

have loaded with gifts and kindness, declines of be married before us. What do you think to that? Sir George alone is to be honoured by being present!"

"Is Miss Marston ill?" asked Hayward, with scarcely concealed agitation. "Surely if she is, the marriage ought to be put off."

"She has fainted, or pretended to faint for effect most likely," continued Isabel, still in a rage; "and she makes this the excuse to exclude everyone from being present at her wedding."

"Won't we survive the disappointment?" said Captain Hugh Warrington, in his languid, sarcastic way. "Suppose, Lady Hamilton, that we have a game of billiards instead, and leave the loving young couple to enjoy themselves in their own way, in the company of Sir George?"

Captain Warrington looked with his handsome eyes into Isabel's face as he said this and smiled. He was thinking "what a temper she has, but how comely good-looking." Isabel smoothed down her ruffled plumes as she met the guardsman's glance. She saw that he was only amused by her anger, and she did not care to amuse Captain Warrington.

"You are right," she said. "It is absurd to be angry about such people."

While this conversation was going on, Hayward left the room. Never had Isabel seemed so unlovely in his eyes, as when she had spoken so contemptuously and heartlessly of Hilda's illness. He half guessed the cause of the sudden attack. The pale face at the window had been hers, and that face haunted him.

Presently he saw it again. Wandering restlessly about the house after leaving Isabel's presence, he was just about to cross the hall when he saw Hilda descending the staircase on her way to be married. She never lifted her head and never saw him. She was clinging tightly to the arm of Jervis, and closely following them came Sir George. Hayward shrank back when he saw them. But he stood in the shadow and watched Hilda's face. It was very pale, and her lips were drawn tightly together. She wore her hat far on her face, and it hid the mark on her brow. She was dressed in a plain travelling dress, and laid aside her bridal robes, as it had been arranged that she and Jervis were to start from the church door on their journey, and not return to the Park after the ceremony was over.

Some of the servants were loitering near the door where Hayward stood to see the bride come down. They had received orders from Sir George (through Ritson) not to remain in the hall as she did so, as Sir George thought it might annoy Hilda to be observed, and now Hayward overheard one or two of their comments.

"She looks more like going to a funeral than a wedding," half-whispered one good-looking young housemaid to an older woman.

"Yes," answered the older woman to whom the young girl spoke, "yet if you look in the priest's face you'll see she's got a good man."

Hayward turned round and looked at the woman who said this, and his heart echoed the sentiment. "Yes, she had got a good man—God bless her, God bless her—" he thought, and with a very hot and restless heart he turned away.

Then he remembered Mr. Irvine, and imagining that most probably he and the other guests would have accompanied Lady Hamilton and Captain Warrington, to see the game of billiards that he had heard proposed, he proceeded to the billiard-room to seek them. As he went along the corridor of the house he heard the click of the balls, and Isabel's low laugh. The door of the room was shut, but he opened it, and stood a moment in the doorway, unseen by the occupants.

No one was in the room, but Lady Hamilton and Captain Warrington. They were both leaning against the end of the billiard-table, with their eyes resting on it, and over one of Isabel's jewelled hands, Captain Warrington's was clasped. Hayward could not be mistaken. He stood there, and they never noticed him. They were talking and laughing, and Warrington was looking into Isabel's face with undisguised and not over respectful admiration. Then she looked up and Hayward saw her glance. It was enough. That one look actually cured his passion for Isabel. He had been weak, flattered, fluttering near the flame; ready almost to forgive and forget what he knew of her past conduct, but he never forgave or forgot that scene by the billiard table.

With Solomon's bitter words in his heart about a fair woman without discretion, he closed the door and went away. What, he had wasted his thoughts, and almost broken his heart, about a thing like this! Truly Mrs. Irvine's prophecy, made long ago about Isabel Trevor at Sanda, had come true. "She is a light woman," that grim lady had said, "and some day you men will know it," and Hayward felt that he knew it now.

On the evening of the same day, our friend the parson from Sanda, wrote a description of Hilda's wedding to his wife. He commenced his epistle in this fashion:—

"MY DEAR WIFE,—You asked me in your last to write a detailed account of Miss Hilda Marston's wedding, and I now hasten to do so. I must confess it was by no means an envying affair, and has left a feeling of oppression on my mind that is far from agreeable. Knowing that I can safely confide in your discretion, I

will impart some observations that I made to you, although I feel sure that in future you will always boast how superior your discernment of character is to my own.

