PROGRESS, SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1891.

GOLDEN DREAM. By G. Manville Fenn,

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CHAPTER IV-(Continued.)

A sensation of giddiness assailed Aube for the moment, but recovering herself by an effort she clung to the old Superior. "Mamma! My mother! Sister Elise; she is dead ?"

"No, no, my child," cried the old lady, excitedly. "No, no; don't think that. There is her letter. She is alive and well. But do you not see my child? It is what I have been dreading so long."

"She has sent for me-to come?" cried Aube, joyously.

"Yes." said the old lady, gazing at her sadly; and there was a suggestion of pain and reproach in the tone. "Yes, and you are glad to see her once again-after all these years."

The tears were coursing down Aube's cheeks, and the eagerness had gone out of her voice as her arms stole round the old lady's neck, and her warm soft lips were pressed passionately to her brow, her eyes, her cheeks.

"No, no, you have been my mother so long," she cried. "Don't think me ungrateful and glad to leave you-you-all here. Sister Elise, I have been so happy. It will break my heart."

She burst into a passion of sobbing now, and clung wildly to the old lady, growing moment by moment more hysterical till the Superior half drew, half carried her to the couch, where she sat down. Aube sinking on her knees beside her, to cling to her still, and hide her convulsed face in the old lady's breast.

Then silence once more reigned in the dim, peaceful room, and Luce stood near the door, the tears stealing silently down her cheeks as she watched the group where Aube's bosom still heaved and fell, and a sob escaped from time to time as, scarcely less agitated, Sister Elise held the weeping girl tightly to her, and her pale old cheek upon the rich dark clustering hair.

"Hush, hush, my darling;" she seemed to coo over Aube. "It will be a bitter parting for us all ; but we must not murmur. It is quite right, and I am glad now you have sent a sweet feeling of joy through my heart, for I know how dearly you love us all. There will be many tears shed today, Aube ; is right and good and holy. There have arrive?" been times when in spite of the ample funds your dearest mother has sent so regularly all these long years, I have dared to think that she could not love you very much, to leave you so long among strangers, but now I know. She tells me in her letter, in which all a mother's passionate love stands out, how she has borne and wept and mourned to be separated so long, but that it was your father's wish, almost his dying command, that you, . Aube, should be sent to his native land to be educated and taught, as you could not be in that half savage place. She says, too, something that from her generous payments I could never have imagined, that she is comparatively poor, and she has been compelled to work and struggle for that income to make you the lady of whom her dear husband would have been proud." "Ah !" exclaimed Aube, raising her face at this revelation, and looking wonderingly in the old lady's face.

has been in Paris a year with her daughter about your age. She too lost her husband it seems in the war when your father died. This Madame Saintone will be glad to be your chaperone, my child, her daughter your companion, but-

"But what, mother ?" whispered Aube, who seemed half stunned.

"The mail steamer leaves Havre within a day or two, I hear, and our parting will be very soon."

Aube gazed at her wildly.

"No, no, my darling, no more tears," whispered the Superior kissing her. "Go to your room now, and rest and pray. Then read your letter as I would have you read it. Go my child. Your true, loving mother, who must have passed through a martyrdom for your sake, waits to press you to her heart-Luce, my child.' Luce started from the chair, to run for-

ward with her tace swollen and convulsed with weeping to lead her companion to the room they shared.

As the door closed Aube flung her arms about her friend and sobbed out :

"Luce! Luce! is all true?" Lucie was silent, only gazed at her wildly as Aube raised the folded letter to her lips and kissed it passionately.

"Yes, mother," she said, gazing before her with a wild far-off look, "yes, mother, I come.

"Aube ?" rang out in a wild cry. "Luce, darling, what are you thinking ?" cried Aube, startled by the agony in her iously, and taking up an old and battered friend's eyes.

"I was thinking you must not, shall not go.

Aube shrank from her with the letter pressed to her lips once more, and she stood blanched, hard and strange looking, as if she had been turned to stone.

"Aube, darling, what will poor Paul say?"

CHAPTER V.—"WHAT WILL IT COST ?" "You're a fool, Jules Deffrard."

