

MISS HELEN'S LOVERS.

"Ah, Betsy, don't we often, you and I, see a strong ship sail down the bay one morning..."

"If you go on like this, ma'am, fitting Miss Helen into parables like the parson, you will upset yourself, you will indeed..."

"Fetch my lace shawl and gauntlet gloves, Betsy," she commanded, with a sudden determination. "I will go down into Noelcombe and you shall accompany me..."

"I wished Miss Helen to see the garden at its best," said the poor gardener sadly. "Young ladies don't look very particular at flowers, ma'am..."

"This year be the boxes, mum, if yer place to get out. It's a awkwardish consider in a carrier's cart for a young lady to ride in..."

"Yes, indeed, and I am so much obliged to you," answered a gracious voice, most gratefully, and Helen, emerging from the shadow of the awning, climbed down by aid of the shaft, upon the road...

"No, mum, I am as how you couldn't. 'Tain't much to see, however. 'Twas a bit of my meeting of 'ee and thinking to ask 'ee if you'd have a lift..."

"So it was; thank you very much indeed. I have brought you out of your way, too, I am afraid..."

"Lor' bless 'ee, mum, don't you speak of it. Poppet and me don't count an extra mile or two; it's all in the day's job..."

Anastasia in an impressive aside. "What mistake did the conductor make, auntie? What did he say about me?"

"Well, really, I can't quite remember, my love. You see, I was in the stable-yard at the Mermaid Hotel—such a confusing spot, for the horses were loose and so close to me..."

"But what was the mistake?" Helen repeated. "Dear Helen is so determined, Mrs. Mitford was in the habit of saying, 'she has such force of character...'"

"Never mind, love, never mind. It was a mistake, so I will not repeat what might be an annoyance to you. I make a point of forgetting anything unpleasant. Those kind of people do not mean any harm, not at all; but they are not discerning..."

"I should like to hear what he said." "Miss Mitford was of a plastic disposition; though she formed her own opinions and preserved them, yet she was always ready to comply with the wishes of her companions..."

"He didn't say much, Helen." "From behind them came some indignant and isolated words, of which 'Shameful!' 'Sir Adolphus, indeed!' 'grinding the poor'—an old-clothes man?—'ought to know better'—'respected herself'—'not a word of truth'—were distinguishable..."

"Why did you go to see the omnibus conductor, auntie?" "I had asked him to look out for you at the station. I had given him a shilling, and he had promised to see after you. When you did not arrive, we went down to the Mermaid, where the omnibus stops, to inquire for you..."

"While Miss Mitford was speaking Helen blushed, and her gray eyes sparkled, but with mischief, not malice. She did not execrate the inventor of the omnibus, but she laughed and turned the subject, but she laughed and turned the subject..."

"After supper the aunt and niece settled down for that underrated feminine delight, a 'long talk.' Helen was good company; she had plenty to say, and when she listened she was a good listener..."

He devoted to her and so in papa. They have asked us all there on the 29th. Didn't she tell you? Haven't she asked you?"

"She said something about polo at their place, and a golf or tennis week—I forgot which. It made me hot to think of such violent exercises, and I said so..."

"You are too spoiled, Bertie," said Anastasia, shrugging her shoulders. "You, really, are. You are getting disagreeable." "At that moment the chorus of 'Killaloo'—"

"We learn to sing it aisy, that song the Marshallays. Too long, you long, the Continent, we learnt at Killaloo." "Pretty thing that!" growled the young man—"just like 'White Wings' or Lady Lucy. Sort of thing you never get sick of—grows on you—just suits a night like this..."

"Walk over," he said. "Then what's the matter, Bertie? When you are crusty something quite extraordinary must have happened..."

"I'm all right, my dear; there is nothing earthly the matter with me. I suppose a fellow needn't make a fool of himself, unless it is agreeable to him. Lady Lucy is everything that is correct, but she can't sing..."

