

up to the entrance of Combe Lodge, and asked to see Hayward.

He was at home, and at once went to meet Sir George, holding out his hand and looking at him in great surprise.

"Sir George!" he said, leading the way into the library, "when did you return?"

"Just now," answered Sir George. "I came to you at once."

"And on such a day!" said Hayward.

"It is a fitting day," replied Sir George, gloomily, "for the tale I have to tell, Hayward," he added, the next moment, "why—did you never tell me—of the unhappy woman—whose body you rescued from the sea?"

Sir George's looks, his unmistakable agitation, his broken and passionate accents, all alarmed Hayward, and filled him with a vague sense of coming ill.

"What has happened?" asked Hayward. "If you mean the poor woman whose body was washed near to the shore at Sanda—"

"Yes," said Sir George, excitedly, as Hayward hesitated, "I mean the woman whose dead body was cast up from beneath the waves as a witness against me! What do you think I am, Hayward?" he continued, pacing the room with rapid steps. "Shall I tell you? This hand," he went on darkly, holding out his right hand, "sent that woman to her doom!"

"My God!" exclaimed Hayward.

"Listen," continued Sir George, passionately, "it is a tale of shame and pain! I have come to confess to you. The one man whose friendship and regard I have sought, will turn from me with shrinking abhorrence to-day!"

"That can never be!" said Hayward, warmly, advancing and holding out his hand to Sir George. "Whatever you have done, nothing will change my feelings to you now."

This assurance seemed a sort of consolation to Sir George's miserable heart. He took Hayward's hand. He looked with his dark, sunken eyes yearningly into the young man's face.

"I—tried," he said in a broken voice, "tried to do right. My mad passions mastered—not meaningly did I strike the fatal blow."

"Then God, who judges not as men judge," said Hayward, "knows it. Dear Sir George," he continued, "I earnestly entreat you to take some consolation from this thought, in this unhappy hour."

For a moment or two Sir George did not speak after this appeal, and then with more composure of manner than he had hitherto evinced, he once more looked up and addressed Hayward.

"I will tell you the tale," he said, "the tale of a wrecked life. To do this I must go back to the time when I was a young man of some seven or eight and twenty, for until then things had all gone fairly smooth with me. I had a good mother, and was fond of her, and she tried all she could to make my life happy. But about this age I took a restless fit. I grew weary and somewhat jaded of the easy and luxurious routine in which I spent my days. The desire for change came over me, and I determined to make a lengthened tour over Europe. I did this, wandering from country to country, and about six months after I left home I found myself in Spain. It is a wretched story, remember, Hayward, that I have to tell you—wretched in the beginning, more wretched in the end!"

"Yes, I understand," said Hayward, as Sir George paused.

"It was at Seville, then," continued Sir George, "that I formed the unhappy connexion that blighted and finally ruined my life. In the house in which I was staying there was a young Spanish girl, beautiful in the dark and passionate beauty of her race, and an unfortunate attachment sprang up between us. She was the niece of the proprietor of the house I was in, and for some weeks I was constantly thrown with her. She was ignorant, loving, and impetuous, and I was selfish and unthinking. Her low birth made her no fitting mate for me, and in an evil hour I asked Catalina Mendoza to leave her home. Hayward, from that day I was a hampered and unhappy man. The poor girl reproached me, and my conscience reproached me, and daily association with an uneducated and narrow-minded woman quickly wore away the feelings that her beauty had excited in my heart."

"I can easily believe that," said Hayward.

"Yet I tried not to show this," said Sir George. "We lived together year after year, and travelled from city to city, and I tried—so heaven help me!—to make her life as happy as I could. But she was always urging me to marry her, and this, for my mother's sake—for my pride's sake, perhaps—I refused to do. At last she told me that she was about to become a mother, and on her knees implored me not to let our innocent child be born with a brand upon its name. Then I did for the unborn babe what I would not do for the mother. I married her, and our child was born after the ceremony."

"What!" exclaimed Hayward quickly, "then you have an elder legitimate child to Reggy?"

"Yes, I drowned the voice of conscience for a wanton!" answered Sir George, bitterly. "Call her by no other name, for what is she? Look at these letters—read the evidences of a vile woman's shame."

As Sir George said these last words, he placed in Hayward's hands the letters he had taken from Isabel's locked drawers on the previous day. Hayward opened one, glanced at the signature, and placed the packet on a table near.

"I understand," he said. "These are letters that have been addressed by Captain Warrington to Lady Hamilton!"

"Yes!" said Sir George, with passionate emphasis.