"You're a gentleman, Etienna Saintone.

"There, I beg your pardon, man, but vou make me angry. Have you no ambition ?"

"Of course I have: to become your but my joy will be their's as well. For it brother-in-law. What day will the steamer

"How should I know? I'm in no hurry: place has been right enough without the old lady.

"Dull enough without Antoinette." "Rubbish. What a sentimental lover

"Yes, and so have you," said the young man, getting up languidly; "but I say, will there be anything to pay? Isn't it something like the toreigners' treemasonry.

"Nothing to pay, but some bottles of rum, and I'll see to them. Now come along.

They strolled off together down the shaded road leading to the town, passing plenty of sulky, defiant-looking mulattoes and quadroons, and heavy-jawed, independent, full-blooded negroes, who generally favored them with a broad grin; but no sooner had they reached the far side of the town, and Deffrard had taken off his straw head. "You play with me now. How hat to wipe his streaming brow, than Saintone said in a laughing, contemptuous wav

"There! Go home and cool yourself. Be a good boy, and the steamer will soon be here and you can go courting to your heart's content."

"I don't like this Vaudoux business," grumbled Deffrard to himself, as he went one way.

"I can make the tool useful," said Saintone, with a sneering laugh, and he went in the other direction, away towards where the slovenly plantations and the country began with its luxuriant growth, amongst which hidden here and there peeped out the cottages of the blacks, with their overgrown gardens full of melons running wild, yams, and broad flap-leaved bananas, looking like gigantic hart's-tongue ferns.

Etienne Saintone was so devoted to the object he had in view that he paid no heed to a gigantic-looking black whom he encountered in the narrow track or lane running in and out among squalid cottages, in him. front of which nearly nude black children basked in the broad sunshine. But the black turned and looked after him curstraw hat he gave his peculiarly knotted hair a rub, frowned, and slowly followed in the young man's steps as he went on for quite a quarter of a mile, the cottages growing less frequent and superior in aspect, more hidden, too, among the trees. All at once Saintone looked sharply round, as if to see whether he was observed; but as if expecting this, the black had thrown himself down beneath a rough fence, and if in his hasty glance Santoine saw anything, it was that common object of the country, a black basking in the sun. His glance round satisfied him, and he turned off sharply to the left; and as he disappearing among the trees, the black rolled over three or four times, by this means crossing the track and reaching the shelter of the over-hanging foliage, among which he, too, plunged and disappeared. At the end of about hundred yards Saintone stepped over the rough tence of a up on being rudely shaken. solitary cottage, at whose door a mulatto

thin shavings of cane, to form a plait. She had seen the white jacket of the young man approaching, and had uttered a silent laugh, "Well," said Deffrard, drowsily ; "found as her eyes closed till only a glimpse of her out all you wanted ?" dark pupils could be seen, as she watched the track in a sidelong way, and began to hum over a wild, weird dirty, one well-known "No." among the Haytian blacks, an air probably brought by some of their race from their native Africa. "Ah, Genie, dear," cried Saintone, as he

"Yes," he said, laughing, "you do for come guests of a better class than those to one, and you could take me to join them." which she was accustomed, smiling and movement of her hands, as if she dis- she sat down again directly, an example the blacks who know of that."

"You are triffing with me," he said. 'You are offended because I have been away so long. Now I have come and want to be nearer to you than ever, you refuse."

"What can I do ?"

"Take me to one of their meetings tonight." "I?" cried the woman, shaking her

could I know ? "You mean you will not." he said, fum-

"Eugenie will not do what she cannot," replied the woman, coldly.

"All very well," he said in a cavalier way, "I daresay I can find someone else who will take me to a meeting; or, I don't know, it does not matter. I daresay I shall give it up. Well, I must be off back

"Going ?" said the woman, coldly.

"Yes. I'm going now. A bit disappoinied, of course, but it doesn't matter. Good-bye." He turned and strode out of the door-

way, smoking carelesly, leaped over the low fence, and went slowly back along the track. "She knows," he thought, "and will

call me back directly. Bit put out. Well, I have neglected her, but -He laughed to himself and went on, longing to look back, but no voice recalled

Had he turned his head he would have seen nothing, for Genie had drawn back further into the back of the room, and watched him from there.

