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YOUR GROCER SELLS IT
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TANGLED THREADS

"Yes," he said at length, "I believe I could even meet and conquer that seemingly impossible barrier. But I will not weary you by pressing you further now. Just let me say this: I love you with my whole heart; there is nothing I would not do for you and yours, and I am willing to marry you, deeming it happiness enough to have you bear my name, to see you every day in my home, to provide you with the comforts of life, and never trouble you with a word of complaint. I will voluntarily signify your willingness to listen to them. Think of this for a few days, then tell me which of my two propositions you will accept, for something must be done for your mother immediately. Meantime, I will not once mention the subject to you."

"They had turned into the street where Helen lived while he was saying this, and stopped before her door as he ceased."

"He assisted her to alight, bade her a cheerful good night, re-entered the carriage and drove away, a heavy frown on his brow, a sullen fire in his eyes."

"It would be devilish luck if I should love that ten thousand acres of all he muttered, as he gave his steed a vicious cut with the whip to ease his long pent-up anger."

As Helen went slowly up the two flights of stairs to her humble home, she was thoughtfully considering what Hubert had just been saying to her, her face grave and pale, her eyes full of pain and yearning.

"I can't do it! Oh, Robt! Robt! though you are false as false can be to me, I love you still; I shall love you forever," she moaned, great sobs heaving in her throat.

But as she inserted her latchkey in the door of her suite the sound of a hard, racking cough smote upon her ears.

"Oh!" she gasped, catching her breath, "must I die? Is there no other way?"

She found her mother sitting up in her invalid chair, but looking waxen white and apparently exhausted by her recent fit of coughing.

"How have you been, dearest?" Helen questioned, as she bent over and softly kissed her damp forehead.

"My cough has been rather troublesome, but it is getting cooler now, and I hope I shall have a good night," the invalid weakly returned.

"I am sorry I left you alone," said Helen, conscience-stricken, her voice full of remorse.

"You need not be—I was glad to have you go, for you needed the change, and you could not have helped anything by remaining," Mrs. Seymour returned; then asked, "did you have a pleasant drive?"

"Yes; the park is beautiful, the trees and grass so tenderly green, and the flowers and landscape effects are gorgeous. I wish you could see them for yourself," Helen replied, and trying to speak cheerfully, for she did not wish her mother to suspect how heavy of heart she was.

She then hurried away to change her dress and prepare for her evening meal, for the wan face before her suggested the need of nourishment.

But even when the meal was ready and the table spread in a most tempting manner, Mrs. Seymour had no appetite, and scarcely tasted the various viands set before her.

She retired soon afterward, but not to sleep, for Helen could hear her tossing and turning and coughing far into the small hours of the morning, which so worried and disturbed her that she found herself saying:

"I must do it—there is no other way; I will do it. I cannot let her die; oh! I cannot let her die!"

And she fell asleep just as the dawn was breaking, with those sentences ringing their fateful changes in her brain.

CHAPTER XXI.

Helen was absent-minded and depressed all day Monday. She could not concentrate her thoughts upon her

To Catarrh Sufferers

Hyomei Cures by Breathing Medicated Air.

The popularity and increase in the sales of Hyomei are unique in the annals of medicine. Such astonishing cures have been made by this remedy that its sale is steadily increasing every year.

The complete Hyomei outfit costs but \$1.00, and consists of an inhaler that can be carried in the vest pocket, a medicine dropper, and a bottle of Hyomei. The inhaler lasts a life-time and if one bottle does not cure, an extra bottle of Hyomei can be obtained for 50 cents. It is the most economical of all remedies advertised for the cure of catarrh, and is the only one that follows nature in her methods of treating diseases of the respiratory organs.

Breathe through the inhaler for a few minutes four times a day, and your catarrh is cured. That's all.

If you cannot obtain Hyomei of your dealer, it will be forwarded by mail, postage paid, on receipt of price. Write today for consultation blank that will entitle you to services of our medical department without charge. The B. T. Booth Company, Hyomei Building, Ithaca, N. Y.

work, and her teachers, observing this, inquired if she was ill.

This aroused her for awhile, but she soon lapsed back into her former apathetic state, and was truly thankful when her duties were ended and she was at liberty to go home.

"Mamma, is there not some way that we can raise money enough to go to the Adirondacks for the summer?" she inquired, while they were partaking of their evening meal. "We own the cottage, and having no rent to pay, we could live on very little if we could secure that little and enough to cover our traveling expenses."

"I have been thinking along the same line today," Mrs. Seymour responded, with a weary sigh, for she had spent many anxious hours revolving first one plan and then another that would enable her to go somewhere for health.

