A GOLDEN DREAM. By G. Manville Fenn,

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CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"Yes; what? Don't talk so slowly." "Marry her, and get her away as soon as I could.

"Of course, yes. She must be got away at once. There was that black-looking fellow there too. It's of no use for you to contradict me: he's in love with her, and as jealous of me as can be.'

"I'm not going to contradrict you. I should say he is that way. Well, no blame to him. Any fellow would fall in love with her. I should if there was no Lucie in the world."

"She must be got away at once, and as for that half-nigger tellow, he had better mind."

"So had you," said Bart.

"But if that man goes to the house I shall shoot him."

"Mind he don't have the first pop at you, old man. Recollect that the nigger is lord paramount here; be ruled by me, and don't do anything rash. If you get showing fight our lives will not be worth an hour's purchase."

"But look here-"

"I do, old fellow. I'm assured heavily in a good office with leave to travel, and the officials were so kind and friendly that I wouldn't for the world behave badly to them."

"What do you mean ?"

"Get killed and have my heirs, executors, administrators and assigns come upon them so soon.'

"Now, my dear Bart, is this a time for your beggarly attempts at wit ?"

"Best I've got in stock, old fellow. But come, be reasonable. It's hard, I know, to find that the lady we had stamped a lady is not a lady after all. But she's a precious, nice, sweet woman, wonderfully proud of her child, and that black Cherub worships her, and so do the niggers all about.

and a quiet think. You are, of course, upset by all this, and not in a position to with Paul, and she had asked herself judge calmly. Tomorrow we shall see things in a very different light."

As Bart spoke he glanced behind him once or twice, trying to pierce the dark-

"I suppose you are right," said Paul, fered now. sighing : "but I shall never rest till I have her away from that wretched place."

Bart paused, took out his cigar case, and offered it to Paul.

"No, thanks. I can't smoke." "Yes, take one," said Bart, in a low voice; "and as we are lighting up give a ing to notice anything."

in to grasp the window sill. The noise which tollowed was undoubtedly caused by a foot seeking for a resting place; and as this rustling ceased, something dark and round slowly eclipsed a star laid down on the horizon and he dimly made out the

contour of a head. Paul's hand stole beneath his pillow, where he had intended to place his revolver, but he remembered now that with his thoughts on Aube, he had forgotten it, and

it lay on the table. stand with her hands extended over her Without a moment's hesitation he sprang child's head as if longing to rest them out of bed and seized it, making directly there, but not caring to disturb her, and after for the window, but on reaching it all she stood in this attitude for some minwas perfectly still below; and though he utes, even her lips pouting as she bent forpeered out into the garden, and tried to ward with the gesture of kissing the glossy distinguish the paths and shrubs, all was black there; and at last contenting himhead so near. selt with closing the window, he was about to return to his couch when Bart last.

spoke. "What's the matter ?" he said.

Paul told him.

"Shouldn't wonder, old man," said Bart. "We've dropped into a nice place; but we can prove it as soon as it's light." hair. It was nearly morning when Paul fell asleep, and not much after sunrise when he started into wakefulness, to find the win-

dow open and Bart peering out. "Hallow! Awake?" said the latter. "I say, you were right. Someone climbed up here last night. The creeper's torn just below, and there are the marks of two wide-toed feet on the soft earth."

"What do you think it means ?" "Don't know. Pilfering, perhaps. I hope it does not mean the knife. Say, old chap, I'd have practised for this at a pistol gallery if I had known."

CHAPTER XVIII.-Nousie's Struggle.

That night was the bitterest of all to Aube. Her heart had been full of regrets for the past, she had felt a cruel pang at "How do you know ?" "She told me. There, let's have a cigar Lucie, and the color had mounted to her cheeks as she had recalled her last meeting whether she loved him, as she knew he must love her. But she had shrunk from this inquisition, not daring to look into her heart of hearts lest she should find the truth and suffer more bitterly than she suf-