"But to return to the wedding. To begin with it was a very wet day; to go on with, Hayward came down to breakfast looking absolutely miserable; and to end with, the unaccustomed luxuries that I imprudently indulged in during the day disagreed with me exceedingly.

"One person however looked perfectly happy during the early breakfast at Hayward's, and this was the bridegroom. Mr. Jervis has a pleasant, earnest face, and a sweet smile. He seemed quite content with the weather, and indeed with everything. It had been arranged that the small wedding party was to meet at the Park, and then walk to the church, and about a quarter to ten o'clock Mr. Jervis and myself started. Hayward made some strong excuse about not accompanying us, but said he would follow.

"A few minutes after our arrival at the Park, Lady Hamilton came into the room where we had been ushered. I know that, to entirely please you, that I should here be able to describe exactly how her ladyship was dressed. But I confess my inability to do this. However, she was in gay attire, and looked so beautiful that no mortal man could behold her without admiration. Be not jealous, my Martha, at this rapturous description, for alas! I must add that your nature and homely charms are none to my taste, if the exceeding beauty with which Lady Hamilton is gifted has to be accompanied with the lightness, I may say indiscretion of manner, that characterizes her ladyship. Long ago I remember you making some disappointing remarks on her conduct, and as I told you in the beginning of this letter, I feel sure that had you seen her yesterday you would have been full of complacency at your own discernment. There was Captain Warrington present—a handsome man, with evidently a profound consciousness of the fact—and with this gentleman Lady Hamilton laughed and jested in a manner (I thought) highly unbecoming to the position of a matron. But again I must return to the wedding, and restrain my somewhat rambling and gossiping remarks.

"Well, after we had assembled, and after Sir George Hamilton and Hayward (who arrived the last of the wedding guests) had entered the room, Sir George went out again for the purpose of bringing in the bride. Then followed an interval of uncomfortable suspense, and then a servant appeared, and said something in a whisper to her ladyship, who at once hastily left the room, followed by the bridegroom. Another interval of uncomfortable and even anxious suspense, followed their departure. During this I observed Hayward's face. It was flushed and pale by turns, and showed all the signs of suppressing strong and passionate emotion.

"Now, my dear, do you perceive the drift of my long letter? You have fancied sometimes, have you not, that Hayward was casting eyes of affection on our daughter Amelia? You requested me, if you remember, during my visit here, to sound Hayward on this subject. I did not sound in your sense of the word, perhaps, but I observed him particularly, and came to the conclusion that Hayward had fixed his affections on Miss Hilda Marston, and not on Amelia; and that Miss Marston's marriage was a very serious disappointment to his heart.

"But for the third and last time to return to the wedding. A quarter of an hour or so elapsed, after Lady Hamilton and Mr. Jervis had left the room, and then her ladyship re-entered. This time her beautiful face was disfigured with passion, and her voice broken with rage. In wrathful accents she informed us that the bride had fainted; that no one was now to be present at the wedding but Sir George, and that we (that is the rest of the company, including her ladyship) were to remain at the Park while the ceremony was being performed.

"Again I observed Hayward's face during this announcement. Pain, anger, and disappointment were expressed in every line of it. The dear lad was evidently suffering deeply, and made a hasty protest against the marriage taking place if the bride were ill. Then he left the room, and during the rest of the day I saw him no more.

"The wedding took place; the bride and bridegroom started on their proposed journey from the church door, and about twelve o'clock we sat down to a sumptuous wedding breakfast, at which, however, Sir George Hamilton did not appear.

Somehow this breakfast reminded me oddly of the "baked meats that cobbly furnish forth the funeral feast." Of foolish talking and jesting there was enough, but to my mind the shadow of coming evil was over the whole affair. The ill omens in which the ancients believed oppressed me, or perhaps the unaccustomed luxuries of which I unwisely partook! Excuse so weak an attempt at merriment as this last allusion, for in truth I feel in no merry mood. I grieve about Hayward's unhappiness, and I grieve that this letter and the news it contains may cause both unhappiness and disappointment in the breast of our amiable Amelia. But it is better that she should know the truth. I feel sure that Hayward loveth her not, as a man loveth the woman he would take to his bosom. To your maternal affection and judgment I confide the task of breaking this; and I feel sure you will do so with due discretion.

"And now for the present, my dear Martha,

farewell. I hope to return on Thursday, and if little Ned Marston is sufficiently recovered after Christmas, Mr. Jervis proposed that he should once more become my pupil. This is all my news, and with love to Amelia, I remain your affectionate husband,

"MATTHEW IRVINE."