"I suppose," she resumed, "that we might sell off our furniture here, although a forced sale would bring us but very little—it would be about like throwing everything away, and then we should have nothing to start with again if—when we came back in the fall. Then I had thought of mortgaging the cottage."

"Why, we might do that," said Helen, brightening visibly. "How strange that the plan had not occurred to me? Or could you not sell that mortgage you hold?"

"I suppose I could," was the thoughtful reply, "only I should probably have to undersell and lose the accrued interest, besides. No, on the whole, I think it would be better to borrow three or four hundred dollars on the cottage, make a bold strike for the Adirondacks, store our furniture here, and we can sub-rent, and—trust the rest."

Helen grasped eagerly at the plan, and thought, with the hopefulness of youth, that they had actually found a way out of their difficulties—felt that she was freed from the terrible sacrifice which only the night before she had almost made up her mind to make.

"Oh, I wish we had thought of this before," she said regretfully, as she searched her mother's white, waxen face; "but I will go to some good broker the first thing tomorrow morning, and see what arrangements I can make."

They discussed the proposition more at length during the evening, and finally retired, feeling much more hopeful than for many days.

Instead of going to school as usual the following morning, Helen sought a broker, of whom she had heard, and, after presenting the necessary papers to prove her mother's title to the pretty cottage in the Adirondacks, stated that she wanted to raise the money immediately and left the matter with him.

She waited three days, but received no word from the broker, and on Thursday afternoon sought the man again, and was deeply disappointed to learn that he had no encouragement to give her; he had laid the matter before several people, but no one seemed to care to loan money on property at such a distance; he said he hoped to be more successful in time, but it often took weeks, sometimes months, before money could be raised in that way.

Helen's heart sank within her at this depressing information, for her mother had failed perceptibly during the last few days. But, of course, she was helpless, and went home in an almost desperate frame of mind.

What could she do? Which way turn?

Her head reeled as she retraced her steps; her skin was hot and dry; her eyes smarted and burned from the desire to weep, yet no tears would come to relieve her.

Oh, hers was a hard, cruel, bitter lot, she thought, and she could now understand how it was possible for those people to become thieves for those whom they loved—sacrificing their honor for the sake of giving comfort to their suffering dear ones.

She believed she would almost be willing to steal the money herself if she knew just where to find what she so much needed.

The startling suggestion smote her with a sudden horror, and she threw out her hand with a gesture of repudiation.

Then she began to laugh nervously. What need had she to steal, when she had but to sell that hand, and with it herself, in order to provide her mother with every needed comfort?

She wondered why she was laughing. Surely either crime was a poor subject to make merry over! Then she fell to shivering as she staggered onward, and finally reached home to find Hubert with her mother, and holding for her a saucer of luscious strawberries and cream, which he had brought and prepared for her in Helen's absence.

He had been there almost every day, and never came without bringing the invalid fruits, flowers, wine or other dainties.

He had not once referred to the subject which he had broached on Sunday; but his manner toward Mrs. Seymour plainly indicated great anxiety and that he feared the worst for her.

Friday the woman was too weak to rise or wait upon herself, and Helen as obliged to remain away from school.

Saturday she was no better, and suffered greatly, for the day was excessive warm, and when Hubert came, the evening he could see that Helen was nearly heart-broken from fear and worry. She could scarcely control her voice to greet him; her lips trembled with every word she uttered, and the look of a mortally wounded deer was in her eyes.

He had bought a box of ice cream for Mrs. Seymour, and the eagerness with which she seized and began to devour it was pitiful to see.

"Ah, this is delicious!" she exclaimed, with a laugh that was almost child-like. "How cooling—how refreshing! Helen, it makes me think of the woods behind our cottage, and of that grove by the stream there, where, even during the hottest day in summer, the water is ice cold. You remember, don't you, we used to go every day to fill our bottles, for it seemed purer than the water at the house?"

"Yes, I remember," the unhappy girl replied, but the lump in her throat almost choked her as she said it.

"Oh, how I wish I could have a drink of it this minute," Mrs. Seymour continued, yearningly, and toying with her spoon, for already the cream had begun to pall upon her capricious appetite, "and the wild strawberries must be nearly ripe in the pasture at the foot of Panther Mountain; the young wintergreens, too, must be just in their prime. Oh, Hubert, you have no idea how perfectly lovely it is up there among those grand old hills!"

She passed her plate to Helen as she concluded, the cream only partially eaten, and lay back upon her pillows with a weary sigh, and it seemed to the girl that she must scream aloud in her agony, for she knew just how her mother was yearning for the mountain, for the forest through which she loved to roam, and for the sound of that babbling brook by the grove.