By a strong effort of will she had again that day to thrust the past further away from her, to forget all in her new career, and strive to be the loving daughter for whom Nousie had looked so long. Saintone had come there, and had that interview with her mother, in which with its good look round without moving or seem- warm glow reflected to her own she had seen her mother's love to her expand, she "What do you mean?" said Paul, tak- had realized her self-denial and willingness to sacrifice herself that her child might rise to a different grade; and in those moments she had felt that it would be easy to return her love as a devoted daughter, and that happiness was not imposoible even there. Then Saintone had received his rebuff, and in spite of the pain and excitement of the scene, Aube had felt her heart glow and a new light breaking in upon her life when the clouds had once more gathered round her. Paul had come, and she had seen the hope and love which beamed in her mother's eyes darken in despair. Paul, the man she knew now that she loved, the man who had followed her even there, had looked with horror upon her home and black face. We're being watched, old treated her long-suffering mother with bit-How that evening passed she could not tell. Paul and his friend had been there Nothing more occurred till they reached | all that time, and they had gone at last, after Paul had said words to her which she could not recall; leaving her, as it were, stunned by her position, and Nousie gazing at her from time to time with a mournful, despairing look in her eyes which cut her to the heart. But she could not speak, she could not even try to comfort her, and with her breast overburdened with the chained-up loving words she longed to speak, their parting that night was constrained and cold Cherubine had gone also to her room, and the place was silent as Nousie stole into the nest she had prepared with such loving hands for her child. A bitter resentment filled her heart, and she looked angrily round in the darkness. But this passed away, and was succeeded by a painful sadness which she did nothing to combat, and she slowly and silently crept from side to side, till getting into an easier about the room with her tears falling fast, to lay her hand softly and lovingly upon the book Aube had been reading, upon her work, which she raised and kissed, and then upon the keys of the piano, one of which gave out a low faint note.

firmness and decision in her next move- me, and that cry told me that I must livements, as she went to the door, but paused for you, dearest." with her hand resting on the side.

"Mother !" sighed Aube ; and her lips "Like his father," she said. "He might were pressed upon the trembling woman's "Ah," she ejaculated, with her lips "And I lived-for you. Aube, my apart. Then with a sigh of relief, "Perdarling, I see all now so plainly; but love

me as I love you, my own-my own." "Mother !" whispered Aube, and her

voice thrilled her to whom she clung. "It was to make you happy that I sent you away; and all through those years I waited, wondering whether I could live the time through till you came back to methose years-those long, weary years. Yes, I know," she continued with energy, and a faint light illumined her sad face, as | "I am not worthy of you, for I have grown coarse and common; I, darling, who was once nearly as beautiful as you, and he loved me-your father, who gave you life. But I never thought of that how plain I grew-for I worked and worked to get money-for you, dearest-to make you what you are. And-Aube, my child, you will stay ?"

"Mother, I will never leave you."

"Hah !" cried Nousie, hysterically, "and you will stay. Aube, my child, I can work tor you, and I will try so hard to make you happy. That woman, Madame Saintone, and her daughter, with ther scorn and pity. interruption, and flung her arms about They shall envy you-you, my child. And you will stay ?

"Give me your dear love," said Aube, softly, "and help me to forget the past." "And you will be happy then ?"

"And I shall be happy then," whispered Aube. "Mother, dearest, I am happy now.

that couch locked in each other's arms, the bright sun filling the room at last as if with Bart laid his hand upon his friend's arm. her words as she raised her face and gazed hope and strength, in answer to Aube's tenderly in her eyes-"so hard to bear," prayer.

> CHAPTER XIX .- "OF MY OWN FREE WILL.

Aube was sleeping peacefully a little later on, and Nousie stole away with a look of pride and content upon her countenance, till she heard voices outside, and looking out, saw Cherubine in eager conversation with a couple of blacks living near. There talk was very earnest, and Nousie

trembled slightly, but she drew herself up and waited till the woman entered.

"What is it ?" she asked. The answer she received made her change color and glance toward Aube's room. "Don't let them, mistress," whispered

Cherubine with her face looking leaden more than black, and she burst into tears.

"Are you sure?" said Nousie. "Yes; they are waiting for them."

"And followed them home?"

"Yes, mistress, but don't let them, pray, pray."

"Hush, hush !" whispered Nousie. "Don't speak—don't look. I shall do something to stop it. It shall not be done," she added energetically.

