## HELEN LAFONE :

THE FOES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

A TALE OF ENGLISH LIFE.

CHAPTER VIII.

poem which Helen had evidently been

reading before she went to lie down, and

How quiet the room was : what a

stairs he had stepped aside into

up only a short time before. A feeling

went forward, saying in a low voice-

"I could not get away any earlier.

"At The Thwaite ; they are very gay

and I have no time to go and see them.'

"Have they never been to see you,

nor to inquire how you are getting

"Never; but you know I would rather

they did not come. Fancy Alice up

She smiled as she spoke—a sad smile

for she was thinking of the man who

upon him. Percival's followed them as

"The servant told me he was about

He spoke interrogatively, for Helen's

manner seemed to imply that the pa-

"He always seems about the same.

and each day it gets a little nearer the

She looked up into his face as she

s Percival was seated. Helen had slip-

"What shall I do when he is gone,

"You must make the best of me, my

"Ah !" clasping his hand and speak-

"He cannot be more anxious about

once. I think we have kept our secret

"Wait a little longer, just a

he said-

the same ?"

tient was worse

She shook her head.

She would look rather out of

'Are they ? I have not seen anyone

"Where have you been

"Percival.

were here?" she asked.

ed thought.

THE GOING DOWN OF THE SUN-A TER- ( your master's room till she comes, for RIBLE HOUR FOR HELEN. He went softly upstairs, pushed

As Percival progressed in his study of Alice's character he became considerably the sick room. The doctor lay in bed interested : for he found she had a great deal more character than he had originally supposed. There were some points upon which he was still in doubt : but him almost immediately—she was selne characteristic had revealed itself to shaded and the corners of the room were in the dark, except for the fire told him one day that it was one of her light. A screen stood between the fire most fixed unalterable principles to get and the bed. A little table stood by the all she could, and the best of everything chair with a small work-basket and a for herself. Perhaps she had guessed the thoughts to which her avowal gave rise, for on the fellowing day she talked a good deal about how bed such a life as she had led must be for any girl ; it must of necessity develop all her latent self-Percival had replied that some women had no latent selfishness to be developed. Alice, however, laughed yery much at the idea, and said he must be very much wanting in penetration if he had not vet discovered that every women had her pet selfishness, which, though she might do her heat to hide it altogether, but it was there all the same. so she said, and Percival hardly knew whether she spoke in earnest or not. She had totally changed her manner to him. New he was her chesen compan ion. Unless she had a long and what she chose to consider a confidential talk with him-though, so far as he was concerned, the whole world might have heard every word that passed between them-she did not consider the day had passed off well. She forced him always to be in attendance upon her, though it was so skiltfully done that to the curious onlooker it seemed as though she were rather reluctantly vielding to him.

Everyone noticed it. Though Percival's close and intimate friendship had given rise to no remark, almost every word he spoke to Alice was noted, and his most superficial attentions construed turbed for anything." into a serious purpose.

Percival was often struck by the complete way in which Helen seemed to hearthrug by his side. "I had given have vanished from among them. No you up for tonight. You have never one appeared ever to think of her, or to come so late before." wonder what she was doing. Every day left before anyone else on purpose to a servant from The Thwaite called at the doctor's house to make inquiry after come and see you." him : Percival himself often brought tidings from the sick room; and there, there just now," communication between the houses since I came here. They do not call,