This letter caused great disappointment to Mrs. Irvine. This grim woman loved in her grim way the young man she had nursed back, as it were, to life, and had a strange sort of vicarious, maternal feeling towards him, which longed for fuller expression. The natural consequences of this was that she most earnestly desired to marry her daughter to Hayward. She, however, with all her strange ways, was by no means devoid of common sense. Much as she wished Hayward to love Amelia Shadwell, she was by no means sure that he did so. Thus we have seen that she directed her husband to "sound" (as she called it) the ex-tutor on the point, and the Rev. Matthew's letter, therefore, caused her considerable annoyance and pain.

Her heart sank when, a'out a quarter of an hour after she had received and read it, she heard the somewhat substantial feet of Amelia Shadwell ascending the staircase, and a moment or two later this robust, rosy young lady hastily entered the room where she was.

"You have heard from pa, ma?" she asked, very red and breathless.

"Yes, Amelia Shadwell," replied Mrs. Irvine, solemnly.

"And he's all right, isn't he?" continued Amelia. "And—Mr. Hayward?"

"Is all wrong," answered Mrs. Irvine, shaking her head, and in hollow tones.

"Wrong, ma?" repeated Amelia, looking in an alarmed manner at her mother.

"Yes, Amelia Shadwell," proceeded Mrs. Irvine, in her deepest voice, "Hayward is all wrong. Some one that he wanted to marry has married some one else."

But here Mrs. Irvine was interrupted by a shriek—a shriek from Amelia.

"Want'd to marry!" cried poor Amelia, and the stout rosy girl turned absolutely pale. "No, ma, dear—surely no—"

"Yes, Amelia Shadwell," said Mrs. Irvine, and the grim, gaunt woman rose and put her arms with some tenderness round her daughter. Perhaps she was thinking of the days when she had fallen in love, too, and when her heart would have almost broken if the dark-eyed young curate, who had been her husband now so long, had turned away. At all events he showed some motherly feeling to Amelia, drawing the girl close to her skeleton-like form.

"Don't cry," she said, "don't, Amelia Shadwell! Hayward isn't the only man in the world, and if he was, none of them are worth half the tears shed for 'em! They are all mortal clay and prone to evil!"

"But—I—thought Hayward cared for me, ma," sobbed Amelia, "and—after all the beef tea I made—"

"Don't grudge the beef tea," said Mrs. Irvine, whose heart still hankered after Hayward. "The young man needed it, and love neither comes nor goes at one's own bidding. I don't blame Hayward, Amelia Shadwell, and I don't blame you."

"But—he—sent the piano—" wept Amelia.

"As a return, no doubt, for the beef tea," said Mrs. Irvine, grimly.

"If I thought so!" cried Amelia, lifting her head indignantly.

"It would make no difference," continued Mrs. Irvine. "The young man meant well, and you have no right to be angry because he meant nothing more."

"If I had only known," said Amelia, sighing, and beginning to dry her tears.

"That's just it," said Mrs. Irvine, "women can't ask, and so they are continually making fools of themselves. It's best to think that a young man means nothing until he really asks you to marry him."

"Oh! Mrs. Irvine, Mrs. Irvine! In the days when the soft-hearted, soft-eyed young curate went to your father's house, did you go on this principle? The Rev. Matthew might have been unwedded, and all the little buried Shadwells, and the substantial Amelia unborn, if you had then practised as you now preach. But it is astonishing how the old forget the follies and errors of their youth. The wrinkled dowager shudders at the evil tales told of the young and fair, though she in her day perhaps caused some old woman to shake her head and heave a sanctimonious sigh. Thus Mrs. Irvine quite forgot how she had insisted upon marrying Amelia's kindly father. The mists of time had dimmed the memory of her girlhood's heart-aches and anxious pain.

(To be continued.)

STAGE FORTUNES.

ACTORS WHO HAVE MADE MONEY AND THOSE WHO HAVE NOT—BOOTH, SOTHERN, JEFFERSON, NELSON, DAVENPORT AND OTHER ARTISTS.

