

he felt some curiosity as to the cause of Hayward's rupture with Sir George Hamilton, he made no inquiries on the subject.

"It will be about a woman, no doubt," thought the parson, shaking his head, though there was no one near to see him. "Ah, ah, they bring a vast deal of trouble."

Then there came into his mind something that his wife had told him about Miss Trevor. Mrs. Matthew had warned Hayward about her, and she had told her husband that she had warned him. They had been staying in the house together, the parson pondered. Was this it? "Poor lad, poor lad," was his next thought, and with another shake of his head he began reflecting on Miss Trevor's charms.

Miss Trevor, as we know, went upon the principle of trying to fascinate all men. Once or twice therefore for amusement, or for the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Irvine look disturbed, she had condescended to bestow a few smiles on the parson. The parson remembered what he had felt when he received these few smiles at this moment, and he gave a little sigh, and his comical look stole over his face.

"And I am fifty," he was thinking, "and poor Hayward quite a young fellow still."

When he returned home, after despatching the money order to Hayward, the first person that he encountered was his wife.

"Matthew," said Mrs. Irvine, in her hollow tones, "I've a piece of news for you."

"Well, my dear?" meekly asked the Rev. Matthew.

"You must guess," said Mrs. Matthew, with jocularity.

The parson thought.

"You have found the lost teaspoon?" at last, he said.

"No such luck," replied Mrs. Irvine, "guess again."

To please her (for he was very sweet-tempered) the parson made various guesses all relating to little household affairs, but to each of his suggestions Mrs. Irvine solemnly shook her head. At last, the Rev. Matthew declared he had exhausted all his surmises, and asked his wife to keep him no longer in suspense.

"I always said it," then remarked Mrs. Irvine.

"But what is it, my dear?" asked the parson.

"Miss Trevor has succeeded," answered Mrs. Matthew with a certain amount of triumph in her tone. "I always said it, did I not, Matthew? and now my words have come true."

Then Mrs. Irvine proceeded to tell her tale. Miss Trevor's maid, Fanny Becker, had written to her cousin, Jane Becker, who was cousin to Mrs. Irvine's cook, that Miss Trevor was engaged to Sir George Hamilton; that the family were to return very shortly to the Hall, and that the marriage was to take place soon after their arrival.

The parson listened to the news, and then he remembered Hayward's letter. So, this was the probable cause why Hayward had parted with Sir George Hamilton—this.

"It's a great marriage for her, I suppose?" he said after a moment's silence. "That Mr. Hannaway, who was down about the time of the wreck of the yacht, told me that Sir George Hamilton is a very rich man."

"That's why she's going to marry him," answered his wife, sharply.

"You should not say that, my love," said the gentle parson.

"But I do say it," reiterated Mrs. Irvine. "Matthew, mark my words," she continued, "if ever there was a bad woman in the world she's one; if ever there was a heartless woman in the world she's one; and you men will live to find it out." And having thus distinctly expressed her opinion, Mrs. Irvine left her husband to his reflections.

CHATTER XIX.

FLORENTIA VILLA.

The parson's ten pounds came like a gift from God. It enabled Hayward to pay off his mother's heartless landlady; to procure her fresh rooms; and to buy her various small comforts absolutely necessary for her condition.

Thus the last few weeks of Mrs. Hayward's life were perhaps the most beautiful and peaceful ones that she ever spent on earth. We all, more or less I believe, live on hope. It is not the present that we clothe in shining light, but the dim horizon that we scarcely see. Her hope now lay beyond the earthly boundaries, and far away in imagination, she seemed to realise the golden land beyond. Hayward, passion-tossed and world-weary, stood awestruck by his dying mother's side. Hating his life here, he yet could not rise above it. A beautiful face came between him and peace, a beautiful face between him and hope. But he had set himself a task, and he meant to fulfil it. This was to comfort his mother's last days; to let her soul pass away undisturbed to rest.

It was in a neat and modest house, overlooking the Chelsea Pensioners' gardens, where he had found her a home. For hours when she was asleep, he would sit watching the veterans, for whom "life's fitful fever" was about over, walking stiffly about, arguing, and quarrelling. It was like a peep into other days. There was one old man that he had once travelled with in an omnibus to the city. He was in the last stage—drivelling, childish. A bold, ill-bred man, who was in the omnibus, also, had on this occasion begun "chaffing," as he called it, the old soldier.

