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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The time glided by, and now that the first shock of surprise and what nearly ap-

proached to horror had passed, Aube found her surroundings less painful, though at times she shrank from the idolatry with which she was treated by the people who came about the place. It was little less from her mother and Cherubine, though her mother's tenderness was now mingled with sadness. There was a deprecating apologetic feeling in all her approaches which caused Aube no little suffering, and she strove hard to make her feel that she was happy and content.

Among the blacks and mulattoes who came to the house, there were only two who appeared strange. One of these was the tall handsome mulatto girl who seemed to have some strange influence with Nousie; and the other was the gigantic black with the knotted hair, who scarcely allowed a day to pass without making his appearance; and Aube noticed that he always watched her strangely, and on one occasion as she sat playing one of the old pieces which brought back her life at the convent, she saw that the room was darkened and that some one was looking in.

She shrank back into one corner of the room with her heart beating fast, for she had caught sight of the fierce black face and opal eyeballs of the man who had startled her before. Then the light came uninterruptedly again, and the dread passed away as she thought of the love of the black people for Nousie, and that the chords she had been playing had attracted the man to the window.

Madame Saintone came again and again, but always to meet with similar refusals, all of which she took good-temperedly enough, announcing that she should return to the charge until she succeeded; and her invitation had been supplemented by others brought by her son, whose visits to the cabaret were now daily.

They caused Aube but little uneasiness, only vexation that Madanie Saintone should be so pertinacious, for in the midst of Nousie's passionate affection for, and worship for her child, it was plain enough to see that there was a nervous expectancy and dread lest she should be won over at last, and be ready to forsake her home.

Aube only encountered Saintone twice. He was enthusiastic, and aired all his graces and attractions to make an impression upon his mother's selection, but Nousie, who watched every look and word jealously, had no cause for suffering, as it was plain enough that Saintone's visits an- keeping her eyes fixed on the trembling noyed Aube, and he went away mortified woman. "You have not been since the her head. and ready to declare that she was weak and unimpressionable, or his visits would not have so far been in vain.

But after swallowing his disappointment he was ready to come to the attack again, his vanity seconding the feeling of passion lately evoked.

It was a strange life, and Aube would sit by her open window at night listening to the weird sounds which came from the forest, and ready to feel at times that sooner or later she would awaken from her last

Then she would sigh and think that it was no dream, and sit and recall her peaceful life at the convent, her happy days with Lucie, and a faint glow would flush her cheeks at the thought of Paul.

Then the hot tears would come as in her heart she felt that she might some day have loved him, but that this was indeed a dream never to be realized—a something pleasant

belonging to the dead past. She had written to the lady superior and to Luice twice since she had been out there, but her letters were guarded. The allusions to her mother and her home, were brief, but she dwelt at length upon the beauty of the country and the tender love showered upon her by her mother and her old nurse. But there was no mention of her position, and the agony she had suffered-no word to show that she was not

"Why should I speak of my disappointment and the dissipation of all my illusions?" she asked herself. "I built up all those castles in the air; it is not her fault that they have all come tumbling down."

CHAPTER XV .- "No ONE MUST COME BETWEEN Us."

Nousie was seated at the back of her buffet one morning when all without was glorious sunshine, and in her heart all looked dark. The place and her avocations had suddenly grown distasteful, she hardly realized to herself why; and the great object of her life achieved, she sat wondering why it was that it hadn't brought her joy.

There were endless things to distract her. She was jealous of Madame Saintone, and she shuddered when Etienne came, but always after their departure she communed with herself as to whether she ought not to forgive the past and encourage her child to accept the intimacy at all events with Madame Saintone, who could offer her social advantages such as were

Then she thought of leaving the place altogether and beginning a new life, but these thoughts were cast aside despairingly, for it she did this, her income would cease, and worst of all the gap between her

and her child would not be bridged. "I can see it—I can see it," she sighed "My poor darling; she is struggling hard to love me. I never thought of it, but she is so different, and I can never be anything

else but what I am. Her musings that morning and the thoughts which always came to her when she was alone were interrupted by the entrance of Eugenie and the great black, who, after making sure that they would not be overheard, seated themselves, the black refreshing himself with a glass of rum, and Genie leaning over the buffet counter to

speak in a low tone to Nousie. "Where is Cherubine?" she said.

