Where is That Man?

I'm looking for that kind of man
That advertiser uses
With cuts of "Canticurly soap"
And "Bings' four-dollar shoes,"
"Hope for the bald" has pierced my heart,
And often my bosom thrills
At the sight of youth on "Bicycles,"
Or taking "Bunchem's pills."

The youth that wears "The nobby suit"
Still haunts me night and day,
While "Heavy whiskers in three weeks"
Drives all my sleep away.
"Lawn-tennis coats" all summer long
Was with me in my dreams,
"An easy shave" with peachy cheek
Still o'er my pathway gleams.

I want to find that kind of man,
So handsome, brave and fair;
Erect and stalwart, and with legs
That match and make a pair.
With arms that have some muscle and
With hands that look so strong.
If I could find that kind of a man
I'd not be single long.

Alas! the fellows that I meet,
They wabble when they walk.
They have no chins and oh, they look
So silly when they talk!
Their coats are padded and their necks
Are slender as their canes;
While those grand fellows in those cuts
Look noble and have brains.

Dear advertisers, let me know
The model that you use,
And I will buy your facial soap
Or bicycle or shoes.
He may be wealthy or be poor,
With cheeks of peach or tan,
But I would like for once to see
An I meet a real man.

—*Judge.*

MISS HELEN'S LOVERS.

CHAPTER X.

The best laid schemes of mice and men
Gang aft a-glee;
And leave us nought but grief and pain
For promised joy.

Burns.

Helen seemed reluctant to part with Mr. Flight. Her strenuous efforts to prolong their farewell at the garden gate met with no success. It was unreasonable for her to blame him on that account. He saw no necessity of answering her quick questions on irrelevant subjects; he could find no small talk with which to respond to her many remarks. But just at last he stammered out that "he understood," "he knew," "he hoped she would be happy," "he hoped that he loved her as she should be loved." And then, refusing to enlighten her in reply to her quick question as to what he meant, and shaking his head sadly at her hot denial of the imputation—whatever it might signify—he turned abruptly away and left her.

It was no wonder that she looked pale as she retraced her steps to the house, for the blazing sun streamed down on her bare head. As she passed the sweet-brier tree she paused to gather a spray on which one of the fragile blossoms bloomed, but as she picked it the petals fell one by one to the ground, and the resisting thorns tore her fingers. The crushed leaves left their scent upon her hands, for she held them in a vice as she re-entered the drawing-room.

Mr. Jones was standing by the window when she came in. She looked at him gravely. She had cause for gravity; the change in his mien frightened her. She hardened her heart and sent her thoughts coursing back to past events, by the memory of which she could brace her determination. He returned her glance; his eyes were grave and steadfast; his attitude was alert; his careless, good-humored smile was gone.

The fact was that, for once in his life, his emotions were stronger than his will. He had at the Rivers Meet picnic made up his mind that Helen should be his wife. Systematically and deliberately he had set himself to win her love. If the task had not been easy, it was none the less to his taste on that account; neither was the result less likely to please him. She had, against his better judgment, subjugated him; he, recognizing her disadvantages, overlooked them.

Until this moment he had been in no hurry; he would not precipitate matters; on the contrary, he would prolong his wooing until her feelings fully reciprocated, if they did not exceed, his own; that would be his revenge for her obduracy.

He had promised himself a delightful time; he had laid a capital plan, but

"The best laid schemes of mice and men
Gang aft a-glee."

The advent of this rival was unlooked for; it upset his calculations and his self-control; it maddend him.

He would not beat about the bush, he would go straight to the root of the matter. He would not have any nonsense, he told himself, angrily, before she returned. But when he saw her, looking, in her faded pink gown, as fair and delicate as one of those sea convolvulus that grew intertwined with thrift and sea-lavender on the cliffs, and a bunch of which he had gathered for her only the night before, he felt, with a sudden qualm of heart, what it would be to lose her, and he softened his words.

"I hope I did not send your friend away?"

"He was just going when you came."

"Is he staying in the place?"

"I don't think so."

"Came over from Ilfracombe, perhaps?"

"No."

"Is he an old friend?"

"I have known him for six months."