She excused herself, ostensibly to take the rejected cream into the kitchen, for she could contain herself no longer, and here Hubert found her, a little later, when Mrs. Seymour had fallen asleep—sobbing in a perfect abandonment of grief.

"Helen, don't—don't be cried appealingly, and, bending down, he grasped her trembling hands, and stroked them tenderly. "Listen to me," he went on in a gently authoritative tone, "for I have good news for you. I have been acting without any license, but I felt justified in doing so. I used my half holiday today in going out to Yonkers, where, on the outskirts of the town, on a thrifty farm, I had learned that a good deal could be obtained at very reasonable rates—only six dollars a week. I obtained the refusal of nice, airy rooms for you and your mother, and if you are pleased with the arrangements, I am to let Mrs. Knight, the farmer's wife, know on Monday. Now, dear, you will let me do this for you, will you not? Cannot you see that it is very necessary?" he concluded gravely.

But Helen's answer was a wilder burst of weeping than before. The flood-gates were unlocked, and she had lost all power to control her sorely and long tried nerves. Encouraged by the fact that she allowed her hands to lie, unresisting, in his grasp, the young man knelt upon the floor beside her, slipped his arms around her, drew her head upon his shoulder, and held her thus until the force of her grief was spent.

And Helen, conscious that she could battle no longer against her fate, rested there within his embrace without repining him, and feeling as if he were the only friend and support she had in the world.

At last, she lifted her head, and wiped the tears from her cheeks.

"How good you are to us, Hubert!" she said gratefully; "how thoughtful it was of you to go to Yonkers today upon such an errand! Truly, you are a friend in need!"

"And you will go, Helen?" he cried eagerly. "You will let me telegraph Mrs. Knight that she may make ready for you?"

Helen flushed hotly. He had said nothing about expecting any turn for which he was to leave her, and she could not bring herself to open a discussion upon the subject. The thought of accepting as charity what he had suggested, even though so kindly offered, was none the less obnoxious to her.

"There was, plainly, but one course for her to pursue, and that was to regard it in the light of a loan. Yet how was it ever to be paid? She shivered as she gently released herself from his still clinging arms.

"Six dollars!" she said reflectively. "That would be twelve dollars a week, and we may have to stay very long in the season; besides, there will be incidentals, and the expense of breaking up here and storing our goods. Hubert, I am sure, I do not know as we could ever pay the money back; it seems like a great undertaking to me, and yet I can see, at I can see, that the change is absolutely necessary."

"Don't think of it as a debt, dear," said the young man, flushing. "I never want you to pay the money back, Helen. I want no compensation, unless the change is absolutely necessary."

"Unless you will pay me in the way I have already suggested—by giving me the right to care for you always," he pleaded earnestly. She had reached that point where she did not care much what became of her; she was ready to sacrifice everything in the world if she could only see her mother well again.

"You know what I have told you, Hubert: could you marry me under such circumstances?" she questioned in a scarcely audible voice.

"I have answered those objections already," he replied in a repressed tone; then he burst forth passionately: "Oh, Helen, if you will give yourself to me, I shall be the happiest fellow alive! You shall never regret it. I will spare nothing to make your life as perfect and complete as you can desire. Will you—oh, will you be my wife?"

She had grown deathly white while he was speaking, for already she felt ashamed and degraded, as if she were bartering herself, and yet she had accepted her own fate, and her mother's, and she could not turn back now without making him some adequate return.

"There is no other way," she sighed, the doubtful acquiescence leaping involuntarily from her lips; "and, if you choose to take me under existing conditions, I—I will be as faithful to you as I know how to be."

Hubert Alton was in a secret transport of joy.

He had won at last! The battle had been a long and harassing struggle, and the victory was but a sorry one at best, since he could not fail to understand that Helen was simply making a vicious offering of herself; that poverty and despair had absolutely driven her to his protection.

But, in his avarice and selfishness, these circumstances seemed, for the

moment, of minor importance. He loved Helen, if she did not love him; she would become his wife, and he would be very proud of her, for she was beautiful and talented, and—the ten thousand dollars, which seemed a fortune to him, would also become his.

These ends attained, the future would take care of itself, or, at least, so he hopefully reasoned.

"If I choose to take you, Helen," he whispered, unable to speak aloud from the intensity of his emotions, and again drawing her into his arms, "Of course I shall choose, and feel blessed beyond expression in so doing. My darling, I am happier at this moment than I ever dared to expect to be, and I will be so faithful and devoted to you that I will compel your transient affections to turn to me. Now, dear, when may I claim my bride?" he concluded, in a voice that was tremulous with repressed triumph.