Cherubine's face assumed its wonted aspect directly, and Nousie stood thinking for a few moments wondering how it would

She had formed no plans when Aube

came down a couple of hours later to find

Saintone's threat seemed to ring in her

ears, and she knew that he had an in-

fluence to back him which was not his a

Nousie took it and read it hastily, her

"Remember what I said. She must

"Mother, dearest," cried Aube, "why

She stopped after speaking in a hesitat-

"It might be right to be friendly with

Aube was startled by this change of

whose lips parted to falter forth some ex-

"Perhaps what, dear ?"

to Nousie.

The words were:

sister's friend. She could not be so cruel to one who loves her as I do. Well, if it is to be like this, I shall stay somewhere near to watch over her and wait." "No," cried Nousie, excitedly, "you"

must not stay. Go back! Leave this place. Your life is not safe."

"I can protect myself," said Paul, scorn-fully. "I am not afraid, and I can and will protect your child. An unfair influence has been brought to bear upon her. I cannot, I will not believe those words are from her heart."

"Tell him, mother," said Aube, faintly; "it is true, and that I implore him to leave us in peace.'

"Never," cried Paul. "You do not know me. Aube, I will stay in spite of everything and win you yet. You foolish girl," he continued, "you think because I find you in a home like this you ought to resign me. It is the greater reason why we should be one."

Aube shook her head.

"I know you better," he said, half laughingly. "Then, Madame Dulau, we will not take this seriously. I am refused, but if it is a hundred times I shall come again other better than I hope and believe she loves me."

"No, no," cried Nousie; "for Aube's sake, for mine, you must go back. I tell, you," she whispered, "your life is not safe if you stay."

"I am not to be frightened away," said Paul, coldly. "It would take far more than a threat of injury to send me backalone," he added with a meaning look at The hours glided by as they sat upon Aube; and then he flushed and bit his lip for there were horse's paces outside, and "Steady," he whispered; be cool. Recollect where we are.

"Cool man; who is to be cool?" whispered back Paul, as Saintone entered, carelessly glanced at them and then passed them, going over to Aube, smiling at her as if they were her most intimate friends. and then to Nousie.

"You had my mother's note," he said. "I know you will make no excuse this time. Mademoiselle Dulau, the carriage is coming along the road, and I am to be your escort back."

"If I say no," thought Nousie, with an excited look from one to the other, "I should not have time, and it would kill her too. If I say yes, I may have time."

"Keeping me in suspense," said Saintone, merrily. "Well, how long will Mademoiselle be?"

"I will ask her," said Nousie, striving hard to be calm; and Paul saw, to his rage and agony, that a meaning look passed between them.

"Aube, my child, will you trust me, and do what I ask." whispered Nousie. Aube's eyes said "Yes."

"Go to Madame Saintone's today; for

my sake.' "Go?" said Aube, with her eyes dilat-

"I repeat it-for my sake."



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 PROGRESSoffice. The rules and conditions that -always till I know that Aube loves an- govern the Bible Question Competition will also regulate this. Answers will be received until the Saturday following, Silication, 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 first correct answers to history questions number 14 were received from Miss Lena M. Murray, 20 Orange street. Although a very large number of answers were received only eight competitors

all the questions correctly answered. The successful ones were : Lena M. Murray, 20. Orange street; Nichilson Johnstone, 14 Elliot row; Miss Florrie Rainnie, 58 Sewell street; Bertie Hegan, 13 Wright street; Jessie I. Lawson, Duke street, Carleton; "Violet," 84 Germain street; Bertie Curran, Buctouche; Edna G. Powers. Acadia street.

Answers to History Questions, No. 14.

1. In whose reign was the battle of the Nile fought and who was the English general? Ans. In the reign of George III., Nelson being

the English general? 2. Who were the leading statesmen after the Am-

erican war? Ans. Charles James Fox and William Pitt.

3. Explain what is meant by the Septennial Act, and in whose reign was it passed?

Ans. The Septennial Act was a law passed which lengthened the term of parliament to seven years ... In the reign of George 1, 1715.

4. In what century did the Gothic style of archiecture arise Ans. In the last year of the twelfth century.

HISTORY QUESTION COMPETITION

with a passionate burst of sobbing she buried her face in her mother's breast. Nousie caressed her gently for a few

minutes, and then said softly :-"Well-he loves you-and he has come to take you back.'