Her way of answering him displeased and surprised him—it was reluctant and constrained, it was, oh, disquieting thought! as though she had something she wished to hide from him; this hypothesis was unbearable, and should be dismissed at any cost.

"Are you going to marry him?"

There was a pause. A pause so long as to be alarming, then she answered—

"No," in defiant and distinctly unfriendly tones. He was annoyed, but not to be deterred from gaining his point by her manner.

"You don't think I have any right to ask you that question?" he said.

"Any one has a right to ask any question, I suppose; but it is always unpleasant to be catechised."

"When I found that parson alone with you, and—and—ahem—holding your hands, what was I to believe?"

Ever atom of color had forsaken her face and lips; it returned in a flood, her eyes blazed, her lips were compressed.

"Don't be angry. I only wanted to make sure; for a moment, I was afraid. I knew you would have told me long ago if you had been engaged. I was a fool to doubt you. I understand; if I hadn't been a bit annoyed I should have seen the whole thing at once."

Mr. Jones was taking a good deal for granted. If Helen was ever to quarrel with him it would be easiest to do so when he plumed himself on his security and his rival's defeat. A man's vanity is coarse and unattractive, no matter with what justice it is owned.

"What would you have seen?" she inquired.

"That the parson was to be pitied—not killed."

"Your insight might have misled you."

Now feminine weapons of warfare may serve their purpose in an Amazonian battle, but used against some men, and particularly against such a man as Mr. Jones, they are quite harmless; he was a frank opponent, he hit straight from the shoulder, or he did not hit at all.

"Now, look here," he said, going a step nearer, she was standing by the piano, back to the light, "do you think that if I had come in as I did—through no fault of mine—and seen that poor chap making love to you, and hadn't asked you what it meant but had taken it for granted that it was your 'usual custom of an afternoon,' that that would have pleased you?"

"It would have been less eccentric; but perhaps I ought to be grateful for the interest you take in my affairs."

In speaking, her voice broke, the sprig of sweetbrier which she held was trembling, and he saw it.

"I'm awfully sorry, Helen," he said, gently. "I beg your pardon. I had no right to bother you, but upon my honor I couldn't help it, I was so angry."

He had hardly heard what she said, her changing color, her evident distress, he attributed to the scene through which she had lately passed. It seemed cruel to increase her agitation himself, but he had gone so far that he could not draw back. He must secure this troubled angel at once and soothe her into perfect happiness; he could not bear to see her frown, he could not bear to think that he had wounded her. He guessed his angel had a temper, but of that he was not afraid; a temper in prospective is sometimes considered one of the rather interesting vices, but like the rest of such failings, loses its allurements at close quarters.

He stood in silence and watched her; he was thinking how fair and stately a wife she would be; he postponed for one moment the words which should bring her to his arms. During that moment she recovered herself; with a sudden and yet unhurried movement she seated herself on the window seat; a table of some dimensions now intervened between herself and him.

"We are making a very great mountain out of nothing, Mr. Jones," she said, lightly, "in your agitation you even forget my name. Would you mind opening the door? The heat in here is horrible, and a draught will blow away the scent of the flowers; they are so overpowering they make one breathless."

He did not open the door, nor did he answer. She did not look at him but she was conscious of his steady gaze. She could bear anything just then rather than silence.

"We will go out," she went on, quickly, "it is cooler in the garden. I must fetch my hat and order tea. We will have tea under the trees."

She was passing him on her way to escape through the door—how clever was her ruse to get away—her hand was close to the handle when he stepped forward and barred her progress.

"One moment," he said, "I want to speak to you."

"Not now,"—there was a wild petition in her voice which startled him—"wait—presently—not now."

"It is all right, darling. I don't want to frighten you, but the truth is I can't get through an hour without you. When I am not with you, I think of you. I dream of you every night. I want you to marry me, Helen."

He paused. She was confounded at this honor which he had thrust upon her, the lashes concealed her eyes; she did not move nor answer.

"I'm so awfully fond of you, dear! that very first day in the train I liked you. You are such a splendid girl, Helen; you are so pretty, and you are such good company; you are different from the others. I never knew that I could be such a fool about a woman. I will marry you, no one but you. After all, love is the thing for which to marry. Darling," with a soft contented smile and extended hand, "if you won't marry me, if you chuck me over, I shall go down and drown myself, or—"

"Or marry some one else," returned his 'darling'; who spoke quite collectedly. "I advise the latter course as it might not entail such notoriety."

