## A GOLDEN DREAM.

By G. Manville Fenn,

Author of "A Mint of Money," "Black Blood," "The Master of the Ceremonies," &c.

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CHAPTER I.—WHICH SIDE. . "Help! Help!"

"Call louder, Nousie. There is no one to hear." But all the same, the last speaker, as he

seized a handsome mulatto girl round the waist, clapped his hands over her lips and pressed it there in spite of her struggles. "You foolish girl!" he whispered; "the women have gone down to the town to see what is going on. Why do you treat me

"How dare you!" cried the girl, wrenching her head free. "My husband shall

"Be silent, you silly little bird. You know I loved you long before he ever spoke to you, and that I love you now more than

"Mr. Saintone, it is an insult. Help!

There was a quick short struggle in the creeper-hung verandah. A little worktable was overturned, and, flushed and excited, the girl wrested herself free, and darted through the open door into the shadowy-inner room of the cottage, closely pursued by her assailant; but, before he could fling his arms round her again, she had caught a sleeping child from the cradle in which it lay, and held it before her as a shield, while she stood panting, the blood coloring her creamy cheeks, and her full lips drawn back from her white teeth-at

"Yes, you look handsomer than ever now, Nousie," said her assailant, a handsome man of five and thirty, with but with a slight crispness in his black hair to tell of a faint mingling of another blood in his veins. "But this is acting. How can you be so foolish? Come, listen to reason."

The girl's handsome dark eyes flashed as she drew back, pressing the child more closely to her breast, and watching every act of her assailant, lest he should take her unawares.

"I shall tell my husband everything when he comes back," she panted. "What will he say to his friend when he knows. What have I ever done that you should treat me so?"

She burst into a passion of tears, sob-

"Hush, you foolish woman," he whispered; and he looked sharply towards the

"Yes, he will come soon, and I will tell "No, you will not, dear. If you told

him, he would come to me, and I should The girl's jaw dropped, and she gazed

at the speaker wildly. "Yes," he said, seeing his advantage, "I should shoot him. I never miss. Tell him, Nousie. He is in my way."

The girl drew a deep, sobbing breath, and gazed at the speaker as if fascinated, and he saw it and laughed.

"There!" he said, "I am going now. Next time I come you will be more sensi-

"Ah!" cried the girl, joyously. "George -George. He is coming. She darted to the door with the child in

her arms, passed through from the cool darkness into the hot sunshine, and he saw her dart in and out among the great vivid green leaves of the bananas and out into the road, down which she hurried toward, where, a quarter of a mile away, a white figure could be seen approaching. Jules Saintone stood in the doorway for

a few moments, watching the hurrying figure of the girl, with her white muslin dress fluttering in the breeze off the sea. "No; she will not tell him," he said through his compressed teeth. "She will

Then passing into the broad verandah he bent down and hurried to the end, passed out into the lovely, half-natural garden, and made his way to the shelter of

the forest behind, among whose heavily foliaged branches he disappeared. By this time the girl was some distance along the road, hurrying on with her drowsy child clasped close to her heaving bosom, her lips parted and her eyes strained towards the approaching figure.

"Oh, George, George," she panted, "make haste, make haste!" Then a cold shiver ran through her and she checked her headlong pace.

"He said he would shoot him." She nearly stopped, for her brain reeled as she recalled the different bloody affrays which had taken place in their unhappy island, where the hate of race was sufficient cause for the frequent use of pistols or knife, and the laws were so lax that the offender was rarely brought to justice.

"And he would kill him if I told," she said despairingly, as she gazed wildly at the approaching figure, which waved a hand to her and then took off his straw hat

"And we were so happy," she added after a pause, as she walked slowly on now, trying to recover her breath and quell the agitation which made her tremble

in every limb. "Oh if I only dared!" she panted, as a flash of rage darted from her dark eyes. "If I went to the papaloi and asked him, he would be stricken and would die."

"No, no, no," she cried, as she strained the child to her breast; they would poison him, and it is too horrible. I-I must not speak."