One evening he called on his way home, He had been spending the evening at The Thwaite-people said he spent a great many evenings there now, choosing to forget all the mornings and afternoons he had passed there in Helen's time-and he had left early on purpose o be in time to see Helen. There had been a large party at The Thwaite, and the rooms had got rather overheated; the sharp air of the autumn night blew cool and refreshing on his face. He took off his hat, and walked slowly on, thinking of many things, and in par ticular of Alice. She had looked exfeedingly beautiful that evening, dressed in her favourite white, with a soft colour in cheeks, and a greater brillancy than usual in her eyes. She had been even more gracious than ever before to Percival. She had been the last person to whom he had spoken before leaving end. Dr. Smith told me to day that I the house. Naturally she was present should not be kept away from home in his thoughts as he strolled along in much longer." the moonlight with the air of the song which she had just been singing still spoke. They were sitting down. That sounding in his ears. He did not understand her yet. He knew of one offer of ped on to the rug, and was half sitting, marriage she had had since her return half kneeling there with her arm resthome, and so advantageous a one that ing on Percival's knee. There was unfor a day or two she had been half in utterable soorow in her eyes and in the disgrace for having refused it. She had drooping corners of her mouth. Percitold him of it herself with the most comval pressed her hand without speaking. plete indifference, and he could not quite make out, what to use his own Percival? I shall be so lonely I cannot phrase, "she was driving at." She had bear to think of it. I cannot tell you told him she was capricious, and she certainly was He felt half angry with her how I love him !" as she recalled the numerous caprices she had displayed since he knew her. Then he thought of her beauty. It was so superb, so wonderful, and almost ening with a sudden vehemence-"I thank hanced by the fact that she herself was God every day that I have you. If it so fully conscious of it and gloried in it, were not for that I should lose my as he might have done in some rare and courage, and be unable to stay here and precious possessions which in nowise de-

So musing, he reached the doctor's kind, always thinking of me, and fearhouse, and rang the muffled bell. The ing lest I should overtax my strength, He thinks so much of you, too, Perciservant who answered it told him in answer to his question that her master was "about the same, and just then long conversation the other day, and he Was Miss Lafone still up? he told me he was more reconciled to leav. Helen. ing me since I have you." asked, he wanted to see her. Miss Lafone was lying down; she had gone to her room when the doctor fell asleep, your happiness and safety than I am, my but that was sometime before. No child; and speaking of that, I want you doubt she would soon be returning to to let me ask your father's consent at her post : the maid would call her.

'No," he replied, "do not call her." I quite long enough." can wait. I will go upstairs and ait in

sha pleaded. "Wait till I am at home rain. I could not bear people's comsents and congratulations just now, and it will not be long, Percival."

He consented, and for some little time afterwards they were silent. Percival half wondered Helen did not speak of Alice; it seemed curious that she to her eyes to wipe away her tears, should be blind to the ghost that she and he put his other hand upon had herself conjured up. Before Alice her head, saying, had come home she had seemed in a "Cry, child, if onstant state of nervous apprehension est Percival should find out he prefered her. Now that she was at home, that Percival and she were thrown constantly together, and that Helen her- he stroked her hair gently, saying, the door which stood ajar, and entered self was not present to see how far their acquaintance had advanced, she appearasleep and breathing heavily, but not in any apparent discomfort. Percival took ed to have forgotten her fears and to no more doubt Percival's constancy to her a low chair by the fire, no deubt the one Helen had been using, and leaning back than she doubted her own to him.

Presently Percival rose, saying-"I should have liked to speak to him. but there seems no chance of his waking, and I dare not stay longer for your sake,

She did not try to detain him. but rose book upon it. He took the bookto her feet at the same time, and they but she still sat in the same position, Wordsworth ; he smiled and read the went softly downstairs together.
"How I should like a walk," she said.

as they stood on the doorstep and saw the garden flooded with moonlight, and having read it he fell into loose, disjointheard the sound of the sea below in the

change from the richly furnished, "Take one turn round in the garden. brilliantly-lighted, and crowded rooms He will not wake, and no one will see he had just left! Befere coming up-

dining-room where the remains of and they went once round the garden back to him. Helen's supper still stood upon the slowly, as though loath to part. From table, and he contrasted the simple food time to time Helen stooped down and to himself. "Lift my hand to your with the meal from which he had risen plucked a flower-an aster or two, a late face. blooming single dahlis, and a few fronds of disgust came over him as he compared of fern. She bound them together with and he passed it over all her features Alice's life with Helen's, and his heart a bit of grass and put them into Perci- saying. swelled with tenderness as he thought of val's hand as they parted at the gate. her. At that moment she came in ; she It was about a week later that the end it. I wish Percival were here," he went

had met no one on her way from her came. The doctor had been growing bedroom, and in the dim light saw only rapidly weaker, and all that day had lain a man's figure seated in her own chair with closed eyes, scarcely speaking, or before the fire without recognizing whose seeming to notice what was going on. was. But a moment's reflection told Though the end of November, the her it could only be one person, and she weather was singularly bright and clear, and as warm as spring. The window was open, the only sound was the boom He turned at once, and rose to greet of the sea as the tide came in. The sun was just setting and pouring its last the butler had promised to give him "Why did you not let me know you beams into the room. Helen thinking the doctor was asleep, and afraid least "The maid told me you were lying the brilliant light should disturb him, down. I would not have had you disrose and went to the window to draw down the blind, but the doctor turned "How good of you to come," she went on, looking up at him as she stood on the

