## PROGRESS, SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1891.

A GOLDEN DREAM.

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CHAPTER V-(Continued.) Saintone stared at her, so sudden had

been the change.

"Nonsense!" he said ; "but what do you know about my father?'

"That he was shot-perhaps in trying to do what his son wishes.

"Look here," began Saintone, angrily. "There are people outside, and they have

big ears," said the woman quietly. 'Yes, I know. Well then, I'll be frank with you."

"Better so."

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"I do want to try and take some position among my people.

"And stand up on the shoulders of the blacks? Well, they are very hard."

"You take an unfair view of the matter, Mahme My father was a brave man, and one of the great patriots of the coun-

try." The woman half closed her eyes, and nodded her head slowly.

"And I, his son, wish to tread in his steps."

"Ah !" said the woman, wrinkling her brow, and gazing at him strangely.

"I shall join the Vaudoux, and study the | dandy !" position and wants of the black race, fight for them in fact."

"And go to their feasts and drink yo ur self drunk, and join in all their strange wrong? revels ?"

"Mahme, I am a gentleman, the son of a gentleman," said the young man proudly. the letter handed to him and running "I know myself. Now then, you stand through it quickly. high among your people-the black race.'

A vivid color came into the woman's face, and her eyes flashed, but she made no sign, and Saintone did not note the change in the obscurity of the long, low, shadowy room his. as he went on.

"Now, then, will you take me to one of these feasts, and let me see all ?" "No."

holding it out over the buffet counter.

"There," he said, "I told you I did not | them now." want you to do it for nothing. Take us both. and I will give you that.'

The woman shook her head and drew back.

Saintone laughed again. "Be quiet, I won't," he said, in reply to Come with me."

a whispered prayer from his companion to ''I-really old fellow, I don't think give up. Then, taking out a second piece

face wrinkling up into a look of disgust, "and it seems to me a dream." and then deliberately spat upon them. it is a terrible reality. Aube, I must speak "A curse upon this money!" she said out now. For years-since the first time hoarsely; "but I was obliged-I was

others.

me, is this all true ?"

"A dream !" he said passionately. "No.

I saw you with my sister yonder, I loved

"No, I must speak—as a man should

when his happiness is at stake. Ever since

which has always been near me, so that I

year I have felt that I must tell you of my

love, but something seemed to say, wait,

the time will come. For how could I dare

to suggest such thoughts to you in your

"How can I promise you that!" she

said, in a broken voice. "I have always

thought of you as Luce's brother, and what

"Ah !" he cried, and he would have

pressed her to his heart, but she shrank

"But, Aube, dearest, you must not-you

"What !" cried the girl, with more ani-

"You must not leave us-Luce, who has

"And my mother-her prayer to me to

"She has not thought of the danger-of

those who love you. When she knows she

will withdraw this terrible command. Aube,

eyes full of the reproach she felt as she

is dear to her has become dear to me."

"No," she said, half reproachfully.

vou will be mine.'

"What ?"

from him.

all not go.

dearest, you will stay?"

She shook her head sadly.

"Oh, hush !" she whispered faintly.

"Yes-yes," said Aube, faintly.

obliged. She turned the coins over in her hand, you. and her face softened into a pleasant smile as she seemed to gloat over the money now just before taking out a bag, and dropped the pieces in one by one, the chink they gave making her eyes brighten with satisfaction. she has grown to like you.'

"More, and more, and more," she said aloud as she replaced the bag, and then, resting her head upon her hand, she sat there thinking, while the laughter outside became more boisterous and loud. But the mirth of the black people who spend so most of their lives basking in the sunshine outside her verandah did not interrupt her train of thought, which was with Etienne tell me it was presumption. For the past Saintone, and the risks he would be bound to run that night at the feast.

CHAPTER VI.-"As a MARCH HARE." "Hallo ! old fellow," cried Bart Durham, "going out? Phew," he whistled, "what a

"Don't fool, Bart," cried Paul, excitedly. "Thank ---- you've come."

"My dear boy, what is it? Something

"Wrong !" cried Paul, "read that." "From your sister," cried Bart, taking

"Left the convent. Staying with a

Madame Saintone at the Hotel Devinegoing back to the West Indies at once. My dear old fellow !"

Bart Durham caught his friend's hand in

"Paul, old chap," he said, "is it so serious as this ?" mation, and her eyes dilating.