"Why does he want that," she said, thoughtfully, and she shook her head as she watched till Saintone was out of sight, nothing being farther from her thoughts than the intention of calling him back. Meanwhile Saintone walked slowly on,

with an angry feeling growing in breast.

"She is one of them. She as good as owned to it one day. Then she has a reason for refusing and being so cold. Well, perhaps I can manage without her after all; but what does she mean?"

He went thoughtfully back to the town, making the discovery suddenly that he was hot and thirsty, and on the strength of this he turned off and went straight to his Yes, I have heard of them. In the middle friend's house in search of the refreshment he needed.

Deffrard was lying asleep in the shoded

girl was seated, idly twisting together some throwing herself into a chair, and as soon rest."

"Oh, no," she cried, with an eager bowing as they raised their straw hats; but claimed all such knowledge. "It is only followed by the visitors at a table close to the end of the buffet, a glance round showing them that the place was quite empty save that a big, broad shouldered negro sat in one corner with his arms upon the table and his head down, apparently asleep. In fact his hue harmonized so well with the gloom of the place with its two small windows, shaded by blinds, that Deffrard did not realize his presence.

"Hot day for walking, madam," said Saintone. "Give us two cool drinks." "Yes; too hot for gentlemen to walk," was the reply, as the two plump hands

busied themselves with a bottle, glasses, and a great pitcher of cold water. "Here ! where is that girl ?' "No. no, don't call her," said Saintone,

partly to increase the interest of the young rising. "I'll take them. Madame is quite well

As he spoke he leaned towards her. pointed quickly at the negro in the corner, and signed toward the door.

The hostess grasped his meaning quickly enough, as she replied with politeness that she was never better than she was now, when a real gentleman condescended to honor her with a visit to rest and refresh himself. Then she looked sharply toward the corner and said a few words sharply in one of the West African dialects.

The result was that the negro grew suddenly wide awake, there was a gleam of white teeth, the flash of a pair of opal eyeballs, and then a big slouching broadshouldered figure was seen framed in the doorway, and they were alone.

"Monsieur Saintone has had something stolen, and he wants Mahme to try and get it back ?" said the woman.

"Hah! delicious !" said Saintone, setting down his glass half empty, Deffrard uttering a sigh of satisfaction over his, as he sat holding it in his hand.

"The water is just cold and fresh from the spring," said the woman, offering cigars. Then, as they were taken, and she struck a light to offer it in turn, she continued, "Monsieur may speak now. There is no one to hear. Is it money or a

watch ?" "Neither, Mahme," said Saintone, lowering his voice. "Look here: my friend and I want to attend one of the Vaudoux meetings-a feast or whatever it is."

"Vaudoux ? Ah, yes," said the woman, in the most unmoved way. "Vaudeux ! of the island, are they not?"

"You know best about that."

"I?" said the woman, raising her beroom when Saintone entered, and started ringed hands; and her ways and manners were strikingly French. "I sit here al- first correct one opened receives the "Rum and some water," said Saintone, ways, and only leave my chair to go to my



folks in PROGRESS. The questions will be given every week, and the publisher of 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 "History Competition," care PROGRESS, St. John, N. B. All letters addressed otherwise will not be considered.

The announcement, last week, that the History competition prize had been awarded to a Hampton competitor, seems to have caused general surprise among the young folks in St. John. Quite a puraber of them called upon PROGRESS during the week, and all asked the same question, How can answers from Hampton arrive at the office before eight o'clock on Saturday morning?

They could readily see, however, that unless answers from outside places could arrive at the office on Saturday morning, boys and girls living outside of St. John would not have a chance to win the prize and the competition would be confined to those in the city. PROGRESS wants to give the boys and girls in all parts

of the provinces a chance to compete. When a large number of answers arrive at one time, by mail or otherwise, the prize. It must also be remembered that PROGRESS is mailed from the office on Friday afternoon, and is for sale in the

bookstores and on the streets of nearly

The prize this week goes to Miss Lulu

McAvity, 192 King street east. Correct

Dave Pidgeon, Indiantown; Mary D.