> "Don't draw down the blind, Helen, I should like to see the sun set once past midnight. She had heard the ser-

She came back and resumed her seat by the bedside without speaking. Till now she had wept her woman's tears in secret, and to the doctor had been al- She sat by the bed, the dying man, dead Sing prison, where he had served four ways bright and cheerful. But today it now to all intents and purposes, held her months of a five years' term for forgery. was beyond her strength to smile, almost hand, which she dared not withdraw. He made his way to Mo to speak, and she only raised the dying man's hand to her lips.

"Read to me," he said presently. speaking in his old way, using words which in form were imperious, while in first time she had seen death, and she secured a position as drug-clerk. Since spirit and tone they were gentle and had an almost exaggerated horror of it. his marriage he has led an exemplary caressing beyond the words of women.

"What shall I read?" she asked, forcing herself to speak calmly, as she thought this was the last time she would tried to draw her hand away, and found informed Warden Debrush. Today he perform this familiar service. "No," he said, seeming to revive a

lay there asleep, and her eyes rested little just at the last, for his voice was firm, though weak. "You shall say something for me, as you used to do when you were a little girl, and came to pour out tea for me when I got home."

"What shall I say?" [she asked, her voice scarcely rising above a whisper. He appeared to consider for a moment then his face lit up as he said-

"Say, 'It is a beauteous evening.'" She was silent for a moment; collecting all her strength, then she cleared her voice and began to recite the beautiful

The doctor lay still, his eyes fixed upon the window, through which was visible all the calm radiance of the sunset. He did not speak, only when she came to the words-

'Dear child, dear girl! that walkest with me he clasped her hand tightly in his own. and drew it close up to him till it rested on his heart.

Her lips trembled, a lump rose in her throat, she felt as if she must break down; but she only made a momentary pause, and then went on to the end.

The doctor was silent for a minute after she had finished. His lips moved as though he were repeating to himself the words she had just said.

"It has always seemed to me, Helen, as if that sonnet had been written for you and me. We have so often walked see him fading away, growing weaker together on the sea shore and watched every day; yet always so good and the sunset. It was the first bit of Wordsworth I ever set you to learn. Do you remember ?"

"It is just suited to this evening," he val; he often speaks of you. We had a went on, musingly. "Say it again,

She did his bidding, and began in roice which she had to steady once or

She paused, her trembling lips refused to perform their offices. She sat silent for a moment, and then said in a whis-

He saw her raise her handkerchief

"Cry, child, if you want to; it not hurt me, rather it does me good Let your tears come freely, Helen.' She bent her head upon the bed and sobbed as if her heart would break, and "Poor child, poor child.

He did not attempt a word of consols tion; he let her cry on, and partly, at least, ease her heart to him. Her sob were the only sound that broke the silence; the room was nearly dark, for the sun had set and the fire was low. The boom of the waves-the everlasting thunder-came clearly through the still air. For some time no word was spoken. Helen had ceased crying. her head bent forward, her face hidden in the bedclothes. Now and then a long, shivering sigh shook her figure. "Helen." said the doctor, at last,

want to see your face." She raised it, pale and tear-stained and her large eyes, full of sadness, look-

ed into his out of the gathering dusk. "Light the lamp," he said, "I cannot She stepped on to the grayel path, see you." She did so, and then came

"Still I cannot see it," he murmured She lifted his hand to her forehead

"I will send for him" She wrote note, which she sent by one of the servants, and then came back and said what she had done. He pressed her hand, but so feebly that she scarcely felt it, and then sat in silence. Presently the servant came in to say that Mr Moore had been away all day, but

Miss Lafone's note as soon as he came

Hour after hour passed. Helen knew that the doctor would never speak again. that if Percival were to enter the room and revealed that he was not asleep by at that moment he would probably be ing with an inexpresible longing. It was vants go to their rooms some two hours before. She knew that she was the only person awake in the house. The fire had died out, and the lamp was burning low.