The announcement that Mr. D. Boucicault received from his managers a cheque for \$500 each night—and that before the performance was concluded—during three consecutive weeks, suggests to a writer in the New York *Herold* the consideration of salaries paid the stage people in general, and "stars" in particular. It is evident that while successful artists make, if they do not keep, enormous fortunes, the average

actor is no better off than the average clerk, for what he makes up in salary is lost in expenses. The chief stars here and in England coin money fast. Sothern, Booth, Nelson, Owens, Maggie Mitchell, Chanfrau and a few others have been the cream of the business, leaving the skim-milk for managers, and pretty hard tack for the minor people. The past and present seasons have been far from profitable to a majority of metropolitan managers, and ruinous to many provincial managers, but the popular stars have carried harvests of cash outside of New York, which place, for some inscrutable reason, has proved a very Golgotha to nearly everyone who bid for public favour.

The great prosperity of Edwin Booth dates from a period in the easy recollection of the present generation of theatre-goers. In his earlier days he had no drawing power, and when William Stuart, the veteran manager of the Winter Garden, announced him for a season, he was looked upon with unaffected wonder. Fortune and the quick wit of Mr. Stuart favoured Booth that year, and to the bright suggestion of the manager that he should play "Hamlet," he Hamlet, and look Hamlet off as well as on the stage, can fairly be credited the sudden jump he made into public favour. From that time his star was in the ascendant. In spite of his bankruptcy Edwin Booth is regarded as a very wealthy man. His invariable terms are \$500 a performance, and for this sum a cheque must be given "before Edwin can go on." The present Mrs. Booth is a capable business manager, and to her Mr. Booth owes much. In Boston, Philadelphia and San Francisco, Edwin Booth is a powerful attraction. In Brooklyn he played an enormous engagement, clearing in two weeks the sum of \$25,000, which, however, was but little in excess of the amount dropped in the Lyceum of this city. His last engagement in this city was a terrible blow to him and to the management. His terms were \$500 a performance; but the receipts were next to nothing, comparatively speaking. It is understood that Booth declines to play more than thirty weeks in a year. At his terms of \$500 for each performance, or, including a matinee, \$3,500 a week, this would give him an annual income of \$100,000; but he could easily play forty weeks at the same terms.

Mr. E. A. Sothern estimated his property a year or two ago at the pleasant figure of three-quarters of a million. Real estate values have fallen some since then, but Sothern has made money still. His terms are always \$500 a performance, unless he plays on shares, and in the latter specialty he has had as high as eighty per cent. of the gross receipts. An engagement made for him by Mr. Harry Wall netted him in Canada that extraordinary percentage, and the management made money at that. Unlike Booth, Sothern furnishes the play. He either owns or virtually controls all his specialties, and as a rule, insists that certain specified artists shall support him in the principal roles. Although he has made much more than \$3,500 a week, it would be a fair average for forty-five weeks in each of the past ten years. In other words, he can calculate definitely on \$157,500 annual income, not counting benefits, of which he always has one in each city of his circuit—or the large sums made when he elects a percent age on the gross receipts. Some years ago Sothern invested largely in real estate in this city and elsewhere in the United States, making a mistake common in those times, from which he not only derives no income, but on which he has to pay heavy taxes. Occasionally Mr. Sothern has essayed the role of manager, but generally with indifferent success. In new plays he has found but little profit, but "Our American Cousin" and "Garrick" are mines which, although worked incessantly for many years, give no signs of being used up. It was said some years ago that the man who would write a first-rate melodrama for Edwin Booth would make a fortune for himself and add to Booth's fame, as well as give him a monumental estate. The actor has long wanted a play in which Napoleon the Great should figure, he, of course, to play the leading role. In this respect he differs from Sothern, who has had many plays written for him, while none was ever written for Booth. Like Booth, Sothern is married. He, however, lives in style, and spends liberally in entertaining, while Booth carefully saves and puts away for a rainy day.

In some respects Adelaide Neilson was the most fortunate star our American heavens have seen. She never had an unsuccessful season, and made money where other favourites dropped money. When she first came here she was well heralded, and sprang at once into favour. She has made as much as \$1,000 a night, six nights a week, for four consecutive weeks. At times she has played as low as \$1,000 a week; but she found no difficulty in closing contracts for fifty-two weeks in the year at \$500 a performance, matinee included. Indeed, the Neilson matinees in New York and Boston were always features of the week, as ladies could attend without escorts, a fact which out-of-town and suburban residents fully appreciate. Miss Neilson's property, real and personal, is valued at \$500,000, of which a large part is invested in real estate in New York and Chicago. When she was out West the surprising growth of the country impressed her, and she was persuaded to buy heavily of properties already well ballooned. The subsequent heavy declines affected her seriously, and had it not been for the kind aid of business friends, her losses would have crippled her. Still, a woman who can make \$3,500 a week, not counting benefits, of which she aver-