Reid, 106 Princess street; Marie, Freder-

icton; "Ecoliere," city; Douglas Guest,

Yarmouth, N. S.; "Jack," Elliott row;

Birdie Forbes, North end; Theresa Fer-

guson, 135 Orange street; Minnie Elkin,

Old Westmorland road; Roy A. Morrison,

Fredericton; R. D. Peters, 1 Charles

Questions and Answers, No. 8.

1. In what year did the city of Toronto receive its

2. Name the most prominent leaders in the move-

ment for responsible government in New Brunswick

3. What particular grievance had the people of

Ans. The management of the crown land depart-

4. What was the name of the Indian town that

HISTORY QUESTION COMPETITION

1. Who was the nobleman whom the

people of England, after his death, remem-

bered as "Sir Simon the righteous," and

2. Under what epithet was Henry III.

spoken of by the people of England and

3. What was the name of the third son

4. What calamity occurred in London

of Henry II. and how did he meet his

Tobacco in France.

ment to Jean Nicot, who introduced to-

bacco in France. Nicot, while ambassador

to Portugal in 1560, sent a package of

tobacco seed to the queen, Catherine de

The weed throve so well on French soil

that sixty years later Cardinal Richelieu

found it worth while to begin collecting the

first French tobacco tax. In 1697 the tax.

was 40 sous on 100 pounds. Shorth er

the annual product of the tax was some

\$50,000. In 1718 the right to the product

of the tax was let out to the collector for

Frenchmen are about to erect a monu-

No. 10.

New Brunswick against their government when Sir

Ans. Samuel Allan Wilmot, Joseph Howe.

Lillian Taylor, Sussex.

and Nova Scotia?

Ans. Hochelaga.

for what reason?

Medici, in Paris.

death?

in whose reign did he live?

the year before the great fire?

name and who was its first mayor

Ans. 1834. Alexander McKenzie.

answers were also received from :

"It was this necessity which kept her from coming to see you again and again. If she had done so, she says, she could not have kept you here.

"My mother !" sighed Aube, with her the same low sweet voice :

"She says now, Aube, that you are a woman grown, and that she can bear the separation no longer. That her heart yearns for you-that she cannot rest until she clasps to her breast all that is left to her of that dear husband who was to her as a god-I give you her own words, my my child; and I ought to utter words of reproof on the vanity-the wickedness of a woman giving herself up so wholly to such I fancy I can smell the niggers here." a love, but-but-but, my darling, I cannot say them now. For it touches me to the heart, Aube, and I can only see the sweet loving widowed mother there, all those thousands of miles away-stretching out her trembling hands, my darling, her longing eyes strained yearningly to me, as she it." says, I have done my duty-I have worked, and watched, and waited-I have done all that he would have had me do, and now that my long penance is fulfilled, give me back my child.

The solemn silence was broken now by Lucie's sobs, as she sank into a chair, and laid her head upon its arm.

"Yes, my dearest one," continued the superior, "we poor women here, devoted as we are, have never known a mother's love; but as I read that letter, Aube, I seemed to realise it all. Between its lines there stand forth in burning words all that your poor, patient woman tried to express, and suffer as I may at having to part with you, I know it is your duty to go to herto go, as she says, at once, for life is short, and I can send you to her, glad in my heart, with the blessings of all here, and say we now send you back the infant you eonfided to us. a woman now, and as sweet and true and pure as ever knelt before her God.'

"Sister Elise! Mother!" sobbed Aube. "My child !"

There was another long pause, and then smiling on her pupil the superior took the letter, and placed it in Aube's hands.

