

# LOTS THAT FAILED

"We had the good luck to see a carriage coming in the opposite direction, and the occupant has placed it at our disposal. We will lose no time in getting to Bab's home. I should not like her to open her eyes upon the scene of the tragedy. Her nerves are too badly unstrung now."

"I quite agree with you," returned Clarence. "She cannot be gotten home so easily."

As there was room for but two in the vehicle, India and the still unconscious Bab were placed in it. Neville and Rupert making their way back on foot.

As he commenced walking, Clarence Neville experienced a sharp pain in his ankle, which caused him to discover that he was suffering from a slight sprain; but he did not mention it to his companion, fearing that the knowledge might worry him.

But by the time they had reached their destination his ankle was so badly swollen that he could not repress the exclamation of pain that rose to his lips as he attempted to mount the steps.

"So you are a little bit the worse for your great leap after all," said Downing, turning to him quickly.

"It is nothing to speak of," returned Clarence, attempting to speak carelessly. "Still, I shall be glad to get to my room as quickly as possible and remove my riding boots."

This was found to be no easy matter. The boot had to be cut away from the painful and much swollen ankle, which was a pretty fair intimation to Rupert Downing that his friend, whom he now looked upon as his rival, would be housebound for at least a week.

Meanwhile Bab had been carried quickly back to Haven House.

The poor old housekeeper nearly dropped dead of heart failure when the darling of the family was carried in to her thus, and she hurried hurriedly from Miss India's lips what had happened, but the shrewd French girl took care to name Mr. Rupert Downing as Bab's rescuer instead of Clarence Neville.

"The poor dear father will fairly go down on his knees to Mr. Downing for what he has done for Bab," sobbed Mrs. Mack, "and well he might, for if his little Bab had been killed there would be nothing left in the world for him to live for. His heart and soul are bound up in his child."

After working an hour over Bab the blue eyes slowly opened.

The first object she beheld was India bending over her. Mrs. Mack having left Bab in her charge a few moments to look after some household duties.

For a moment Bab regarded India with a blank stare, then she said:

"India, that you are up so early, surprised me much earlier than I expected."

"I thought you were riding along the road when the train came along," and the words ended in a piercing scream of terror—oh, India, it was no dream! I remember all now—the train and the mad, rearing, plunging horses! How could we have been saved?"

"Mr. Downing saved you at the risk of his own life," replied India. "Just as you fainted he grasped the reins from your hand, then seeing that he could not turn them aside from their mad course, he caught you in his arms and made a terrific leap with you down the embankment. That he did not break his neck is a miracle. Of course he could have saved himself easily, but jumping with you in his arms was a perilous matter. Ah, Barbara, a whole lifetime of thankfulness to him on your part can scarcely reward him for his valiant act in risking his own life to save yours."

Barbara Haven covered her face with her trembling little hands.

"I do, indeed, feel grateful to him, India," she faltered. "He must, indeed, have been very brave to have done that."

India made no reply, nor did she say any more on the subject, feeling that she had said enough for the present to set Bab to thinking deeply and earnestly of Rupert Downing, as he had bade her do.

Although her nerves had been terribly upset, Bab's natural youthful fund of vitality quickly returned to her, and by evening she was able to take her place at the table.

During the dinner India noticed how very thoughtful Bab was, and she said, laughingly, but seriously:

"A penny for your thoughts, Bab. That solemn look is unbecoming to you. Smiles suit you better."

"I was thinking that immediately after dinner I would go to my room and write a letter of thanks to Mr. Downing," she answered, slowly.

"You can spare yourself that trouble by telling him what you have to say in person, for he will call here this evening to see how you are getting along. The poor fellow is so anxious over you, Bab."

India's keen eyes noticed that this intelligence brought no flush to the pretty young face.

"Do you think Mr. Neville will come with him, India?" she asked, eagerly.

"He isn't likely to," replied her cousin, coldly. "I heard him say yesterday that he had an engagement for this evening. He is to call upon some young ladies of the neighborhood, I believe."

She saw the fair young face flush, then suddenly pale, and she read the secret in Bab's heart that the girl herself was not aware of—that the mention that Clarence Neville was to call on other girls brought a stab of keen pain to her girlish heart.

Bab arose hastily from the table, making no comment, but India could see that the girl was disappointed. She had been hoping he would surely come to inquire about the accident.

The lights were hardly lighted ere Rupert Downing put in an appearance. Barbara heard the bell, and, pushing her cousin forward, said nervously:

"Please go down and receive him, India. I will be down directly."

Thus it was that India and Rupert

Downing had a few words alone together ere she joined them.