"Gone into the town." "She has not been up to us lately."

"No; she has been so busy here." "Ah, yes, the with pretty lady from over the sea.

"Yes," said Nousie uneasily, and, avoiding further allusions to her child, she entered at once into the business of her visitores call, receiving certain orders from her fresh source of trouble at a time when her go—that he is to leave us in peace." which she undertook to fulfil. Then the spirit was very low; but the young man

CHAPTER XIV .- A STRANGE HOME. [woman rose, made a sign to the black, and he followed her without a word for some distance along the road, till they were quite out of sight of Nousie's home, when

she pointed up a side path. "Go on, now," she said.

"You coming ?" "Not yet. Go on, and don't watch without going to anyone.

The black laughed rather consciously, and turned up the path, to go for some distance before turning sharply round, and he was about to plunge in among the trees as if to retrace his steps, when he became conscious that the mulatto girl had followed him a little way, and was watching to see if he really went.

The black laughed and went on again, while after making sure that she was not being watched in turn, the girl returned to the road and sat down where she could command the way to the port and see who

She had not long to wait before she caught sight of Cherubine toiling along in the hot sunshine with a great basket on her head. She was singing merrily as she came, and from time to time raised and smelt a great bunch of flowers, smiling with satisfaction, and then she began sing-

She was in perfect ignorance of the presence of any one else till she was abreast of the clump of thick foliage where Genie was standing, and then she started so violently that she disarranged her flowers by clapping both hands to her basket, which nearly fell.

"You, Genie?" she said. "You tright-

"I want to talk to you." "Yes," said Cherubine, beginning to look uneasy, and trying to hide her per-

turbation with a curious laugh. "You have stopped away from us," said Genie, sternly. "Why?"

"Oh, been so busy with young missus," she said hastily, "but coming again soon." The mulatto girl fixed her with her eyes, and said in a low whisper:

"The serpent grows angry with his ehildren who do not come; and if they stay away too much they grow sick and

"Oh, I come soon," cried Cherubine, trembling visibly now, and her black shiny skin seemed to turn dull and strange, as white rings appeared round the pupils of going to stay away any more." "Take care then," said the mulatto girl, will let her come?"

"No, no, not once," said Cherubine. trembling, "but I come next time."

"Yes When did you see him last?" "Yesterday," said Cherubine, eagerly.

"He came to Nousie's."

"I thought so," said Genie, in a low voice. Then added, "How many times

Cherubine balanced her basket carefully on her head, and counted rapidly on her

"Eight times."

"What for?" Cherubine smiled, then looked horrified. "Don't look at me like that," she said, hastily, as she tried to take her eyes off her questioner, but stared at her again as if

"I am not looking at you," said Genie, slowly; "it is the serpent looking out of my eyes. He is everywhere. He is asking with my lips why Etienne Saintone comes to Nousie's house.

"I-I don't know," said [Cherubine, shuddering, and the rings about her pupils grew more defined.

"Mind what you are saying," said Genie,

"I only think," said Cherubine, hurriedly-"I think he fall in love with little missus An' it's very dreadful," she said, in a whimpering tone, as she stood shivering in the hot sunshine, and watching Genie, who as soon as she had spoken turned suddenly, and went up the narrow path taken by her black companion. "Wish sometimes I never went to Voudoux. Frightens me.

For the next few minutes as she continued her journey back, the flowers seemed to have lost their sweetness, and she remained perfectly mute, but with the natural carelessness of her race, all was forgotten again in a short time, and she reached the house singing, to go straight to the window of Aube's room, call her by name, and laughing merrily she thrust in the bunch of flowers, kissed the little white hand which took them, and then went into the front room behind the verandah, where, in the dim light, she saw her mistress hastily put away a handkerchief, and on going closer with her basket, which she now held under her arm, she said, sharply:

"What missus cry about?" the sight of Nousie's red eyes completely chasing away all thought of her late encounter. "Oh, I don't know," said Nousie, sadly.