She uttered a low sigh, which seemed torn in agony from her heart, and then said gently :-

kill him or-the Voudoux-

see you once again."

haps I am as strong there as he. Yes, she

loves him. Back to the other land, and then-and then-George, dearest, I am

weary now; take me to you. I want to

listened by that which had been prepared

with loving care for Aube; and after a lit-

tle hesitation she opened the door silently,

at a glance she saw that the bed was un-

tenanted, and that Aube was kneeling by

a chair with her face buried in her hands.

Nousie crept in silently till she could

"Asleep, dearest?" she whispered at

Aube sprang to her feet startled by the

Nousie's neck, nestling on her breast as if

"Not in bed, dear?" said Nousie,

softly stroking back the girl's dishevelled

"Yes, mother, for strength. The path

"So hard to bear," said Nousie, echoing

she said again. "And you love him,

Aube-you love him, Lucie's brother, who

"Yes, said Nousie, softly. "You love

Aube looked at her wildly, and then

to find rest and protection there.

"No, I could not sleep." "Praying ?" said Nousie, softly.

has followed you across the sea?"

"He told me he loved me."

"Mother !" cried Aube.

him and he loves you."

"And you?"

is so hard to bear."

She crept to her room, but turned and

"I am rich, dearest, and it is Fate. He shall take you back. You will be happy, and I can go on and wait."

Aube raised her face. and shook back her long loose hair as, with dilating eyes, she gazed in her mother's face, and for a few moments there was silence. "Go !" faltered Aube at last, "back to

Paris-leave you ?"

"Yes, dearest-he loves you-you

promised him your love once there ?"

"No, no, no !" cried Aube wildly.

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ing a cigar. "We shall have to try the native weeds," said Bart; "these are nearly the last. Ready for a light? Now then.

He struck a match and held it up to his friend's cigar; then struck another to hold to his own.

"Fancy-being tollowed-heard a rustle -at the side," he said, in the intervals of puffing. "Be cool. Are you alight ?" "Yes."

"Then come along."

"See anything?" he continued, after a

few moments. "I thought I saw the gleam of something bright."

"Nigger's eyes," said Bart. "I saw a man. Let's get home to shelter. Don't | ter, cruel contempt. take any notice. It may mean to see where we go.

the place where they had left their luggage, when Paul said, uneasily :

"Think that meant anything ?"

"Yes. Black shadows," replied Bart. "I don't like weapons, old feilow, but we are neither in well-policed Paris nor within call of the Bow-street bobby, so let's unpack our revolvers, and take them with us when we go out."

Paul nodded, and then relapsed into a thoughtful state.

"And I laughed at him when he proposed bringing these tools. Said a lancet would be good enough for me," mused Bart, as he unpacked his portmanteau and took out a brand new six-shooter to turn it over. "Well, if I have to fire I hope I shall not hit Paul-or myself. I don't think I could hit anyone else if I tried."

An hour later he was fast asleep, and Paul was lying thinking, tossing feverishly position, he lay watching the stars through the open window, and thinking of the events of the day.

That sweet, gentle It was horrible! girl, brought up as a lady, fresh from the seclusion of the convent, to be suddenly brought to such a home as that, and evidently persecuted by the man he had encountered there.

"I've made an enemy already," thought Paul, and he began thinking then of their walk back to the town, past houses, dotted here and there amongst umbrageous folifor anyone who chose to dog their steps. And it was not fancy, he knew, for he was convinced now, that the glance he had seen when the match was struck, was from a man's eye. Bart had seen a face, and it was evident that they had been followed. But what for?

He had just reached this point in his musings when he held his breath for there was a faint rustling sound beneath the window.