The figure was fast approaching, now standing out clear in the dazzling tropic sunshine, now half hidden by the dark shadow of the heavy leafage which hung over the road, till with a sigh of relief, as a strong arm was passed around her supple waist, the girl let herself rest upon the support, and her troubled face grew calm as that of one who has found sanctuary at

"My darling! Impatient? Have I been so long?"

"Yes, yes; so long George-so long. "But-why are you overdone with the heat and carrying that child. You toolish little thing to come out in this roasting sun."

She looked at him wildly. "No, no, no," he cried kissing her ing's talk." fondly, "I'm not cross little one, but you should not have come to meet me. And then to bring the poor pet. Ah!" he cried, as he tenderly took the sleeping other. But the people are all for fighting,

child from her arms, and kissed its closed eyelids and tiny pouting lips in a way that sent a thrill of joy through its mother. "Why, Nousie, darling, were you atraid the Vaudoux people would come and steal

it for their next feast? "Hush! she whispered excitedly, and with a look of horror she gazed wildly round and into the dark shadows of the forest, at whose edge their cottage stcod.

"Bah! little coward!" he said, smiling, as he passed his arm about his wife again; and they walked gently back, taking advantage of every bit of shade. "But, Nousie, dear, I must talk seriously to you

"Not about the Vaudoux people, George," she said hurriedly.

"Yes, dear; about the Vaudoux. My little wife must wean herself from all those

Nousie hung more heavily on her hus band's arm, and the tears filled her dark eyes as she shook her head slowly, and despondency seemed to be clouding her soft creamy face.

"Why, Nousie," cried the man, a sunburnt French colonist, who years before had left gay Paris to try his fortune in Hayti, "you would not like our darling, my tiny dawn of a bright day, my precious Aube, to learn all their horrid fetish rites and degrading superstitions."

"Oh, no, no," cried the girl excitedly. "Then why not forget them yourself.

Can you not see, dearest, that this is the savage religion of the African, brought over here by the wretched slaves." The color began to appear once more in

the girl's pallid cheeks, and she turned her eyes to his reproachfully.

They were hidden among the trees, though at that hour not a soul was in sight; white, and indolent black, in the scattered dwellings were asleep, and he drew her closer to him, and kissed her

"Don't look like that, pet," he said. 'You don't suppose it was meant for a reproach to you for what you cannot help? What is it to us? We love, and you might blame me because my ancestors were French. But promise me you will try and forget all that.

"I will try," said Nousie, fixing her eyes on those of her husband with a look of yearning love. "But it is so hard, George. My grandmother used to believe so much, and she taught me, and she used to tell me that if I dared to forget them, the people and the priests had such power-they were everywhere-and that if I forsook them I should die. And I could not die now and

He drew her to him again, and they walked more slowly as he looked from the sweet dreamy eyes, fixed so earnestly on his, to the sleeping child and back.

"No, darling, and you shalt not die," he said, half pitying her. "There, some day your faith in all the horrible old superstitions will grow weaker, and you will see the truth of all I say.'

"I do now, dearest," she whispered, for you are so wise and learned and good. I want to forget it all, but it is so hard, and it seems like a cloud over me sometimes, and fills me with fear for you and

"It is like a cloud over the beautiful unhappy land, Nousie," cried the man, drawing himself up. "It is a curse to the country, and it is so hard to see peace. Oh, my wife, he continued excitedly; "here is a land blessed by the Creator with everything that should make it a paradise for man, but man curses it with his jealousness and passions till it is a perfect hell. Black against white-white against black, and the colored people hating both. And as if this was not enough, here is all this revolutionary trouble, and I do not know which side to take-which to help into peace to save the land."

"You—you will not go and fight?" He gazed at her fondly for a few moments as they stood fast beneath the

broad spreading leaves of a dwarf palm. "Fight?" he said sadly. "If I could help it, no, Nousie darling. I came out here to seek a place where all would be peace, where I could have my home, and win land from savage nature to give me the richest fruits of the earth. I have done this, and I have my home made beautiful with the voice of the sweetest truest woman upon earth, with our little one here; but it is of no use to hide it from you-there are great troubles coming again. We shall have bloodshed till one party has full power. Callet is the man I believe, but black La Grasse is making head, and he is not a bad fellow, he wishes well to the place. I hesitate sometimes which side to take."