'I'm not happy, Cherub." "Nousie ought to be happy then," cried

the woman. "Got lots of money, big house, and beauty once again." "But she is not happy." cried Nousie,

passionately. "Oh, Cherub. it is killing me to see her look so quiet and sad." "Ah, nonsense!" cried Cherubine, sharply. "She laughed just now when I

took her flowers.

"Laughed?" cried Nousie, eagerly. Then with a sigh, "She only tries to smile when I take her anything.'

She looked wistfully at her faithful old servant, for the revelation was coming fast with all its painful enlightenment, and the making clear to her of complications of which she had never dreamed.

Cherubine looked at her wonderingly, for she could not comprehend her mistress's could not love that man. His mother trouble, and setting it down to one of her old fits of sadness, such as had often come to her since the terrible day when she had seen her husband shot down before her eyes, the woman took her basket into the house as horses' hoofs were heard, a shadow was cast across the verandah, and Saintone dismounted, threw the bridle across a

hook, and entered the place. Nousie looked at him sharply, as at a

came up to her with so smiling and friendly at me before you send me with such a Aube's heart beat loyally and warmly message as that.'

so happy as we are?"

"But you are not happy, Aube."

I do love you with all my heart."

"Aube-my darling!"

come between us now."

since they parted.

her myself.'

"Stop, sir!"

Then after a pause-

you wish is impossible.'

come between us now."

the group before him.

beneath his breath-

"Who is this?"

sharply.

sometimes when you look troubled, and as

if you were not content with me. Mother,

She clasped her passionately to her

heart, and Aube drew her face closer to

"Yes; love me always like that, mother,"

ing from a dream, Nousie slowly drew her-

self away. There was a look of pride and

peace in her eyes; her face too seemed al-

most beautiful once more, illumined as it

was by her mother love, and as she reached

the door, she turned, ran back, and kissed

her child again before hurrying out to

and proud looking, and as if some sudden

change had taken place in the brief time

and your mother to leave us in peace."

terposed—at bay now to spare her child.

But her manner changed, and it seemed

"You shall have it from her own lips."

She went through the door, leaving him

pacing the room, and in a minute she came

ing, timid girl, but calm and self-possessed,

and looking more beautiful in his eyes than

Aube gravely, "the words my mother said.

Aube uttered a wild cry, while Saintone's

CHAPTER XVI.—A RIVAL.

Everything was dark and strange to Paul

Lowther, coming in as he did from the

glaring tropic sunshine, but he rushed for-

ward excitedly at Aube's cry, and dimly

made out a figure in white, whose hands

were eagerly stretched out to him, and,

obeying the natural instinct of the moment,

ing and confused, as Nousie looked wildly

on, and a loud, angry ejaculation came

from Saintone, which made Paul turn upon

But this glance at the stranges was only

"I could hardly find you," he said, "I

"Mr. Lowther!" faltered Aube, as she

"Can you ask that?" he said. Then,

with his eyes wondering once more about

the place, "But my dearest girl, why are

you here? This gentleman-will you in-

As the words left his lips Saintone could

contain himself no longer. Half maddened

before by Aube's firm refusal, the sight of

this stranger who had been so warmly wel-

comed roused him to a pitch of fury, and

"My triend, Mr. Paul Lowther, sir,"

said a sharp voice from one who had come

forward unheeded, "and my name is Dur-

ham-Englishmen-at your service. Who

ishment, but turned back directly to Paul,

Saintone glared at the speaker in aston-

"I beg pardon if I have come uncere-

Mademoiselle Dulau, in heaven's

moniously, but I thought this was a caba-

name, why do I find you in a place like

Aube's lips parted, but her emotion

checked her utterance, and she crept to

"Aube! Who is this man?"

who changed color, as he said:

gazed at him wildly. "Why are you

have only just landed from the packet."

momentary, and he turned again to Aube,

he clasped that figure in his arms.

him, seeing more distinctly now.

still retained.

troduce me?"

he raged forth-

"Aube, my darling!" he cried.

he turned upon her fiercely.

