THE HURON SIGNAL, FRIDAY, JUNE 22, 1888.

HELEN LAFONE : THE FOES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

A TALE OF ENGLISH LIFE.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"Yes," with a nervous shiver, "that is what I mean. A woman's love cannot live on nothing. You have seen him; Jive on nothing. You have seen him; you see his care, attention, indulgence, his atter icy indifference. In his heart he despises me; he thinks I drag him down. I have forced him to link his life with an inferior being. At first I thought it would be enough to be his wife; then I found that would not esti-fy me. I have tried to win t, and I have failed. He will never love me." "I will not believe the must love you in the arge of stone ?"

"Is he made of stone ?" "He never will. I see now-he can-A set of the set of th

That illusion has gone now. and sity. That illusion mothing." I have nothing left-nothing." She leaned her head for a moment gainst her arm and then went on-

"You think, perhaps, I am giving up hope too soon, I will tell you what I have done, and then you can judge for ourself, He takes no interest in me, othing that I do touches him in the very least, yet I have done desperate things to awaken one feeling. First, 1

tried to interest myself in his pursuits; I may he thought I was intruding. After that I led a life of ceaseless gaiety. For weeks we scarcely saw one another. He did not care ; he was happier without me. When that failed I made scenes,

mod. When that failed I made scenes, and effected to be jealous of his atten-tiens to other women. That made him think he had hung a millstone round his neck, and there it ended. Finally I tried to make him jealous of me. That attempt fell flattest of all. Before you e une I went out with Mr. Dalrymple one evening, and managing so that we went on the bay together. Every minute seemed an hour, but I stayed and stayed, and it was nearly miduight when we came in. Was he jealous or angry came in. Was he jealous or angry Not at all. He reproached me gently for not having put on a warmer wrap, and there was an end of it. I must apologise for calling you to my help. When he told me you were coming I told him who you were and why you went to India. What man with a wowhat rouses my curiosity." "I do not think he knew himself." "No, and that makes him all the more

man like me for his wife would have let you come after that ? He saw no reason. He had perfect confidence in me. He thought I loved him so; had I not asked him to marry me? He looked upon my telling him as a compliment. A compli-ment ! Great heavens ! it was the last effort of a desperate woman to keep alive her own loye and to kindle his, and he

Again they were silent. The scene had changed since they came out. Then the sun had still been high, now a pale red streak which glimmered through the trees was the only sign he had left in the

"Do you mean," asked Sir Cuthbert in a low voice and with a very pale face, "that you no longer love your hus-band ?" "I thank you for your confidence in telling me this," said Sir Cuthbert after

telling me this," said Sir Cuthbert after a somewhat lengthy silence. "Was my story less interesting because you knew the end ?" " Pardon me, but I did not know it."

CHAPTER XXXII. THE LAST STRAW.

She was speaking more to herself than Alice and Sir Cuthbert walked home him, in a low, longing voice; her hands had fallen again into her lap, her eyes were fixed upon the fire, and her face wore an expression of suffering which moved Sir Cuthbert's heart. Words of "I know what you mean," she said, raising her head. "Do not say it; it is of no use. Try to forget it." "I cannot forget it. I have never or and a new mean burned have never slowly and almost in silence ; when they passion burned upon his tongue. A great desire to take her away from here, everything about the house seemed to speak of peace and security. Just before dinner Alice got Percival's derness filled his heart. She sat there, crushed with the consequences of her telegram. She read it over and then crushed it in her hand, saying-"I wonder what his business is. He mistake-consequences to seemed no end, save with her life or that

says he will explain when he comes of her husband. The pity of it, he home tomorrow. He uever mentions thought. The life of such a woman any of his business affairs to me ; that is spoiled, ruined, made so that she herself could not bear to look at it. It could not be, it should not. She sat in silence, and he also looked

strange. The clergymen who wrote to him has been here once. Pereival met him by accident in the village; he was because I myself bound it on my back? him has been here once. Percival met him by accident in the village; he was than a perfect stranger to us both. What basiness can be possible have with Percival!'' Dinner was announced and they went

