

of the window of which Hayward recognized the pale face of Sir George Hamilton.

Hayward could not suppress his emotion as he did so. His feet faltered, and his tongue refused its office. But when Sir George saw him he at once got out of the carriage, and came forward with outstretched hand.

"Hayward?" he said. But Hayward could frame no speech in reply.

"I wish particularly to see you," continued Sir George, speaking quickly, and also with emotion. "Will you come with me in the carriage? I will drive you home."

"I cannot," hesitated Hayward. "I am engaged here."

"But," said Sir George, with the carelessness of a rich man, "cannot your work wait? or get someone else to take your place. There was a person spoke to me just now, wouldn't he?"

"I can ask Mr. Newcome," said Hayward, and then he went upstairs again, and rapped at the door of the small office where Mr. Newcome usually sat.

"May I go with Sir George Hamilton for a short time?" said Hayward, after Mr. Newcome had called him to come in.

"Oh, of course," sneered Mr. Newcome. "Don't let me interfere with your aristocratic engagements."

"It is no engagement," Sir George has something to say to me, that is all," answered Hayward.

"Oh, you can go," said Newcome, still disagreeably. "Will you come back to-morrow?"

"Yes, I will come back to-morrow," replied Hayward, and with these words they parted; Hayward returning at once to Sir George, who was waiting for him outside.

"Will you get into the carriage?" said Sir George, addressing him, and when Hayward complied with this request, Sir George followed him, and after giving some directions to the footman, seated himself by Hayward's side.

"Hayward," he said, as the carriage turned down the narrow street, laying his hand on Hayward's arm, "there are some things we need not discuss. I was deeply cut up when I returned and found you had left Massam during my absence. Hush, do not speak—I know or guess the cause why you did so—and I know also that you are not the person to blame. Hush, for one moment. We never need allude to that cause again, but I cannot, I will not allow it to interfere with my friendship, my gratitude to you."

"You are very kind," said Hayward, with quivering lips.

"There can be no question of kindness between us," said Sir George. "I owe you a debt I can never repay."

Hayward was silent. His memory went back at that moment to the surging sea on the wild coast; to the look of despair in Sir George's eyes when he had first met them; and then to Isabel Trevor, and the cruel shame and pain that through her had fallen on his life.

"I tried to find your address," continued Sir George, "and at last I did so. Mr. Irvine, the clergyman at Sanda, gave it to me; and, Hayward, can you guess where I have been now?"

"No," said Hayward, briefly. "Somehow he thought he would hear Isabel's name."

"With your mother," said Sir George. "I got your address in Chelsea from Mr. Irvine, and I came up to town on purpose to see you. My dear Hayward," he continued kindly, "let me ask you one thing, which is to forget any annoyance that happened to you at Massam? I wish to forget it—and I may as well mention her name—Miss Trevor wishes to forget it. Let us return to our old relationship—which is that I am indebted to you for my life."

"That is nothing," said Hayward, huskily.

"It is much to my mind," answered Sir George; "so much that I feel uneasy to be under such a weight of obligation to any one. But I was telling you that I have seen your mother. And—yes, I will tell you—I have also seen her doctor."

"Why?" asked Hayward sharply, almost sternly.

"Because—do not be angry with me, Hayward—I, too, had a dear mother once." (And Sir George sighed deeply.) "Because I thought, poor lady, that she looked very delicate—and—"

"They tell me she is dying," said Hayward, as Sir George paused, and he put his hand over his face as he spoke.

"At all events she is very ill," said Sir George, gently. "And, my dear Hayward, the doctor tells me, and my own sense tells me, that it is no climate for her to be in."

"Yes, I know," said Hayward abruptly.

"And, therefore, before anything else; before we discuss your future profession, let me entreat you at once to accept from me the means to take her away. Do not refuse this, Hayward. For your mother's sake, I am sure you will not."

Hayward bit his lips, and leant back in the carriage as Sir George said this. "For his mother's sake!" And yet to accept money from Sir George, from the man about to marry the woman he had so madly loved. It was a cruel alternative. On the one hand his mother, on the other his jealous, passionate heart.

"I do not know what to say, Sir George," at last he faltered.

"Say nothing," said Sir George, "but take this cheque." "Nay," as Hayward pushed the slip of paper back, "I will take no refusal. I asked the doctor which would be the best place for Mrs. Hayward to go, and he proposed Torquay, or some other mild spot on the Devonshire coast. At all events, he said, she ought to go at once. Who are these people you are

with?" continued Sir George. "Your mother said it was a printing establishment that you are in. We had better see the people at once, and arrange about your leaving."