\$3,200,000. Between 1719 and 1739 the "Take it and read it dear," she said right on up toward the open door, from tax was not collected. calmly now-"it is the letter of a mother, equal under one good government." once.' closed her eyes; but he had moved her, and which a showy-looking negress of two or It was introduced at the latter time, and "And you want me to be initiated, "And because Monsieur Etienne Sainof whom you may say 'Thank heaven, I three-and-thirty came to meet them, and she watched him intently, as she stood in 1791 was again abolished. Napoleon I am her child !' It is a terrible experience, too ?" tone wants to be that government, and to pointed to seats in the broad verandah, by shaking her head. in 1810 began collecting the tax by means for it is a long voyage, and to a land of be a great leader, as his father did before "Of course." a long, rough table. "You understand me," he whispered. of a government monopoly. The first em-pire got some 8,000,000 dols. annually "Oh, very well-that is if you will back which till now I have heard naught but him," said the woman, in a sharp quick "No," said Saintone, carelessly, "too "The Vaudoux, I want to join-to be one me up with your sister and mother." evil. Now I know that there is one there whisper. of you. There, do you believe I love you hot out here. We'll come inside.' from the tax, and in 1830 the product was whom I should be glad to call sister, and "Trust me for that; you shall have (To be continued.) now ?" He walked into a long, low room, half 9,000,000 dols. In the following half cennow there will be one whom I am glad to her." "No," she said, panting. "Don't know general shop, half cabaret, where a broad tury the tax grew to 48,000,000 dols. Alcall my spiritual daughter. Hayti cannot "I'm ready, then; but I don't like it. The Best Result. what you mean." counter stretched across one end in clumsy together the tax has brought the French Hang it all, one hears all kinds of horrors be all bad, Aube, so now wipe away these Every ingredient employed in producing "You do," he whispered. "You need imitation of the French fashion. Behind government 1,800,000,000 dols. tears for the pangs are past, and it is a day | about them.' Hood's Sarsaparilla is strictly pure, and is not try and hold me off. I know you are it, seated on a raised cushioned chair was It is no wonder that the enthusiasticof joy,-the day on which the first steps "Old women's tales. There, I'm going the best of its kind it is possible to buy. one of them." a stout good-looking, middle-aged woman, French smokers have suggested that the through the town. You can walk with me All the roots and herbs are carefully are taken to rejoin two such hearts as fair enough for a quadroon. She was showily dressed, and wore, half hidden in "One of-the Vaudoux-you?" government could well afford to commempart of the way." yours." selected, personally examined, and only the "Yes. You can take me to one of your orate in pure gold the fame of Nicot. "Going over to the priest to see-"But mother-am I to go soon ?" best retained. So that from the time of the thick folds of her neck, a great neck-lace; several rings were embedded in her priests, and let me join at the first meetpurchase until Hood's Sarsaparilla is pre-"In a day or two at most. The consul ahem !" She-I haven't seen you for five years, brought me the letter. He had received ing. pared, everything is carefully watched with a view to attaining the best result. Why "Mind your own business. I'm going fat fingers, and rather tastily twisted tur-Mr. Barker. How's that little romance of . to take the first steps towards our initi-"The Vaudoux?" she said, opening her one as well, and his orders were to find ban fashion about her slightly grey locks was a gorgeous red and yellow silk keryours with Miss Henderson? Barkersome good family returning to the island ation, so be ready to go any night I warn eyes widely now. "Ah, yes, I know what don't you try it ?- Advt. Miss Henderson is no more. She-What? in whose charge you could make the voy- you.' you mean. Oh, no; you could not join chief. Dead? Barker-No; married. She-Why not have long selected Cane in your them. They say it is all very dreadful and age. This might have been months Aube, but heaven smiles upon the project, and "But---Ha! ha! You are still friends though? As the two young men entered, she felt Chairs: Lasts longer, cheaper. Duval, 242 "No hanging back, now; you have prosecret. No one knows who they are or Barker-No. She married me.-Life. consul tells me of a widow lady who mised." what they do." herself bound to rise from her seat to wel- Union street.

you are," cried the first speaker, as he lazily tilted back the cane chair in which he balanced himself so as to reach a cigar from a little table, placing one in his lips and throwing another to his vis-a-vis.

They were two weil enough looking young men-dark, sallow, and well-dressed. after the fashion of the Creole of the south. They were seated in the broad verandah of a good house, slightly elevated and overlooking the town of Port au Prince, and over it, away to sea, with its waters of deep and dazzling blue.

"Now then, light up. I want to talk to you. Have some 'rack ?'