Dinner was announced and they went into the dining-room. It was a silent meel. Neither could throw off the feel-ing which weighed upon them, neither felt inclined to talk of anything except themselves, and in the presence of the servants that was impossible. So they spoke chiefly of the people who had left them, of the newest novel or volume of poems, of anything rather that what lay own nature, and I must carry with me poems, of anything rather that what lay own nature, and I must carry with me

upon the lipe; it is the only portrait I iver any which a smile did not ruin. It sended down upon me and said—"
"They believe me, who await
"The belie they await hey ditawe many believe me, they and they are and they me, and they ment on the they any ono be at think ing aroush hey bent th

"He mest see that you are unhappy;
"He is blind."
"That is why 1 am afraid," she answer:
"That is all this," he asked, 'destroyed wore and that it exists "
"She has left behind her. Dow't you under to get rid of it. Sooner or hater it mis to get rid of it. Sooner or hater it is growing cold."
"That the position is unchangeable. Now it wish is to get rid of it. Sooner or hand to her town the shead.
"I we might with that to her town the shead."
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"I we might with the and to her town the shead."
"I we might with the and to her town the shead."
"I we might with the and to her town the shead. wish is to get rid of it. Sooner or later it must come te an end I know how, it must come te an end I know how, so that it is a phantom, a myth, a delusion. I do not covince myself in the least. The more loady I tell myself that it does it. The more loady I tell myself that it does and the train kept of the veil and see just the next thing to the next the next

service, never changing, and one person who will always come at your call?"

loved any woman but you, and I shall love you all my life. Would to God you had married me, you would not then have been in this strait." "No; you would. Would that have

ing-room, and with a cup of coffee by her side, gave herself up to reflections. been any better. I wonder ?" "My love would have created yours."

"" My love would have created yours." The long, solitary day had its effect "Ah! no, that is a mistake. Don't you see that is what I thought. Was I the novels which she took up and glanc-right " right ?" "There must be a way out of it, "he said, almost in a whisper;" "there d at roused, only feelings of repugnance in her. She sat in her low easy chair before the fire and thought. She pass-

said, almost in a whisper; "there before the fire and nought. She pass-ed her whole life in mental review. "Yes I can alwaye make my own way. I am not brave. I am a coward. I can bear a short pain even if it be severe, but I cannot live through a life time of when she would be grown up, later she but I cannot live through a life time of when are would be grown up, later she self represent and self repression. If I was a beautiful and admired woman had to choose between having out a very with the world at her feet, and bound-painful tooth, and years of incessant though not acute toothache, I would have asked in marriage by one man after another, and she refused them all, wait-

"Surely there are more ways than one ing for she kdew not what. Then came of curing the toothache," he said smil-ing. a time, of which even alone and in salence she dared not think. The last "' May be ; but if one is more effectual picture was perhaps the least pleasing of

than the others." He noticed how she shrank back at the wealth and care, an unloved, unloving

wife. She rose from her chair and b words, as she said-"And forfeit the esteem of my world. gan to welk up ar

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All afternoon she sat over her work. The unpleasant day seemed to deter others beside herself from going out, no callers disturbed her solitude. She had lunched alone, alone she sipped her four o'clock tea, and after having dressed with her usual care, she dined alone. Perci-val's train did not arrive until late in the evening, and she knew that cothing annoyed him more than for her to wait dinner for him if he were unavoidably detained. All after dinner she returned to the draw-After dinner she returned to the draw-the set of the neturned to the draw-the set of the set of the

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pleurisy pains. For burns or scalds any saturated with cool alum

the injured parts covered. One quart of flour ; two generous measure ; one-half dissolved in warm water ; fo beaten ; one-half cup of over night for breakfast, a in the dish in which it is

In the morning bake until out clean from the centre and turn out on a hot plate OUICK BISCUITS -One q two heaping tablespoonfuls cups of wilk warm from teasp-outul of sait, two 1 spoonfals of baking powde shortening into the flour knife until well muzed, hav ed the baking powder a with the dry flour. Wet milk, handling as little as

makes the dough heavy Roll out quickly, cut bake in a brisk oven. RICE BREAD. -Buil a

until it is quite soft ; dra hot, add butter the size o and a half pint of milk, a of corn meal, two eggs, ar Bake in a pan one hour, I batter stand too thick.