It ceased directly, and Paul breathed freely again, attributing the sound to some love. So easy !" nocturnal animal-a rat perhaps. Then he thought of the position of the house

into a brown pulp. "Those black tellows seem to be watching us, the consul says we your father from me, they had killed him good-bye for ever-now, at once, and go." coursed on the characteristics of women : hand grasping and shaking a stem of the how her help was needed for her protec-"Who were the last at the cross? before my eyes, and I was dying, too. I She kept her eyes fixed upon her mother, tree trained all over the house. tion. must be cautious, and that's just what we Ladies. Who were the first at the sepul-"Not yet. George," she said, at last, in tried hard to die that I might go to him; and there was not a tremor in her voice as The sound ceased again, but he lay lisare not, for it must come to a row between chre? Ladies." tening, to be quite startled, for the noise a low, sweet voice. "Not yet. Yes, she and Cherubine, as I was gliding fast away she spoke. Paul and that fellow Saintone, who is cer-But even he was outdone by the exquiscame again accompanied by a faint breath- shall go with him-for she loves him-back into the silent land, came and laid you in Nousie did not speak, but turned to tainly making headway with the mother and ite divine who, as he concluded marrying a ing, and, as he lay on his side watching to the other land. It will only be another my arms. The touch made me start, and Paul, whose face was set and hard. poor old Paul knows it. couple, said gallantly : "There is no need to repeat the words, the window, something darker than the darkness appeared in the opening, and he knew that a hand and arm had been passed your little hands caught at me and played parting, as I sent her once before. And To be concluded. about my face, and your tiny lips kissed madame," he said, "for I will not take "I now pronounce you husband and then-She drew a long breath, and there was my cheek, and then you uttered a cry to them as being the true utterances of my Enamelline cannot be excelled as as Toilet Article. | lady.'

"My darling! My own husband's very own !" she sighed as she stood at last with her hands pressed to her brow. Then sinking on her knees and closing her hands she uttered a low wail.

"George, dearest," she cried in a low painful voice; "she loves him and he loves her, there is no room in her breast for me. age, which offered plenty of concealment I have done all you wished, and the world is empty to me now. Take me to you, darling, and let me die."

There was silence hand in hand with the darkness now in the little room, and misery and despair seemed to combine to crush the wretched woman down.

"It would be so easy," she said, "like sleeping to wake no more, and she would be happy then. He could take her back alone. No one shall come between us with him to the other land. All I have is hers! She would soon forget me-the servant who stands between her and her

She started to her feet full of energy once more.

"But you love him, my own?"

"Mother, I do not know," cried Aube, wildly. "But go with him-leave you? call for all the influence she possessed. It is impossible. I could not go."

"Yes; you could go," said Nousie softly, and with smiling loving face, though her looking abstracted and troubled. for every word she uttered gave her an agonising pang. "It is to make you happy, dearest, and I have lived all these years alone, and worked for that."

month or two before. "Yes," cried Aube excitedly, "I did not see it at all at first. I know it now. trouble was almost forgotten in her newly-Leave your mother, knowing all this; what you have done for me-you think I would go. Have I not knelt and prayed for a letter. strength-for forgetfulness-that all this might be past. Mother, it is cruel of him. countenance changing as she found a post-Why has he come to step between us script in a man's hand whose import she grasped at once. now.

"He loves you."

"No, no," cried Aube frantically, "he cannot love me or he would love you, too, my own patient, long-suffering mother. do vou look like that? Are you ill ?" He love me and dare to speak of you as he did today! Mother, do you think my heart did not bleed for you-that I did not suffer as I saw you suffer then ?"

"Aube! My child!" panted Nousie hoarselv. today.'

"Mother, yes, I love him; but it cannot be. Leave you? I would sooner die !" "Don't-don't tempt me, Aube," whispered Nousie, as she tightened her grasp and her fingers enlaced as if to struggle perhapswith someone who was trying to tear her child away. "I will give everything, and you shall go back with him, while I stay ing way. and think of my own child, who came to me for awhile in answer to my prayer. Madame Saintone, and go there for an hour Yes, dear, you shall go back-go back or two." soon. But don't tempt me. I cannot bear it, I am so weak." front, and gazed wonderingly at her mother

"Tempt you, mother ?"

"With words like those again-those words you spoke today before he came. It is to make you happy. You shall go." Aube uttered a low, piteous sigh, and tightened her arms about her mother's neck, as for some minutes they remained clasped in a loving embrace.

Nousie broke the silence, and there was a curious excitement in her utterance as she exclaimed-

"Soon; you shall go soon, you could never be happy here. I did not know before. But I did it in my love for you, my own."

