

Tonight

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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 reproach until you 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 good 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, then 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 after all," he muttered, as he gave his steed the 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 chest.

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 spasmodically, "but I must not let her—die. Is there no other way?" She found no other 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 asked 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 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!"

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, my dear, 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," she was thoughtfully replying, "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, unless we can subrent, 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 would be free 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, wan face; but I will go to the bank and 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 find 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 would take some 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 people to become thieves for those whom they loved—sacrificing their honor for the sake of giving comfort and wealth 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 terrible suggestion smote her with sudden horror, and she threw out her hand with a gesture of repudiation.

ed, with a laugh that was almost childish. "How cooling—how refreshing! Helen, it makes me think of the woods behind our cottage, and of that grotto 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 grotto.

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

"Helen, don't—don't!" she cried appealingly, and, bending down, she grasped her trembling hands, "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—"

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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 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 counsel your truest 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—she 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, in view of the importance of the occasion," 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 discuss the suite before leaving it, lest 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 failed to minimize the various 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 works, while those 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 noting 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 hospitality shown by everybody with whom they are brought in contact. All the municipal officers and the owners of private concerns show readiness to give them all the facts and figures they desire.

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. Mary 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

to the cellar, and there, true to her dream, was the dead body of her husband, Nicholas Bohland, 57 years old. He had made a noose of a new pair of suspenders, and after making it fast to his neck and a rafter, had kicked a barrel from beneath him.

Bohland suffered greatly from the heat Saturday. He left the house in the evening, promising to return in an hour. His wife believes that his mind had become unbalanced.

TAKE THE EXCURSION.
Take the special Foresters' Excursion train leaving Canadian Pacific depot at 7:30 a.m., on Saturday, June 16, for Detroit. Return tickets, good for three days, \$1.60. If you wish to return Saturday, special train leaves Detroit at 8:30 p.m. (eastern time), arrive London at 11:30 p.m. Tickets on sale at C. P. R. city ticket office, corner Dundas and Richmond, 624

ANT CRAWLED INTO EAR
It Raised Nod With Waugh, But Doctor Drowned Insect Out.

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 insect, which he happened along with, 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.

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for ironing skirts and shirtwaists.
It has a special feature for keeping the skirt off the floor while in the process of ironing.
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Haines & Co., upright, 7 1-3 octaves, mahogany case \$265
Gerhard - Heintzman, upright colonial grand, handsome walnut case. This is the best piano manufactured by them \$255
Boardman & Gray (New York), 7 1-3 octaves, handsome rosewood case \$125
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
And 12 other Good Practice Pianos from \$25 up. All above fully guaranteed.
Upwards of 50 Organs from \$10 up.

ONE-QUARTER OFF Victor Gramophones, and Records, Banjos, Guitars, Mandolins, Violins, Band Instruments, Fittings, Etc., Etc., until July 1.
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The choicest and oldest procurable. Distilled from specially selected Malted Barley.
Old Tom Gin—The finest quality.
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Champagne Cognac, "Four Extraits in One" (Five Stars).
A Cognac Brandy of the finest quality.
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Of great age, with soft, mellow flavor.

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"Invalid" Port
A very fine light vintage wine.
"Natural Montilla" Sherry
A pale, nutty wine, 9 years old.
"Chateau Loundenne" Claret
Grand Vin. Distinguished by great elegance and bouquet. Awarded the Gold Medal at the Paris Exhibition.
"Pommard" Burgundy
Charming bouquet, with a soft, full flavor.
Of great age, with soft, mellow flavor.

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7-11