"Her voice was soft and low. A sweet kind of voice, you know. Except when she began to sing. And then it was a fearful thing..."

"Lady Lucy sings beautifully," his sister said, rather stiffly. "Good-by, Bertie. You are such dull company, I'm off..."

"What do you want?" "Well, I wanted to hear—he spoke slowly; he was staring hard at his foot, as though its appearance at the end of his trousers was an interesting novelty..."

He was in the habit of paying afternoon calls with his mother, and appeared quite at home on the tiny chair in the corner, where he had retreated on his arrival, and from whence, for the first few moments, he watched the scene in silence...

As soon as the elder ladies were fairly engaged in conversation, Helen turned and spoke to this unassuming guest; though she was conscious that his eye rested more particularly upon her than was quite in accordance with good manners, she no longer appeared to resent it...

He had come for the purpose of inviting her to the ball, and he saw no reason for concealing his purpose, so he immediately approached the subject...

"My mother's brought you a card," he said, and then urged her to accept the invitation...

"He smiling indifference to the whole question was rather astonishing to one whose desire, opinion or remark usually received the undivided attention of that honored lady to whom it was divulged..."

"You don't care for dancing?" he hazarded. "I was at a ball last week," she replied, "I am very fond of dancing..."

"Perhaps you have had too much of it? One gets sick of anything..."

"She smiled at him without answering—a provoking smile because it was ambiguous. He thought those gray eyes of hers with which she looked straight into his were very clear and cold, but wonderfully pretty..."

"Perhaps," he began again, still searching for a cause for her refusal, "you don't care for a ball out of your own neighborhood? Do strangers bore you?"

chivous twinkle in her eyes, "to propose driving me, but you could hardly expect me to trespass upon your goodness by accepting your offer..."

"It was no case of trespassing," he returned, answering the twinkle with a laugh, "the cart was there and the empty seat ready for you..."

"A very steady and expressive glance from his companion disconcerted the speaker. 'If it wasn't your own fault I don't know who was to blame,' he added, with some defiance..."

"So you came in the guise of a parool, what a fortunate career! I am glad you were spared the walk, though I am inclined to think you deserved to suffer for refusing my escort..."

"Indeed, it is beautiful!" "Scenery was a stimulating and stirring topic, Mr. Jones felt that hitherto he had not fully appreciated the beauties of North Devon..."

"The morning after the ball we are going to drive up there for a long day," he continued. "We are all going, a large party, we shall take lunch and make a day of it..."

"Helen's eyes had sunk to the roses on her knees, she hesitated and he eagerly pressed his advantage..."

"I will get the carrier's cart if that is the only conveyance you fancy, and if I mayn't drive you, at least I may walk at the horse's head and crack the whip occasionally..."

"It must depend upon my aunt," with an accession of dignity that the young man did not seem to remark...

We didn't care in the Fur easy chairs at w With velvet cushions. Above he knew it. Till his heels fell down! But the seat we loved. Wuz the ole pine box...

Day and night worked on all the President of that a complete dis shall be prepared for...

The upholders applied for 50,000 \$e Manufactures exhibit from their The Department an effort to secure a historical electrical show the progress of times...

British Guiana Agricultural and World's Fair Comm colony, and has app exhibit. The Daughters of tion have been given an exhibit in the W organization, of president, has 1,000...

Three women in Dutch Guiana to women's department quite a number of for women's display. Mexico has made prison of \$30 million nary, however, and the whole of the asked for, and per Hassan Ben Ali, concession to make Exposition. It is showing the pre amusements, etc., bringing to Chicago...

"Ger Sy" Croup. Three fresh parents who have to their children of Croup. Yo because they costantial people what so many ficine containing mother can acfidence to the most critical h that it will cam Ed. J. WILLIAMS, Alma. Neb. I give to my children who troubled with Croup and never saw a preparation act li it is simply unraculous. Fully one-ha are mothers wh man Syrup am A medicine to little folks mu the sudden and hood, whoopin theria and the tions of delicate