"Serious? Man I love her, and she is going to be dragged away from me perhaps treated you as a sister-dearest, you must Saintone laughed to himself, and thrust- for us never to meet again. I've often not leave me. Aube, you are no longer a ing his right hand into his pocket, he took laughed with you at these sentimental girl; be my dearest honoured wife. I am out a gold piece and placed it in his palm, French fellows, who shut themselves up not rich, butwith a pot of charcoal, but I can feel for join her again," said Aube, reproachfully.

"No you can't," said Bart savagely; "and don't talk like a fool. You're an Englishman. But, I say: this is very sudden. What are you going to do?"

"Go to the hotel at once and see her.

"Lucie is there with her."

hands, as if he were about to feel her pulse, and lead her to a chair in a window his face glowing, "when life is opening out recess, where they were out of sight of the to him-a very paradise which an angel will share.'

"Aube, dearest," said Paul, excitedly. "What?" cried Bart. "I say, old felas he took one of the cold hands, and low, do come down off those verbal stilts. gazed into the wistful eyes again, "tell "She loves me, Bart, and this business has made me certain of the truth." "Yes," she said, almost in a whisper;

"I wish you would speak plain English," muttered Bart.

"And there will be no parting, old fellow; no more sorrow." "My dear boy, what do you mean? The poor girl must go.'

"Yes, old fellow, and I go too. In the same boat." "Hatter's nothing to it," cried Bart. 'You're mad as a March hare."

then my life has gone on happily, for CHAPTER VII.—"GOODBYE." though I have hardly seen you, I have felt that Luce was with you, my sister, and "Well, old chap," said Bart, walking into his friend's studio the next morning,

"not packing up, I see. Night's rest gives "She has written to me constantly. It wisdom. Got over that travelling fit ?" was she who sent me your photograph, "I do not understand you."

"About going over there. Given could see you and think about you and that up?"

dare to hope that some day the love which "I have been obliged to. There was has gone on growing would be returned. not a berth to be had, though I offered the No, no, let your hand stay here. Don't agent double fees." "Well, that's all for the best, you see.

Fate is working with you." "But I have taken passage in the next."

"You have ?"

"And paid my fare."

calm, peaceful retreat. And I have waited, "Humph! Well, and what will you do and should have waited longer, but for this when you get there? Go and see her dreadful blow. Aube, dearest, give me mamma?" some hope. Let me feel that some day "Of course, Bart, old fellow, this has given me an idea. I want fresh ground for a picture or two. Hayti and its inhab-

itants, the gorgeous tropic colors, the foliage, sea and sky, and the picturesque people.'

"Yes, a deal of paint you would spread on your canvas. Nonsense, man, you'll think differently before your month is up." Paul looked at him with a peculiar mocking smile upon his lip, and began to arrange a canvas on his easel.

"Well, I must be going," said Bart, cheerily, "I've a couple of important operations to see at the Maisou Dieu. I say, are you going to the hotel this morning ?'

"No," said Paul, quietly, "I have been." "Did vou see vour sister ?"

Paul smiled. "Yes," he said.

"And Miss Dulau ?"

"For a few minutes," said Paul, flushing. 'Bart, old fellow," he said, hastily, "I the cruelty of dragging you away from don't like that woman, Madame Santone. She is trying to keep us apart."

"Naturally, my boy; a lady who is appointed chaperone must set her face against She looked at him again with her large unlicensed courting."

being his brother?" "I don't know," said Bart, sturdily: "I feel certain that she has some designs

"Who talks of suicide ?" said Paul, with | Paul, she is so changed. She only had time to say a few words to me without that woman or her daughter being by, but she told me to stay till you came and tell you she would never forget you, and-

"Bart, see my sister back to the convent," cried Paul, hurrying towards the door.

"Paul, what are you going to do?" "To follow them," he said shortly. "I

am not satisfied that she should go with this woman. Bart, I trust to you. Good bye !"

"Oh, Paul, Paul !" cried Lucie, bursting into a fresh fit of sobbing, as the door was closed; and somehow she did not reject the resting place offered for her head as Bart kneeled down by her.

But it was only for a few moments before the teachings of the convent and her own maidenly reserve prompted her to rise and take a chair by herself, pointing to another.