"Helen," still smiling, "you hard-hearted little—"

"My name is Miss Mitford," interrupted she; "perhaps you will be good enough not to call me by any other."

"My dearest girl, don't chaff, I want my answer. I am in red-hot earnest."

"So am I."

"When will you marry me?"

"Never!"

Mr. Jones' smile faded. "Look here, Helen, I am in deadly seriousness. I tell you that I am most awfully fond of you. I can't put it strong enough. I love you with all my soul, I swear I do. Will you marry me?"

"No," in a low, firm voice. "I will not marry you."

"You don't mean that?"

"I do."

"That is all your answer?"

"Yes."

"You have nothing more to say to me?"

"Nothing."

He was stunned. It was not her words alone, but her hard, set face that confounded him.

"Is there some one else, Helen?"

"No."

"You—you are not," unsteadily, "in love with some other fellow?"

"No."

He caught her by the wrist, pulled her into the full light of the open window, and stared into her white face.

"I could have sworn you liked me," he said, "as no doubt that other poor chap who was here this afternoon could have done. I suppose this sort of thing diverts you; it's a variety entertainment—one poor devil after another dancing to your pipe. I'm afraid I don't understand women; for, on my life, I don't know what kind of gratification they get out of this form of amusement. I never guessed you were making a fool of me, Helen. I wouldn't have believed it, I swear, I wouldn't, unless I'd heard it myself, and seen the parson's face just now."

Her face did not express much amusement certainly, but she tried to back away from him into the shadow of the curtains, and he let her go with an impatient sigh. At this juncture, for the third time the gate bell tinkled its warning of an arrival, and Miss Elizabeth Mitford crossed the grass plot. She caught sight of the young man's face at the drawing-room window, and immediately approached him.

"How do you do, Mr. Jones? I knew you were here, your cart is outside. How is dear Helen?"

She is here to answer for herself."

"I am quite well, auntie."

"I left her lying down, Mr. Jones. I told her to rest; she was tired out, and it is such a hot day. Really," peering at her, "she looks terribly pale. Come out into the air, love; come out both of you, and we will have tea under the tulip tree. I will tell Betsey to bring it at once." And she bustled off.

"Helen, I am going. I believe I was rude just now. I hardly knew what I said; I was cut up, don't you know. I suppose it isn't your fault that you don't fancy me; upon my word, I don't know what you should see in me after all. It is rough luck though, I shall never see your face, nor hear your voice again. I have been thinking we should spend our whole lives together. That thought had taken root deep; how am I to get rid of it?"

Those were his last words. Before Helen had time to think what they meant he had gone; she heard him talking to Miss Mitford in the garden, then she heard his quick step on the gravel, then the click of the gate and the rumble of wheels, loud at first, but soon lessening until they died into silence.

Yes, he had gone, but he would come back; he said he could not live without her. Surely, surely, surely he would try again. What had she said? Her wretched pride, her suicidal vanity had made her wound him. He must know, he must guess that she was only a woman after all, and therefore to be won. The remembrance of Lady Lucy Freemantle ran a leaden thought through her brain.

The recollection of Miss Jones' "hint," her overbearing manner, the sins (of omission) of the Jones' progenitors, all these things which had combined in prompting her recent action were now replaced by a new and sickening dread, which she (unused to and restive under mental pain) strove with the strength of her strong will to banish—and failed.

"My love, we shall miss Mr. Jones,' said her aunt, as they sat together under the tulip tree drinking their tea. "Men make a house lively, and he had such a pleasant, cheery way about him. I declare he reminded me more than once of my poor Thomas."

"Perhaps he will come to-morrow?" Helen was sitting, or rather, lounging back in a deck chair, her large white hat was on the grass at her feet, her hands were clasped behind her head, her eyes, soft and dewy, were fixed on her companion's face.

"Nay, my love, he bade me a last good-bye, he is going to-night—on business to London I understood him to say, and then he goes to Paxford, I believe. Helen, your tea is getting cold. Dear! dear! there is a poor little fly in it."

