last time she had seen him quite alone by the brookside—and what he had said.

He heard the frou-frou of her skirts and turned hastily.

"Barb—Miss Haven!" he exclaimed advancing quickly, with both hands outstretched; and the look in his brown eyes spoke the words he dared not utter to the girl who was betrothed to his friend.

Barbara had intended to make some light, careless remark, but the words seemed to stick to her throat.

Her face turned from red to white, then flushed and paled again; her whole being trembled with a rapture that was almost pain. How was she to greet him as a stranger—he whom she loved so well?

He hastened to relieve her embarrassment by saying:

"Come out on the verandah; it is almost a shame to spend one moment indoors to-day that is not absolutely necessary."

He knew that the presence of strangers would help her to regain her self-possession.

He placed a chair for her in the shadow of one of the pillars—seating himself opposite her.

"You cannot tell what a surprise it was to me to find you and your father here, Miss Barbara," he said, huskily; "I ought to have gone away without attempting to see you—but I could not resist the impulse to see you—just once again—can you forgive me?"

"Yes," she answered, "and to tell you the truth, I am glad you are here; we are here so early in the season that none of our friends are as yet here, and you know one can never be so lonely as in a crowd of strangers. If India were here I should not mind it so much."

Then turning to him suddenly, she asked: "How long do you expect to remain?"—this very anxiously.

"That depends entirely upon how the spirit will move me, and — circumstances," he returned, quietly. "If you would rather that I would go at once, I shall obey your slightest wish."

"Why should you not do as you like?" she murmured, "if it pleases you to remain for a time at Long Branch, why should you not stay?"

"Ay—why should I not?" he rumin-....ated—looking ove he blue waters which were not half as blue as the eyes of the girl who was regarding him so intently.

He thought of the lines he had read somewhere, of a lover who rovered about the girl whom he loved, though a price was set on his head by foes who were hunting him down.

He knew that he should be far away, but the madness of his fatal love so overpowered him that he could not tear himself away from her side; there he lingered, telling himself recklessly:

"Why am I in haste to return from the only gleam of sunshine that will ever brighten my only life? Why draw the curtains of night about me while there is one last glimmer of day in the darkening heavens? Why raise to my lips the cup of gall, which I must drain sooner or later to the very dregs, while one last drop of nectar remains in the cup which I reluctantly put from me? Like the lover he would forget the past—and the future—and live only in the delight of the present—let the cost to himself be what it might.

That was the beginning of it all—surely the saddest and sweetest love story that was ever written.

It was a summer idyl, a summer poem—they strolled together in the sunny morning—sailed together, drove together, danced together—and lingered together in the sweet, fragrant gloaming, listening to the chanting of the starlit sea. Mr. Haven paid no heed to this constant companionship of the two young people.

He thought them pleasant friends—nothing more.

He was confined to his room so much with his old enemy, the gout, that he was pleased that some one should look after Bab. The only cloud which crossed the horizon of Bab's happiness was the long letters which came to her regularly from Rupert Downing, for they reminded her, but too painfully, of the barrier between herself and the man she loved. The first two letters she received she scanned through hurriedly as in duty bound, and the next that arrived, ay, and those that followed, she put quickly away into her trunk unopened, promising herself that she would read them when she had a little time.

But that opportunity never came—there seemed so much to fill her life from hour to hour from the time she arose in the morning until she sought her couch at night—and as the days went by the idea of opening the letters grew so irksome to her that she abandoned the thought altogether.

"Let me forget him while I may," she said to herself; "it will be bad enough to remember his existence when he comes to Long Branch when the season begins."

She put him from her memory and closed and barred the door of it against him. Like Clarence Neville, she resolved to be happy in the present and shut her eyes to the future.

Thus three weeks passed—three weeks of unalloyed delight and blissful happiness—then an awakening came, in the shape of a telegram from Rupert Downing, saying that he expected to reach Long Branch by the end of that week.