"Whenever you like," she murmured faintly, and, becoming almost unconscious, in view of the step that she had taken, and which now seemed irrevocable.

"Then, of course, the sooner the better," Hubert observed; "for we must get our mother—the will henceforth be really mine, as well as yours—out of this hot city with all possible dispatch."

"Yes—yes," said Helen, with eager impetuosity. "Oh, if she could only go tomorrow!"

"I doubt if Mrs. Knight could get ready for you so soon as that," said the young man thoughtfully; "but I think it could be arranged by Tuesday, if she should be strong enough then for the journey. And would you be willing to be married on Tuesday?" he concluded, with some trepidation.

"Yes, if you like."

A flush of exultation swept over his face at her ready response.

"I think I can get leave of absence for the day on Saturday, June 16, for Detroit," he said. "We will be married at noon, and take the afternoon train for Yonkers, only it will be a trial to have to leave you there; but I shall come to you again on Saturday."

He bent, as if to kiss the pale face that rested against his shoulder; but something in his frozen look deterred him, and he simply lifted one hand, and tenderly smoothed back a few stray locks that had fallen over her forehead.

He then began to talk of the arrangements that would be necessary to make for the coming change, and Helen aroused herself to discuss them with him, and they decided not to disturb the suite before leaving to let the confusion and excitement should make Mrs. Seymour worse.

After they were nicely settled in the country, Helen said, she would come in town some day, and together they could pack and store the furniture until it should be wanted again in the fall.

The marriage, too, must be very quiet, in their little parlor, with no one present save the clergyman and her mother, after which they would drive directly to the station, and get their dear invalid into the pure air of the country before nightfall.

[To be Continued.]

ENGLAND'S GOOD CITIZENS

Civic Federation Visitors Surprised at Time Given to Municipal Affairs.

Manchester, June 12.—The members of the American Civic Federation since visiting Glasgow have investigated the gas and electric works at Newcastle. Today they visited the municipal electric plant here. They will return to this city on June 19 after visiting Sheffield, Birmingham and Liverpool to investigate the Manchester gas works and tramways.

Thus far the investigations have not excited the slightest interest among the groups of the members of the federation. The supporters of municipal ownership today found additional support for their views in the successful and profitable venture of the Manchester municipal electric plant, which, though opposing municipal ownership point out that the workings of private concerns show greater profits and a more economical management. The members who are on the fence are still straddling, and have been nothing to cause them to change their opinions.

What has impressed all the members of the federation, however, is the remarkably high character of the men constituting municipal governments in Great Britain, who devote as much attention to municipal affairs as men in the United States devote to their private business.

At a luncheon the city government tendered to the members of the federation at the city hall today was a councilor who has been a member of the government for 29 years, and who retired from business in order to devote all his time and energies to the affairs of the city.

The visitors express appreciation of the kindness and cordiality displayed by everybody with whom they are brought in contact. All the municipal officials and the owners of private concerns show readiness to give them all the facts and figures they desire.

Bridgeport, Conn., June 13.—Geo. Waugh lay down to take a nap on the grass yesterday afternoon, and after an hour's peaceful sleep, he was awakened by excruciating pains in his head.

The pains were caused by an insidious ant, who happened along, and, seeing Waugh's ear, decided that the orifice would make a very comfortable home. In the ant's endeavor to explore the subterranean depths thoroughly it scratched and beat on the Waugh tympanum until he thought there was a drum corps in his head. He rushed into the house, but could get no relief. Then he hurried to the Emergency Hospital. There Dr. Krauss told Waugh to lie down on the operating table. The doctor poured water into his ear for a couple of minutes. The ant was drowned and floated out bloated and almost unrecognizable. Waugh will no longer sleep on the grass unless he wears ear-muffs.

It Raised Ned With Waugh, But Doctor Drowned Insect Out.

ANT CRAWLED INTO EAR

HUSBAND DEAD IN DREAM

Waking, Woman Found Spouse Hanging in a Cellar, a Suicide.

New York, June 12.—Tired of waiting for her husband to come home, Mrs. M. Bohland, of No. 57 Henry street, Jamaica, went to bed about 2 o'clock yesterday morning. She awakened suddenly from a dream, in which the body of her husband was seen by her suspended from a rafter in the cellar. Springing from her bed, she hurried

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Haines Bros. (New York), A No. 1 condition	\$110
Dunham (New York), 7 1-3 octaves, rosewood case	\$100
Nitschke, 7 1-3 octaves, splendid condition	\$95
Hardman (New York), 7 1-3 octaves	\$85
Billings & Co. (New York), 7 1-2 octaves	\$80

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