"It is not true," he said.

He stared as she came toward him, erect

"Ah," he cried, joyously, "She will

where Saintone was impatiently waiting.

a look that she was disarmed. "What a morning!" he said cheerily: "and how well you look, Madame Dulau." She winced, for his words and tones brought back compliments paid her by her

husband's friend. He noticed her manner and became serious directly, as he said in a half-reproach-

"I thought that when a man joined you,

he found help and triendship, but you always look at me as if I were an enemy." "Ah, no," said Nousie, forcing a smile, "you are mistaken. What do you want me to do? You can help yourself now

"Don't play with me, Nousie," he said, leaning over the counter and catching her hand, which she tried to snatch away, but he retained. "You know why I came. You must see that my mother approves of it, and though I am not good enough for her, still I would indeed be to her the best of husbands, and it would be for her good. There, I am very poor at this sort of thing, but you know I love her, and I

She looked at him wildly, for his prayer to her seemed horrible, bringing back as it did the past, and she shook her head.

ask you humbly now for your help.

"Oh, come," he said, "you say no because you think of that Voudoux business. I tell you frankly I got you to take me up that I might join them solely to help me in my election. You must not think about that. And yet," he said, with peculiar look, "I might say to you, do think about it, for I want your help.

"No," she cried hastily, "I am not one of them. I am their friend, and I help them and they trust me, but I do not be-

"They think you do, and treat you as one of them," said Saintone, drily; "but I am going to put pressure on you in that way, Nousie-Madame Dulau, if you like -I believe my father and your husband were friends once.'

"Oh!" she exclaimed wildly. "Ah, yes; I've heard they became enemies, but what of that. They would have made it up again, so what is that to us. Let me speak plainly. I love Mademoiselle Dulau. My mother has tried again and again to make us all friends, but without avail. Now I have come myself; first of all as her messenger, to ask if she may send the carriage for mademoiselle this after-

"She would not come," said Nousie,

"You have not asked her. I am not going to press my suit. I'll be as patient as you like, but let her come. The packet came in the morning and we are to have the captain and a few friends. It would be her dark eyes. "You tell him I'm not cheerful and pleasant for her, and she would meet some of our best people. You

Nousie's hand contracted, and she shook

"Ah, but you are hard," he cried. "You hand are jealous of me. You think I am going to take her from you, but listen, Nousie: she is the dearest, sweetest lady I ever saw. Are you going to keep her amongst | Madame Saintone for her kindness, that I these blacks, and condemn her to such a

She gave him an agonised look, for he had struck the chord which thrilled through | sible. her; and as she stood there suffering she felt that his words were right, and, growing weaker beneath the pressure put upon her, she withdrew her hand to stand with

brow knit thinking: Ought she not to forget the past and accept her fate? She knew now that by her own act she had raised Aube far above her, and with her heart bleeding in its agony she acknowledged that she was dragging her child down.

"You do not speak," said Saintone. "I was thinking," she replied, dreamily. 'You say Madame Saintone sent you."

"Yes," he cried eagerly. "I will ask her."

"No, no, let me ask her; let me plead to her," cried Saintone, fearing to lose the slight hold he had gained.

"No; I will ask her myself. You need not fear," she added with a sad smile. "She shall go if she likes. I will be fair." She left the buffet, and went thoughtfully into Aube's room, the place that was sacred to her, and pressing her lips together and trying hard to force down the agony within her, she closed the door be-

Aube had started to her feet and was

looking pale and strange. "He has come again, my dearest," said Nousie, softly. "He says he loves you, and Madame Saintone asks if she may send the carriage for you this afternoon. What shall

"That I will not go," said Aube, firmly. "Stop," said Nousie now, fighting down her exultation, as she struggled as she told herself that her child might be happy. "He said to me what I have just begun to think, that I had made you a lady, and asked me if I was going to keep you down to such a home as this, here among these wretched people. Aube darling, I feel as if I could not lose you, but would it not be best for

you to go amongst these people?"
"No," said Aube firmly. "I will not leave you-I will not go.' Nousie's fingers worked, and her lips

trembled, but she mastered herself "You must think of what you are saying, my child. His mother wishes you to go-she would love you for her son's sake. He asks for you to be his wife."