"Well," he said, brusquely, as India glided into the drawing room, and stood before him. "Did you succeed in making her believe it was I who saved her instead of Neville?"

"Of course," replied the French girl, with a shrug of her shapely shoulders. "She was bound to believe what I told her concerning the affair. Why should she imagine anything different? She is ready to thank you and fall down on her knees to you in gratitude for what you have done."

Rupert Downing laughed a little, uneasy harsh laugh.

"So far so good," he responded, "but I cannot see for the life of me how we are to carry this bold scheme through to a successful finish. Why, the first time Neville sees her or her father he will claim that honor, of course."

"Leave all that to me," said India, coolly. "I have thought a way to get out of that difficulty."

"May I ask how?" he queried, grimly.

"Yes, I will see Mr. Neville and say that Bab sent me to thank him for her, begging that he will never refer to the accident in her presence or her father's, for her nerves could not stand living that terrible scene over again, and as that is her wish apparently, what else can he do but give me the consent which will most effectually seal his lips for all time to come?"

"India, what are you, a clever fiend or a cunning woman?" he cried, admiringly. "I should say you were half the one and half of the other. I believe you could carry any scheme through, no matter how impossible it seemed. You take an unusual interest in this matter, I have been thinking. Now tell me the truth—just why you do it. There is something more behind it than the desire to buy my silence regarding the past."

"You are right, Rupert Downing," she answered, slowly. "I have an object, and I do not mind telling you the truth about it. I am doing all in my power to part Bab and Clarence Neville, for the reason that I love him—myself. Now do you understand?"

A low, incredulous whistle broke from Downing's lips, but before he could reply they heard Bab's step in the corridor without.

CHAPTER XIX.

Left to herself, Rupert Downing was the last man in the world that Bab would have taken a fancy to, but with India to whisper his praises into her ear night and day, it is little wonder that her foolish little feet wandered directly into the trap covered over with flowers that they had set for her.

Bab's father had been quite correct in his estimate of Rupert Downing. In the gay life which he had led abroad he had squandered much of the vast fortune which had been left him; and his eyes had just opened to the grim fact that he must marry an heiress, and that, too, without delay—or face ruin.

He could not keep up this expensive style of living much longer. He had been on the point of proposing to one of the homeliest maids in Boston, whose pocket, however, was heavy with gold, when he had, by the merest chance, met Bab, in all her fresh, young, innocent beauty.

He had but to meet her to fall in love at first sight; but if she had been a poor girl his infatuation would have left him no further. With him wealth was first, and love a secondary consideration. And this was the shallow-hearted lover who was wooing Bab so ardently.

At the sound of Bab's approaching footsteps, India slipped out of the drawing room, in accordance with Rupert Downing's wish. When the girl entered she found her visitor there alone.

Bab hurried up to him with outstretched hands.

"Oh, Mr. Downing!" she cried in the deepest emotion, "how can I ever thank you for what you have done! You risked your own precious life to save mine. What words shall I use to convey my gratitude to you?"

He took the little fluttering hands into his and looked down into the sweet blue eyes raised to his, which were wildly drowned in tears.

"Don't try to thank me, Bab," he murmured, hoarsely, "for—let me own the truth to you—I did it for my own sake. I saved you because I could not have lived if you had died—I love you so."

"Oh, forgive me—Miss Haven," he cried, suddenly dropping her hands and turning away; "I never meant to tell you the secret in my heart—which I have striven so hard to keep from every one—you more than any one else; but the words seemed to spring unconsistently to my lips."

He could see that the girl was terribly confused, as he well knew she should be, and he quickly followed up his advantage.

"Do not despise me for telling of my love," he murmured; "for if you do, it will kill me."

She looked at him with startled eyes. The lovely young face did not pale or flush; and looking at her, Rupert Downing wondered if he would ever be able to awaken that childish heart from its calm sleep—if he should ever be able to make her love him.

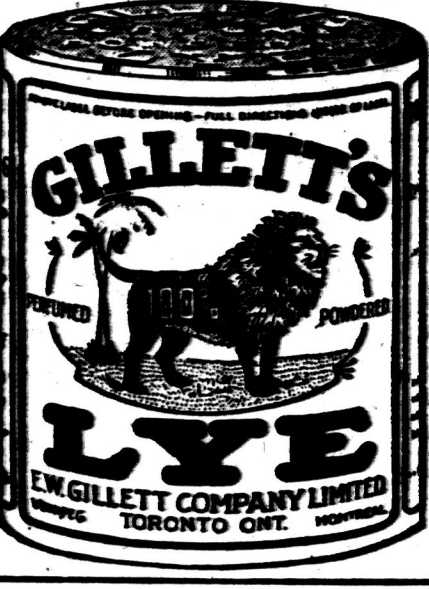
He saw that she tried to speak, but could not.