Sir George asked all these questions, and made all these propositions, in a quick tone and manner, somewhat different to his usual stately ways. He, in fact, was anxious not to allow Hayward time for much thought. He wished to arrange it all at once. He had talked himself into the belief, and Isabel Trevor had talked him into the belief, that Hayward's love for her had only been a young man's passing fancy, and he now (as he had told Hayward) wished to forget all about it.

He did not, however, wish to forget the debt he owed to the man who had saved his life. This he considered binding and sacred, and Isabel Trevor also had not been unwilling that Sir George should once more seek out Philip Hayward.

"Suppose I go back and see this person, this printer, now?" went on Sir George. "In that case you could take Mrs. Hayward out of town to-morrow?"

"No, no!" cried Hayward, quickly, almost passionately, "you must let me think. I cannot decide to-day—to-morrow if you will—"

"To-morrow, then," said Sir George, "I will go with you, and arrange with this person. If he desires any compensation for the loss of your services, I shall be most happy to advance it."

Hayward murmured a word of thanks, and then Sir George quietly turned the conversation, talking to Hayward upon the passing topics of the day until the carriage stopped before the house at Chelsea where the Haywards lodged.

"I will not go in to-night," said Sir George, "for Mrs. Hayward will be tired, but I will call to-morrow. And now, good-bye, Hayward. I am glad indeed to have found you, and remember, for your mother's sake, I expect you will not refuse my request." And then Sir George shook Hayward's hand, and in a few moments the carriage was gone, and almost like a man in a dream, Hayward entered the house.

He found his mother flushed and excited.

"Who do you think has been here to-day, my dear?" she said, the moment he went into the room.

"I know, mother," said Hayward, trying for her sake to smile.

"Sir George Hamilton," continued Mrs. Hayward, with evident pleasure and pride. "Oh, my dear, come beside me, and let me tell you all he said. He made me indeed proud of my boy, my darling." And Mrs. Hayward's eyes filled with tears.

"Hush, mother; never mind," said Hayward. "You will be ill if you excite yourself in this way."

"You never told me half," said Mrs. Hayward, with fond, maternal pride. "Oh, my dear, my dear," and the mother leaned her head against her son's shoulder. "I am ready to die now, when I know I leave you with a friend like this."

And what could Hayward say? Mrs. Hayward seemed so full of joy and pride, that it seemed impossible to her son to damp her pleasure. Sir George had said this of him, and Sir George had said that; so the fond mother prattled on. Then Hayward told her of Sir George's proposal that she should leave town, and the poor invalid's eyes sparkled at the idea. "I longed to see the sea once more," she said, "I will die more easily, my dear, out of this smoky town."

These words settled it. "For her sake I will do this, as I have done the rest," Hayward determined, and so he laid self aside.

He kissed his mother when he went away the next morning, with even more tenderness than usual.

"You, too, are looking pale, my Philip," she said, as he did this. "The change will do you good as well. I do not know how I shall find words to thank your generous friend."

Then Philip went to his work, and sat down as usual, with his proofs lying before him. But the self-sacrificing heroine that he had been busy with the day before, grew a very hazy personage to his mind as he went on. He saw two other faces ever before him—Sir George Hamilton's and Isabel Trevor's. Then by-and-by he heard a carriage stop before the street door, and curiosity prompted him to look out. He knew at once to whom the plain, dark carriage, and the two valuable bay horses that he saw standing below belonged. Sir George Hamilton had arrived. But at least a quarter of an hour elapsed before he received any announcement of the fact. Then one of the printers came and told him that Mr. Newcome wanted him in his private room. Hayward accordingly proceeded there, and found Sir George Hamilton closeted with his employer.

"This gentleman—Sir George Hamilton," said Newcome in obsequious tone, for his philosophy was not proof against Sir George's wealth and rank, "has just been telling me, Hayward, that he considers himself under a great obligation to you. As you are a connection of mine I feel gratified that your conduct has deserved such favourable notice." And the printer bowed to the baronet.

"Sir George is good enough to say so," answered Hayward, embarrassed.

"I took you into this establishment without knowing much of you," continued Mr. Newcome, secretly anxious to impress Sir George with his superiority, "but I must say you have given me every satisfaction. I understand your mother is ill, and that you wish for the present to leave. This will be a serious inconvenience at this time,

when we have a great press of business on hand, but of course at Sir George's request." And again Mr. Newcome bowed to Sir George.