"No: had enough. Talk away." "Well, look here then," said Saintone, lowering his voice, after a glance around

to see that they were not likely to be overheard. "I've quite made up my mind to join the Vaudoux." "And I've made up my mind not to,"

replied Deffraid, tilting back his chair. eyes dilating; and the Superior went on in ["I'm going to be very good now, and marry your sister."

"Tchah !"

"Ah. you may talk and sneer, but what would she say !

"That you are as I say a fool. Who's going to tell her what we do. Suppose I should go and tell my mother as soon as she gets back ?"

"But what do you want to join them for --- to go to their feasts and dances! Pah

"To go to their feasts man? Where are your brains?" cried Saintone bending toward his friend, "Can't you see, boy, that I mean to take a big place in the government."

"Yes; you are always talking about

"Well, to get there, I must have votes.'

"Of course."

- "Black votes are as good as colored, man.
- "You'll get yourself mixed up with some political rising, and be shot as your father was.

"Well, that's my business. Now look here; if I belong to the Vaudoux sect, and came out pretty liberally to the Papaloi-" "Papaloi ?" interrupted Deffrard. "How

did they get that word ?" "Papa roi, stupid. Father King," said

Saintone, impatiently. "Ah! I see; their way of sounding the

r-roi-loi. "These priests will influence the people

on my behalt, and I am safe to be elected.'

"Well, yes, I suppose so; but-" "Hang your buts! Don't hesitate so. Look here, Deff, you want to marry An-

toinette." "Of course."

"Well, then, I expect my brother to support me in everything, so you'll have to join once for all with me." "What, the Vaudoux ?"

"Yes, and I mean to be initiated at

caught sight of the woman in the dark shadowy interior. "Mass' Saintone ?" she replied, with an

affected start and look of wonder. "Yes," he said, laying his hand upon

her shoulder. "How pretty you look to day. Didn't you see me coming ?" "No, sah. I was busy here. What do you want?"

"What do I want? Why I've come to see you, dear."

"Oh," said the girl, coldly. "Mass' Saintone could have come last week-two weeks-three weeks ago-but he never came. Thought you never come again."

"Oh, nonsense! I've been so busy." "Yes," said the woman, quietly, "Mass' Saintone's always very busy; but he came every day.

"Yes, and I'm coming every day again, dear," he said, as he threw his arm round her and tried to draw her to him. As he did so there was a faint sound as of a hissing breath at the back of the place and Saintoine looked sharply round.

"What's that ?" he said

"Snake or little lizard," said the woman, coldly, freeing herself from his arm. "Oh, come, don't do that," said Saintone, laughing, as he tried again to catch her in his arms; but she eluded him, and her eyes opened wildly now.

"No; go and make love to the new lady," she said, spitefully. "What new lady?" he cried. "Why,

you silly, jealous girl, I never loved anyone but you.

"Lies !" said the woman, vindictively. "It's true," he cried, angrily. "Come, Genie, don't be so foolish.

"It is not foolish. That is all over. Go to her.

"Why you silly thing; I tell you I have been too busy to come.

"Yes, too busy to send a boy to say mass' can't come. All lies.'

"Genie !"

scornfully. "Sit down silly girl," he said. "There, I will not try to touch you; I'll smoke a cigar. Look here," he continued, as he lit the little roll of tobacco, "I'll now prove to you how true I am. Do you know why

I came today ?" "Because you said Genie is a fool, and

will believe all I say.' "No," he said, in a low voice, as he leaned towards her. "I came up because I want you to help me, dear. I want to be more as if I were one of you." The woman shook her head, and half

1. 6 3 1

as he had partaken of a hearty drink from "But the people come to see you." the glass brought in by a grinning negress he lit a fresh green cigar.

"Wouldn't she take you?"

"Turned sulky because I hadn't been to see her. Pretended she knew nothing. I'm

sure she goes to their meetings, and I'll find out somehow if it's only to meet her. Now, what shall I do? They keep it all so juiet among them that it's harder than I thought."

"Pay one of the nigger priests, he'll let you into it." "I don't know," said Saintone, thoughtfully; "besides, how am I to find out one?

Their meetings are forbidden by the law, and as soon as I begin to make inquiries they'll grow suspicious.' "I know. Try fat Mahme out yonder at

the store.'

