

## The Manager's Dream

He was the manager of a large soft-goods warehouse. His position was an exceedingly responsible one, and it was very seldom that he allowed himself the luxury of an evening at home. At the warehouse there were many important duties to attend to, and usually the day did not suffice for their performance. Moreover, Mr. Hardwick was a strong believer in getting the most out of employees, and only by a good example could he induce his own particular hands to do double duty. This evening they also would be having a holiday.

A frown crossed the manager's brow as he flung himself into his easy chair. The young rascals ought to take more kindly than they did to night work. However, "needs must when the devil drives," and certainly if the firm's interests in Lonsdale were neglected it would not be the fault of their chief representative there. A grim smile passed over Hardwick's face as he realized the doubtful compliment paid to himself by his own reflections. Perhaps there was more than a suggestion of truth in it; certainly some of the employees considered their boss to be in league with Tormentor. The smile vanished from the man's face as an interruption in the form of his wife's entrance occurred.

"Are you busy?" she asked, standing (some sewing in her hand) in an undecided attitude.

"Not particularly," he replied, shortly. "I am going to answer some of my private correspondence."

"I suppose that you would rather be alone," she ventured, looking at him a little wistfully.

"Certainly, if I am alone I can think more clearly."

The business-like words cut Isabel Hardwick. She was a proud woman. With a decisive air she turned to leave the room; but her husband prevented her.

"Stay if you care to do so, Isabel," he said, indifferently.

"Thank you, John," with a touch of hauteur; "I prefer to give the children my company. They appreciate it."

She immediately departed and a moment afterwards Hardwick heard the sound of joyous voices raised in welcome as the nursery door opened to admit her. He rose with some annoyance and closed the door of the sitting room, for in her resentment Mrs. Hardwick had neglected to do so.

"She is as proud as ever," he muttered; "I told her that she could stay if she wanted to do so."

Having made this attempt at self-justification, he opened his desk in order to fulfil the purpose which had detained him at home. One letter in particular he desired to answer. It was difficult to find, and as he brought envelope after envelope to light, only to be disappointed, he became impatient, and suddenly upset the order of his desk, and groped among the disorderly heap. Presently his eyes lighted upon a torn envelope; it was dirty and discolored with age, but he recognized the handwriting. Slowly he unfolded the paper, moved by an irresistible impulse against which his better judgment protested. The words that met his eyes were familiar to him, notwithstanding the fact that he had not read them for many years. For a moment he scanned the well-known and momentous sentences dispassionately. Then memory revenged herself for the indifference with which the years between their first and last perusal had been filled. With overwhelming, relentless force she carried her captive back, until once more he was a boy, and in love. He was standing by his sweetheart, and was telling her the foolish things with which his heart was full in those days. "In those days"—ah! what a gulf was fixed between the past and the present! His dream of bliss had fallen far short. Was the fault his? Held in the implacable grip of memory, Hardwick confessed that it was. They had grown apart; he had become absorbed in his business, and she—well, she had withdrawn into herself. Then motherhood, with all its cares, had come to occupy the vacant rooms in her heart. Their three children had made her lot less barren with their love, although they had not affected their father's life to any great extent. During the first years of their existence he had been engrossed in the effort to secure a good position. After the obtaining of that he had made the firm's interests his own, and had not found time to give to his children. They were quite safe in their mother's charge. Thus had he ever argued within himself, and selfishly had left to her the complete care of their welfare.

Making a strong effort, the manager put down the letter which was making such havoc with his usual serenity of mind. He would have no sentiment. Scarcely had this decision been arrived at than his fingers rebelled against it. The soiled, yellow paper was again within their grip. With a furtive glance around, he kissed the writing, and then, completely resigning himself to the mystic spell, left the table and flung himself on a couch. He closed his eyes, and lived even more completely in the past. Vague, pleasant recollections soothed his tired brain.

He forgot that he was a faulty husband, and for the time lived in the Utopia which youthful dreams had pictured. Involuntarily he raised the letter to his lips and held it there. Surely he was a youth again!