"So, you'll have been in hotter climates than

this, I suppose, old fellow?" asked this obstrusive traveller, but the pensioner scarcely seemed to understand. Then a comrade, who accompanied him, and who was perhaps ten years younger, spoke up.

"He's not been in India, sir," he said, "but he served in the Low Countries. He's a Waterloo man." And as his friend spoke, the old man nodded his head, and laughed aloud.

Yes, memory came back at the well-remembered word, and he was ready to tell his tale, the tale he had told a thousand times before, and which brought such stirring memories to the listeners' hearts.

Hayward used to watch this old fellow hobbling about on the verge of the grave, from his mother's windows. In his day perhaps he had been brave and happy, now he was only testy, drivelling, and selfish. It was one of the lessons of life, was it not? The lessons which the thinker daily learns.

The curate, Mr. Jervis, grew deeply interested in Hayward. He saw that he was unhappy, and the efforts that he made to conceal this appealed to the curate's sympathies. Many solemn conversations the two young men held together, as they wandered up and down in the evenings, by the dusky river's edge. They had begun life about the same time, but from two very different starting-points. Horace Jervis was the son of a rich man, Philip Hayward of a very poor one. But a shadow had fallen on the Jervis family, while Horace was yet a boy, and the bitterest blush that had ever dyed his cheeks had been for his mother. He had been a refined and sensitive lad, and the agony and shame that he had then endured had left for a long time a most marked impression on his mind. But this was not the last. Accidentally, one evening, he accompanied a friend to hear a well-known and eloquent preacher, and the words he listened to that night coloured his whole future life.

He went into the Church after this, and laboured, as most men labour for fame or wealth. He was so much in earnest. There was no doubt in his faith, no fear. Hayward used to look into his sweet, calm face with a strange longing and envy. They were such a contrast; a contrast in everything, except that both were true and honest men.

So they became friends. They made no protestations of this, for they were Englishmen, and therefore shy of professing attachment, but the bond nevertheless grew up between them, and this friendship was a great source of comfort and thankfulness to Mrs. Hayward during her last days.

But we must now return to Mr. Moxam, of Florentia-villa, Brixton. With untold aversion in his heart, Hayward had proceeded to avail himself of this gentleman's invitation to dine with him on the Sunday following Hayward's interview with him in the city. He went by the train, and had not much difficulty in discovering his uncle's residence, for "Florentia-villa" was engraved in brass plates on the pillars of the gateway; "Florentia" being on one pillar, and "Villa" on the other. Inside the house and grounds corresponded with this arrangement. Here was everything in a small way. A lawn, a greenhouse, a sun dial! Everything about the place was new, and fresh with paint. Mr. Moxam himself, fat and pursy, stood on the lawn as Hayward opened the gate, and when he recognized his first wife's nephew, he held out two fat fingers in welcome.

"Ha, humph, so you're come, have you, sir?" he said. "Well, glad to see you. Newcome, Mrs. M's brother, will be here presently. See what you can do with him. He wants a chap of your sort, I believe—but, then, there's always a dozen fellows out of employment after every situation that casts up."

"Yes, there is scarcely elbow-room in England, I think," replied Hayward.

"Elbow-room? What d'ye mean by that? There's elbow-room and arms-room, too, for men who will work steadily, sir. Look at me. Where would I have been, d'ye think, if I had sat down with my hands before me? No, it's 'the early bird gets the worm'—and another thing, mind ye, sir, 'rolling stones do not gather any moss.'"

Nothing could exceed the self-satisfaction of Mr. Moxam's looks as he uttered these two old adages. There he stood, he was thinking, on his own lawn, with his own greenhouse behind him, and his own villa, filled to the very brim with expensive furniture, and all this was his own doing. After all he had some reason to be proud. There had been days of struggle in his career, as there are days of struggle in most men's, and he had stoutly weathered the storm. He was pompous, vulgar, and ill-bred, but he had been industrious, steady, and hard-working ever since he knew the meaning of the words. So now he was reaping the reward, and one of his enjoyments was to snub every poor man who came in his way.

This Sunday, therefore, was very pleasant to him. Newcome, the printer, Mrs. Moxam's brother, owed him two thousand pounds, which he had borrowed, and Newcome, therefore, trembled before him. Hayward owed him his education, and now he was a candidate for his patronage, so he could say what he liked to Hayward, and accordingly, during the day, he said various things more or less disagreeable.