"Mother!" "Listen, my child; he will make you rich -a lady-the best people in the place who mock at me will welcome you, and as his wife-if you could love him-

Mother !" said Aube, "are you going to be cruel to me now? "I, my darling?" she cried, catching Aube to her breast, "who would die for

"Then why do you talk like this? You do not wish it ?" "I wish to make you happy, dearest,

still, and after an effort.

and to try and mend my poor mistake." Nousie's side, catching at her arm for sup-"Mistake? What are you saying. I port. "Oh, I beg pardon," cried Paul hastily, frightens me. She seems false and strange as he struggled with the undefined apprehension which attacked him. "You live to me, and her daughter hates me in her somewhere near. You will take me to heart. You wish me to leave you and go Madame Dulau." He bowed slightly to amongst those people. No, no: send me back to the peaceful old convent once Nousie, whose eyes were fixed upon him angrily. "And this lady," he said, again." Nousie started, but controlled herself

There was a pause, during which Aube's lips struggled for utterance, and Nousie "What am I to say then to this man?" "That it is impossible. That I cannot stood motionless and listening as a prisoner awaits the death sentence from his judge. "Is this from your heart, Aube? Look

then. She had chosen her path, and, martyr-like, she was prepared to pace it to "Look at you?" said Aube, tenderly, as the end, but no words would come. She she soltly threw her arms about her mother's neck. Do you think I do not glanced at Nousie, and saw that she was white and trembling. She could see Paul's consider all that you have done. Mother, colour coming and going, but the agitation dearest, your letter rests here upon my of neither broke the spell which bound heart. I look at that sometimes, and her, and her eyes wandered to Saintone, kneel down and pray that I may learn to who was gazing at her fixedly, with a sneering laugh faintly appearing about his repay you for all your suffering in the past. What are these people to us that they sne should try to come between when we are lip.

That aroused her just as Paul said again rather sternly :-

"Is it your servant? Am I wrong in "I try to be," she said, with the tears flooding her eyes, "but you make me sad

asking what I did? "No," said Aube simply, as she passed her arm round Nousie's waist. "Mr. Lowther, that is my dear mother, Madame Dulau. Mamma," she continued, quietly, "this is Mr. Paul Lowther; dear Lucie's brother; and his friend.

She held out her hand to Bart., who drew a long breath after watching her

she whispered, "I am happy now. Tell this "You brave little darling," he said to man to go and trouble us no more. We himself, as he took her hand, and then have been parted so long, and I have come aloud, "I bring you dear Lucie's love. My back again. Mother, dearest, nobody must dear Miss Dulau, I am glad to see you again. Madame Dulau, I am afraid we They stood locked in each other's arms, have taken you by surprise." heart beating against heart, till, as if wak-

He held out his hand now to Nousie, who drew a long breath too, and caught it eagerly, and held it for a few moments smiling pleasantly in a face whose frank honesty impressed her. "Yes," she said quietly; "it was a great

surprise to us both. Lucie's brother and his friend? You are very welcome to my considered. poor home.' Paul seemed dumbfounded, but at last,

evidently suffering painfully, he held out his hand to Nousie, conscious that under her mask of calmness, Aube was suffering agony, and watching her, wondering what she would say or do.