"For this false woman's sake I hid away the child that is the legal heir to Massam! But I have not told you all—I have not told you of the dark deed that made me free to marry Isabel Trevor! I have not told you how the ring—the pledge of a love long dead—was cast up from beneath the wave to me in vengeance! Hayward, the hand of God has smitten me—the dead woman's ring has appeared as a witness against me!"

"And this unhappy woman," said Hayward, as Sir George paused, utterly overcome with emotion, "that I swam out, and brought to shore at Sanda, was your—"

"She was my wife," said Sir George, darkly and gloomily. "The low-born wife of whom I was ashamed, and of whom I had wearied long ago! Unhappy she was to bear that name—unhappy indeed to be wedded to a man who loved her not, and whose thoughts and feelings were utterly dissimilar to her own. It was a wretched marriage. As soon as she found that she had a legal claim upon me, she ceased, or appeared to cease, to have any regard for me. We quarrelled constantly, and a vile habit that she learnt of taking too much wine, added to my aversion and disgust. For five long years we were married, and during all these, and during the five years which preceded them, I never returned to England. I could not bear to tell my mother my secret. I could not bring a woman who was not fit to do so, to share her home, and so I remained away. At last my poor mother died, and I was almost compelled to return. But I did not mean to do so for long. I requested Hannaway to purchase me a yacht—the ill-fated *Endymion*—you understand now, do you not? I am drawing near the end of my miserable tale."

"And this yacht was lost at Sanda?" asked Hayward.

"Yes. We sailed from Havre, and were cruising about the Scottish coast, when one night—O God! I cannot tell it—I cannot tell it!" And Sir George paused, and covered his face with his hands, and groaned aloud.

"Do not do so then, dear Sir George," urged Hayward. "Spare yourself this terrible pain."

"No, I will go on," said Sir George, in a broken and hollow voice. "I will tell you how, in a moment of mad passion, I struck the woman I had sworn to love and cherish! It was at night, as I said," he continued, struggling with his bitter emotion, "a moonlight night, and she was sitting carelessly on the bulwark of the vessel, taunting me, as usual, with my meanness and cowardice, in not taking her to my English home. We got to high words. In a moment—unthinkingly, passionately—I struck her a blow, and the next, O God! O God! she reeled over, and fell—before I could put out my hand to save her—into the sea!"

"O, Sir George!" said Hayward, deeply moved.

"We stopped the yacht," went on Sir George, in stifled accents. "The boats were got out, and hour after hour we lingered near the fatal spot. But she was gone! As she fell overboard she gave a cry. That weird death cry was heard by the men. I saw this in their faces—I saw them muttering and whispering together—and I knew they suspected, if they were not sure of, the truth. This went on for days. I was afraid to go into port, lest they should denounce me as a murderer; afraid to ask them what they knew. Then came the storm. Amid that raging tempest their tongues were loosed. As the ship heeled over, and the end came, I heard them reviling and cursing me! 'This is for sailing with a murderer!' one man cried as the ship went down. Hayward! that dead man's face came back to me! I was called upon to identify at the inquest the very man whose last words and looks of hate I had heard and seen."

"How terrible! how terrible!" cried Hayward.

"You know the rest, now," continued Sir George, after pausing for a moment or two, when he appeared totally unable to proceed. "You know how I remained at Sanda after the wreck, and how the fatal beauty of Isabel Trevor snared me, as it had snared you! Truly and deeply I loved her! No other woman had ever been to me what she was, and yet I struggled with my feelings—telling myself that I had no right to form new ties—and that the unhappy Catalina's child was the legal successor to my property and my name. But I was rich," added Sir George, with a bitter ring in his deep voice. "I was worth winning, and she knew her power! It ended in my acting with dishonest cowardice. I resolved, for her sake, to suppress my legitimate heir, and near him as if he were illegitimate. There was but one person in England who half knew, half guessed, the secret of my first marriage. This was Hannaway. But he was a man who meddled little with things that did not concern him, and though he knew of my connexion with Catalina, and of the child's birth, he was not, I think, sure of the marriage. But mark how mysteriously my sins have found me out! When Hannaway's sudden death happened, I hurried to his house to secure the secret of the child's existence from prying eyes. He had sent money to the person the boy was with from time to time, and I knew the receipts would be among his papers. In searching for these I learnt that she for whom I had done all this was utterly unworthy of my love! Until I read her letters to Hannaway, I had loved Isabel—yes, loved her too well! These letters turned my heart to gall. She had never loved me—had jilted and jested about me from the very first, to this man who was almost a stranger to her. Truly, from that day the iron entered into my

soul. The remorse that has always pursued me seems now greater than I can bear."

"Do not say so," said Hayward earnestly. "It was a terrible misfortune, but the fatal blow was an unintentional one."