morning when the heavy breathing ceased, and the long, delicate fingers for a moment relaxed their hold, enabling her corpse in a room without a glimmer of

She tried to move and could not. She, tried to call, and her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth. She dared not break that awful stillness. So she sat rigid with terror, dumb with grief, until she heard the house door open softly, and a quick, cautious footstep on the stairs, and which she knew even to be Percival's. He came straight on to the Percival's. He came straight on to the dark, silent room; she heard him push open the door, and then stand uncertain comfort. These sterling merits account open the door, and then stand uncertain whether in the dark he had not misse the familiar way. She knew it all, knew that he was on the point of going out again, and still she could not speak. Fortunately he did

"Helen," he said, in a low voice. The sound of his voice seemed to break through the horror that kept her dumb, and she answered him, saying-"Percival!" with a sob in her voice.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Barnum said "The American people like to be humbugged." This may be true in the line of entertainment, but not where life is at stake. A man with con sumption, or any lingering disease, looking Death in the face and seeking to evade his awful grasp, does not like to be trifled with. So with confidence we place before our readers Nature's great remedy. Dr Pierce's Golden Medical Piscovery, a sure relief for that long train of diseases resulting from impure blood, such as Consumption, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Liver Complaint, Kidney Disorder, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Scrofula and General Debility. Time-tried and thoroughly tested, it stands without an equal, Any druggist,

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The St. Thomas Times prints a list o thirty-six eligible city bachelors and widowers for the information of the saidens of the place, whose privilege is is this year to make matrimonial propositions. The descriptions are well written and said to be accurate. The following one is given as a sample :

"Sanders Frederick, retired trades man, is a shining mark for the designing female. Still hovering about the early thirties, handsome, stylish, of fine Catarra HATEVER figure good habits and pleasing manners, e is a star in society. Fred is simply rresistible when togged out in his para- Not Liquid, Snuff phernalia and has that peculiarly winning way which so unerringly strikes a tender cord in the feminine heart. He sive Odors. has independent means and is the envied possessor of brilliant prospects and should be garnered by some worthy fair one before the year of special grace ex-

The Breath of a chronic catarrh pa tient is often so offensive that he cannto go into society and he becomes an object of disgust, After a time ulceration sets in, of disgust. After a time ulceration sets in, the spongy hones are attacked, and frequently, entirely destroyed. A constant source of discomfort is the dropping of the purulent secretions of invetarate bronchitis, which in its turn has been the exciting cause of pulmonary disease. The brilliant results which have attendant to the second at that moment he would probably be ed its use for years past properly desig-unrecognized, but she longed for his com-ing with an inexpressible longing. It was best, if not the only real cure for hay best, if not the only real cu fever, rose cold and catarrh.

New York, Jan. 7. -On September 5, 1884. Julius Ferrel escaped from Sing assumed the name of Charles Chestnut out of reach of the bell, and a kind of and married a pretty young French horror which was creeping over her pre- Canadian girl. Three months ago he vented her from calling, for this was the brought his wife to Williamsburg and She dared not disturb the silence, which life, and believed himself to be free was broken by the doctor breathing. At from pursuit. One day last week a forast when she could bear it no longer, she mer gaol companion recognised him and she could not. The dying man's fingers was captured and returned to the prison. had so far stiffened that she could not Before being taken away he asked perwithdraw without a greater effort than mission to see his wife and child, which she had either wish or courage to make. was granted. He entered his room and It was perhaps two o'clock in the said feelingly to his wife, "I am not Charles Chestnut, but Julius Ferrel, an Highly escaped convict, who must go back to prison. You know that I have been to free her hand. Almost at the same honest since I met you. "Yes," replied moment the lamp flickered and went out, the young wife, "you have been a good and she knew that her old friend was husband to me." Then she swooned, dead, and that she was alone with the the shock may be fatal to her and her

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ut I have got th and others of her In New York al ton and other citie ed that the coarses rich rather than to of moderate means er significant bit o "A friend, a ma his father before

noted as one of th factors of the poor lives, and with talking about thes 'For my family because they are are satisfied with der, even if they and toothsome strong and health such food is good rents and 18 good question whether coachman would accept such doc people to whom money is given others of their ch would be ill con food-materials tl his table."

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