In some mysterious fashion Memory held communion with the dream-spirit, and handed her captive over. Her task finished, she tiptoed softly away, lest her footsteps disturb the slumber with which his new mistress had already bound Hardwick.

Hardwick was back in the warehouse. The fact did not surprise him; but he was much bewildered by the sudden change in his circumstances. He was not the manager, but merely the head of the dress and fancy department. His brain was trying to unravel this mystery, while his hands made themselves useful in diverse ways. On a moment he was engaged in serving a customer, the next he was endeavoring to "straighten up." Presently he decided to forget the mystery attending his transformation from boss to employee, and give his whole attention to the department of which he now found himself in charge. There was so much to do that he needed both head and hands.

"Your department is in a muddle after the 'show,'" Bathurst, a fellow-employee, commented sympathetically as he hurried through it into his own. "Thank goodness, mine is not quite as bad."

"Yes," Hardwick assented wearily. "The show was a great nuisance, and there is not much gain from it thus far. I've only sold goods to the value of \$10."

Bathurst shrugged his shoulders. "The fat is in the fire," he exclaimed. "We are all in the same boat. We'll all get the sack, and then good-bye to a warehouseman's billet. I'm sick of it. The pay is all right, but coming back at night takes the heart out of me. I'll go sitting before I take such a job again."

Having relieved his feelings by this outburst, the man passed on to his work. A moment afterwards he was back again; "I forgot to tell you, Brown," he said hurriedly, "but the boss wants your returns for the month."

"He'll have to wait them," Hardwick snapped, his surprise at being addressed as Brown quite swallowed up in his resentment. "Does he think that I have fourteen days in my week? I've been back at work in the evenings, ever since I came to this slave-driver's establishment, and yet he expects me to do more than I do."

With a grunt of comprehension, Bathurst retired just as another man appeared on the scene. Hardwick stared in amazement. Surely this other was himself! The newcomer advanced promptly.

"Brown, I want your returns," he said.

"You cannot get them, sir," Hardwick answered, again losing his astonishment in anger.

"I must have them"—with emphasis on the "must." "You are already two days late."

"And I already do two men's work," was the quiet answer.

The manager—for this his authority proclaimed him to be—became angry.

"What kind of business did you do to-day?" he asked sneeringly. "Not very much, I'll wager. Your customers were not of the buying sort."

"They were not," Hardwick answered, "and the day has been a bad one. Unless I have other people in within the next half hour I shall only have sold goods to the amount of \$10."

The boss grunted discontentedly. "Poor lookout for the firm," he said. "I'm afraid that this department does not possess a very efficient salesman. There was very little use in having that show."

"Apparently you are right," very wearily. "I sincerely regret its failure to bring customers up to the mark, but business is bad, and if the retail folk don't buy from us it is because they dare not. They are not doing the business themselves."

Having finished this last sentence, Hardwick went on with his work. His head was splitting. This fact brought another to his mind. He had been hard at work on the previous evening preparing for the show. Vaguely he realized that then, also, he must have been the head of the dress and fancy department. His mind was in a state of chaos. Perhaps he was Brown and not Hardwick. He stole a glance at himself in a convenient mirror, and recognized Brown. A relieved sigh escaped him. After all, it was better to be Brown, the much-worried, unappreciated head of a department, than to be Hardwick, the man who was mainly responsible for the condition of affairs.

The manager's voice broke in upon his thoughts. "Come back and get those returns ready to-night, Brown," it said.

Hot words of refusal almost choked Brown as he hurled them back. What right had the boss to order his evenings? They surely were not included in the bond. He assented mutely, with downcast eyes, lest the anger within him be too apparent. The manager moved off, but in half an hour he reappeared with another request.

"I want your samples ready by Tuesday morning," he said briefly. "Dunston goes out in the first train." He was gone before the harassed employee could master his tongue.

"Bah," said that individual, five minutes later. "I'm afraid of this;

I'll go stone-breaking; I cannot get samples ready by Tuesday even if I work every evening until then, and on Sunday."