"I have arranged everything with Mr. Newcome," said Sir George, who was becoming a little weary of the printer's speeches. "You will leave your employment here to-day, and I sincerely hope, my dear fellow, that the change of air will do your mother good."

"I thank you," said Hayward, with quivering lips.

"And now I will say good-bye," went on Sir George. "Good-morning, Mr. Newcome," and he bowed to the printer, who, however, followed the baronet down stairs. "I have seen your mother," added Sir George, after he had taken his seat in the carriage waiting outside, and addressing Hayward, "and we have settled it all. You must write to me. You know the address? Good-bye, Hayward." And Sir George shook Hayward's hand warmly, and then the carriage door was shut, and Sir George was driven away; Mr. Newcome and Hayward being left standing together on the flags outside the office.

"I say, young gentleman," said Newcome, relapsing into his usual sneers as the carriage disappeared, for he was disappointed in Sir George's manner to himself, "so you kept all this grand connection of yours a secret from the Moxams, eh? If you had such a rich friend ready to do so much for you, why did you go to Moxam to seek for employment?"

"I did not care to ask Sir George for anything," answered Hayward, naturally resenting these questions.

"Humph! Well, I'm glad to find a little modesty at last among my kind," said Newcome, still curling his thin upper lip. "Well, I hope you'll have a pleasant trip to the sea. Try to finish that confounded book before you go." And then Mr. Newcome retired again to his private room, and when he got there drew out of his pocket a cheque bearing Sir George Hamilton's name; the amount of which (if Hayward could have seen the price Mr. Newcome had put upon his services) would have filled his heart with shame.

But as he did not see it, he returned thoughtfully to his work, and endeavoured to do the best that he could for his unsatisfactory heroine upstairs. Sir George, too, looked more than ordinary thoughtful as he was being driven down the narrow thoroughfare where the establishment of Messrs. Salkeld & Newcome stood. He had asked Hayward to write to him. He had told him that the usual address would find him. But he had not told Hayward that to-morrow was his wedding day.

(To be continued.)

#### VARIETIES.

**CORRESPONDENCE OF THE LATE HAYWARD TAYLOR.**—It is proposed by some of the friends of the late Mr. Hayward Taylor to publish memoirs of him, with a view both to doing full justice to his memory and to benefitting his widow and daughter, who are, it is feared, left in rather straitened circumstances. His correspondence is said to have been of a very varied and interesting character. He had been in the habit of corresponding for years with the most noted literateurs in Great Britain, France, Italy, and Germany, and had in his collection any number of letters from such men as Tennyson, Browning, Lewes, Swinburne, Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins, Dickens, Renan, Taine, Chéribuliez, Hugo, Auerbach, St. Hilaire, Haacklander, Humboldt, Mazzini, Turgeneff, and many others. These are on a great variety of topics, and would be an invaluable addition to the proposed memoirs.

**OFFICIAL ORGANS.**—A new French journal, *La Semaine Française*, has been brought out in London for the benefit of these English readers who may wish to study contemporary French opinion from all points of view, instead of confining their reading to one particular Gallic print. Judging from the character of the first number—which contains articles on varied topics culled from the best French papers, and odds and ends of interesting news—the venture certainly merits success.

The Vatican is going to establish a special journal which is intended to advance the Papal cause, to publish the full text of all allocutions, briefs, addresses, and supply clerical news. The journal will be printed in five languages, Italian, French, English, German, and Spanish, and will be organized by the Pope's brother. The first number will appear in March next, and it is hoped will attain a circulation of 50,000, of which 10,000 will circulate in Rome itself.

#### BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

A WOMAN'S church, to be governed entirely by women, is proposed in New York.

BALL dresses are worn short, and dancing steps are to be used in quadrilles and lancers as well as in round dances.

AN exchange says: "Let girls be girls." That may suit some of them, but nine out of every ten would rather be a married woman.

A YOUNG girl in Baltimore has been wearing boy's clothing and making love to her girl friends, and has lately shot one of them for rejecting her attentions.

A young lady said to her lover: "Charley, how far is it around the world?" "About 24 inches, my darling," replied he, as his arm encircled her waist. She was all the world to him.

"SPINSTER balls" are given in Paris at which no lady is eligible unless she is on the shady side of twenty-five. The old girls wear the dressiest sort of caps and try to feel "as young as they used to be."

EVE had one advantage over the girls of the present day. When her mother called her to set the breakfast table, all she had to do was to tie her hair up in a wad, wash her face, put on a seraphic smile, and skip down stairs.