"No, no, no," cried Nousie passionately, "You shall not fight, they would kill you. "No, not so bad as that," said George Dulau, smiling. "But join one side I must, darling. Every man among us must make a stand for his position in the land." A piteous sigh escaped from the girl's

"Yes," continued Dulau, "it is hard, love, but it is one's fate. Harder too, now, when I have you and the little one. There, don't think of the coming troubles when we have the present. Look at her, how delicate and white she is," he continued, as he gazed down fondly at the sleeping child. "Is she not beautiful, Nousie?-Venousie-Venus." He laughed gently. "As beautiful as you are. They

might well call you Venus." "Don't," said the girl reproachfully, 'you make me think you are mocking. am not beautiful.

"No?" he said tenderly. "Then tell me our darling is not.' "Oh, no!" cried the girl, ecstatically.

'She is beautiful-and she is white.' "Yes, white," said Dulau fondly, "pale and beautiful and rosy as the dawn. Nousie, we will have no other name for her. She shall be Aube-the dawn. our darling, and some day she shall go to Paris. We will make a lady of her, Nousie. There, come along, I am tired with a morn-

"Yes, tell me," cried Nousie. "What has been done-what has been said!"

"Impossible! One voice drowned an-

They walked on in silence for a few moments, and then Dulau said gravely : "Let me see, it is ten years since I revolution. In those ten years there have | friend!" been two more, and now we are on the brink of another. Saintone says I must stand for him and his party, and I am afraid I must-what is the matter?"

The young wife had started violently, and her face was full of agitation consequent upon his mention of the name of his friend, one of the wealthiest Creole planters and merchants of the port.

"Matter!" she faltered, turning pale. "My darling," he whispered, "I ought not to have talked about it to you.' "Yes, yes; I must know all," she cried

wildly. "But, George dearest, if-if you

must fight-don't-don't-' She stopped short, gazing at him with parted lips.

"If I must fight-don't" he said, laughingly repeating her words. 'Don't-don't take sides with Saintone,"

she cried desperately. "Eh? Not with the best friend I have in the world?" "No, no," she cried, clutching him by

the breast as they stood now in the shade of their broad verandah. "He is not your friend-he hates vou. Don't trust himdon't join with him-he-he-"Why, Nousie darling, you are quite feverish and wild," said Dulua wonder-ingly, as he laid his hand upon her burn-

forehead. "Come indoors, and let's Aube down. She will be cooler. Look at the little pearls all over her white forehead. There, little one," he said, as he bent down and kissed the child, walking the while into the shadowed room, where he laid the sleeping babe in its cradle, his wife following him with her hands clasped and her teeth set for fear she should say more—tell her husband and risk his life He turned to her smilingly, and stopped

short, startled by her set countenance. "Why, Nousie, dear," he said, catching

her in his arms, "you are not going to be "Ill? No, no," she said, shuddering as

she closed her eyes. "But you are so strange. Why have you taken such a sudden dislike to Saintone? By the way, he was not at the meeting. I must go and see him as soon as it grows cool. But--,

He looked round wonderingly. His eves had caught sight of the overturned work table, then of a chair lying on its side, and a curtain half dragged down from the rings which held it above the He gazed wildly at his wife, and a

the girl's eyes were wide open now, and staring at him, with a faintly-seen opal ring tortnight he fought. about the pupils. The volcanic passion of the Gaul burned in the man's eyes, as thought after thought

strange pallor came into his cheeks; while

flashed through his brain, and he caught her clasped hands in his. Nousie!" he cried, hoarsely, "tell mewhat happened-speak-what does all this

The white circle between her eyelids grew larger as she gazed at him wildly. "Tell me-why do you not answer?" he

Her lips moved, but no words came. "Ah!" he cried excitedly, "you were flushed and excited—you had been weeping. Nousie, wife-why do you not speak?