Helen carefully extracted the fly with a leaf, and placed it on her knee to dry and recover itself, but it was past cure; the tea had been of fatal heat, and it was dead. She looked at it; how easily it had come to grief, a false flutter, a fall, and a painful death as punishment for one small mistake. To and fro in the sunshine, myriads of gnats and flies were darting—

"You are so thoughtful, love; what is it?"

"It's too hot to talk, auntie. Just look at the bed of portulaccas, with the sun on it. I never saw such tints; they would drive a painter to despair."

"Mrs. Majoribank's yellow poppies are magnificent, Helen," with the gentle jealousy of the amateur gardener. "Her coarse soil suits them to perfection; she has promised me some seed next spring if I live so long. To my mind the seed-time is the happiest of the year. We sow, and there is hardly a limit to our expectation of joyful results. Now the harvest is a period of great anxiety; we realize that nothing is under our own control, we are at the mercy of the elements; we gardeners live on faith like the farmers. Mrs. Majoribanks makes a great mistake with her roses; she will not prune, she will not sacrifice the present to the future. My love, you have scratched your hand; you will pluck the sweet-brier, you should cut it Helen. That is what I said to Mr. Jones; he tore off one of the shoots so roughly as he passed the bush on his way to the gate; he is remarkably partial to sweet-brier. Indeed I never knew such a young man so devoted to flowers. Mrs. Majoribanks is surprised at his intended marriage to that daughter of Lord Parsons being unopposed by her noble relations, but he is such an amiable and wealthy youth, and, I am sure, will make a considerate husband to any young lady. Mrs. Majoribanks quite thought, until Miss Jones herself contradicted the report, that he came here to pay his court to you, love. But, I said, Lord Parson's daughter could, from her assured position, marry into trade, a connection which we should prefer a member of our family to avoid. I do not like gossip, Helen. I spoke most decidedly, and Mrs. Majoribanks quite agreed with me."

"How parched the lawn is, Auntie. As soon as the sun goes down and it gets cooler we will turn on the hose and water the grass as well as the flowers."

"Nay, love, it would so encourage the slugs, a heavy dew falls each night—but do as you like—Mrs. Majoribanks was very chatty, I stayed there so long walking round the garden and talking. She told me Sir Adolphus is in London, he is always adding to his wealth by fortunate speculations; everything he touches turns to gold, those girls of his will have fabulous fortunes and yet Fred Majoribanks will not propose to the elder one. who is undoubtedly attached to him, his mother says. Young men are sadly headstrong. Mrs. Majoribanks is a clever woman, Helen, she notices so many trifles which escape my observation; did you remark that Lady Jones has dyed her hair?"

"She does not dye it," said the girl, quickly, "Mrs. Majoribanks dyes hers purple and blues her ugly face, and she is a disagreeable, spiteful old woman."

Miss Mitford untied the strings of her mushroom hat, which were fastened in a bow beneath her chin, and threw back the ribbons upon her shoulders; she was overcome.

"Mrs. Majoribanks is a friend of mine, love," she said, with mild reproof.

"Isn't that the very reason you would like to hear her abused? There, Auntie, don't look shocked, it was a joke—only it didn't amuse you."

"You are not yourself, love, the air is oppressive and that fly prevented you drinking your tea. Will you have some raspberry vinegar instead?"

"Raspberry vinegar," with a laugh which was half a sob. "Vinegar already; no, thank you, I daren't touch it."

Helen's mind that evening was a weather-cock; first she declared herself too tired to go to the beach, then she remembered that the children were expecting her and she must not disappoint them. At the gate she turned back, it was so hot she would stay in the garden; on reaching the bush of sweet brier she made a fresh decision, the sea breeze on the shore would be refreshing, she would go—nay, she wouldn't, it was so long a walk—she would—she wouldn't—finally she would and she went.

She returned late, very gentle and subdued, very careful of, and caressing toward, her aunt, with pensive eyes and a restless spirit.

This new mood seemed likely to be permanent, is lasted through the ensuing week and on to the final days of her visit.

