

Arthur was most liberal to him in money matters; and yet superior as he was in everything—talent, age, position—Arthur treated him like an equal, nay, like a brother.

While he thus ran on, a cab drove up to the door, and shortly after Mr. Crane entered the apartment; he appeared to walk feebly, and once staggered, and nearly fell in crossing the room. Glancing angrily towards Fred, he muttered, "Send that boy away, Mrs. Crane—I—I wish to speak with you on matters of importance."

Hastily dismissing her brother—promising to write him word when to come again—Kate returned to her husband. "You look ill and worried," she said; "let me fetch you a glass of wine and a biscuit."

"Ill and worried indeed! I tell you, Mrs. Crane, I have this day received my death blow. Don't reply, madam; don't mock me with any pretence of affection—I know its worth. You married me for my money—I am not so blind as you may imagine—yes! you married me for my money; and now you are rightly served, for I am a ruined man. You may well stare and look surprised, for I can scarcely believe it myself. Oh, it is too cruel—horrible, to think that I, Jedediah Crane, whose name has been good for five hundred thousand pounds any day, should die a beggar!" Here he paused, and broke into a fit of childish weeping; after a time he again resumed angrily, "And for this, madam, I have chiefly to thank your precious admirer, Horace D'Almayne; my money was safe enough till he led me on to speculate; and I believe your arts and allurements were the chief cause that attracted him here. But your wickedness has brought its own punishment, for you must work for your living now—you and all your pauper family, whom you have supported out of my pocket; and as for D'Almayne, may the bitterest curses light upon him—may—" Here, suddenly breaking off, he stared round him wildly, raised his hand to his forehead, murmured, "Oh, my head!" and sank back in his chair. Greatly alarmed, Kate rang the bell violently, and whilst the butler and another servant conveyed Mr. Crane to his room, she dispatched a third in search of medical assistance. That evening Arthur Hazlehurst received the following note:—

"In the unpardonable pride which has been my besetting sin through life, but to which, if suffering can eradicate faults, I ought never again to yield, I requested you not to enter my house until I sent for you; deeming, when I said it, that I was pronouncing a sentence of banishment which would continue in effect as long as we should both survive. Having placed this bar between myself and the generous friendship you have always evinced for me, I dare not now ask your assistance; but if in the great strait in which I am placed you would advise me to whom I ought to apply, you will be rendering me a kindness I have little deserved at your hands. Mr. Crane returned home this evening greatly excited, and declared that

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