'I dare not," she faltered at last. "What! Have some of the Vaudoux people been here?"

She shook her head. "Then tell me what has happened?" "I-I dare not," she moaned, and she sank upon her knees before him as he held

"You—you dare not?" he cried fiercely. 'This instant-why not?' "He- said he would kill you if I did." "What? Who-who said that?" roared

"No, no, don't ask me," she cried, and she would have grovelled at his feet, but he dragged her up and held her tightly, one arm about her waist, the other upon her brow, forcing her head back as he seemed to plunge his gaze into hers in search of

"Now," he said in a hoarse whisper that was terrible in its intensity. "I know you love me, Nousie, but I must know the

truth. Tell me all.' Her face seemed to be of stone, and to have grown angular and strange. "You were running away from some-

one," he said, in a low, deep judicial tone. "Yes," she said below her breath. "Someone who came here knowing

"Yes." in the same faint whisper. There was a pause, a silence as of death. "Who was it?" he cried, now fiercely. "He said he would shoot you if I told

"Perhaps I may shoot him first."

The wild look passed from the girl's face, and the drawn, pinched aspect from her features, as she clung to her husband, quivering with suppressed passion, she cried eagerly-

"Yes, you shall kill him first. He came again and again, and today I was at work there; singing to little Aube, when he stole in to me, and as I started up he caught me

"Ah!" cried Dulau, as a light flashed in upon his brain; "I know. You shall not tell me. It was Saintone.'

Nousie was beautiful still as she drew herself up, and gazed in her husband's face; but there was the savage hate, born of the dash of African blood, now in every feature, and her grasp tightened upon his hands, as she literally hissed out. "Yes; Saintone. You shall kill him

"Yes," said Dulau, after he had heard her fiercely told story, and had bent down over the sleeping babe whose tender body had been the shield of his wife's honor. "I know now, Nousie, which side to take."

There was another pause and then, as George Dulau stood upright in that darkened room with his wife clinging proudly to his arm, he said with a bitter laugh: "You do not tell me now that I must not fight."

"No," she whispered, fiercely. "Kill Dulau looked half-wonderingly at the

him-he shall not live." fierce woman before him, reading the intensity of her nature and the strong will and determination that were there. Then his mind wandered off to the coming rising

Nousie, I cannot conceal it from you. It at Port au Prince, the city close at hand— a hoarse whisper. "They are coming the struggle between the two parties, and | through the trees. Don't you hear?" his inclination to side with one while his duty drew him to-the other.

"No need to hesitate now," he cried at landed in Port au Prince, and there was a last. "And this man called himself my of the light muslin gown her mistress

CHAPTER II.—Out of his Misery.

Volcanic as their soil, the Haytians need but little exciting to rise in revolt. At times these risings and overflowings of their lavalike nature have been against their rulers for the time being-their Spanish or Gallic masters. These ousted from their tenure of the island, the revolutions have been among themselves.

No wonder, when the incongruous nature of the elements were taken into consideration. For, broadly speaking, white holds black in dislike and contempt; and black cordially hates white. As if these antagonisms were not sufficient, there is a far greater element of dissension in the land. The mulatto, or coloured race, with its many variations or degrees of black blood in vein, these—a people who hate the white and scorn the black—come between and prevent fairly cordial relations which might exist, and consequently for a long series of years Eden-like Hayti has been desolated by petty internecine wars, in which black, coloured and white leaders have had their day, now carrying all before them with the highest of high hands, now hurled from the seat of power, compelled to flee, or become a victim to the assassin's

The social eruption George Dulau had dreaded came next day-sudden as an earthquake; and fierce and desperate were the encounters. For a couple of years a black had been at the head of affairs, and, allowing for his ignorance, blundering, and inordinate vanity, he had shown plenty of enterprise, and a desire to improve the

But severnl of his mandates had given terrible cause of offence to the yellow race, which only waited its opportunity to regain the rule wrested from them by the blacks. The opportunity had come, and the energetic mulatto leader had succeeded easily in enlisting the whites who still remained on the island after the French rulers were expelled, to embrace their cause.