"Have I displeased you, Miss Barbara?" he whispered in a trembling voice, adding, eloquently: "Assure me that I have not, that I may breathe freely."

"No, I am not angry, Mr. Downing," she said, slowly. "I was only—just a little surprised, you know."

"Your frankness gives me courage to say more," he whispered, "though I am frightened as my own presumption. I love you, Barbara, as man never loved before. If all the poetry in the world were compressed into a single song, it could not describe by idolatrous worship of you. I loved you the first moment my eyes rested upon your fair face. I could have fallen at your feet and cried out to you that my heart had in that instant suddenly gone from me. You

## GILLET'S LYE EATS DIRT



are to me what the sunshine is to the flowers, and the dew is to them; when I am with you my life seems complete; and when I am away from you the world seems shrouded in the deepest gloom.

"Oh, Barbara, what have you to say to me?" he cried. "Will you not give me one little word of hope—only one word?"

Bab was terribly frightened; she was almost in tears. How she wished that India would come to her rescue; that some one would enter the drawing room. "Tell me that you care for me ever so little, Bab," he whispered, "give me just one gleam of hope."

"I do not know what to say, Mr. Downing," she faltered, "save that I am sorry you love me so much."

He caught her quickly in his arms, crying out: "Thank you for those words; ay, a thousand thanks for them, Bab! Do you know that pity is the first step toward love, my darling? The girl who pities a lover for his mad adoration of her, ends by loving him."

Bab tried to struggle out of his arms, but he held her fast; and she was so frightened that her senses seemed almost leave her. She was incapable of word or action; and seeing it, he took bold advantage of the situation.

"Let this be our betrothal, Bab," he whispered; "your sweet silence gives consent. And oh! I shall make you the happiest girl in the whole wide world, as you have made me the happiest of men. In this glad moment I am a thousand times repaid for risking my life to save you, my love. Oh! Barbara, what have I done that moon, dazzling happiness should be mine?"

She was too bewildered to find words in which to answer him. She heard him say that they were betrothed; she did not clearly understand just how it had come about—still she was too much of a child to doubt the assertion which he had made so positively.

"We are betrothed, Bab, darling," he repeated, straining her rapturously into his heart. "You have made me the happiest man on earth, Bab!"

At that moment India entered the drawing room, but pretended to beat a hasty retreat at the tableau which greeted her eyes.

"Do not go, Miss India," he cried, stepping forward, leading Bab by the hand.

"We have something to tell you. We are betrothed—your sweet little Cousin Bab and I."

"Dear me! how delightful!" cried India, seizing the still bewildered Bab in her arms. "What a delightful finale to the romantic story, I might almost say the tragic episode of yesterday, and she almost smothered poor Bab's pale, frightened face with kisses.

He did not make a long stay after this, but when he went he kissed Bab, calling her his darling little sweetheart.

India carried her quickly to her room, deciding that she was in no frame of mind to see any one just then, for she was in a state of nervousness bordering almost on hysteria.

Bab sank down in the nearest chair in a little white heap. Almost as soon as she could find her voice, she cried, out pitifully: "Oh, India, it is all a terrible dream, or—I really betrothed—to—to—Mr. Downing?"

"Yes," answered India, sharply, "and a very proud girl indeed you ought to be over the fact. It is not every one who can win a hero such as he is."

"I thank him with all my heart for saving my life," sobbed Bab; "but oh, India, I don't want to marry for years and years and years yet. It was only last week that I put away my dolls and promised Mrs. Mack not to play with them any more; and now—I am engaged to marry somebody. It seems like an awful dream."

India's brows gathered into a frown.

"What a very ungrateful girl you would lead me to believe you are, Bab," she said, coldly. "It is only just that you should give him as his reward the heart that he sprang into the very jaws of a horrible death to save."

"I know it, India," sobbed the distraught girl, adding: "But you don't quite understand what I mean. I thought no young girl ought to marry a young man unless she loved him; and I'm afraid that I don't love Mr. Downing in that way."

"I cannot believe you can be so heartless, Bab," cried the wily French girl; "I cannot be so mistaken in you. You could not help but love so grand a hero as Mr. Downing has proven himself to be. How sorry you would feel if he had lost his life—for your sake!"

"Oh, I see now what a very ungrateful girl I must appear in your eyes. But oh! I—I—I am so bewildered!"

When Mrs. Mack, the old housekeeper, heard the astounding news of little Bab's betrothal from India's suave lips she fainted dead away. When she recovered she fairly flew up to the girl's room.