In the sweet, balmy, delicious happiness of love's first young dream a youth will not only insist on cracking walnuts for his girl, but in picking out the goodies as well. Two years after marriage he will not even let her have the nut-cracker until he is through. Girls, get married.

At a recent funeral of a lady long a resident of Philadelphia, who has been noted for the sweetness and purity of her character, a bird belated in its journey to the sunny South flew down from a tree and perched upon the coffin just as it was being lowered into the grave.

LORD BEACONSFIELD has always been peculiarly attractive to women. They have idealized and worshipped him afar off. A lady was recently found weeping bitterly by a relative, and when questioned replied that she was crying because it was prophesied in some French almanac that Lord Beaconsfield would die in 1879. A true incident.

In order to refresh the minds of our readers we publish the list of wedding celebrations: Three days, sugar; sixty days, vinegar; first anniversary, iron; fifth, wooden; tenth, tin; fifteenth, crystal; twentieth, china; twenty-fifth, silver; thirtieth, cotton; thirty-fifth, linen; fortieth, woollen; forty-fifth, silk; fiftieth, gold; seventy-fifth, diamond.

A woman's rights journal declaims against the custom of giving a bride away at a marriage ceremony, declaring that it is a relic of the old opinion that daughters were slaves of a father, and could be given or sold to any stultor who pleased him. Women in England did not acquire the right of choosing husbands for themselves until the tenth century, and, in other European countries, much later. "No woman," says the journal in question, "of proper self-respect, will submit to be given away."

#### HUMOROUS.

THE best illustrated paper out—a banknote.

NOTHING makes a person laugh so much as a set of new teeth.

WHEN it comes to business, folk who theorize about love are very much like those eminent lawyers who always lose their own cases.

NOTHING does a doctor so much good as to prescribe an ocean voyage for a sick man who can't raise enough money to pay his street-car fare down town.

THE difference 'twixt twiddledee and twiddledee is illustrated by the fact that the rich man with a great appetite is called an epicure, and the tramp with a great appetite is called a grutton.

A CYNICAL writer says: "Take a company of boys chasing butterflies; put long-tailed coats on the boys, and turn the butterflies into dollars and you have a beautiful panorama of the world."

A FIVE-CENT cigar, with a good draught and an enterprising youth attached to the tail-end of it, will load the immediate atmosphere with a fragrance that discounts a bottle-yard, or a boot-factory that burns its own scraps.

A NORTH END man calls his baby Macbeth, because it murders sleep. The story is something like that of the Irishman who called his pig Maad, because she would come into the garden.

"BE ever ready to acknowledge a favour," says a writer. We are, sir, we are; what troubles us is that on one side we are completely loaded down with readiness, while on the other side opportunity is painfully scarce.

A CHARMING young thing at a New York school examination, in reading her exercise before a large audience of parents, changed Keats line "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." She is younger than she looks, but is expected shortly to be engaged.

How good a fellow feels when, after rushing through a side street, upsetting a peanut stand, knocking down two small boys, stepping on a dog's tail and plashing himself all over in a puddle, he finds that the street-car he was heading off isn't the one he wants.

It was a very honest old Dutch judge, in Schoharie county, New York, who listened for several hours to the arguments of counsel, and then said: "This case has been fairly argued on both sides, and I have been some terry nice points of law brought up. I shall take three days to consider these points, but I shall eventually decide for the plaintiff."

DUTCHMAN once met an Irishman on a lonely highway. As they met, each smiled, thinking he knew the other. Put, on seeing his mistake, remarked, with a look of disappointment: "Fulth, an' I thought it was you, an' you thought it was me, an' it's maythur of us. 'Yaw, dat is dru. I am anuder man, and you is not yourself, and we are some other bodies."

A MAX will sit up nights for a week, and do an enormous amount of thinking in the daytime, and after penning his thoughts on paper and re-writing them about half a dozen times, will burst into an editorial room about half an hour before going to press with: "I don't know whether you can make it out or not, it was a little point that I hadn't seen noticed, and I just thought I'd scratch it off. Get it in this issue!"

SPEAKING of a savage, biting critic, Douglas Jerrold once said, "Oh, yes, he'll review the book as an east wind reviews an apple-tree." Of an actress who thought inordinately well of herself he remarked, "She's a perfect whitlow of vanity;" and of a young writer who brought out his first raw specimen of authorship Jerrold said, "He is like a man taking down his sheep shutters before he has any goods to sell."