

HELEN LAFONE.

THE FOES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

A TALE OF ENGLISH LIFE.

CHAPTER XXI.

"He returned to his work, but his thoughts were occupied in a persistent and annoying way with Helen. He could not make up his mind what to think about her. She was young and beautiful and charming; he could not help smiling as he recalled the Rector's name for her, and it struck him how suitable it had been. He did not know which was the most charming, her manner to himself, or her reserve mingled with a cordiality which was evidently assumed with an effort and from a sense of duty, or her manner to the Rector of deferential attention and respect, lightened by affection and the half unconscious coquetry which is permissible between a young and attractive woman and a man old enough to be her father.

Dr. Holmes felt her attraction keenly and he wondered what was the sorrow which so frequently threw a shadow over her face. Helen went indoors and found Mrs. Longworthy in a room which did not command a view of the drive. "It was you," she said, as the girl came in. "I thought I heard wheels coming along the drive."

"I have no doubt you did, it was I being brought home in state in Dr. Holmes's dogcart. I walked a little too far, and as we met him he drove me home."

"How thoughtless of Rupert!" she said. "I told him to send you home as soon as you felt at all tired. He is really too careless."

"I expect he had scruples about riding himself in that plain, unvarnished fashion," said Helen, smiling. "You know he says his intercourse with the Miller's Gate people has taught him to be very careful of the feelings of others."

"You must have a glass of wine," said Mrs. Longworthy, rising and laying aside her work as she spoke. "What did you talk about?" she asked when she was seated again. "Who?"

"The doctor and you?" "I don't think we talked about anything in particular. The impression left upon my mind by our conversation is that we squabbled."

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the thing most likely to happen, and the fear was still in her heart, and she shivered on her face when she returned home. Once or twice during tea she caught the doctor's eyes fixed on her face, and she was annoyed that she could not better hide a grief which she would not explain to him. She roused herself and began to talk, but in the conversation, and her words were so much more energetic, as she had to make a great effort to speak them at all.

It was at the time of a visit of the Czar of Russia to various towns in his dominions, and Mr. Longworthy and the doctor were speaking of the precautions which were taken for his safety, the thousands of extra police who were enrolled, and the terror which pervaded every grade of society. Mr. Longworthy expressed a certain sympathy with the nihilists. Dr. Holmes was strongly opposed to all their views and ways. The discussion had grown tolerably animated, when the doctor seeing Helen sit with her eyes fixed upon the Rector's face, broke off to ask her a question.

"On which side do you throw the weight of your sympathy, Mrs. Moore?" "I agree with Mr. Longworthy."

"I beg your pardon. I really need not have troubled you with such a question. I might have been sure with whom you would agree. You could not support my views on principle. 'Is it not so?'"

"To me," she said, "it all seems to depend on the question whether it is more fitting that millions should stand in fear of one man or one man in fear of millions."

He looked at her in some astonishment; he had not expected such an answer from her. "And you think?" he asked, after a pause. "Hardly the former."

"Well, of course," he began, rolling little balls of bread between his fingers as he spoke, "put in that way your view looks plausible, but I must confess I never had it put in that way before. 'I congratulate you, Helen,' put in the Rector, turning to her in his courtly way; 'you have given this darkened individual his death blow. I have known him longer than you have, and I know from frequent experience (here his eyes twinkled) the signs of defeat. No, no, putting out his hand towards her, as he saw she was going to speak again. 'Do not say another word; you will spoil your victory; he would twist what you said into the most unnatural shape to suit his own ends. Mabel,' looking at his wife, 'be good enough to let us go, or Helen will be beaten after all.'"

Mrs. Longworthy rose, and she and Helen went back to the drawing-room; the Rector detained the doctor a minute, ostensibly to talk over a case in the village, in reality, to keep him for a few moments from Helen. When later, they were all together again, the conversation turned on quite a different subject. "Winter will soon be here now," said Mrs. Longworthy, as she put her feet on the fender and let Helen put a little wrap of white Shetland wool around her shoulders. "You must let me have your list doctor; there are always so many families wanting relief."

married his wife will be a burden to him?" "If he has his way to make, most certainly. Anxiety for the comfort and happiness of his wife and children must often rob him of his nerve, and cause failures where he would have been successful had he stood alone."

"I do not agree with you at all." "I did not for a moment expect that you would be so ready to answer, and you noticed the bitterness with which he spoke."

"For my own part," she said, "I can imagine nothing more helpful to a man than the knowledge that there is a woman who takes an interest in every one of his concerns, and whose sympathy and help are always at his service. I think to feel that must cheer and strengthen any man."