Bab looked at the date of the message, which was Wednesday—in two days more, at the least, he would be there—and then—ah, and then there would be no more walks by the sea.

Quite as soon as Clarence Neville saw Bab that afternoon he realized by her pale face that something had happened.

"Is your father ill?" he asked, solicitously, as he looked into the blue eyes, heavy with unshed tears.

"He is quite as well as usual," responded Bab.

"But you are not looking bright and happy," he persisted; "is something troubling you?"

For answer she placed the telegram in his hands. He scanned it quickly through, and as he did so he grew pale to the lips—he realized that the happy dream was over—Barbara Haven's betrothed was coming.

"Will you walk out on the beach?" he said, abruptly.

"I will get my sun hat and parasol," she said.

When she returned she found him pacing up and down in front of the hotel. They walked down the shining sand together, in utter silence, which neither seemed to care to break.

It was Clarence Neville who spoke first.

"I have been unwise to remain here so long, Bab," he whispered; "it would have been better for me to have gone away directly on that first day that I—I found that you were here. He is coming, the man to whom you are betrothed, Bab—let me not forget that you are soon to be his bride."

He was unprepared for her reply.

"Save me from him, Clarence!" she gasped, catching his hand, as a little child in a fright might have done, and clinging to it.

He turned his startled eyes upon her.

"Bab! Bab! do you realize what you are saying?" he cried, hoarsely.

She broke into a hysterical sob.

"I—I do not love him," she moaned; "I cannot marry him."

He caught both of her hands in his—her little ice-cold hands, and held them tightly in his hot grasp.

"Do you mean it, Bab?" he whispered, hardly daring to believe the evidence of his own ears.

"Yes," she sobbed, piteously.

"Then, by Heaven! you shall not!" he declared. "No one shall force you to marry Rupert Downing if you do not love him. To marry without love is a crime. Tell me the truth, Bab," he cried, hoarsely, "have you discovered that you did not love him, through finding out that you care for another? In Heaven's name, answer me, Bab. You must, you must—and you must tell me the truth."

CHAPTER XXVII.

While they stod thus, the sun went down in a great blood-red ball over the waters, and slowly the dusk of twilight gathered. Both had been thinking so intently they scarce had heeded the flight of time..

Clarence Neville was just about to speak words which had burned their way from his heart to his lips, when Mr. Haven suddenly put in an appearance.

"I was looking for you two everywhere," he exclaimed. "India has come."

A little cry broke from Bab's lips and something like a sigh from her companion's.

They walked back to the hotel and if Mr. Haven had noticed more carefully, he could not have helped observing how distrait each of them were.

India Haven was on the veranda watching for them eagerly as they approached—her black eyes blazed ominously and she set her white teeth hard together.

When she had learned from Mr. Haven upon her arrival that Clarence Neville had been in Long Branch for three weeks she had been fairly speechless with rage. She had gone to Boston for the sole reason of searching Clarence Neville out and having him quite to herself for a fortnight without interference from Bab and her witcheries, and this was the result. While she had been ransacking the city for him he had been here at Long Branch with Bab, and Rupert Downing away at that.

(To be Continued.)

I say, old chappie, these bloomin' Yankees are the oddest sort. In a restaurant I requested a bit of fried bacon and two eggs, you know, and the waiter girl replied: -

"Quit you kiddin.. old mussletop. What do you think this is, a cheap grabateria? s'pose what you want to graze on is a fancy hatband off the pig, and a sister act in hen fritters, with the blonde side up. Say, kid, why don't you talk United States?"

MY WORD!

He—In the days of old the gallant used to kiss his lady's hand. She—What a bother to have to take off one's glove.

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

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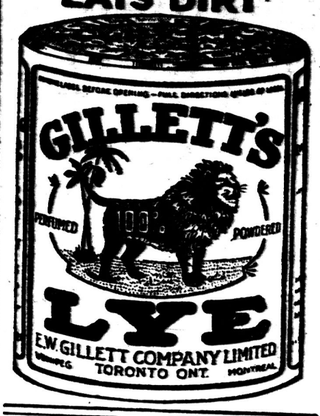

TO CLEAN FINE LACE.