Dulau had hesitated. His instinct naturally led him to join his fellow-countrymen and to resent the black rule, but he had grown to respect the black head of the government, for he saw that he was honest, and that he was always fighting to improve and pacify the country.

It was while he was hanging in the balance that his old so-called friend and colleague in the politicians' council turned the scale, and Dulau, raging with bitterness, threw himself at once into the service of the black party, with whom for the next

The encounters were fierce and savage the successes varying from day to day, and the town and port were the scenes of endless bloody frays, in which prisoners were shot down or otherwise butchered in cold blood, and the winning party for the time being gave themselves over to riot and

Happy for Nousie and her child, the tide of the petty war never came near the beautiful little home in the plantation at the forest edge; but she suffered agonies of suspense as she heard the distant firing, and watched by night for the fires that were constantly lighting up the dark tropic sky.

Now it was the home of some planter away from the town. Now the ruddy glow increasing in intensity came from the port as some vessel was fired at its moorings. Then from the direction of the flames ske knew it was the town which had been fired, this happening again and again from the torches of the unsuccessful party seeking to make the place untenable for those who were driving them out.

Dulau had parted from her on the night after he had heard her words, and during the next ten days he had seen her and her child only twice, and for a few minutes, during which he had tried to cheer her by his accounts of their successes and other hopeful words. But now four more days had passed, and the black girl Cherubine, the servant who had stayed when the plantation hands had either fled or followed their master to the fight, had been acting as messenger for her, and again and again gone towards the town, but only to bring

back the most depressing news. Evening once more—a glorious evening, with the first soft, moist breathings of the night breeze approaching after a long

scorching day. There had been no news save that the mulatto party held Port au Prince, and the blacks had been driven off. There had not been a sound to indicate the troubles that overhung the place; and Dulau's cottage, with its broad verandah and wealth of flowers, seemed glorified in the light of the sinking sun, as Nousie stood outside, sheltering her eyes with her hand, and gazing wildly down the road for the face that

She started nervously and sprang round, for there was a step behind. "Ah, it's you, Cherub," she said, with a sigh of relief, as she laid her hand on her

side. Then sharply, "Where is my child?" "Sleep, missus—quite sound sleep." "Don't leave her, Cherubine," cried Nousie, excitedly. "Look here. I can't

bear this. I am going to town to try and find your master." "No good, missus," said the black girl, shaking her hand. "He's gone. Far

"No, no; he must be hiding somewhere, and I must try and find him. Stop by the child. Don't leave her for a moment. I will soon be back.' "Missus can't go and leave little pretty

one," said the girl, re-tying the gay red kerchief she wore about her woolly head. "Massa come back and find missus gone, what massa say?" Nousie uttered a cry of misery, threw herself into a light chair in the verandah,

and began to sob bitterly. "No, no," she cried wildly, "I could not and leave her. Oh, Cherubine, he i dead-he is dead!"

"No, missus. Massa George not dead. Too fight well. Only gone up de mountain, and all de peoples. Come back soon and fight all a yaller folk and drive 'em awav.

"No, no, he is dead-he is dead. What's that ?" She sprang to her feet and stood bending low, her eyes glittering and her ears

twitching as she listened intently. "No hear anything," said the black girl. "Yes, there it is again," said Nousie in

The girl's eyes rolled, and her thick lips parted, as she too listened intently; and then she nodded her head, and caught hold

"Hush!" whispered Nousie, and wresting her arm from the black hand, she darted into the cottage, and reappeared directly with her sleeping child in her

Her lips formed the word "Come!" and she stole away, closely tollowed by the girl, in amongst the broad leaves of a plantation of bananas, where they crouched together watching and listening. They were not long kept in suspense, for the rustling continued, increased in loud-

ness, and a few minutes later a man passed

the low growth at the edge of the forest, and stepped out to stand with his back toward them, listening as one listens who is being hunted and driven for his life. He was torn and ragged, and as he turned his face to look about him sharply, it was cut and bleeding, as were the hands, one of which grasped a musket, and the other rearranged the sword hanging from his belt, and the pistols which were in it, they having been evidently dragged here

through the thick forest. He was panting and exhausted, and his white sun-tanned skin besmirched with powder; but changed as he was, easily recognisable by the watchers, who sprang out lift his musket, and present it at his wife's

and there as their owner forced his way

"Ah, darling," he cried as he caught her to his heart. "But quick! Where is the child? I haven't a moment. The devils are after me, and they may come here. Quick! Brandy. We must take to the woods. Who's that? Ah! You, Cherub. My little one."