"Oh, Bab, Bab, what is this I hear?" she cried, excitedly. "A betrothal is a solemn thing, child. It seems to me you should have waited until your father came home before entering into anything of that kind."

"Barbara knows her own mind, it is to be hoped, Mrs. Mack," cut in India, sharply, ere her cousin had an opportunity to reply.

"She is so very young!" returned the old housekeeper, almost breaking down; "she seems to me just a little too still."

"She will always seem that to you," remarked the French girl, coldly, adding: "No one should attempt to interfere in young people's love affairs."

"Unless, perhaps, it might be their parents," suggested Mrs. Mack, considerably piqued at the other's words and her tone and manner as well.

India Haven shrugged her shapely shoulders, remarking:

"There are many girls of spirit who would not brook interference—even from them."

"Then they are bad-hearted girls," declared the old housekeeper. "A parent has the right to choose or reject a lover for the child, whom he has reared, and upon whom he has lavished for so many years the love of his heart."

She was about to speak her mind freely then and there concerning Mr. Downing, and the suddenness of this love affair of Barbara's, when she was suddenly called from the room by one of the maids to receive a telegram from a lad who was waiting below.

CHAPTER XX.

Mrs. Mack found that the telegram was from Mr. Haven, and was dated from Boston. It read as follows:

"Come to me yourself by next train, or send India to me. Am ill, but on no account mention it to Barbara."

The old housekeeper stared at the telegram in hopeless bewilderment for a moment; then she hastily summoned Miss India.

"Your uncle lies ill at a hotel in Boston," she announced when the girl responded to her call, "and either you or I am to go to him without delay. I feel sure it is nothing serious," she went on, "for he is subject to these spells. He must eat certain things or he will have severe attacks of indigestion."

"I do not mind going," said India. "You would find it rather difficult to leave now that you are just commencing your spring housecleaning."

Mrs. Mack looked relieved.

"He always fancies that he is dying when he gets these attacks," she said; "but I am sure there is nothing serious the matter, and when you arrive there you will find him as good as new, and the first words he will say are that he is sorry he sent for you."

"It will be a change for me to go," said India. "I should like to see Boston."

So it was settled that India should go at once.

The next train started quite two hours later, and India said to herself that in the interim she should have plenty of time to call upon Clarence Neville and find out how he was getting along with his sprained ankle, and to mention incidentally the clever little plot which she and Rupert Downing had concocted.

The village of East Haven was scarcely an hour's ride from Boston. The inhabitants were wont to come and go frequently to make their purchases, so Bab thought little of her cousin's announcement that she was to take the next train for Boston, but would surely return by nightfall.

(To be Continued.)

A MANNERLESS AGE.  
(Detroit Free Press.)

But, after all, it wouldn't hurt any of us to improve our public manners a little—a good deal, sometimes. Nobody approves the manners of the boor, but all of us are boorish at times. We don't recognize it in ourselves as we do in others, which is a pity. This has been termed "a mannerless age." Americans are a manners people. Quite too many of us are justifying the sayings. Yet what is so becoming to either man or woman, and what so admirable, as the feeling that recognizes another's right to courtesy? It is only the expression of a sense of brotherhood which we all ought to share, one sex as much as the other, and interchangeable.

For the Woman Who Likes Striking Gowns

The somewhat set figure materials which are called futurists are worn a great deal abroad for afternoon costumes. The one pictured is of mustard colored, printed chiffon with sleeves, collar, belt and underskirt of royal blue satin. A dress of this kind could only be worn a few times, as it is so striking. However, the design, which it is by Roisset of Paris, will be especially pretty for a figure cotton voile over plain color, which would harmonize it.

## Red Rough Hands Made Soft and White



### By Cuticura Soap and Ointment

Treatment: On retiring, soak the hands in hot water and Cuticura Soap. Dry, anoint with Cuticura Ointment, and wear soft bandages or old loose gloves during the night.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold throughout the world. A liberal sample of each, with 22-page booklet on the care and treatment of the skin and scalp, sent post-free. Address: Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. 203, Boston, U.S.A.

## Schoolboy Mathematician Puts One Over on Euclid, Newton & Co.



SYDNEY A. GROSS.

A sixteen-year-old boy has solved a mathematical problem that has baffled the world since the beginning of civilization.

He has found a way to divide an angle into three equal parts without the use of higher mathematics. And that's something that neither old Euclid nor Des Cartes; nor Newton nor any other mathematical shark that ever lived could do.

This prodigy is Sydney A. Gross, a Philadelphia high school boy.