He moved to go toward his desk with the resolution of sending in his resignation. Then something soft touched his face, and, with a start, he awoke. Mrs. Hardwick was kneeling by the couch. In her hands was the old letter. Her face was very close to his, and he realized half shyly that the touch that had roused him was the caressing one of her lips.

"Jack," he said softly, "what fools we have both been!"

"What an ass I have been," he answered slowly. "Forgive me, Bell."

In silence they passed the next five minutes. Isabel Hardwick's heart sang the doxology. After all the years of heart-hunger it was bliss to restle against her husband in the assurance that to have her so do was esteemed by him a great privilege. Memory returned, and in each of their hearts wrought marvelous miracles—to such an extent that presently the hard-hearted business man found his lips touching lovingly the soft hair—grey was now mixed among its dark masses—of her who had been unappreciated for so many years.

"What has come over old Hardwick? He has been a different man during the last few days. Yesterday when I spoke of coming back at night, he actually said that he had decided to divide my work between two, and that in future we would not have so much overtime. I got a shock, especially when he added that he had already spoken to the head of the firm about another man."

The speaker was Harry Brown, the individual whose place the dream-spirit had caused Hardwick to fill. His audience consisted of three other employees, all of whom shared his astonishment. After a few moments' conversation each disappeared to his own part of the warehouse, leaving Brown to his own meditations. As a consequence of the manager's kindly words these were more cheerful than they had been for some time previous. Hardwick was a stern man, and those with whom he had rubbed shoulders in his business were wont to say that he possessed little of the milk of human kindness, hence his unexpected kindness had been the more refreshing.

As, with a cherry face, Brown did his customary work, Hardwick approached. He watched the younger man for a moment, then broke the silence.

"Your partner in this department arrives by to-morrow's express," he said slowly, "and the next day I leave for a week's holiday."

Brown fairly gasped. The idea of the boss, who had never wasted more than a day or two at Christmas on holiday-making, going away so suddenly for a whole week was too strange for belief. Presently he managed to reply, "You certainly need a holiday, sir, and I hope that you'll enjoy it."

"I shall do that," Hardwick answered with an assumed smile; and, after giving a few business instructions, departed humming an old love song. The bewildered Brown looked after him in amazement.

"He must have had a fortune left him," he muttered. "If the holiday he intends taking were his honeymoon trip he could not look happier. But I'll give the puzzle up, and gratefully accept my good fortune."

"You did not bring the children with you," Mrs. Morton remarked with a note of inquiry in her tones. She had just finished attending to the comforts of her very welcome visitors.

Isabel Hardwick glanced at her husband and smiled. He answered the inquiry after a moment's silence. "We wanted to imagine ourselves at the courting stage again," he said. "Therefore we left them at home."

"Yes, mother mine, that is the reason I wanted to imagine myself Isabel Morton again," Mrs. Hardwick answered, with such deep content in her voice that the older woman was mystified. What marvelous change had been worked in the affairs of her daughter and her husband since the previous summer! There must be some explanation, for then she had carried home a heavy heart from the luxurious city home because of their estrangement. Here in her own old-fashioned habitation an air of perfect oneness surrounded the two. Presently Isabel slipped away. Dusk was creeping over the land, bringing with it a crowd of pleasant memories. The woman stole into the long verandah that ran along the front of the house. Silently she gazed over the indistinct, straggling village. Just at the foot of the hill the old church nestled among the gigantic trees. Within its hallowed walls she had merged her life into her husband's. A soft touch awakened her from her reverie.

"Dear," Hardwick said, "put on a shawl and come for a stroll."

Obediently she fulfilled his desire, and in a few moments the two were wending their way toward an old-time trysting-place. Both were strangely silent. The spell of the past held them as in a trance until their destination was reached. Then Hardwick spread his overcoat over an old stone.

"Come and rest, Bell," he said, stretching his arms in a more cordial invitation. And she obeyed with deep content.