"What does she know?" "More than you think. She's mixed up with them. Finds them in rum for their feasts. I believe that, quiet as she is, she is one of them-sort of priestess. At any

rate she's a regular confidante of all the blacks about here. They go to her and meet at her place, and hatch half their schemes there. I believe nearly all the bits of devilry started under her roof."

"No harm in trying her," said Saintone thoughtfully. "She must know at all events where they meet. Yes, I think you are right; but she wouldn't speak. Too much mixed up with them."

"Open her mouth with the golden key." "Right, I will. Come along."

"I?" said Deffrard, shrinking. "Yes; come on at once. She shall take us to one of their feasts, and we'll see what

it's like. I'm told that it's worth the trouble.

"But-" began Deffrard.

"Come on," cried Saintone, and tossing off the remainder of his refreshing draught, he literally dragged his host out into the road, down which they walked away into a suburb of cottages which had sprung up, and was continued to where Dulau's home had once stood, the pretty erection being superseded now by a plain, business-looking place, about which and under the shade of the trees quite a little crowd of blacks were lolling and idling about, some smoking, some drinking, and all the rest doing no-"I know. I am not a fool," she said thing after the fashion of a free negro with all his might.

To a close observer the result of their appearance was amusing: The negroes, who had been laughing and chattering together like so many children, became silent, their faces grew stolid and sleepy, and all appeared to be utterly ignorant of

the approach of the two Creoles. Saintone knew their ways too well to notice this more than to feel convinced that Deffrard was right, and that this assumed ignorance was the childish cloak for something they wished to hide. He walked

"Yes, as you have," she said, smiling and showing her regular teeth. "And you will take us to one ?"

every town and city in the maritime "I?" she cried, with a little laugh, but provinces at the same hour, Saturday mornalways speaking in a whisper. "What do ing that it is sold in St. John, and in some I know of such things ?"

places the paper can be procured on Friday "Come," said Saintone, laying his hand upon her plump fingers; "we are fencing. night You know all we want to know."

"Oh, no, no, no, no," she said, quickly; Nothing, nothing.

"That will do," said Saintone, mockingly. "I don't want you to do it for nothing. I want to attend one of the meetings first, and then I mean to join them.

"You. You mean it;" she whispered eagerly.

"Yes, and my friend here too. Ah, you see you do know.

North end; Jesse James, St. Stephen; "Kathleen," Fairville; Edwin Stockford, "Why? Why does Monsieur Deffrard, too, want to know of such things ?" she said eagerly, and with a very intense look street; Louis McDonald, 65 Erin street; from one to the other.

"For the same reason that hundreds of others do," replied Saintoine quietly. 'Come, what shall I pay you to see us through it all."

"No, no. It is impossible. There are no such things."

"Yes, there are. Come, no nonsense." "And if there are they must be dangerous. Fine gentlemen cannot join with these people. It is some spying trick.

Archibald Campbell was governor. Who sent you here?" "It is no spying trick, madam. I tell you I mean to join them for the change stood on the site of Montreal in Cartier's time?

and excitement of the thing. Come, now, what will it cost ?"

"Perhaps your life-and his," said the woman in a low whisper, that was startling in its intensity.

Deffard started, and looked aghast, but Saintone laughed.

"Nonsense !" he said. "I am not afraid. Come, don't let us waste time. Tell me what it would cost to see the whole business of one of their meetings. You see you know all about it."

"Perhaps," said the hostess; and her looks and ways were so intense that Saintone forgot her half ludicrous form and dress, as he felt that this was no common woman with whom he had to deal. "But no, it is impossible You laugh, but the risks are terrible. I tell you that if they thought strangers were among them, those strangers would never come away alive." "Give it up," whispered Deffrard. "She

is right. I've heard that before.'

"The very reason why I shall go," said Saintone, coolly, "only they had better not begin. But there will be nothing of that. I tell you I mean to join them-to be one of them."

"What for ?" said the woman, with her eyes lighting up, and gazing into his searchingly.

"Because I feel that the black party are being oppressed and trampled down, both by the whites and the colored people; because I consider we ought here to be all