

# HELEN LAFONE: OR THE FOES OF A HOUSEHOLD. A TALE OF ENGLISH LIFE.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

They walked along almost in silence and all thinking of Helen. Moore was still occupied in arranging his new impressions. Dr Hazlitt was leaning over the girl's position for the one hundred and fiftieth time, and wondering if there were any way of bettering it, feeling the while sorely grieved. Helen was also thinking of herself. She was feeling tired and depressed, as she always did after one of these fits of excitement and passion, and at the same time devoutly thankful that she had met Dr Hazlitt. He had saved her from herself. She had gone out of doors with a vague intention of hiding herself in some secluded spot, and there crying herself back to peace. She hated crying. Whenever things at home went so bad that either from anger or a feeling of loneliness, she was moved to tears, she always, when the crisis was past, felt deeply ashamed of herself and circumstances for having lost her self control.

On their way through the village they had to pass the doctor's house, and as they approached it they saw in the gathering dusk the figure of a man standing at the open house door. He appeared to be in eager conversation with the maid-servant, and as they drew near they heard the words—  
"Well, ask him to step round as soon as he comes in, for the man's fearful bad; the woman can do nothing with him."

"I am afraid that after all, I shall not get my evening at the Thwaite, Helen," said the doctor, "Excuse me a moment while I go and see what is the matter." He dropped her hand and went quickly forward, leaving Helen and Moore standing in the middle of the road.  
He returned to them after a moment's parley with the man in the porch. "I am sorry," speaking to Helen, "I shall have to leave you now, Moore, take Miss Lafone home. Good night, Helen. I will come to-morrow if I can."  
He was gone, and the two others were again left, feeling a little disconcerted at this sudden revolution in their plans. Helen spoke first.

"Let us go on," Mr Moore. I want to get home. I am very tired."  
"I beg your pardon," said Moore, with real regret in his voice. "How could I be so thoughtless as to let you stand here! Lean on me," he finished impulsively, making a motion towards her. She declined his help, but without either surprise or resentment at the offer of it, and when they had gone a little way in silence she spoke again.  
"I think you and Dr Hazlitt get on."  
"Yes, he seems able to tolerate me; and I feel a due amount of elation at the thought, because I do not fancy that he takes people indiscriminately into his confidence."

"No, he is more popular among the poor than the rich. You cannot tell how good he is to them. Of course he never speaks of it, but they do. I do not know what would they do if they had to get accustomed to another doctor."  
"I hope it may be long before they will have to."  
Just then they turned a corner in the road, and went in at a lodge gateway, and up a broad, even carriage road to a house standing at the end of it, and known as The Thwaite, residence of Frederick Lafone, Esq. It was a large, handsome, and entirely modern house, standing on high ground, and with no trees immediately surrounding it, though at a little distance the ground was well wooded. Though the house was well and handsomely built, with many fine plate glass windows, the effect of the whole was stiff and unpleasing. The grounds were kept in the most perfect order—nothing had been left to nature. The most insignificant flower-beds signs of being under the care and control of man. Everything about the place gave evidence that it belonged to a wealthy man, and a man, moreover, neither possessed of originality nor sense of beauty. The garden was stiffly laid out and planted with the most fashionable bedding-out plants; the borders were irreproachably neat and trim—not a weed defiled the perfect order of the well rolled gravel paths. In the summer twilight all this was softened down and the house itself looked like a distinctly belonging to the nineteenth century. The door stood open, but all the windows on the ground floor were closed. The green venetian blinds of two were drawn down, and from behind their shade came gleams of yellow gas light. Helen shivered her shoulder as she looked towards these two windows, and said—

"Did it ever strike you that this house and the people who live in it are exactly alike?"  
"I thought we were always allowed to form some idea of people's character by the kind of house they live in," said Moore. "Not by the outside as a rule, because so many people have to live in such houses as they can get. But my grandfather built this house; papa saw nothing which needed improvement when he came into possession of it, and both outside and inside it is just like the people who live in it."  
"Now, I expect you to tell me what it is like," he said laughing.