BOSTON BROWN BREAD fuls of white flour, one losses, one teaspoonful of pint of milk, salt, 1 with the flour, addthe solve the soda in of boiling water, maining ingredients, and Have ready gether. boiling water with st the bread in a small tin

over not fitted quite tigh Dry it then a few minute BROILED SARDINES .-

dines, wipe, roll in fl. Serve on toast, with alig garnish and relish.

To remove stain from galt, a wineglassful of tur into a paste with pipe paste on the stain and 1 eral days.

ORANGE COOKIES. --spoonfuls of butter rub sugar and two quarts o with a good deal of orang ed, and mix with enough thin. Cut in fancy sha

quick oven. If you have plain be ner, and have a little ner, and nave a nith means necessary that thrown away; it will he clous ritters ; add mil one egg for the batter; to put in, so much the spoonfuls in hot lard, brown ; a little sugar i to give it a brown ting

To check premature should be well brus night with a brush har tate the skin somewh should be far enough throught the bair, r Oil rather than pomad Common sweet oil, s

Returne

Name of Prus

1 W. J. Paisley... 2 Edward Sibben

3 J. R. Miller. . 4 J. R. Miller. .

5 Geo. Tedford

G.J. R. Miller. . 7 W. J. Paisley.

.. ..

11 O. H. Sprague.

17 W. J. Paisley

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24 J. R. Miller.

25 Hugh McQuee 26 W. J. Paisley.

27 Jas. Morrison

29 John Yule....

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18 19 ..

20

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2041-

A haze had crept over the water, sky. they could only hear, not see, the in-coming tide; the hills began to loom dimly through the gathering mist, and the more distant ones were hidden from view. A chill wind had arisen which sighed through the leafless trees; yet neither Alice nor Sir Cuthbert made any

movement to return home. "Would that you had married me," he

said at last. "I do not know, I might have been spared this awful pain, this feeling that I myself have deliberately wrecked my own life; but there might have been other things, and I suppose I shall get used to it. I have a whole lifetime be-

apoke in a lower, softer tone than usual. "It is strange that you have never fore me. 'That would be martyrdom. You had

better leave him." "After asking him to marry me ! Some times I imagine circumstances under which we might be separated. I have given my imagination full rein, and once I thought-you will not easily guess

what ? "Let me hear."

"Let me near," "I have thought, suppose Helen should come to life again, and I should turn out not to be his wife at all, how in-expressibly thankful I should be."

You are wishing for the moon "I know; and yet sometimes I must think those things are a relief from what I suffer. Can you understand that at

"I think so. Cannot you live with your husband on terms of friendship?" "Could I put up with friendship when I had looked for love? It will be a long she broke off with a

' Then ?"

"Then he will have a right to reproach me, not before." "I do not think he ever will reproach

her married life was happy, and she was one of those women whose beauty is de-yeloped by happiness and love. There, as you see, she is beautiful." "Were those all her things?" looking at the work-table and the low-cushioned you." "So far, certainly, he has behaved very well to me. He has been sustained by a sense of duty, and no doubt he got some satisfaction out of the thought that if he was not happy, I was; that he had Percival did nothing without consulting her; he told her everything. To save him the trouble of continually going in

given use what I once told him I wanted most in the world. I cannot tell what he will teel or do when he finds that to be a mistake. Is it not your wish to leave him ?"

from the other rooms after her death and brought to this room. When I came, "If you could show me any rightful way by which I might leave him to day. ever, I should be grateful to you all peared.

ny life lang He was silent, and after a moment she went on with the same dreary smile which had crossed her face before.

dree "You see there is none. I must my weird, and get what comfort I can out of the reflection that the bed upon which I lie is of my own making.