"And you did well," said Aube, tenderly, as she now lead her mother to a couch. '.It would not make me happy, dearest; it would break my heart and I should die."

"Aube," panted Nousie.

"Yes. Paul will go back and forget me. I could not love him now. It is all past. Mother, dearest, I say again all that I said today. I love you, and you now.' "Aube, my darling," cried Nousie, as with a fierce strength she dragged her child across her breast and held her tightly there as it she were a babe once more. "I cannot bear it. Don't leave me or I shall

Just then the rustling sound was re-peated, and it struck him that it was like a picturing her child's future, and realising despair, I was dying. They had taken to bid me, as dear Lucie's friend and sister, and taken to bid me, as dear Lucie's friend and sister, and taken to bid me, as dear Lucie's friend and sister, and taken to bid me, as dear Lucie's friend and sister, and taken to bid me, as dear Lucie's friend and sister, and taken to bid me, as dear Lucie's friend and sister, and taken to bid me, as dear Lucie's friend and sister, and taken to bid me, as dear Lucie's friend and sister, and taken to bid me, as dear Lucie's friend and sister, and taken to bid me, as dear Lucie's friend and sister, and taken to bid me, as dear Lucie's friend and sister, and taken to bid me, as dear Lucie's friend and sister, and taken to bid me, as dear Lucie's friend and sister, and taken to bid me, as dear Lucie's friend and sister, and taken to bid me, as dear Lucie's friend and sister, and taken to bid me, as dear Lucie's friend and sister, and taken to bid me, as dear Lucie's friend and sister, and taken to bid me, as dear Lucie's friend and sister, and taken taken to bid me, as dear Lucie's friend and sister, and taken tak

"Yes, mother," she said, slowly. "I be best to proceed to avert a danger which will go." she felt was grave, and which she saw would

She spoke aloud, and Saintone gave Paul a half-contemptuous look, and turned

"Aube," whispered Paul, going to her side, "is this of your own free will ?"

"Of my own free will, Mr. Lowther," she said, slowly, and as if speaking in her sleep. "Good-bye."

Paul stepped back, as if he had been Breakfast was hardly over, and the struck some violent blow, and before he could recover Nousie and Aube had left found happiness when a fresh complication arose in the shape of a messenger bearing the room."

CHAPTER XX.

"Pah!" ejaculated Saintone, as he drove slowly along the dark road, "a snake-a worm in my path. Kill him? Not if he keeps out of my way. If he tries to raise his head and sting me, I can crush him now under my heel. The Voudoux is a power stronger than I thought."

"Can't help it, Bart," said Paul, a morning or two later. "I must go."

"Ill? No, dear; only a little vexed. "But, my dear old tellow, you heard It is a letter from Madame Saintone, what she said. Surely you could do no begging that we will not refuse her this more. It is a sad affair, but you are helptime, and that you will go up there less. You cannot carry the lady off. Why not accept your fate and come back by his "Sketches by Boz." The writer "No. no; it is impossible," said Aube. to England? Hang me if I think our lives Then hastily, "mother, dear, you must be are worth much here; there is always some black fellow or another watch-"No, oh no; I was only thinking that ing us."

"Out of curiosity."

"No. It is something more than that. Remember what the captain said as we came out."

"Yes, I recollect. Cock and bull tales about nigger worship, fetishism, and Obeah-Vaudoux, whatever it is."

"I'm afraid it's all too true, and it's risky being here. Let's go off by the first boat.

"Would you go off by the first boat if it was Lucie in question, and you were situated as I am !

"No, I'll be somethinged if I would," cried Bart, with energy. "Of course not, old fellow. Now look

here, I will not be a tie on you, I can take care of myself. Go back and leave me to it."

"Likely," said Bart. "I mean it."

"What would Lucie say? No, my boy. I'm going to stick to you like a modern Siamese twin-that's what I'm going to do. Say you get killed, why, of course, I must die in consequence. An unpleasant Browne-Phiz-was chosen, with the relook out, but inevitable, so I'll make the sult that we know. In November, 1837, best of it."

The position was strained and Bart Durham felt that strong as he was in his knowledge of bodily ills, and ready to attack anything from a fever to a fracture, he was here helpless and obliged to allow himself to float in with the current into which his friend had plunged.