"Yes," answered Sir George, gloomily, "but many and many a time before I had wished that she were dead, and I was free. But now—could I recall her back to life—I would die a thousand deaths to have the power to do so."

As Sir George said this, he sank back on a chair, completely overcome. The storm was still raging outside, and the lurid light made the whole scene more impressive and tragic. The conscience-stricken man, whose wealth was nothing to him, whose love had turned to hate, and whose sin had found him out, seemed utterly overwhelmed and broken down. In vain Hayward tried to comfort him. What, indeed, could he say? Nothing, as Sir George truly told him, for in Sir George's heart there was the bitterness of death!

(To be continued.)

## BURLESQUE.

THE THIN MAN FROM DAYTON.—Yesterday morning, soon after the eating-stands on the Central market had been thrown open to the maw of the hungry public, and while Mrs. Magruder was telling a small boy that she could hold up her hand and swear that she never used beans in her coffee, a stranger came along and asked if he could get a bite to eat. Mrs. Magruder had been on the market for many years, and she thinks she knows a thing or two. She has flattered herself that she could tell to a bite just how much a customer could eat, and she has for years had an undisguised contempt for thin-bodied, spare-faced men, who try to chew their coffee and mince their toast.

This stranger was a little better than a six-foot shadow. His forehead consisted of a shirt-collar and a mouth as big as a mince-pie, and the perspective revealed nothing but two hollow eyes set below a thin line of sandy eyebrows. He remarked that he had just arrived from Dayton, and was somewhat hungry, but wanted first to inquire how much his breakfast would cost him, as he was rather short of funds.

"Oh! I suppose you may be able to worry-down six or seven cents' worth of provisions and a cup of coffee," she replied.

"Suppose you say 25 cents for all I want to eat?" he said, as the corners of his eyes began to twitch.

Mrs. Magruder looked him over, and mentally calculated that she would make just thirty cents by the bargain, and she replied:

"I must have my money in advance, you know."

"Oh, certainly—here it is. Now, then, I'm to eat my fill for a quarter?"

She said that was the understanding, and winked at the woman in the next stall. The thin man from Dayton doubled up on a stool, opened his mouth, and a fried sausage went out of sight so quickly that the last end seemed to smoke. A fried cake followed, then a second sausage, and after a gulp or two the man handed out his cup with the words:

"That tastes like real coffee—gimme some more."

While she was filling the cup he got away with two hot biscuits and a slice of beef, and the coffee came in just in time to wash down a hunk of mince pie. He could use both arms and his mouth at once, and he attended strictly to business. When Mrs. Magruder had filled the third cup her smile had quite vanished. She saw that she couldn't come out even without resorting to strategy, and she began asking questions. The man answered none of them except by a mournful shake of the head. "Crash! crash!" went his jaws, and he reached out from the shoulders like clock-work. Mrs. Magruder called his attention to a dog-fight across the way, but he ate faster than ever. The bell struck 2, and she remarked that a big conflagration was raging at the Union depot, but the man did not raise his eyes.

When Mrs. Magruder discovered that she was at least six shillings behind she said that she was a "poor widow with five children to support."

"How I do pity you!" replied the man as he passed his cup with one hand and raked in a biscuit with the other.

Then Mrs. Magruder told a story about a man dropping dead on the market the day before on account of overeating, but the man got away with two fried cakes and replied:

"Curious how some folks will make hogs of themselves."

At length Mrs. Magruder wanted to know how much longer he could stand it, and the thin man from Dayton gave her a reproachful glance and answered:

"Have I thus early fallen in with swindlers and falsifiers?"

She let him go on for three or four minutes more, and then she hinted that a detective was prowling around there evidently "spotting" some one.

"If he'll only give me twenty-five minutes to finish my breakfast, he can take me and be hanged!" answered the man and his arms worked faster than ever.

Mrs. Magruder was cornered. She laid his money down, and asked him for the sake of her poor orphans to move on and leave her at least one fried-cake as a business foundation. He paused with his cup held out for the seventh time, and perhaps something in her tearful

look reminded him of his poor dead mother, for he said:

"Well, I am only human, and I admit that my heart is tender. I don't like to leave off in the middle of my breakfast, but I'll take the money and move on for your children's sake."

He got up looking just as much like a lath as when he sat down, and when he was out Mrs. Magruder turned to the desolate ruins and groaned out:

"I'll take my solemn oath if \$1 would make me good for this, and I must tell my husband that I fitted out a schooner on trust!"

## HUMOROUS.

STRIPES are so big on the new style of pantaloons that it takes two pairs of trousers to accommodate a single stripe.