"No, Monsieur Saintoine," said Nousie Nousie's brow wrinkled, and her face firmly. "My child refuses, and asks you puckered a little with a deprecating smile as she looked at the extended hand, but A look of rage convulsed his face, and she did not take it. It was not from malice, but Paul's words had cut deeply, and she could not help saying with a slight shrug of the shoulders been setting her against me. I'll speak to He made for the door, but Nousie in-

"You wish to shake hands with me?" "Yes," stammered Paul. "With Aube's mother. I beg your pardon, I did not

to Saintone no longer Nousie, the keeper "No," she said simply: "how could of the cabaret, but Madame Dulau, wife of you? I am not a lady. Only the keeper his father's old friend, who said firmly, and of this poor place." with a dignity of mien which startled

She laid her hand in his for a moment, and as his own was once more free, Paul looked confusedly from one to the other. His eye lit last upon Saintone, who stood watching them savagely, and as the young men's gaze encountered. Paul's confusion

passed away, for instinctively he knew that back, leading Aube, no longer the shrinkhe was face to face with a rival. "Will you come in, gentlemen?" said Nousie, quietly. "Madamoislle Lucie's friends are very welcome here. Aube, "Ah, Mademoiselle Aube," he cried, as he stepped forward and tried to take her dear, show the way. Monsieur Saintone,' she continued, "I will not ask you to join

us, after what has passed. "You wished to hear from me," said "I understand," said Saintone, speaking to Nousie, but with his eyes fixed on Paul Let me then say, monsieur, that I thank in an insolent-looking stare. "I'm going cannot accept her invitations, and that all now, Nousie, but I shall come again.

He nodded at Aube, who looked at him calmly, and walked towards the door, but "No!" he cried, hotly, "it is not imposturned back directly.

"Ah," he said, "I really forgot. Did I "Impossible," repeated Aube, and she have anything to drink." turned from him to whisper, as she clung As he spoke he threw a coin on the to her mother's arm, "No one must ever front of the buffet.

And the door was darkened as a man calmly, and she took up and held out the appeared dark against the sunshine which hindered him for a moment from seeing "Keep it," he said, contemptuously, and the blood flushed in Aube's cheeks at his "Is this Madame Dulau's?" he said manner towards his mother. Then in a

whisper Saintone continued, "Send those men away while their lives are safe." eyes half closed, and his lips tightened, as Nousie looked up at him sharply, and he he looked from one to the other, saying returned the look as if there were a peculiar and well understood import to all

> "I am one of you now," he continued in the same tone, "and I am not going to be

cast aside like this."

CHAPTER XVII.—FOLLOWED! Back in the evening, through the dark shadows of the great leaves, where great moths flitted over the cloying scented flowers, and the fire-flies scintillated among the bushes as if there had been a shower of tiny

She shrank from Paul's embrace trembl-"It's maddening, I tell you, maddening?" cried Paul, hoarsely.

"O, I don't know," replied Bart. "Rather warm though here. Paul, old chap, if we stop here long I shall take to collecting. Look at that moth. Why, he's big looking wonderingly at Nousie, then at the place, and back at Aube, whose hand he "Are you listening to what I say?" cried

Paul angrily. "My poor darling! It is horrible. The woman deserves—" "What woman? That black servant?"

"No, man, no; the mother." "Oh, come, I say, don't speak like that of our kind hostess. "But to send for that poor girl home

from such a life as hers to a common pothouse frequented by a pack of nig-"I'm afraid this delicious night air is

exciting you, Paul, old man. It isn't a low pothouse, but a pleasant roadside auberge or cabaret, kept by a very sweet pleasant woman.' "Bart, you're mad."

"Not quite, old fellow: but you are getting on. Now be reasonable, and put the case fairly. Here's a nice sweet creature left a widow; she has a dear little child-a girl-and she says to herself, 'This place is not good enough, I'll send my darling to Paris to be well taught and brought up. Never mind the expense.' Well, she does this, and at last thinks-small blame to her-that she should like to have her daughter back, and she sends for her. Here's the history in a nutshell-a cherrystone if you like.

"But, Bart, my darling Aube. Man, man, would you like to see Lucie there?" "Honestly, no. But if fate had placed her there, she would be Lucie still, and I should not howl about it."

"You'd be mad as I am." "Not I, dear boy-not half. I know what I should do."

(To be continued.)

An old bachelor wants to know if you ever sat down to tea, when skimmed milk was on the table, without being asked, 'Do you take cream?"

lips struggled for utterance, and Nousie stood motionless and listening as a prisoner awaits the death sentence from his judge.