"I don't know what Lucie will say to me," he thought. "I might just as well have stopped at home, and had the pleasure of seeing her sometimes, for I am worse than useless here, only she wouldn't have seen me, and the nuns would soon have had me

"I don't know what to do," he muttered, and gentlemen created He them ;" and a Aube fixed her eyes on Nousie. she clasped her neck and nestled nearer riant creepers that would form a harbor for while their lives are safe." With me gone as he pretended to smoke in the garden of "Tell him, mother, that it is impossible; lecturer who cared more for the sweet wild creatures such as were probably abun- he might come, and she would be so helpand nearer still. that he must think of me no more, and that the house they had made their headquarters, phrases of politeness than for the plain "Yes-like that," whispered Nousie.

No. 16.

1. In what year and chiefly through whose efforts was the penny postage system adopted?

2. When and where was the first railway opened up?

3. Explain what is meant by the act of settlement?

4. Explain the Test act?

THE PICKWICK PAPERS.

How They Came to Be Written-The Appearance of Weller Increased the Sales.

The origin of "Pickwick" is a matter of history. Seymour, the artist, who was always drawing Cockney sporting plates, was commissioned by Messrs. Chapman & Hall to do a series of such sketches which were to be accompanied by letterpress. First, a Mr. Clarke, who had written "Three Courses and a Dessert," was asked to contribute this letterpress; fortunately he did not reply; then Leigh Hunt, of all people in the world, was thought of-it is not reported what he said; then Mr. Chas. Whitehead, whose reply is also unknown, and, finally, Charles Dickens himself, who had already achieved a certain reputation was to receive fifteen guineas for each number, consisting of a sheet and a half; later on he was allowed a share in the copyright.

The original Pickwick, as first designed, was a tall thin man; the figure afterwards adopted was drawn from a fat old beau of Richmond, who always dressed in drab tights and gaiters. The name of Pickwick was borrowed from a family of that name at Bath. They were proprietors of an hotel and had coaches running between London and Bath. The first number of this serial began on March the 31st, 1836. Its success was certain from the first; but when Sam Weller adpeared a run upon it began which was simply unprecedented in the history of bookselling. All the world was reading it at once, or clamoring for it. The proofs were revised and sometimes cut down by Dickens' friend John Forster. On the eve of the appearance of the second number Seymour committed struke. The illustration of the work was wan given to Mr. R. W. Buss, a painter of some name. But his drawings failed to satisfy either publisher or author. Thackeray offered to undertake the task; Leech also volunteered; finally, Halbot K. the last number of "Pickwick" was issued, the happy conclusion being celebrated by a dinner. - Saturday Review.

Women and Ladie

When Harriet Martineau visited America she asked the warden of a prison reformatory in Tennessee to show her through the woman's ward. The answer is embalmed in history:

"I am very sorry, ma'am, that I cannot accommodate you, but we have no ladies here."

A minister who was very polite changed "Aube, dearest," she said, softly, "you "No, not yet," she whispered. "What where they were staving—a large two-floored building nearly covered with luxu-did his son say ?—'send those men away, dismissed for a nuisance.' a portion of scripture to read, "Ladies are your own mistress; what shall I say?" "Leave you, no," whispered Aube, as

Nousie, "your surprise was natural." "Then let us be brief and speak out as

Nousie looked at him pityingly, and then at her child, who was deadly pale.

planation, when Aube turned crimson and then white, for Paul's voice was heard inquiring for Madame Dulau, and directly after he and Bart were shown in. Paul's first movement was toward Aube

she

with extended hands, but she shrank from him as if mistrusting her own powers, and giving her a reproachful look, Paul turned

"Madame Dulau," he said quietly. "I owe you an apology for my behavior vesterday. Believe me I was so overcome by surprise that I hardly knew what I said. You forgive me?"

"I have nothing to forgive," replied

a man should under these circumstances. Madame Dulau, your daughter has been my sister's friend and companion for

years." "I know." "And almost from a boy, though I rarely saw her, I grew up to love your child. O the proof of that love for her, which knows well, I need say nothing more than

that I have tollowed her across the sea to ask your consent to our marriage. Give it to me; it is for her happiness and mine."