## FROM CLUE TO CAPTURE IN MERRY OLD ENGLAND

### GLOBETROTTER AFTER FAMOUS CRIMINALS.

#### A Criminal Arrested After a Chase of 25,000 Miles.

A few weeks ago the curtain was rung down upon an exciting and prolonged chase for an embezzler. For several months the prisoner had evaded capture, the police had lost the scent, and it was not until the man's wife unconsciously betrayed her husband's presence in Buenos Ayres—the sanctuary of criminals—that they once more got on his track. From Buenos Ayres the man fled to Europe, hunted from pillar to post, and was at last run to earth after a chase of 25,000 miles. The annals of Scotland Yard can recall many similar instances of globetrotting after their criminals. Take the case of Burgess, the Bank of England clerk, and his accomplice, who got away with £8,200. They cashed the notes, and, chartering a carriage at the Mansion House drove to St. Martin's Lane. Rooms were taken, ostensibly for a long residence, but the same night they left hurriedly. Whither, no one knew, but Detective Forrester, who had the case in hand, tracked them to Liverpool. They had sailed for America, with a number of trunks, which he correctly surmised contained the booty.

#### A RUN ACROSS CANADA.

Forrester booked a passage by the following steamer. His chase was a difficult one, for the boat in which Burgess and Elder had fled called at Halifax, Boston, and New York. At which port had they disembarked? was the question for Forrester to solve. He made inquiries at each, and found the men had travelled post haste to Buffalo, thence across the border into Canada, and finally had doubled back again to Boston, where they had settled down in business, Burgess having taken an inn. Elder was soon caught, but cheated his captor by committing suicide. Burgess, in the nick of time, got clear in a rowing-boat, and hung about the outskirts of Boston, penniless.

Forrester lost track of him, but soon regained the scent through an Irishman, who had been sent back to the inn by Burgess to obtain the money. Forrester promptly hied towards the spot where the criminal was to receive the money; but the bird scented danger, and again escaped. He went to another cottage; but the owner gave him up to Forrester, and he was brought back to England.

More exciting, however, was the chase after Cole, whose fraudulent dealings were mainly responsible for the collapse of a well-known bank. The ingenuity of this criminal De Wet in thwarting the police was remarkable.

#### A CRIMINAL DE WET.

When the crash came, Cole fled the country, and landed at Ostend. With but few stoppages, he proceeded to Brussels, Aix-la-Chapelle, and at last sought refuge in Neuchatel, in Switzerland. Here the police came up with him, but, to their chagrin, there was no extradition treaty with Switzerland, and, though their man was under their noses, they could not touch him. The problem was to get Cole out of the country.

But how? Suddenly the police conceived a bold plan. They were carrying a number of Cole's fraudulent bills, and they boldly put some of them into circulation. The trick succeeded. A native Swiss took some of them up, and, as he soon realized that they were bogus, he raised a great outcry. Things consequently became too hot for Cole and his accomplice, and they had to quit their sanctuary in hot haste, with the police hard on their heels. They went to Geneva, then on to Naples and finally boarded a ship for Malta.

#### FLAW IN THE WARRANT.

The police actually travelled on the same boat, keeping a close watch on the criminals both night and day, and when the boat touched Malta they arrested Cole and his companion. But there was a slip. The police at the last moment were deprived of their prey, for there was a technical flaw in their warrant which rendered it useless, and the men were free again. Malta, however, refused to harbor them, and as the police, though harmless, were shadowing their every movement, in despair they booked passages for England, and the police followed suit. Here was a farcical position! Two of the most "wanted" men of the day travelling on a steamer, with their would-be captors as fellow-passengers, and yet beyond the pale of the law! But the chase ended at Southampton, for directly the boat touched the landing-stage the prisoners were secured.

#### FROM CLUE TO FAILURE.

Although the odds of success in these pursuits generally rest with the police, the hare sometimes eludes his pursuers. This was the case with Stephenson and his accomplices, who made off with £70,000. The police were soon hot on the trail, and the forgers were tracked to Clovelly, in Devonshire. Thence they put off in an open rowing-boat across the Bristol Channel. They made for Milford Haven, and hid themselves in a little cove known as Angle Bay.

### NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

#### Occurrences in the Land That Reigns Supreme in the Commercial World.

Sir George White, Governor at Gibraltar, has accepted the Governorship of Chelsea Hospital.

The Liverpool Cathedral Committee have received a gift of £600 for a Gladstone memorial window.

By 21 votes to 10 the Hastings Town Council have decided against the overhead system for the trams along the sea front.

Born in a battlefield in France during the Napoleonic wars over 100 years ago, Jane Roberts has just died at Caerleon, Anglesey.

An analysis of the first Christian names of the members of the House of Commons shows that out of 670 no fewer than 92 are called John.

Postcards made from peat are now being manufactured at Colbridge County Kildare, where paper making from peat has been in progress for some time.

An appeal on behalf of the Cape Town Cathedral Memorial Fund has been signed by Princess Christian and Lord Roberts, who call attention to the fact that £15,000 is still required.

Asked why he had not called in a doctor earlier, the son of a Shore-ditch woman, found unconscious and dying, said he knew his mother was going to die, and he wanted to save the money.

In its frantic efforts to raise a horse that had fallen near a jeweler's shop in Kirkgate, Leeds, put its feet through the window, and scattered trays of diamonds and trinkets about the pavement.

In a cablegram to the New York Christian Herald Mr. Choate, the United States Ambassador in London, states that he has heard of no general famine in Ireland, and deprecates an appeal for American aid.

The Postmaster-General, finding that there has recently been a large increase in the number of objectionable postcards sent through the post has issued a warning that the penalty is fine or imprisonment.

During the year forgetful passengers left in trains on the London and North-Western Railway 417 hats, caps, and bonnets, 617 umbrellas, nine sunshades, and 191 walking sticks, besides heaps of rugs and bags.

Following on the plan of bringing representatives of various parts of the Empire into conference, Earl Minto, ex-Governor-General of Canada, has been invited to join in the deliberations of the Defence Committee.

Some alarm was occasioned in Great Peter street, Westminster, on Wednesday, by the subsidence, owing to the heavy rainfall, of about 50 feet of the pavement alongside the excavations for a building for the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

Four miners were drowned in an accident which occurred on Saturday at the Great Laxey silver and lead mine near Douglas. They were working on a wooden stage over a pit 40 feet deep and full of water, when the timbering collapsed.

While cycling, Alfred Collings fell as the result of a side-slip. A pipe which he was smoking was driven through his tongue, causing blood poisoning, which ended in his death, and a Hackney jury returned a verdict of accidental death.

For the construction of a railway between Tall's Well and Treforest, for the establishment of direct communication between Butte Docks, Cardiff, and one of the richest coal fields in South Wales, the Marquis of Bute has sanctioned an outlay of a quarter of a million.

#### LIFE OF A LOCOMOTIVE.

##### Constant Work Has Shortened It Greatly in Recent Years.

An old engineer, in discussing railroad locomotives and their lives, says:

"In the earlier days of railroads, the life of a locomotive engine was longer than it is now, for even within the last decade many engines built under the personal supervision of Stephenson, Bury, Baldwin and Rogers were in active service on the railroads of the United States and Great Britain, as well as on those of other countries that depended on us and the British locomotive builders for their supply of railway motive power.

"During say the first 40 years of railroad history, the engines were not, as a rule, worked to their fullest capacity; but as time went on, the requirements of railroad work became more exacting, and the period during which an engine was in the round-house grew gradually shorter, until to-day a locomotive, especially if it is in freight service is almost constantly at work, the only interval being the time necessary for oiling, inspection and repairs.

As a consequence of these present conditions, one seldom sees a really old locomotive in service; but a notable exception is an engine which has been in constant use for nearly 60 years on a branch railroad in Santiago de Cuba."

It is not known who discovered the art of making fire, but it is certain that woman was the first match-maker.