She spoke almost passionately, with a certain glow in her face, and Dr. Holmes perhaps the picture she drew touched Dr. Holmes more than he cared to show. His answer was ungracious both in tone and words.

"No doubt; but then you see you are a woman; naturally you see things in the most favorable light for your own sex."

He could have stamped with vexation as soon as he had said the words. Helen made no reply. Her lips curled, and he noticed a little involuntary straightening of her figure, but she only unfolded the work lying in her lap and began to sew.

There was so great an intimacy between the doctor and Mr. Longworthy that all "company manners" were laid aside when they met. Neither the doctor nor his wife thought it necessary to abandon the usual employment in which they were engaged when they met.

"Very good," she replied; "for once I shall be glad to have the silence broken and to change her occupation. 'What shall I play? more waltzes?' she asked, turning round; and it was evident that the question was addressed to Mr. Longworthy alone. "Yes," he said; "I am fond of waltzes. I was present at the performance this afternoon; if you are singing I will take the responsibility upon myself."

What could bring that look and smile into the doctor's face? He knew them both well. He had seen them when the doctor was sitting by the bedside of some sick person who was to undergo some painful operation or examination. He had seen them when all hope was over and the clergyman was speaking of death. What could he be saying to Mrs. Moore that called such a look upon his face. Again, what was the meaning of Helen's replies, of the burning colour which covered her cheeks, and which was followed by the abrupt departure of Mr. Longworthy, who, as he went, laid his hand for an instant upon her shoulder, as though for encouragement!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The exhausting and drowsy feelings, common to spring time, indicate an impure and sluggish condition of the blood, which may be remedied by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is the most powerful, and, at the same time, most economical blood purifier known.

On one of the recent muddy days in Boston as a horse car was passing a lady at a street corner she beckoned to the driver, and the car was stopped at the crossing. The lady stepped on board, and the conductor opened the car door for her to enter. Imagine his surprise when the lady informed him that she did not want to ride; that the crossing was very muddy, and that she wanted to step across, using the car platform as a bridge to the other side of the street!

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"Did n't Know 't was Loaded"

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The Poet's Cot. A little wheedler. "There never was a grandma but He whispered, while beside her bed, And laid his rosy cheek, With manner very meek, Against her forehead, in his joy, 'These never was a flower that I know, some little blue just by the gate, Because they've none like I wonder what I'd do Without a grandma's kisses night and day.' "There never was a dearer girl He kissed her and he smooth white hair."

"When I'm a man, what lot bring I— A horse and carriage and a nice little granddame are so nice (just here he kissed her) And granddame give a boy most Before his dear old granddame cot This boy looked up, and with a 'Thea whispered in her ear 'That nobody might hear 'So, granddame, have you any?"

High Praise. Mr. John Neelands, writt Maudslott Paragon, Adel says: "I have used Haggyr Balsam for years in our family Colds, Sore Throats, Coughs no other medicine."

After an Afternoon Call. As a reward for having been for nearly an hour Mrs. little son Tommy with her grandmother when she went to the had long owned Mrs. Gre Mrs. Greene had a little boy Tommy's age, but he was by his mother's side in mischief other people miserable. Little Hal Greene was called first arrived. "Oh, Mrs. Greene, I'm very glad to see you, but really could not hope you'll excuse me for little Tommy with me. He's 'Why, certainly,' cries 'I'm delighted to see you, seems so much less than you just ran in the way with you. How do you do, my little 'Shake hands with Tommy.' "Don't want to," says Tom ing back. "Why, Tommy, I am ash Go and speak to the lady." "I don't want to." "You're not afraid of me dear?" asks Mrs. Greene. boys. Hall will be in a p you can play with him." "And he'll shake hands know," said Mrs. Why never will take you now sit still. How do you ter, Mrs. Greene? I heard! let that book alone!" "He won't hurt the book well and be careful, lit small table upsets easily." "Tommy! Go away from Yes, I heard that you na till, says Tommy, Tom do."

"I was sick, but—I wou far back in that chair, tips over easily." "Tommy, get out of th I know that you—Tommy ming on the piano." "Yes, I was afraid at wouldn't try to close the door; it will fall on you." "Why, Tommy, what is so touch that you—Tommy is so ashamed of you! I have a touch of typhoid fe —Tommy White, what a pulling that table draws alone. I had typhoid fe standing on the flush of dirty boots! Get right o over the chair. I d was saying, Mrs. Greo sick I—don't whirl arou piano stool." "Master Hall here appee begins in earnest. The performances bring the ce termination, and the la agreeing that the oth "very worst youngsters and breathed."—Detroit.

The Four Cardinal. The four cardinal point the stomach, the liver, th the blood, any failure brines disease and deran whole system. Regulat with Barlock Blood B perfect health.

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