Mrs. Moxam the second was not an unfitting mate for her pompous, self-satisfied little spouse. She, too, thought that she had done well in life, and was proud of having done so. She was one of those women who live for their own narrow circle, and whose servants and din-

ners, and the servants and dinners of her acquaintances, served to occupy her whole mind.

Her stepdaughters, the Misses Moxam, were also not very interesting. Miss Moxam was past thirty, and was jealous of her stepmother's position in her father's house. She was always giving orders to the servants, and then referring them in a marked manner to "mamma." Nothing gave her so much pleasure as for anything to go wrong in the household. "I think I told you, mamma," she would say. "I believe I suggested," and so on. She was not handsome, but neutral tinted all over. Her eyes, her hair, her skin, were all a pale, rather dingy drab, and her character correspondent. She never got into a passion, she never coloured with generous warmth on any subject, but she gave her friends, and her stepmother in particular, little stabs occasionally, and felt a feeble pleasure in doing so. Her younger sister, Ellen, was much of the same type. She, however, was better looking, and had an admirer, and both these facts had a softening influence. Young Joe, their step-brother (the present Mrs. Moxam's son), used to say of his step-sisters to his chosen companions, "that there was a pair of them, but Ellen was the best of the two."

These young ladies received Hayward coldly at first. They had been told by their father that he was in bad circumstances, and, therefore, it was natural that they should do so. But they were women, and Hayward was good-looking and gentlemanly, so by and bye they began to thaw. His appearance also was not without its influence on his uncle's second wife. When therefore her brother, Mr. Newcome (of the printing establishment of Sulkeid and Newcome) arrived he found the party all talking very pleasantly together. He (Mr. Newcome) had a sour look. He had not been very prosperous in business for one thing, and he disliked his brother-in-law, Moxam, intensely for another.

"Ha! Newcome," said Mr. Moxam, putting out the two fat fingers that with him did duty for a handshake, when Mr. Newcome arrived.

"This is young Hayward," continued the rich man, indicating Hayward by a jerk of his thumb in his nephew's direction. "The young feller I told you of. He ought to understand correcting novels and rubbish, for his education cost enough—but you can talk it over."

Upon this Mr. Newcome smiled more sourly still. He was a peculiar-looking man, with small features, and thick brown hair, which gave you the impression that it was a wig, though it was not one. He had been for years the working partner of the firm to which he belonged, and had read and corrected scores and scores of novels in his day. Perhaps this had soured him. At all events, life had evidently not been pleasant to him, for his expression was habitually sneering and wearied.

He made a slight bow to Hayward after Mr. Moxam's introduction, and then looked into his face. He had been prepared to see something disagreeable in Mr. Moxam's nephew, but he now saw (and he was not a bad judge) a pale, thoughtful, clever face.

"So, you want to go into my line?" he said, addressing Hayward.

"I want employment, sir," said Hayward, "and I think I have been fairly educated."

Only a few words, but how much a few words may tell. They were enough, at least, for Mr. Newcome. Before the abundant family dinner which followed was over, Mr. Newcome had resolved to give Hayward a chance. During this dinner, "young Joe," the present Mrs. Moxam's son, made his appearance. The fond mother would have waited for her offspring, but when the dinner-hour arrived, Mr. Moxam took out his great gold watch, and shook it angrily.

"Sharp two, I said, did I not, Maria?" he said, looking at his wife.

"But Joe's not in," said Mrs. Moxam, glancing at the elaborate time-piece on the mantelpiece.

"I said two, Joe or not Joe," said Mr. Moxam. "Dinner, Maria."

And dinner accordingly was served.

After the soup and fish had been removed, Joe (around whom lingered a strong odour of smoke) entered the room.

"Humph," said the father, glancing at him; "did you not know the dinner hour, sir?"

Mr. Moxam said this gruffly enough, but his round, staring, grey eyes had a kindly expression in them when he looked at this graceless youth. As for his mother, she absolutely adored him. He was twenty times worse than the old man. He was mean-minded, snobbish, and vulgar in the extreme; but in her eyes he was all but perfection. She admired his loud ties and canary-coloured gloves. She boasted of the society that he was in (she little guessed of what sort) to her various acquaintances. "Joe's off to one of his balls to-morrow night," she would say, with fond maternal pride; and she was ready to excuse late hours and misde-mourous of all kinds, in the belief that "Joe" was shining as became him, among his admiring friends.