It's Really Simple, If You Know How.

Every woman knows the fascination of good lace, and the more delicate and gossamerlike that morsel of fragility may be the more admiration it receives. But real lace—or very fine, good lace, which may not be real—requires great care.

It may be cleaned in a jar of soapy water.

Rain water is best, and in this the lace should be steeped. The jar is vigorously shaken up and down until the lace is clean.

Careful rinsing to remove any soap follows, and next must come the stiffening process. Starch is unthought of. Its substitute is gum-water. A quarter of a pound of gum arabic, melted in one quart of boiling water and strained, makes gum-water, and the average proportion used is a tablespoonful to a gill of water.

With white lace a little blue should be added to the gum-water. Dip twice to enable it to stiffen. If gum-water is not to hand, rice-water or sugar-water may be used.

For tinting lace that has lost its color through washing, an infusion of tea, coffee or hay mixed with the gum-water may be used.

After the washing and stiffening follows the pressing. A glass bottle covered with flannel is a good old-fashioned method. The lace is wound carefully round and round the bottle and left to dry. When dry it appears to have been ironed.

Elaborate patterns may be pinned carefully on a piece of flannel, wrong side up, and a heated punching iron used carefully over every part.

The pinning out is quite a business. The selvedge edge must be placed near the edge of the board and the pins must lie parallel with the edge of the lace. If there are points they must be pinned separately and to the right length.

In the case of piece lace it should be pinned out over flannel, then left to dry. A moderately heated small iron should then be passed along the middle; next remove pins and iron selvedge; lastly press out any points.

A lace collar is pinned out to dry with pins around the neckband and in every point. The ironing process starts with the centre and ends with the points.

PHOTOS UNDER SEA.

New Invention Revolutionizes the Art.

A new departure in submarine photography is promised from the successful results of the Williamson flexible submarine tube, the invention of Capt. J. H. Williamson, by means of which his son, J. Ernest Williamson, several days ago took photographs of fishes, divers and other objects at distances under the surface of Hampton Roads, Norfolk, Va., of from 10 to 35 feet.

The results of Williamson's experiments with his father's invention were so successful that, although he is not an expert photographer, he is planning an expedition to the West Indies for the purpose of taking moving pictures of submarine life in those waters.

The tube which makes the taking of such photographs possible is perfectly flexible and can be stretched to any length from one foot to 500 or more. At the bottom of the tube is a chamber with a glass front and with room for three persons. No compressed air is necessary and those in the room breathe the same air as those on the surface. They can thus remain below for hours.

In his Hampton Roads tests young Williamson took pictures both in the night and day. To take the night photographs four powerful electric lights with reflectors were lowered beneath the boat and as the objects passed the big glass eye of the submarine chamber they were snapped.

A large chunk of meat was hung over the side of the boat on a hook and dangled before the glass face of the little room at the bottom of the tube in which Williamson and two companions worked. Nor was this bait entirely necessary, for all sorts of fishes were attracted to the chamber by the light inside, which served as a jacklight such as is used in spearing salmon.

One of the best tests came when several expert swimmers and divers took headers off the boat and crawled below the surface to the depth of thirty feet, where photographs were taken as they passed in front of the glass.

Newspapers and magazines were weighted and lowered in front of the chamber thirty feet down and pictures made of them.

Hitherto moving pictures of submarine subjects have been confined to the inmates of glass tanks or photographs made through the bottom of such vessels as the little steamboat with a glass bottom that makes sight-seeing trips of the ocean's floor in Bermuda.

STRAWS WHICH SHOW.

(Ottawa Evening Journal)

What result shall come from the granting of woman suffrage in Illinois is suggested by the fact that opposition to the reform came most strenuously from the organization liquor and reactionary forces.