He had started wildly at the sound made by the black, and uttered a sigh of relief and took a step nearer to meet her and kiss the child, while Nousie went in and returned with the bottle of spirits, from which he drank with avidity.

"Hah! ejaculated Dulau, half to himself, "that puts new life into me." He drank again. "Nearly spent darling. We are beaten. Come along. Take the child. Cherub, my lass, good-bye. God bless you!

You will not tell which way we've gone?"

"Course she won't," said the girl, sulkily.

"How Cherub tell when she 'long o' Massa "No, no, girl; run up to your people. We are going to hide in the woods. "Cherub coming too-carry lit pretty

one," said the girl, stubbornly. "Massa!" "What? Quick! "Massa come 'long with Cherub. Vaudoux hide um. Cherub know where." "No, no," cried Dulau. "You are good girl, but save yourself. "Ah!" he

half yelled, "too late!" He thrust his wife and child back into the house, the girl darting after them, and followed himself, banging to, locking and barricading the door, as he caught sight of figures creeping silently towards them under shelter of the plantation growth; and only just in time, for the pursuing party, headed by Saintone, had credited him with making for his home, and had stolen

up to surprise him. There was a yell as they sprang up, and scattered volley, the bullets patting and hissing on the light bamboo of the hut and among the trees.

"Curse you! Don't fire!" roared Saintone. Then quietly to his followers, as they harried up, "Mind and don't hurt the woman. I'll shoot the man who does." As he spoke a second party came run-

ning up, and at a word they surrounded the cottage, within which all was still as "Hah!" said Saintone. "Caught at last. Now then, Dulau," he shouted aloud,

'surrender. You are my prisoner." There was no reply from the cottage, which was already in the shade, for the last rays of the sun were fading from the top of the highest trees, and a faint pale spark of light in the north told of the breaking

forth of the stars. "Very, well," said Saintone, sharply. 'I have no time to waste. Half-a-dozen of you. Fire."

no reports from the many loaded pieces as he drew his breath between his teeth with a sharp hiss and listened. down and kissed Nousie passionately, and

then his child, before softly and silently unfastening the bolts of the door. "Nousie," he whispered; "you know what they are going to do?" "Yes," she answered; "but you are

here, and you will fight and kill them." He smiled bitterly in the darkness where "Don't think of me," he said. "Hold my darling tightly and run for the wood.

I'll clear a way for you." "But, George." whispered imperiously, "you are my wife.

She kissed him in silence as she tried to stifle her sobs. "Help your mistress. Go with her and hide," whispered Dulau to the girl as a light flashed in through the window-a there was a sharp order given, the tramp-

verandah and roof. be one mass of roaring fire in a few mothrew open the door, clubbed his musket, Damien's bed of steel.' and drove his enemies back, and to right

Vain effort. He fought like a giant, nerved as he was by despair and the spirit of which he had telephone? partaken, but in less than a minute he was Mrs. de Schriet.-Why, no, that'a a silly overcome, beaten down, bound hand and story; he only asked papa' consent in that foot, while Nousie and the black girl were | way. prisoners too.

"Don't hurt the girl," said Saintone sharply, as he advanced towards where



We have started this competition partly to revive an interest in a useful study, and partly to increase the interest of the young folks in Progress. The questions will be given every week, and the publisher PROGRESS will give One Dollar for the first correct answer that reaches Progress office. The rules and conditions that govern the Bible Question Competition will also regulate this. Answers will be received until the Saturday following publication, and the successful competitor will be announced the next Saturday. Answers should be addressed to "Histoxy Competition," care Progress, St. Com, N. B. quickly, making the fugitive spring round, All letters addressed otherwise will not be

Questions and Answers, No. 6.