"Expensive and handsome and commonplace. See how they light the gas, and crowd into the house on a perfect summer evening. It is just like them."  
"I suppose they like it. Why wish to interfere with their liberty?"  
"I am perfectly willing to respect it, if they will also respect mine," was her answer, and there was some bitterness in her tone.  
Moore said nothing. He did not know what Helen and the doctor had been talking about, only he had a vague idea that she had been in trouble that evening, and that further disaster was hanging over her head.  
She did not speak again until they were inside the house, and then, as they

passed in the hall to lay aside their hats, she said.  
"Mr Moore, I am going to ask you to do me a favour."  
"I shall be very happy to do whatever I can for you."  
She frowned as he spoke, and then said—  
"Why do you speak in that exaggerated way? I thought you always said what you meant."  
"I certainly do in this case; but what matter you give me credit for sincerity?"  
"I thought your words and actions seemed generally to go together."  
"Still, I must repeat what I said before. I shall be very happy to do anything for you, if you will tell me what it is."  
"I want you not to come into the drawing room with me now."  
"Though he had a very clear idea of why she asked, he was stupid enough to say—  
"Certainly; why?"  
She looked a little surprised, but smiled as she answered—  
"Because I have something to tell papa which I would rather you did not hear. Remarks will probably be made, and I would rather they came tonight than tomorrow."  
"I beg your pardon; how could I ask such a stupid question?"  
"Stupid, you mean, because my reason was so very apparent without being asked for."  
She laughed as she spoke, and he saw that in a few moments since they entered the house her face had undergone a great change. Before that she had been looking subdued and depressed, now her eyes were bright, and her cheeks flushed a deep, soft crimson. She carried her head erect, and her whole bearing was full of spirit.

"What is getting up her courage for the encounter," he thought; she is going to carry things off with a high hand."  
"If you would not mind going into the billiard room," she went on, "I will come and tell you when you can come in."  
"Do not take so much trouble for me. I dare say I can guess."  
"It is no trouble. I shall probably go upstairs when it is over, and I pass the billiard room on my way."  
They parted, and Helen went into the drawing-room. Her heart was beating a little faster than usual, but she looked perfectly careless as she came forward, twisting between her fingers a spray of clematis which she had plucked when she stood by the doctor's house.

There were only two persons in the room—Mr and Mrs Lafone. He was a tall, thin man, with a narrow forehead and chin; his features were regular and well cut, but almost devoid of expression. He looked emphatically a man who in all things from the greatest unto the least, would do as the other people did. He was reading with his own special reading lamp at his elbow. Mrs Lafone was working and the light fell strongly upon her face, showing clear eyes, very large, and a pair of eyes that were almost closed. Her hair was parted, and she looked like a woman who had been a handsome woman in her youth, though her face could never have been pleasing.

Neither took any notice of Helen's entrance; her high step was promptly muffled upon the thick carpet. She went forward until she was standing close to her father, and still twisting her clematis, she said, "Papa."  
Mr Lafone looked up from his paper with eyebrows drawn together; he hated to be disturbed in his evening reading.  
"Well," was his reply, in rather an ungracious tone, when he saw who had addressed him.  
"You told me to give you my answer this evening. I have not changed my mind. I shall not marry Mr Foster."  
"Very well, it is your own affair; only I may not have so good an offer again."

He returned to his newspaper, and so far as he was concerned, the subject was at an end. But Helen knew what remained. Mrs Lafone had listened to the little dialogue, her needs suspended over her work. When it was ended, and Helen was moving away she spoke—  
"As usual, Helen, you think only of yourself. You profess to be unhappy here, but when a chance comes of establishing yourself most advantageously, you throw it away. Perhaps you think you have only to pick and choose like Alice. You forget that you have neither Alice's beauty nor accomplishments. But, putting that aside, it was your duty to accept Mr Foster. Both you and Alice are old enough to be married, and you know quite well to what reports it would give rise if Alice married first. You do not consider the awkward position in which you place us both. You seem to forget that I have been a mother to you since you were a baby, and that it is now your duty to repay me by gratitude and obedience."  
Helen's lips parted in a smile as Mrs Lafone spoke. When she had finished she said—  
"Do not suppose I shall ever marry contrary to my inclination to save your reputation as a stepmother."  
There was neither rudeness nor want of respect in her tone or manner, and when she had spoken she moved towards the door.  
"Where are you going?" asked Mrs. Lafone, rather sharply.  
"To tell Mr. Moore he can come in."  
"What do you mean?"  
"He came home with me, and I asked him to go into the billiard room until this had passed over."  
Before Mrs. Lafone could give expres-