Sydney wanted to trisect an angle and wasn't satisfied with the elaborate "high curves" method invented by Euclid 2,100 years ago and used ever since. So he got busy and made a little cardboard device that does the business as simply as a draftsman's pantograph.

Just place it over the angle you want to trisect and work the hinges and in a moment you have your three angles.

The "sector," as it is called, has been examined by Prof. M. J. Babb, of the University of Pennsylvania. Prof. David Eugene Smith of Columbia university, and other experts and has been pronounced a scientific discovery of great value. It will be especially useful in the mechanical arts.

## KILL THE FLIES.

The important point of the campaign against flies is to catch them early—early in the spring before they get a start.

Flies, as you well know now, because of the campaign of education that has been waged, carry germs. In their little travelling bags they carry malaria germs, typhoid, infantile paralysis and other deadly microbes. The flies that arrive with the early spring may bring infection into your house as well as the swarms that come later, and it does little good to lock the stables after the horse is gone. If one's tiny girl sickened because the early arrivals brought the germs of disease with them you could not console yourself with wagging war on the pests the rest of the summer.

Last year in my little house on the farm I tried swatting flies—and I found that little chickens like to eat them—but the flies flew faster than I could swat them. It took time to hunt down each single—and married—fly and time, as you probably have learned by this time, is valuable.

Poisoning flies kills them off rapidly, but an inquisitive baby is apt to indulge in a meal of fly poison, and one cannot recommend it as a baby food. Furthermore, the flies have a habit of closing the worst places for their burial ground. They drop in the milk bottles, in the open churn, in the apple butter, and in every place where one doesn't want them.

All in all, the most satisfactory method is the sticky fly paper. It catches the germs on the flies' feet as well as

the flies themselves. It can be placed on tables, chairs and window ledges out of reach of babies, dogs and cats. Even if the cat does wade into it you can get the satisfaction of a hearty laugh out of it.

In fighting flies as in many other things prevention is far better than cure. In this case prevention is not only better but easier.

Don't let the flies get started; catch the early birds. Swat 'em, poison 'em or imprison them on fly paper, but "do it early."

—Woman's World for June.

## THE HOUSE TYRANT.

The House Tyrant is about the most disgusting object known.

Of all the beings who make us want to fight, burn and generally rampage, the man who has established a rule of fear in his home is the first and foremost.

It is the good and fine woman who suffers most from these beasts. The wife of such one is fortunate if she be phlegmatic and dull-nerved.

More than once or twice I have seen coarse-grained male sea himself, by all the arts of malicious ingenuity, to bring pain, humiliation and wretchedness to the wife doomed to live with him.

There all the laws of the gospel seem to break down. The gentler, kinder, more loving and Christy she is the meaner the old hound gets.

Sometimes he makes existence a hell for the children also; often as not he betrays them, scheming to embitter them against their mother.

Generally speaking I believe in human nature, but when I contemplate the petty House Tyrant I am tired of belonging to the same race.

There is only one cure for the House Tyrant, and that is not permitted by our fool laws; it is to lead him out behind the barn and drive him with a Maul three feet into the ground.—Dr. Frank Crane in Woman's World for June.

## THE SECRET OF GOOD HEALTH

### Keep the Blood Rich and Pure with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

The condition of the blood makes all the difference between health and sickness. Impure blood and strong healthy nerves and muscles never go together. If the blood is thin every part of the body becomes weak. The stomach fails in strength and the appetite becomes poor. The body does not obtain enough nourishment from the food, and soon the nerves begin to complain, and the person becomes irritable, despondent, worn out and nervous. For a time there may be no actual sickness, only a run-down weak condition, but there is a defence against disease and from such a condition spring disorders such as anaemia, rheumatism, indigestion, neuralgia, and even paralysis itself.

People with impure, thin blood should take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Each dose helps to make new, rich blood, and new blood means health and strength. They stop the progress of disease, and red cheeks, good appetite, new strength, declare the general improvement in the health. Here is an example: Miss Ellen Maude McQuoadle, Harriston, Ont., says: "I feel it my duty to add my voice to the many now recommending Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. For years I was a sufferer with backaches, rheumatism and nervousness. I was so bad at times that I was confined to my bed. I felt sleepy and heavy after my meals, one had flashes of light before my eyes, and a difficulty in collecting my thoughts. After using several remedies without benefit I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and used ten or twelve boxes in all. They gave me the best health I have enjoyed for years, and I have not since had the least return of the trouble."

You can get these Pills from any dealer in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## In the Good Old Summer Time

A HALF-BROTHER OF THE OLD BOY IS WITH US AGAIN

ICE CREAM

WORKING UP A JOB FOR A DOCTOR

ONE EYE WINKS

WITH US AGAIN—BLESS HER