"Promise me that if ever you are need of help you will come to me.'

"I never shall be in need of help. my husband hated me I should still in the eyes of the world be an indulged and enviable wife, But he never will me, he does not care enough for me to hate me. Were you ever in his study ?" the finished irrelevantly. "Never."

nently in their mind At last Alice rose, saying-"Come to me when you are tired of

being alone, Sir Cuthbert, and I will take you to Percival's study." "I will come now if you will allow e," was his reply, and they crossed the me," was his reply, and they crossed the hall and went along the corridor leading to the study together. They looked very well, stepping thus they could be aide. Sir Cuthbert

slowly along, side by side. Sir Cuthbert was not particularly tall, noticeably below Percival, and Alice's unusual height

brought her flaxen locks on a level with her companion's closely cut black hair. Both moved, naturally with slow dignity by drawing her attention to him he by drawing her attention to him he should disturb the current of her thoughts. The most perfect silence reigned over the house; the fire glowed, the lamp burned brightly, and from the wall Helen looked down upon her unand grace, Alice's silken skirts swept rustling over the floor, jewels burned at her throat and on her arms, and she

which there

been in this room," she said. "People are not admitted indiscriminately, but

happy sister. Presently Alice went on. "If I had chosen my own character, I should have to abide by it. I should have no right to rid myself of it, but you and Percival are triends." They reached the study as she spoke. nave no right to rid mysell of N, but since it is only a burden laid upon me by other people, I am justified in freeing myself from it in the way I like best. No one can blame me; if there is any She had given orders for it to be lighted, so that when they opened the door and went in everything in the room was dis-

tinctly visible. Sir Cuthbert looked round in silence. blame in the matter it rests with those who gave me life, and no help with which to bear life. No one can blame Alice turned to him with a smile. It was just as Percival had left it in

"Yes; she sat here a great deal.

search of her, she established herself here. Some of the things he collected

It was just as Percival had left it in the morning. He was not a man who loved a great degree of order in his pri-vate affairs, and books, papers, and let-ust caffairs, and books, papers, and let-the strawn carelessly about. The title Moore ! Alice !" cried Sir Cuthters lay strewn carelessly about. The fire burned low and red, the lamp was

"Mrs Moore ! Alice !" cried Sir Cuth-berth, "say no more; you know not bright, shutters and curtains were closed and drawn; with the little work-table what you are saying. You cannot be

and easy chair near the fire, it was altoserious ?" "You do not like it ? Ah, you see gether a comfortable-looking room. Sir Cuthbert turned to the portrait. after all you have projudices and are selfsh. It would pain you and give you a shock to hear that I was dead, killed "Is that your sister?" he asked. "What a beautiful face. I did not think her exactly beautiful when I saw her." "As a girl she was not beautiful, but her married life me her

by my own hand. You would rather I bore the burden of this life which crushher married life was happy, and she was es me with its misery, and in which it can see no gleam of hope." "You shall not talk like that. You

may not be happy now, but you will be. hard to go.' "No; for people with my character no

"Why since last night ?" such thing as happiness is possible. Since my marriage I have read and thought a great deal, and this is how it all "You cannot have forgotten of what we spoke, nor the view you held. I am most unwilling to leave you alone with

ends. Every one now is agreed that the end and aim of humanity is happiness; it might be had so easily. If instead of those thoughts." "Do not be alarmed," she answered preaching and lecturing and making schemes for securing the happiness of the world, all the unhappy people would agree to put themselves to death and

every relic of her presence had disap rid the earth of a great burden, there What a would be a chance for the rest.