The weather had broken up, a succession of thunderstorms had succeeded the heat, heavy showers fell continually, the Atlantic was troubled and stormy. Neither rough breezes nor rain kept Helen indoors, she haunted the cliffs and the seashore. Upon the sea-lashed rocks she would stand for hours, a tall, unbending figure against the dark background, the wind flapping her skirts and beating a warm color into her cheeks.

On the last day of her sojourn at Noelcombe she had gone for her usual evening ramble on the beach and she had walked for so long and for so far that she felt very tired as she toiled up the steep ascent homeward. Fatigue was a new sensation, but its

"Your merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad one tires in a mile."

as Shakspeare and several other people have hitherto observed.

When she reached Carnation Cottage, she saw Miss Elizabeth, with chintz skirt pinned up high, and Betsey's pattens protecting her feet from the damp grass, spudding up daisy roots on the lawn; on seeing Helen she left her work and hurried toward her.

"My dear," she cried, "I thought you were never coming! Mrs. Majoribanks has been here, she waited an hour on purpose to wish you good-by."

"I should like to have wished her good-by," said Helen with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "*Ein ewig Lebewohl*, is not always a wrench."

"She had news for us, Helen, she had been calling at the Joneses'; the engagement is announced."

Helen was overtired, her knees were trembling, her voice was rather harsh, she had raised it high. She turned toward the sweet-brier, then changed her mind and faced the elder lady.

"Whose engagement?" she asked.

"Sir Edwin Shuter and Miss Patricia Jones; Mrs. Majoribanks is so vexed, she says that her son deliberately flung away his chance."

A beautiful smile crept over Helen's face, the dimples played in her cheeks; she laughed a little joyous contented laugh to herself.

"I hope they will be as happy, as happy as the Queen," she said, returning to the bush of sweetbrier.

"Both engagements announced on the same day! A curious coincidence, Helen. Patricia's will take place first. Lady Lucy Freemantle and our Mr. Jones will not be married until Christmas, Lord Parsons will not return from America before then and he wishes to be present. The engagement gives universal satisfaction."

But the engagement was in truth not nearly so unprecedented as Miss Elizabeth Mitford declared.

Poor Mr. Flight, had he known it, was avenged.

CHAPTER XI.

We rise in glory as we sink in pride;
Where boasting ends, there dignity begins.
—YOUNG.

For, 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.
—SHAKSPEARE.

Summer was long past. The corn was all gathered in; the shivering trees were shedding their variegated leaves; the chilly breath of coming winter was to be felt at "rosy morn and dewy eve." Even to a genuine country lover, the last days of October, amid dying flowers, naked hedges, newly stripped woods and cloudy skies are depressing, and the thought of pavements, shop windows, dry crossings and fresh faces possesses a new and decided attraction.

But if Helen ever sighed as she trudged over sodden leaves and waded through the muddy Meriton lanes, no one heard her; if the universal decay and death of autumn saddened her, no one suspected that it was so. How should they? She was the life and soul of her home—an imprisoned sunbeam in which they all rejoiced. If she smiled less easily, her smile was sweeter and less swift; if her spirits were no longer rampant, they did not overpower—they sustained—the humor of her neighbors. If she was less ready of advice, less quick of decision, more diffident of the justice of her judgment, more lenient, more sympathetic, and more thoughtful, she "was older," they said, as though age always wrought its change thus.

One or two of Helen's girl-acquaintances, who belonged to the conventional, egotistical, man-hunting sect—of whom the members, in converse, manner, appearance, and lamentable monotony of character resemble each other as closely as do primroses—declared "she had grown stupid and didn't care for things" ("things" meant their conversation — which, however, both in purport and intention, far exceeded their doings).

Because Helen had made a mistake, or because fortune had not been kind to her, was no reason that she should revenge herself upon fate by making her innocent family exceedingly uncomfortable, if not positively miserable, by repinings and moody preoccupation. She was not the sort of girl to visit her trouble upon her unfortunate parents, or make them pay for her caprice. If she suffered, she suffered alone; she showed her mettle, which was of the right quality. But, as they said, she had grown older. Under such circumstances a girl of her calibre ages apace.

But before long Helen had good cause to be pensive—a justifiable excuse for growing more sober and less childish. A sad event took place, an event at which remorse, sorrow and some natural excitement were blent.