The result of the competition this week was quite different from that of last, inasmuch as out of all the answers received only one of the competitors answered all the questions correctly. The successful one was "Histoire," 14 Elliot row, city. (1) Give a short definition of responsible overn-

Ans. Responsible government means that the members of government collectively, are responsible to those whom the people elect to represent them in the Dominion parliament and in the legislatures of the several provinces for their acts, and retain office only as long as they can command the support of a majority of

those representatives for their acts. 2. In what year was the Seven Years War fought and how did it affect Canada? Ans. 1756-1762; Canada ceased to belong to the

crown of France, and became a British possession.

3. Name the three principle battles on the Niagara frontier in the war of 1812-13-14? Ans. Queenston; Lundy's lane; Fort Erie. 4. By what act were Great Britain and the United States nearly involved in war in 1861 and when was trouble averted?

Ans. By the act of Captain Wilkes, who stopped

the British ship "Trent" in the high seas; by Presi-

dent Lincoln giving up the two southern commission-

ers whom Wilkes had dragged from the "Trent." HISTORY QUESTION COMPETITION

1. In what year did the city of Toronto receive its name? Who was its first mayor

2. Name the two most prominent lead-

ers in the movement for responsible government in New Brunswick and Nova 3 What particular grievance had the people of New Brunswick against their

government when Sir Archibald Campbell 4. What was the name of the Indian town that stood on the site of Montreal in

The lot of a European ruler, like that of

W. S. Gilbert's policeman, taking one consideration with another, is not "a happy one." As, for example, the Sultan Abdul Hamid, whom "Politikos" praises as a sagacious, liberal and enlightened sover-eign: he is not secure, or thinks he is not secure, even in his own palace, and holds himself always on his guard against the conspirator's sudden stroke. Turn to the emperor of Austria, Franz Josef: what heavy misfortunes, public and personal, have befallen him! What a grim spectre stands always at his sidewith what anxiety he contemplates the future of his dynasty! Then there is the czar of all the Russias; a man of good intentions, but, unfortunately, too diffident Dulau heard every word, but there were for an autocrat—he shrinks from the initiative which in Russia no one but he can take; does not the shadow of murder He knew what was coming and he bent everywhere dog his footsteps? And the nihilism he dreads, has it not agents among his own courtiers? As for tho young German emperor, diffidence is not his failing, and perhaps he is saved from anxiety by his intense conviction in the heaven-appointed mission of the Hohenzollerns. "That he is a gifted young sovereign," says "Politikos," "the world is almost beginning to be inclined to believe, though the multiplicity of tasks attempted by him, the Gordian knots he tries to untie, the Augean stables he attempts to cleanse, and all in a brief moment, frighten the "Hush! Save my darling child," he prudent. He is either a great genius or a great danger for the world, and even though he be as gifted as his admirers proclaim, he has not yet proved that he can afford to dispense with the check imposed by the prudence and larger experience of older and less impetuous men." That the Queen of Spain has her cares is only toolight which rapidly increased as bunch certain; so fares it with the ruler of Belafter bunch of oily wood was lit. Then gium and with him of Portugal. The King of Italy and his Queen apparently ing of feet, and the torches were applied in rank among the happiest of European a dozen places to the light dry thatch of sovereigns; although the days have been, and will probably be again, when their Dulau knew too well that the place would crowns have weighed as heavily on their heads as that iron one of Luke, of which ments, and with a final word to his wife he the poet speaks-"Luke's iron crown and

Taking no Risks. Mrs. Gaddsby .- Is it true, as I've been told, that your husband proposed by

## CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary Dulau lay panting and bleeding, the vivid light of the rapidly burning cottage making the scene as light as day in a lurid circle, beyond which everything was black now as night.

"Quick!" said Saintone. "Stand him against that fence. A dozen of you form up."

(To be continued.)

Open Evenings. Duval, 242 Union street

All old physical, text and placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung. Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. Noyes, 8204Powers' Block, Roehester, N. Y.