"Do you often come here ?" good thing it would be for humanity : Moore?" "Percival would tell you that I never good come, and when he is here I never do. But I could not count the times that I

away from home; when he does he never fails to write; this time he has not "You are not well, Mrs Moore; you have come when I knew he was away. When I still leved him. I used to come are not yourself. You take too gloomy a view of things; your life must not be done so. I cannot overcome the feeling and look and look at the picture, and that there is something strange in this beg it to tell me the charm it had for him, even from beyond the grave, to mysterious business." "I am exceedingly sorry that I shall

which amuses me, and at the same time uot see him again." give me one glimpse of the land in which they had loved and lived together; to

they had loved and lived together; to let me know whether they lay in the eyes, or the smile, or the voice, or the being altogether. I have lain on my knees be-fore that picture, longing, with unutter-able longing, for just one glimpse of light." "And what answer did you get ?" "It smiled. You see that half smile

for ever, and so I say that those who bring about their own misfortunes are resigned eyes if I went to him some fine it to last? For ever. It could not. albring about their own misfortunes are more to be pitied than others. The day and said, 'Let us part, you never first have nothing to reproach themselves with; the last live in a hell of self-blame and apprehension. What I suffer, there-fore, is not my fault. Who gave me my character ? Who trained me? The foundation of all this was laid so long are. No it is not my fault." ago. No, it is not my fault." She paused, and Sir Cuthbert was silent, almost holding his breath, lest Sir Cuthbert said nothing, and she how she had been during his absence, re-

gret that business had kept him away from her so long; probably would de st., near the Bank of Montreal.

cline her suggestion of refreshment, and then would pause to allow her to ask the questions which it was her daty to put. Had he had a pleasant journey ? Was he INVENTION has revo ing glanced at the portrait, which concold ? Had he seen anyone they knew ?

tinued to smile upon them.

Cathbert's sudden departure, messages would be given by her, regrets uttered by him, and they would sit through the The next morning Alice's humor seemed to have entirely changed. She greet-ed Sir Cuthbert at the breakfast table rest of the evening, mute, or wearying themselves with the effort to keep up a with a smile, from which all bitterness and gall had vanished. She was rather vapid, pointless conversation. And that was life and married bliss ; It suddenly surprised that there was no letter from Percival, but supposed there would be a telegram later in the day. The expresstruck her that she and her husband would be alone for the first time for weeks, and that this would be only one sion on her companion's face made her 82.7

y-"I am afraid you have had bad news, r Cuthbert." "Not bad, only awkward and annoy-the trying to smother his indifference in politeness, she was doing her best to hide misery under smiles, and feeling with Sir Cuthbert." "Not bad, only awkward and annoying coming just now. I regret very much that I shall have to leave you this rightly or wrongly, but feeling with every nerve, that the one feeling she stirred in her husband's heart was con-

"I call that very bad. Cannot you tempt. stay even till Percival comes !" "I fear not," he replied, and then he tered. "To leave him, to be out of the reach of those cold, kind eyes, those careful attentions which chill my heart. told her what called, him away, saying at

the end-"Even if I leave to your decision you will say I must go." "I am afraid so. I am very sorry.

I would give even my beauty. How long will it last. I wonder, and what had hoped you would not get tired of us for a long time."

will be the end ?" Darker and darker grew her face. Up and down she walked, her rustling dress trailing after her along the floor, her "Since last night I find it additionally hand pressed to her side. There was a sound of wheels outside

Then would come an explanation of Sir

"I cannot bear it, I cannot," she mut-

a door opened and shut, footsteps cutside, a door opened and shut, footsteps came along the hall, and when Percival came in he saw his wife stretched in her chair before the fire, from which she rose with

a smile and suppressed yawn to saywilling. "It will not take place yet, un-less some very wonderful and unforseen event should happen to precipitate mat-ters, and you know I have made up my mind not to believe in the unforseen and "It will not take place yet, un-"At last you have come ! I have been so dull all day." Then as she turned and saw her hus-

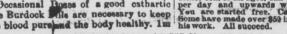
band's face, she said-"Percival, what is the matter? Some the wonderful." "What time do you expect Mr. thing has happened I am sure.'

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