

"If I am not up to time to-morrow, you will excuse me, I am sure. I am not feeling at all well."

"My good friend," said Lindorff, pleased to have an opportunity to exhibit his large scale of philanthropy, "if you want rest, then take it. Take one, two, three days if you will. We are not yet so busy but we can spare you."

With a hearty handshake the men parted. Little did the Oberkassierer think that was the last he would ever see of his clever assistant.

V.

Hetty was surprised, charmed, filled with wonderment that night, at the changed manner of her husband. Never had he seemed more devoted, more tender. She overwhelmed herself with reproaches.

"He has never ceased to love me," she thought. "It is only my imagination, prompted by the jealous tears of my own fond, foolish heart, that pictures him cold. How weak of me to allow my judgment to be so warped—to libel him even in my thoughts."

He told her, breaking the news with a tender consideration that had long been foreign to his manner, that he must leave on business of importance by the night train: and a cloud fell again upon her new found sunshine.

Wavering smiles and tears, she busied herself about the requisites of the journey. Soon valise and dressing bag were deftly packed, and she saw by the little time piece on the mantel, that the hour of his departure was near.

"I am so sorry that you are going away," she said. "I seem to see so little of you now. Do you know, Harry, that I have fancied you so altered lately. You don't seem to care half so much for your little wife's society as you used to do. I know I must be very dull and simple, and not nearly such good company as—as I ought to be, you know! But to-night you have been so kind and thoughtful, and so much like your old self again, and now I am to lose you. Mind you hurry back again, and, before you go, may I ask you one little question?"

"A hundred if you wish; but be quick, for the time is short!"

"Then, Harry, has anything displeased you lately—in me, I mean? Have I done anything that you have not approved?"

"Nothing, Hetty. What could have put such a thought into your head, child? I don't think it possible my Hetty could do wrong."

"Then why has your home been less attractive? If there is anything you could suggest, only tell me, and—"

"Say no more, my darling, for Heaven's sake! I know you love me ten times better than I deserve, and are a thousand times too good for me. It is not in you that the change should be, but in me, if I should ever be worthy of you. Don't mope while I am away. Let the roses bloom again, and dismiss these pale lillies from your cheeks."

"I will not allow myself to mope: for I will say to myself—It is wrong, Harry does not like it—and I will only look forward to your coming back. And you will try to put up with your poor, dull little wife, and to love her a wee bit, and to think of her sometimes?"

"Hetty, I shall think of you always as an angel—as a star high up in the heavens, too pure, too bright for me ever to reach the altitude in which it shines!"

"Nonsense!" she cried. "Romantic nonsense! You know I am nothing of the kind! But there are those cruel wheels already."

With an embrace as tender as those with which they used to part in the old days of courtship in her English village home, they parted.

And Hetty stood at the window and watched the cab drive down the quaint old street—now lost in gloom, now reappearing in the dim light of the gas lamps—till her eyesight was blinded by the gentle, tender tears that rose like an overflow of happiness to her eyes. It was months since she had been so happy—perhaps never in her life had she been so happy as now—for her recovered happiness came to her with a keener zest after her misery.

Dream on, Hetty Burton, of happiness and love! For, from that dream, the awakening will be rude. And when it comes, there will be, for you, no moment more of happiness on earth.

VI.

It was I who introduced Harry Burton to Mrs. Montague. I thought that in procuring him the acquaintance of a woman, young, beautiful, and clever, I was doing him the greatest benefit in my power. Little did I imagine that I was assisting at the prelude of a terrible tragedy.

That is how it came about.

Years after he had deserted Hetty, and some months after Corn had tired of and deserted him—of which episodes of his earlier life I was completely ignorant—I was sauntering with Burton in the intervals of the races, among the carriages which lined the course at Bains sur Mer. As my companion turned aside to greet some acquaintances, I caught sight of the well appointed pony equipage of the little English lady, and emboldened by her gracious salute, advanced to the wheels of the vehicle.

"Why do you never come out to the cottage," she said. "I am dying of melancholy. Too bad to desert me when Charlie is away. I suppose he was the only attraction at Rosedale, and now you are engrossed solely with your

bachelor friends. Tell me, who is the special *fidus Achates* with whom I saw you just now?"

"That," said I, "is Harry Burton the pleasantest fellow and handsomest man in Bains sur Mer."