Mr. Flight, to whom she had been so unkind—Mr. Flight, on whom she had practiced her foolish wiles with such unlooked for result—Mr. Flight, whose very name turned her sick and cold—Mr. Flight, of whom she never thought without a stab of sharp pain—Mr. Flight had atoned for all his offences by death. He was dead!

Poor Mr. Flight! At least there was no mention of broken heart as the cause of his death. He had, like many a heart-whole man, taken fever at Florence, and, after a long and severe illness, had succumbed to the disease. His last words had been of Helen; his ast act had been to make his will, by which he left her everything that he possessed. She found herself the owner of fifteen thousand pounds, and forgot the satisfaction of her riches in her anger with herself She had never so despised herself. She had been despicably, pitilessly remorseless. Even now she could not cast her warmest thoughts to him; she could not grieve for him, she could not wish him back again.

She did not want his money; all she wanted was to tell him how bitterly she repented, and how well she understood now that she had laughed where she had better have wept.

Regrets are vain emotions, as Helen knew to her cost—useless encumberers of the soil. Regrets must be strangled, if life is not to be a waste tangle of retrospect; for regrets, like all weeds, grow apace.

Mrs. Mitford was very tender with the girl at this time, and would watch her, furtively and unobserved, from anxious eyes. She had drawn her own conclusion—a fresh and false one—from Helen's altered looks and ways.

"Henry," she said one day—impulsively disclosing (as women do) the secret which she had intended to keep inviolate forever—"Henry, Helen regrets that poor young man."

"To be sure she does," the rector answered, energetically. "I should think poorly of her if she did not. Why, we all regret him. His sermons were above the average, and his kindness of heart exceptional."

"But, Henry, you do not understand me. I mean more than I said. I mean that she mistook the nature of her feelings. She really and truly loved him."

For a few seconds her husband remained in thought, then he spoke slowly—

"No, Honora—I think not. Do you not remember how I scolded her for singing that ridiculous ballad to the poor man—

'It is the most exceeding bore, of all the bores I know,
To have a friend who lost his heart a short time ago'?

Had her heart been touched, those words would not have occurred to her."

"I don't know that," said Mrs. Mitford, with an indulgent smile. "A girl will say or do anything from a sheer love of teasing."

Again, with a thoughtful brow, her husband reviewed the past, then he spoke with decision—

"You are wrong, Honora. You were always a most imaginative woman. That poor young man had no attraction for the child. I found her hiding in the hayloft more than once when he called. As there was no chance of her being discovered by him, I do not think it possible she would have concealed herself had she formed an attachment for him."

Mrs. Mitford was shaken. She was always ready to distrust her own judgment and to rely upon that of her husband, so she brightened perceptibly.

"So she hid in the loft, did she? How Frances has searched for her, while that poor young man was with me for hours in the drawing-room. That idea upsets my theory; I am glad of it. But it is odd to me that our child should be so hard of heart. I had had several slight affairs before I was her age."

"I don't see anything wrong with Helen; she is prettier than ever, and as merry as a grig. You women are always raking and sifting and prying for a love-tale. If a girl is happy without a husband, you won't believe it."

Mrs. Mitford smiled shyly. Her husband was no doubt right.

"I shall send her away, Henry. Now that there is no difficulty about ways and means, I should like her to go and see my people. Change of air and scene is excellent for mind and body, besides which she will meet many—"

"So you won't be content till you have lost her, Honora. You foolish woman, why won't you keep her here as long as you can? You will break your heart when she marries—I know it."

"I should break my heart if she didn't marry," Mrs. Mitford said, smiling very sweetly at her rector; "for I want her to be happy—as happy as I am."

So it was arranged that Helen should pay a round of visits, with which arrangement she was nothing loth to comply. She wrote lively letters home, descriptive of lively and varied life. She made new friends and met pleasant people; she seemed to enjoy everything and find amusement everywhere. There was an even, a sustained content to be detected in her mode of writing which was foreign to her years, and particularly new to her former habits of mind. In each letter she inquired for her Aunt Elizabeth. "She never writes to me," was her complaint, repeated over and over again.

(To be Continued.

"Times have changed since I was a boy," sighed Robinson. "Now I can't raise the wind to save my life, but then it was no trouble at all for me to kick up a spanking breeze."