"TRUE worth, like the rose, will blush at its own sweetness." Good! Could never understand why our face was so red.

It has been proven that after kindling his fire a miser stuck a cork in the nozzle of the bellows to save the little wind that was left in it.

In a family in which there are two boys of about the same age, it is pretty difficult to decide whose birthday it is to roll out the ash-barrel.

An agricultural paper advises the farmer to count his sheep every day. If it comes to that, we should advise the farmer to move into a better neighbourhood.

A CHAIR has been invented which can be adjusted to over a hundred different positions. It will be a handy piece of furniture to introduce into a church pew.

PHOTOGRAPHER: "You look too sober—smile a little." He smiles, and the photographer says: "Not so much, sir; my instrument is too small to compass the opening."

A SPARKLING young debater, in a flight of eloquence, exclaimed: "Mr. President, the world is divided into two great classes, the learned and the unlearned, one of whom I am which."

AN exchange, defending itself from a charge of misquotation, says: "Our contemporary lays on our table." Now this is a grammatical error. Newspapers never "lay;" they lie.

"WHAT is the usual definition of conscience?" asked a man of his pastor. "A man's rule for his neighbour's conduct is about the way it comes on practically," was the reply.

"WE all know," said a cockney school committee-man to a new teacher he was examining for her position, "that A, B and C is vowels; but what he wants to know is by they is so."

"Is there any danger of the boa constrictor biting me?" asked a lady visitor at the Zoological gardens. "Not the least, marm," replied the showman. "He never bites; he swallows his wittles whole."

"WHAT do you know of the character of this man?" was asked of a witness at a police court the other day. "What do I know of his character? I know it to be unimpeachable, your honour," he replied, with much emphasis.

The foolish man foldeth his hands and saith: "There is no trade, why should I advertise?" But the wise man is not so. He whoopeth it up in the news-papers, and verily he draweth customers from afar-off.

"Do, for gracious sake, waiter, take those nut-crackers over to that man," exclaimed a nervous old lady sitting opposite a party who was cracking hickory nuts with his teeth. "No, I thank you," he said politely returning them, "mine are not false teeth."

A BOY only 12 years of age, named Eddie Lawlor, has been sentenced by a Texas court to five years' imprisonment in the penitentiary. When the sentence was pronounced he laughed and said: "Five years ain't long. Why, I can stand on my head most of the time."

THE severity of the past winter is said to have killed the germ of the house fly to a great extent, so that where there were 1,507 flies in one sugar-bowl last summer, the chances are that the odd seven will be missing this season.

Boston precocity—Jack (aged 10 years or under): "I trust, Tommy, that you believe in the non-essentiality of a pre-existent first cause." Tommy: "Oh, certainly. At least I go no further back than the primordial atomic globe." Excuse, driving their hoops.

"WHAT organ," inquires Olive Logan, "has such a diapason as the human soul?" We don't know, but suppose that most any manufacturer will claim that his organ can beat the diapason of his soul on a dead level, just two in three, p. p., and give the soul ten yards the start.

I THINK 'twas in September, if I rightly now remember, that I heard a knocking, knocking at my door; yes, I know 'twas in September, for quite well I now remember he had been there about fifty times before; had been there knocking at my door. But I opened not, nor wondered, as upon the door he thundered, for he yelled, "Say now will you settle this 'ere bill I bring you?" as he battered on the door, and I answered, calmly answered, "Nevermore."

PROBABLY there is no sphere in life so girt about with heaven-distilled glories, so earth-despising, so irradiated with the divine effulgence that o'ertops Parnassian heights, as the sphere of the confirmed checker-player. And yet we have known woman with soul so mean as to ask her husband to descend from his lofty perch before a checker board for some such grovelling thing as to go down collar for a scuffle of soul or to split some kindling, wood, forsooth! Oh woman! to have a treasure, and not know it!

THE ZULU WAR.—We are credibly informed by eye-witnesses of the recent disaster at Isandula that, upon the swarming thousands of Zulu warriors not one SHIRT was to be seen. This is scandalous. Common humanity calls on us to send them, at once, some of Treble's Perfect-Fitting Shirts. Samples and cards for self-measurement sent free to any address. TREBLE'S, 8 King Street E., Hamilton, Ont.

THE HON. MR. TILLEY AND TEMPERANCE.—The present Minister of Finance has long been a member of the Temperance cause. Judging, however, from his portrait, we cannot congratulate him upon his strange neglect of the solemn warning contained in the words of the immortal Dufler, *Treble makes the shirt for you*. Send for samples and cards for self-measurement to TREBLE, 8 King Street E., Hamilton, Ont.