It was from no shrinking at her task, for It has given me a new set of lungs."—Advt.



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 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

There is an increase in the number of correct answers to the history questions this week, although a large number failed to answer all the questions correctly. The successful competitor is Miss Edna G. Powers, 39 Acadia street. Correct answers were also received from Miss Agnes Blizard, 30 Orange struct. city; "Persephone," city; Jessie Lawson, Carleton; Clara Dibblee, 116 Broad street, city; K. H. Travis, Hampton; J. McArthur, 79 Princess street; "Ecoliere," Fredericton; Fannie Roden, Paradise Row; Dorothy Nicholson, Mecklenburg street; M. B. Clewley, St. Stephen; Zurpee E. Brown, 69 Queen street.

Answers to History Questions, No. 13. 1. Who was Tecumseh, and at what crisis in Canada's history did he become noted?

Ans. A Shawnee chief in the war of 1812-1813. 2. What was the name of the British general who commanded in the battle where Tecumseh was slain, and where was that battle fought? Ans. Gen. Proctor; near Moravia village on the

3. What remarkable incident occurred at the Falls of Niagara in December of 1837, the year of the Ans. A party of upper Canadian militia seized

and set on fire the American steamer Caroline, al-4. Name the companies and the dates of the royal

charters granted them, to whom was ceded the ter-ritory claimed by France in Canada? Ans. The territory of France in Canada was ceded, first to the "New Company of the Hundred Associates," 1627; second, to the West India com-

HISTORY QUESTION COMPETITION No. 15.

1. At what place and in what year was William Shakespeare born? "No, Monsieur Saintone," said Nousie, 2. At the time of the Norman conquest, what was the chief city in England?

> 3. In what year was Eddystone lighthouse swept away? 4. In what year was the union of England and Scotland into one kingdom by the

THE CONDOR OF THE ANDES. Some of the Characteristics of the Largest

name of Great Britain brought about?

Bird that Flics. Up among the cold white peaks of the Andes, higher than human foot has had the daring to tread, is sometimes seen a dark speck, slowly circling in the clear air. The speck gradually descends, and we see it is the largest bird of the air, the condor. Its flight is swifter than the eagle's. Nothing but the distance could have made the condor of the Andes seem small and slow of

Swiftly descending, strong, cruel, hungry, he fastens his horrid eye upon some luckless lamb or kid. Rarely is it able to escape or hide from its enemy; successful resistence is impossible. The condor cannot carry off its prey in its talons like the eagle, for it has not the eagle's power to grasp, and the sharpness of its claws is in time worn off on the hard rocks which are its home; so, standing upon the struggling animal with one foot, the condor kills the poor thing with his powerful beak and his other foot.

Like many other greedy creatures, the condor after his dinner becomes incapable of flight, and it is only then he can be approached with safety, but even now the hunter must be cautious and strong. A Chilean miner, who was celebrated for his great physical strength, once thought that without weapons he could capture a condor which seemed unusually stupid after its heavy meal. The man put forth all his strength, and the engagement was long and desperate, till at last the poor miner was glad to escape with his life. Exhausted, torn and bleeding, he managed to carry off a few feathers as trophies of the hardest battle he had ever fought. He thought that he had left the bird mortally wounded. The other miners went in search of the body, but instead, found the bird alive and erect, flapping its wings for hight.

If the condor does not reach an untimely end by violence it is, according to all accounts, very long-lived. The Indians of the Andes believe that he lives for a hun-

The condors' homes seem just suited for birds so ugly and fierce. They build no nest, but the female selects some hollow in the barren rock that shall be large enough to shelter her from the strong winds while she is hatching her eggs. Here, in the midst of a dreadful desolation, the ugly little condors begin their cries for food, and after they are six weeks old begin attempting to use their wings. The parents manifest the only good trait they possess in their care for their young, feeding and training them to fly, so that in a few months they are able to hunt for themselves after the grim fashion of their elders.

-May St. Nicholas. Enamelline imparts a delightful fragrance to the