sion to her feelings of outraged propriety Helen had left the room.  
A day or two later Percival and Helen were lounging on the lawn. It was a peaceful summer afternoon, and Helen herself had suggested this mode of spending the time. Percival had almost expected some astounding piece of intelligence as the result; but he heard nothing more surprising than  
"You remember me telling you about Alice, my sister?"  
"You told me several things about her. Which one in particular am I to remember?"  
"That you would not see her till the end of this month, as she is in London for the season with her aunt."  
"I remember that perfectly, because before that you had excited my curiosity by telling me she was very beautiful."  
"She is. I do not like her, but she is exceedingly beautiful."  
"I look forward to seeing her very much."  
"You are a great admirer of beauty, of course."  
"I do admire it."  
"You I admire so will. You fall captive to her; everybody does. It would be amusing if it were not monotonous, at least for outsiders. Alice does not seem to find it monotonous."  
Percival said nothing. Today Helen showed a new spirit in the possession of a drawing room with her aunt. He did not like it, and to divert her thoughts asked—  
"Had you anything fresh to tell about your sister?"  
"You will have to look forward a little longer. When Alice leaves London she is going with her aunt and uncle to the Continent, and will not be home until October, mamma heard this morning."  
"Have you ever been on the Continent?"  
"With whom should I go? Papa and mamma never go abroad, and have no other relations. I have been nowhere, scarcely beyond Osmotherley all my life."  
"Your travelling days are to come yet," was his somewhat commonplace offer of comfort.

"I wonder what you will think of Alice; though I can guess when you begin by setting beauty above everything."  
"You are hardly fair; it is something I see very often in your beauty."  
"What is that—to be well dressed?"  
"Now you are growing malicious, and I shall have to tell you, unless you will give another guess."  
"How should I know your pet vanities?"  
"Intelligence," he said, looking rather fixedly at her.  
"I knew it was intelligence," smiling to herself and looking at him.  
"Then why did you not say so?"  
"Because I—didn't."  
"Where are you going?" he asked, rising as he saw her get up.  
"Into the house to see about something I forgot this morning."  
"But you will back?"  
"I can't say, it will depend."  
She went away leaving him in uncertainty, and he resumed his recumbent attitude on the ground, and gave himself up to reflection as to whether he were disturbed by the constantly recurring question—  
"Will she come back?"

CHAPTER III.  
PROGRESS.  
The feeling which had remained uppermost in Percival's mind after hearing all Dr Hazlitt had told him of Helen, was pity. He was by nature tender and chivalrous, he would not, voluntarily, have given an instant's pain or suffering to anything weaker than himself—with his eyes in strength and address it was his duty to keep a woman waiting, to cause her a moment's anxiety, or to make things harder for her than they were of necessity must be, would have been impossible to him. So when he found that through no actual fault of her own, Helen was on one side, and her father, mother and sisters on the other, his sympathy was smitten with pity for this small delicate creature who had such a hard battle either; a battle once fought, is lost or won, at any rate it is over. Helen's life seemed to consist of a long series of skirmishes, each of small importance and almost too contemptible for serious consideration, yet making, when taken in a sum, a life of misery and weariness. He felt very sorry for her, more sorry than he had ever felt for anyone before, and to a certain extent his sorrow took a practical form, for he began to wish he could do something to alleviate Miss Lafone's fate, and from there to considering how he was waiting for a very short stop.

"It is an awful life," he thought, "awful, for I see no end to it unless she marries, and how is she to marry, hidden away in a little forsaken spot like this? And if she does not marry, I suppose this kind of thing will go on all her life. She has no fortune, and a girl in her position can't go out and earn her living. Besides, think of a bit of a peasant like her going about trying to get situations, and having to fight for an extra five pounds a year in her salary. Women have a hard time of it. I am glad I am not a woman. How different it would have been if she had been a boy (and how uninteresting to me, he might have added, but did not) everything which is now against her would have been in her favor; I will be her friend at any rate; I'll make her trust me, and when she has got someone to talk to besides Hazlitt, she will perhaps be a bit happier. I can't bear to see a girl looking as she looked tonight."  
He had begun to put his plan into execution the following day, and apparently with some success, for whereas at first

clouded over, and he began to whistle softly to himself, for he was by no means sure that Helen felt that absolute need of his society, which he was conscious of with regard to her. If she did, she seemed to find life very bearable without him. He pondered over it as he rode along, and decided that before speaking the words which sooner or later he would speak, he would study Helen a little longer, and try and find out what her feelings were.