If it were possible, Mr. Newcome disliked his nephew more than his brother-in-law. Young Joe irritated him almost past endurance. He turned, therefore, during the bustle consequent on his appearance, and addressed himself exclusively to Hayward:

"If you will call at Southampton-buildings to-morrow, at ten," he said, "I will see if we can come to some arrangement. It's nothing great, remember, I have to offer. Hard and worrying work, and a small salary—but if you really wish for employment?"

"I do really wish for employment, sir," replied Hayward, earnestly. And the sour man he addressed gave a slight nod of his head.

At this moment both Hayward's ears and Mr. Newcome's caught an inquiry addressed by young Joe to his mother, which they were supposed not to hear.

"I say, mother, what's making old Types more crusty than usual?" asked Joe of that fond parent.

Then "old Types" (Mr. Newcome) looked at Hayward with an ironical and bitter smile—a smile which betrayed some of the contempt and aversion with which he regarded his sister's son.

(To be continued.)

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

If anything will convince a not altogether bad man that he is a brute, it is the sweet forgiveness of a delicate woman.

THERE is one advantage in marrying a woman who hasn't a mind of her own; she can't forever be giving you a piece of it.

YOUNG lady, gazing on her portrait just finished by a rising young artist, remarked, "I look like a canvas-backed duck." He felt like eating her.

A CONTEMPORARY asks if Edison can invent anything to beat the brilliancy of a woman's eyes. A bad husband will do it—beat all the brilliancy out of them.

A LADY in Louisville has a husband who snores. She keeps a clothes-pin under her pillow, and when his snoring awakes her, she puts it on his nose, then sleeps in peace.

IT is astonishing what whooping lies young folks will give and take during courtship. The trouble with a good many marriages is that the parties quit lying when they enter matrimony.

"WHERE a woman," says Mrs. Partington, "has been married with a congealing heart, and one that beats desponding to her own, she will never want to enter the maritime state again."

THAT good old soul, Mrs. Wiggins, says she dunno but she enjoys reading about them Lorne folks as much as she did about the Stewart body, only it ain't quite so excitin' to the nervous system.

EXTRACT from a romance: "With one hand he held her beautiful golden head above the chilling waves, and with the other called loudly for assistance."

A KINGSTON damsel has developed the faculty of a mind-reader. She said to "her young man" last sparkin' night, "My, though, I do believe you're going to kiss me?" Correct! He was, and did.

A NEW YORK belle besought her father for a new seal-skin saccue. "My dear," he responded, fondly, but seriously, "we paid over \$5,500,000 to the British Government recently, and I can't afford it."

THE colour of a girl's hair is regulated by the size of her father's pocket-book. If the latter be plethoric the girl's tresses are golden or auburn. If the old man's wallet is lean we hear the daughter spoken of as only "that red-headed gal."

THE time approaches when the thoughtful husband gives his wife some money, which goes to buy a dressing-gown that all the world's riches couldn't hire him to wear in the presence of his male friends.

A FEMALE help in Chicago with admirable candour informed a lady that she was looking for a place where there was an "old couple with property, but without children, who would look upon me as a daughter."

AN English writer says, in his advice to young married women, that their mother Eve married a gardener. It might be added that the gardener, in consequence of his match, lost his situation.

AMBIGUOUS.—In a country churchyard there is the following epitaph: "Here lies the body of James Robinson and Ruth, his wife;" and underneath this text, "Their warfare is accomplished."

A LADY said that this was the finest compliment which she had ever received: She was on horseback, and as she rode past an Irishman who was standing by the roadside she heard him say, "I wish I was in prison for the staling ov ye."

AN old Scotchman, on marrying a very young wife, was rallied by his friends on the inequality of their ages. "She will be near me," he replied, "to close my een." "Weel," remarked another of the party, "I've had two wives, and they opened my een!"

THE holiday season is now upon us, and the men stay out late o' nights on purpose to let their wives have a good chance to work on their dressing-gowns and sich—so that the dear creatures may be able to take them by surprise.

AN old gentleman of 84 and his bride, aged 82, entered a railway car the other day and took a seat by the stove. A youth occupying a seat behind says he overheard the following: Old gentleman to his bride: "Who's a 'tittle lamb?" Bride: "Bofe of us."

"Oh! where are you going, my pretty maid?" "I'm going to the lecture, sir," she said. "May I go with you, my pretty maid?" "The subject won't interest you," she said. "Oh! what is that subject, my pretty maid?" "The final extinction of man," she said.