"You must give me an introduction," she said. "Bring him here and let him make his bow. I am dying of ennui, and a good, rousing, neck or nothing flirtation would do me good. I give you my word, it shall be perfectly harmless—nay, I pledge you my honor I will ask my husband's leave before I commence conquest. Will you gratify my whim and present me to him—just for fun?"

I never thought—nobody ever did think—of refusing Muriel Montague her slightest wish. But I said, jestingly, "I am afraid what will be fun to you, may prove death to him. You undervalue your own charms. You do not know how dangerous you are."

"Bah!" she said, with a pretty *moue*. "Was I a hundred fold more dangerous, he is proof. Don't you think I know a lady killer when I see him? I tell you there is an *aces triplex* of vanity, of *bonnes fortunes*, and of experience around that breast. Honest Indian," she cried, "if I were not married the odds would be on his side."

I sauntered off to find my friend. The introduction was effected.

They were evidently mutually delighted. In a few moments, a lively strife of banter and repartee sprang up between them, and my society was evidently no longer required. Some-what piqued, I turned aside, began to bet right and left, and lost a hat full for money.

I saw but little of Burton for the next six weeks. Muriel annoyed him. He was constantly riding out to Rosedale, where she joined him, and they went for a gallop on the cliffs. Even in the evenings he was often with her, enjoying an entrancing *fil-a-fille* in the jalousie-shaded salon, while her neighbor, old Madame de Courcy, played duenna over her never-ending tapestry, or watching the sun set far out at sea, from beneath the shadow of the giant chestnut trees.

It was near the end of the sixth week that I was riding, one evening, past the cottage. Burton and Mrs. Montague were advancing, arm in arm, to the verandah as I came up. The lady gave me a welcome which, she declared, was heartier than I deserved. Then turning to her companion, "Harry," she said, "I have left my fan where we were sitting." He turned to seek it and she came close up to me and said: "Mr. Mah, I hope we shall see more of you now. Charlie will be home on Tuesday."

"Will he indeed?"

"None too soon do you mean by that grave face?" she asked. "Charlie knows and approves my intimacy with Burton—you need not look like a sour old grandmother on that score. When Charlie is home we are going to have a few friends. Come, and you will see the sequel of a mystery."

Burton returning, prevented further confidences. I tied my horse to the gate, went in with them for awhile, and rode home with my friend.

The appointed evening arrived. Burton and I rode out together to Rosedale as Mrs. Montague had insisted. In the shadow of a curtain I watched their meeting.

She came out from the salon where the dancers were tripping joyously. Came out with her sweetest smile—with the smile he believed she kept alone for him. Came out with both hands extended in welcome. Came out swiftly, with the *empressment* that tramples on all thoughts of mere propriety, and evidences that emotion triumphs over *les convenances*. In her face, in her whole movement, there was the frank expression of the unalloyed pleasure of one who welcomes a long expected guest who occupies an utmost shrine in the heart.

"At last," she said in tones which must have thrilled through every nerve and fibre of his body—and it was no mean thing to have been longed for by such a woman—younge men than that he would have given their existence for that welcome; richer men would have given their fortunes. She bent forward, exhibiting a bust that shamed the whiteness of her dress, shaded with a more delicate pink than was owned by the one rose in the centre of her bosom. "Hitherto you have been known to me alone. You have visited me by stealth, you have spoken with me in secret. To-night I will present you openly to our guests in your true character—henceforth there shall be no concealment. 'Come,' she said, as the cessation of the music intimated the conclusion of the dance, 'now is the fitting time to make your entrance duly sensational.'"

It was, doubtless, the proudest moment of Harry Burton's life—the proudest, and the happiest. Never before had he felt so fully a man, never before had he felt so strong in the present, so hopeful for the future: for never before had he truly loved. This grand passion for Muriel had elevated and ennobled him as the pure love—for I believe it was a pure and guiltless love. She had never told him that she was not a widow, and it had never occurred to me to enlighten him on a subject, his ignorance of which I did not know—for an elegant and refined woman alone can elevate and ennoble. It had choked all the bad in him; it had educated and amplified all the good. If the companionship of such a woman had been permitted him through life, to what high aims might he not have soared; to what ambitious heights might he not have yet attained.

He followed her, with a step proudly elate, to the very centre of the salon around which the guests were resuming their seats. All eyes turned upon the hostess and her handsome escort. Muriel took a few steps from him towards the upper end of the room, turned, and faced him. She was as pale as marble.