CHAPTER IV.  
DREAMING.  
It was a perfect autumn afternoon as Helen walked slowly across the sands of the bay to Longhead Island, her favorite resort. The island lay about a mile from the shore, and the only way of getting to it was to wade across the bay when the tide was high, or at low water by picking one's way along the sands. To all intents and purposes the only way of reaching the island was the former, for the sands were shifting and treacherous; no stranger in full possession of his senses would ever have dreamed of venturing across them: the chances were a hundred to one that he would stumble into a quicksand and never again be either seen or heard of. Some of the villagers professed to know of a safe way, but no one had ever been induced to put his knowledge to the test. There was no feeling of security owing to the shifting character of the sands. Otherwise there was much about the island to attract an adventurous spirit, for it was more beautiful than almost any part of the coast. The shore was low and rocky, and the rocks were rent and riven; in every hollow was a little, clear pool, full of bright green seaweed and little shells. The trees grew almost down to the water, and the outer ones formed the fringe of a close wood, which mounted the rising ground, and covered the whole of the island. In spring the ground was a variegated mass of wild flowers, and in summer no more delightful place for lounging could be imagined when the tide was high, and the water rippling up close to one's feet. Helen had often roved herself, or, during this last summer, been rowed by Percival to the island. On this particular afternoon she was going to walk. She had said nothing about it at home, because she knew that her father would promptly have forbidden such an expedition; but she set out after lunch, and was now wending her solitary way towards the island. She went quickly and carelessly so long as she was on the rocks, springing lightly from one to the other, or poising herself like a bird as she considered whether she should attempt the longer flight necessary to land her on the next point of rock.

Once on the sand her pace changed, and she went very slowly, keeping a sharp lookout for anything like a quicksand. Anyone watching her from a distance, and a stranger both to herself and the country, would have been both amused and puzzled by her mode of progress. Now she stood still, and after a keen look round and a careful examination of the sands, which she knew so well, she could detect the almost imperceptible difference in colour where the sand was "quick," she made a long round and came back again to a point only a few yards in from where she had stood before. Again, she bent forward and poked her parasol into the sand, and having decided that though soft it would bear her own light weight for the space of a moment, she made a dash for it, and had crossed the dangerous bit almost without leaving the print of her feet upon the sand.  
She reached the island at last, and having established herself in a comfortable corner among the rocks, she opened a paper bag which she carried in her hand and took some biscuits from it, broke them into pieces, which she threw to the scagulls, talking about the sands.

She threw away all her biscuits, rolled the bag into a ball, and dropped it into the ground and then, leaning back among the rocks began to think. She had come to this lonely place with a set purpose, namely to give herself the moral bracing of which she thought she stood in need.  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Don't Marry Him."  
"He is such a fickle, inconstant fellow, you will never be happy with him," said Esther's friends when they learned of her engagement to a young man who bore the reputation of being a sad flirt; the latter, however, knew that her lover had good qualities, and she was willing to take the risk. In nine cases out of ten it would have proved a mistake, but Esther was an uncommon girl and to every one's surprise Fred made a model husband. How was it? Well, Esther had a cheerful, sunny temper and a great deal of tact. Then she enjoyed perfect health and was always so young, neat and wholesome that Fred found his own wife more agreeable, than any other he met. As the year passed and he saw other women of Esther's age grow sickly, faded and querulous, he realized more and more that he had "a jewel of a wife." Good health was half the secret of Esther's success. She retained her vitality and good looks, because she watched off feminine weaknesses and ailments by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

It is said that a shark will not bite a swimmer who keeps his legs in motion. If you can keep kicking longer than a shark can wait all right.  
When I began using Ely's Cream Balm my catarrh was so bad I had headache the whole time and discharged a large amount of filthy matter. That has all gone entirely disappeared, and I have not had headache since. —J. H. Sommers, Stepien, Conn.  
I thank God that you have invented such a medicine for catarrh. I have suffered for five years so I could not lie down for weeks at a time. Since I have been using Ely's Cream Balm I can rest. —Frank P. Burleigh, Farmington, N. H.  
Friend—Your dog looks completely worn out. Has he been on a hunting expedition? Ho—Oh, no; he followed my wife on a shopping tour today. He is a young dog and cannot stand more than forty or fifty miles a day.

### Don't Wait

Until your hair becomes dry, thin, and gray before giving the attention needed to preserve its beauty and vitality. Keep on your toilet-table a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor—the only dressing you require for the hair—and use a little daily, to preserve the natural color and prevent baldness.  
Thomas Munday, Sharon Grove, Ky., writes: "Several months ago my hair commenced falling out, and in a few weeks my head was almost bald. I tried many remedies, but they did no good. I finally bought a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor, and, after using only a part of the contents, my head was covered with a heavy growth of hair. I recommend your preparation as the best hair-restorer in the world."  
"My hair was faded and dry," writes Mabel C. Hardy, of Delavan, Ill.; "but after using a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor it became black and glossy."

### Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.  
Pimples and Blotches,  
So disfiguring to the face, forehead, and neck, may be entirely removed by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the best and safest Alternative and Blood-Purifier ever discovered.  
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Sold by Druggists; 50¢; six bottles for \$2.50.

ELY'S  
GREAT BALM  
Gives Relief at once and cures COLD IN HEAD, Catarrh, Hay Fever, Not Lipoed, Stomach or Pouch, from Injuries, Drugs and Offensive Odors.

Go to "The Signal" for Good Work.  
DR. HODDER'S BURDOCK SARSAPARILLA COMPOUND. CURES Liver Complaint, Biliousness, Stomach and Kidney Troubles, Rheumatism, Skin Diseases, and all Impurities of the Blood from what ever cause arising. Female Weakness, Neuralgia, and General Debility. Purely Vegetable.

ASK FOR DR. HODDER'S COMPOUND. Take no other. Sold Everywhere. Price, 25 cents per bottle. DR. HODDER'S COUGH AND LUNG CURE. Sold every where. Price, 25 cts. and 50 cts per bottle. PROPRIETORS and MANUFACTURERS, 2121- THE UNION MEDICINE CO., Toronto, Ont.

1888.  
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.  
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.  
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE interests all young readers by its carefully selected variety of themes and their well-considered treatment. It contains the best serial and short stories, valuable articles on scientific, historical and travel, biographical, and miscellaneous topics, the brightest and most famous writers. Its illustrations are numerous and excellent. Occasional Supplements of special interest to Parents and Teachers will be a feature of the forthcoming volume, which will comprise fifty-three weekly numbers. Every line of the paper is subjected to the most rigid editorial scrutiny in order that nothing harmful may enter its columns.

An edition of everything that is attractive and desirable in juvenile literature.—Boston Courier.  
A weekly feast of good things to the boys and girls in every family which it visits.—Brooklyn Union.  
It is wonderful in its wealth of pictures, information, and interest.—Christian Advocate, N. Y.

TERMS: Postage Prepaid, \$2.00 Per Year. Vol. IX. commences November 1, 1887. Specimen Copy sent on receipt of a two-cent stamp. SINGLE NUMBERS, Five Cents each. Remittances should be made by Post-Office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss. News papers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of HARPER & BROTHERS.  
Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

GODERICH PLANING MILL ESTABLISHED 18 Buchanan, Lawson & Robinson MANUFACTURERS OF Sash, Doors & Blinds

DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF Lumber, Lath, Shingles and builder's material of every description. SCHOOL FURNITURE A SPECIALTY. A F. A. Order promptly attended to. Goderich [Aug. 2, 1883] 3-13

PERFUME etc. prettiest of all are made of alkali of material design is wide, and more open, a wrinkle with a hot open or sit at the top in depth, or now the opening, and ing as you would The woven pretty and east about six inch, placing inside with perfume of ribbon, old gold and pale pink, it weaves together the edges t Make two of the each side than acent bag let corners Finish the ribbon A SE is a pretty gift e girl. Get a sheet ing paper. Cut five inches square pieces and orna with a pretty pic design pasted o large letters the across it. Pink t the squares put squares of diffie paper Do not b many leaves of it close together an too many of them corner of the pa strong cord for l it up. Have the on the corner of t runs through, plax sufficiently broad The pad must han

BARNING Take six piece Braid to be two o than the long you intend put blue, brown, pink, top; but if you ca to at three coils of blue, or red, and dark green, brown. But ther gether, and each and a half inches, the long sides, mal then over the stit fender stitch (or a black silk. Sew o together half an in end, and this half can pull out into have a small, long inch in the same inch for fringe. T to receive the darr each piece of braid self a convenient basket.

Material; Two linen. If the dow will make two by middle. Hem the garrow hem. Dra alter allowing for in some of the nut patterns. Finish i el edging. A pretty lamp al ribbon and lace widths. The piece longer than the 1 made pointed at under the corners l on the wrong side, overhanded togeth match the insertio A little tasseel ma the ribbon, is affix fine silk cord in ru the lace to draw it the porcelain shad it is tied in a bow c pretty shade in m the top and bot lace. Work arou with scarlet silk atch. Run in at scarlet silk cord r the ends, or narro tie in a pretty bow BABY Cast on 20 stitio Knit a piece ab using different col oro or three row piece in to be s ends. Gather on with strong threa half full with cott beans or small bu box, put this in t the cotton, then the space, gather the other end. Use the same way, stitches wide and When all are fin inches of white s

When all are finished with some success, for whereas at first

When all are finished with some success, for whereas at first