The Best Treatment for Itching Scalps, Dandruff and Falling Hair

To allay itching and irritation of the scalp, prevent dry, thin and falling hair, remove crusts, scales and dandruff, and promote the growth and beauty of the hair, the following special treatment is most effective, agreeable and economical. On retiring, comb the hair out straight all around, then begin at the side and make a parting, gently rubbing Cuticura ointment into the parting with a bit of soft flannel held over the end of the finger. Anoint additional partings about half an inch apart until the whole scalp has been treated, the purpose being to get the Cuticura ointment on the scalp skin rather than on the hair. The next morning, shampoo with Cuticura soap and hot water. Shampoos alone may be used as often as agreeable, but once or twice a month is generally sufficient for this special treatment for women's hair. Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold throughout the world. A liberal sample of each, with 32-page booklet on the care and treatment of the skin and scalp, sent post-free. Address "Cuticura," Dept. 22D, Boston, U. S. A.

Care of the Neck.

During the season of cool, low-necked dresses, the care of the neck is most important. After a hot, windy day there may be dark rings around the neck. To keep this dark ring from becoming permanent, rub a good cleansing cream on a cloth that has been dipped into hot water, and rub the cream thoroughly into the skin, wiping off with a dry cloth, and following by a wash in good soap and water. When taking a bath, see that the neck is not cheated out of the soaking it needs to keep it soft. After cleansing as above suggested, the juice of a lemon, mixed with juice of a cucumber, makes a splendid bleach. The cucumbers should be sliced, peeling and all, and cooked in a double boiler, until the juice can be poured through a coarse cloth.

The girl with the long face and neck should choose the square and round necked dresses, and the round faced girl can wear the V-shaped necked more becomingly.

If the neck and shoulders are thin and bony, massage every evening with cocoa butter. This will not fail to fatten them out in a few weeks.

The neck should be the same color as the face is. If the neck is yellow, apply a lotion made as follows:

Four ounces of alcohol, two ounces of rosewater, fifteen drops of tincture of benzoin.

Of course the carriage of the head has much to do with the lines of the neck. A drooping, sagging chin cannot give pretty lines to the neck. Hold your chin straight, neither tilted forward or backward. Hold the shoulders straight, but not high. A beautiful neck and shoulders are as attractive as a beautiful face, and are easier gained, with only a little effort.—Woman's World for July.

Our Precise Artist

"DOWN" IN FRONT

CANADA'S WISE LEAD.

(Ottawa Citizen)

The Royal Society of Canada will lose nothing by admitting women to its membership on the same terms as men, though departing from the custom and precedent of older societies elsewhere. On the contrary, it has given most excellent evidence of that profound wisdom which it represents. As Prof. Coleman said, it is "something to be proud of" that Canada should have been the first scientific society to recognize the equality of women. It will not long be alone.

THE FOOLISH EX-ALLIES.

(Buffalo Express)

While Servia, Greece and Bulgaria are snarling at each other, Enver Bey is keeping the Turkish army on a war footing with the manifest intention of recovering some of the ground which his country has lost if the opportunity is offered. If those foolish people fall under the rule of the Turks again, who can pity them?

A LIFE-SAVING ADVANCE.

(Toronto Star)

A train which arrived in Toronto on Sunday brought with it a triumph of civilization—a passenger car—not a Pullman—made of steel, roof, walls window frames, seats and floor—nothing that would burn but the cushions. If such cars were in general use, a collission would not mean a horrible death from burning, and there would be less danger of the cars being smashed.

A SENSIBLE QUESTION.

(Detroit Free Press)

Why are men not considered "dressed" unless they have on a padded coat, a collar and a strip of silk passed under it to impede the circulation and increase discomfort? Why is is not possible to be good and respectable and recognizable by one's women acquaintances in shirt-sleeves.

Men often use virture as an umbrella to keep the rain of brimstone off their Sunday clothes.