"My friends," she said, speaking calmly in a low clear voice, articulate to the remotest corner of the room. "You see this man before you? Mark him well. He has told me to-night that he loves me. He has told me so, before, repeatedly. Some years ago he said the same thing to my sister, and she, poor child, believed him. He deserted her—left her, heart-broken and alone—for her grief to kill her. Unhappily she did not die. She waited and she watched, till she became insane—that was all! And I have listened eagerly to the vows and protestations which, once made to her, he has repeated to me, knowing that I would one day tell him here before you all how I scorn and repudiate and abhor him—knowing that I would one day brand him as a villain in your eyes—that he should move before the world with the mark of Cain upon his brow."

When she ceased, he neither moved nor spoke. It was not till she added with a queenly gesture, "You are at liberty to quit this, sir. I have finished," that he bowed low, and with an awful look of unutterable, hopeless, blank despair, yet not without a certain dignity which is ever the offspring of intense emotion, turned and left the room.

"I hope you are satisfied," I said, roughly, "for, by heaven, you have dealt him his death," and I hurried after my friend.

He had mounted his horse and ridden off, as I entered the courtyard. I leaped upon my mare and followed. As I issued from the gates, I halted a moment to be sure of the direction he had taken. It was a beautiful night, lit by a brilliant moon, nearly at the full. Gazing over the turf of the cliffs, I saw him scudding across the sward in a direction opposed to Bains sur Mer. I had not gained a length on him, when it became evident that he was heading for the highest point of the cliffs, where the precipice ran sheer down to the sea, and his deadly purpose was made clear.

As he neared the brink, his horse, though urged by a relentless hand, evidently strove, with an instinct of self-preservation, to check its headlong career—but the slippery turf gave but small hold to the polished iron of his shoes. At the extreme verge, however, he appeared to rear, and I saw Harry's arm raised in the bestowal of a murderous blow between the poor brute's ears. Then steed and rider vanished, and when I reached the spot, nothing was visible but the waves that broke mournfully at the foot of the crags, as though bewailing the victim of the vengeance of Muriel Montague.

A MILLIONAIRE MANAGER.

At all seasons of the year, with the exception of eight weeks or so in the dull heat of the early autumn there may be seen in the neighborhood of Regent street, Oxford street and Piccadilly a victoria containing a comely and merry-looking lady, and by her side a good-looking man with a long face and an everlasting eyeglass. The man with the everlasting eyeglass may indeed, and truly, be said to be the architect of his own fortunes. His name is Squire Bancroft Bancroft. He came to London an unknown man, and married the manageress of the theatre in which he was engaged, one of the cleverest and most popular actresses of the day. He associated his rare business qualities and intense application with his wife's art and humor, and by dint of perseverance and tact, has managed to amass the largest fortune that has ever fallen to the possession of any actor or actress in this or any other century. It is claimed for Mr. Bancroft that he was one of the first to reduce the art of management to a certainty. No manager has of late years done less for English authors than Mr. Bancroft, and yet no one has made more money. This is not saying much for English authors, though it speaks volumes for Mr. Bancroft's judgement, as he has probably had the first refusal of the very many failures that have found favor with other managers. He is accused of having said that he looks upon the theatre as a shop, and his mission as that of a shopkeeper, not that of a dramatic philanthropist. He wants to make money creditably and honestly, not to benefit the human race or a clique of dramatic authors at the expense of his own pocket. Mr. Bancroft's experience with original plays by Dion Boucicault, Edmund Yates and H. J. Byron did not, in his estimation, justify any renewal of that experiment. Mr. Bancroft's plan has been exceedingly simple—quite childlike and bland in its innocence. It is as certain as the plan of the card-player at loo, who throws up everything but a winning hand. First he looked out the plays that have never failed of success—"Money," "The School for Scandal," "London Assurance," "Masks and Faces," "The Overland Route," and so on, and by mounting them as they had never been mounted before, he gave them all a new life, and lined his own pockets. The stage was once the amusement of the cultured classes. It is now the distraction of middle-class affectation and plutocratic snobbery. Mr. Bancroft was sharp enough to see this at the outset. He may have overdone things in the way of decoration and detail, but it was exactly the showiness and excess that his audience desired. His swells were such terrible swells, his ladies on

the stage were all so "mighty fine," his tapestry was so priceless, his chair-furniture was so showy. It was a treat to go to the Prince of Wales Theatre—at least, so thought Sir Georgius Midas, his wife, their daughters, and their equally estimable friends. But the list of old English dramatic certainties is capable of exhaustion, so Mr. Bancroft—ever on the safe side—went over to France and bought the plays of Sardou, whenever it was possible; plays that he could study till he could almost reduce them by a process of his own. Hence the success of "Peril," "Diplomacy," "Olette," and "Fedora." What matter if connoisseurs thought they were but electro-plate as compared to the original silver? Thus by making a repertoire of certainties, Mr. Bancroft made a fortune for himself and his clever wife, who has been the mainstay of his success—and now, like the industrious parson, he can go on preaching his old sermons to new congregations. Certain very clever people ventured to think that Mr. Bancroft was making a hideous mistake when he rebuilt the Haymarket Theatre and abolished the pit. Theatrical conservatives rose up in indignation and denounced the folly. The manager had a *mauvais quart d'heure* when the curtain drew up on the opening night. But what cared Mr. Bancroft? He knew his own business vastly better than the quidnuncs. He knew that the pit and gallery would not pay alone, but that the ten-shilling stalls (for which Mr. Bancroft is responsible) paid him extremely well. He argues that it was bad policy not to give the best seats and space to the people who paid him best. The argument was unanswerable. Mr. Bancroft is a good friend, a genial fellow and a hospitable gentleman. He is proud of the position he has made at the comparatively young age of forty-two, and has reason to be proud.

VARIETIES.

In these days of book-making, there are probably few establishments which can compete in the number of their issues with the British and Foreign Bible Society, whose annual tale of work has once more been brought before the public. From the report it is learned that the receipts from the sale of Scriptures in England, and abroad during the past year were £98,068, giving an increase of £3,225; and, adding £104 3s. 7d. for Indian colportage, the total income from all sources reached £210,000, or £10,516 in excess of the corresponding total for 1882, but only £1,098 above the more normal year that preceded it. The expenditure amounted to £207,996, or to £17,079 above the expenditure of the previous year. The issues from the Bible House in London amounted to 1,542,413 copies, and from depots abroad to 1,422,223, making a total of 2,964,636 copies, or 26,091 more than in the previous year. The returns showed a decided increase in the number of complete Bibles and New Testaments, as compared with portions. The issues of the Society from its commencement to the close of last year reached a total of 96,917,629 copies.

THE "perpetual pensions" now paid by England to the descendants of great men are £4,000 per annum to the Churchill who represents the Duke of Marlborough; £4,000 per annum to a Mr. Stewart, who is the nearest descendant of William Penn; £5,000 per annum to the individual (who is not a direct descendant, by the way,) representing Lord Nelson; £2,000 a year to the present Earl Rodney; £2,000 a year to Viscount Exmouth, who is at present a minor; £3,000 a year to Earl Amherst, as compensation for an alleged grant of land which George III. was unable to carry out; £984 per annum to the heirs of the Duke of Schomberg forever, because he was a favorite of William III.; £1,200 a year since 1674 to the holder of the Earldom of Bath; £676 per annum granted by Charles II. to the Earl of Kinnoull; £343 granted by the same king to the Duke of Grafton; two pensions of £756 18s. 6d. granted to Sir Piers Mostyn and Sir W. Eden in perpetuity as compensation for the loss of offices. There are also pensions of from one to two thousand pounds sterling each, which will expire with the third life in each case, paid to Viscounts Hardinge, Gough and Combermere, Lords Keane, Seaton, Raglan and Napier of Magdala, Sir W. J. Williams of Kars, and Sir Henry Havelock-Allan. Taking the last nine to average fifteen hundred pounds sterling a year each, these pensions amount to an annual sum of nearly two hundred thousand dollars.

THE education of F. Marion Crawford, the author of "Mr. Isaacs" and "Doctor Claudius," writes a correspondent of the *Graphic*, was commenced in Rome, continued at St. Paul's, Concord, and completed at Cambridge, England, where he took high rank. His great grandfather, Colonel Samuel Ward, was a graduate of the College of Rhode Island, now called Brown University, and served with credit in the revolution. He carried a copy of "Horace" through his campaigns. The love of "Horace" is inherited both by Mr. Samuel Ward and by Mr. Crawford, who, by the way, is one of the leading Sanskrit scholars of the day, and in fact a thorough student and well equipped at all points. He may not know as much Hebrew as his accomplished aunt, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, but like her he is familiar with Latin, Greek, French, Italian (his native language, for he was, like "Mr. Griggs," born in Rome), Spanish, etc. He inherits from his father, Thomas Crawford, the sculptor, a certain perceptive power; only he clothes his thoughts in words rather than in clay.