"I must go home now, Mr. Durham," she said, sobbing less frequently now; "but I can't go through the streets with a face like this.

"No, of course not," he said sympathetically. "Wait a little while."

"Mr. Durham," said Lucie, "would it be asking too much of you if I begged you to follow Paul to Havre, to take care of him. Poor boy! he is half mad with grief.

"Too much ?" cried Bart. "Why, I like it. Ask me, and I'll go with him to the West Indies when he starts." "Go where ?" cried Lucie, with a horri-

fied start. "Eh? Well, I oughtn't to have told you, perhaps, if he did not," said Bart,

confusedly. "My brother going to the West Indies?" "Well, he talked about it-following them you know-and he said he had secured his berth, but it's some time yet, and all that will go out of his head before then.'

"So Paul said he would follow Aube ?" "Yes; that's what he said," cried Bart, hastily.

"Then he will go. Oh, what shall I do-what shall I do ?"

"Anything but cry," said Bart, excitedly. "It cuts me to the heart to see you like this."

"How can I help it," she sobbed, "when you tell me this. Mr. Durham, you do like Paul ?"

"More than I should ever have liked a brother."

"And you would do that for him ?"

"Do what for him ?"

"Go with him to the West Indies ?" "No."

"Mr. Durham !" cried Lucie : "is that

An

ment.

Ans .- Samuel de Champlain.

4. Who was governor of Nova Scotia when the loyalists landed in May 18th, 1783? Ans.-Governor Parr.

No. 11.

1. In what house did the four knights

3. On what occasion did King Philip of

4. What was Edward I. surnamed?

TRICKS WITH COINS.

Twirling the Dollar.

at the Continental recently by a friend of

Mr. Kingsley. The gentleman took ten

carefully placing them one by one so as to

form a triangle. Then he moved them

mysteriously into the form of a square and

"Now the figures tell me," said the per-

former, "that the quarter you selected is

the last one in the right arm of the cross."

"Yes, that's it," said the clerk, in amaze-

He was tried many times and found in-

fallible every time. The secret was that

the quarters lying on the cold marble

were all especially cold as compared with

the one held for a moment in the hand

while the clerk found its distinguishing

marks. Picking them out one by one,

the performer told by the warmth which

one was selected, and his subsequent

moving of the quarters was for pur-

poses of mystification, while he kept his

eye on the warm quarter and later

pointed it out. The trick is first said to

have been played by the Magician Herr-

man. Like other tricks, it is as old as the

hills, for in tricks, as in everything else,

nothing is new under the sun. It has been

played with pennies in private parlors for-

years to please and mystify young folks. Its appearance in a new form at this hotel

counter, where it can be well played with

no preparation over the cold counters, will

now begin to amuse travellers from one-

"Do you know that a silver dollar twirlod"

The clerk looked as though he would

on a smooth surface will always come tails

up?" asked the same gentleman, naively.

like to have bet millions it wouldn't. A

dozen times the gentlemen twirled the dol-

lar on the marble counter. A dozen times-

more the suspicious clerk twirled it him-self. Almost every time the dollar stopped.

tail up. "Talk about loaded dice," said

end of the country to the other.

then into the form of a cross.

Old One Applied in a New Way-

A clever hotel counter trick was played

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. K. All letters addressed otherwise will not be

tions No.9, were received from Miss Lizzie Green, Germain street. Correct answers were also received from :

Lizzie Green, Germain street; T. Stewart, Hampton; Jack H. Vaughan, 1711/2 Princess st; "Hoposo," 192 Sydney street; Clara Brennan, 67 Water street; "Canadian," 257 Princess street; Bertie Hegan, 40 Horsfield street; "Marie," Frederic ton; Aileen Dunn, City; Theresa Ferguson, 135 Orange street ; "Skipper," Hampton; Houston Livingston, Weldford Station; Douglas Guest, Yarmouth; Jack Bently, Truro; "Rose Red," Quispamsis; "Fernelia," Upper Kintore.

Answers to History Questions, No. 9.

1. How was the crownland grievance settled, and in what year?

Ans.-By the passing of the civil list bill in 1837. 2. What was the name of the Indian town that occupied the site of Lower Quebec at the time Jacques Cartier first ascended the St. Lawrence? Ans .- Stadacine.

3. Who was the founder of Canada?

considered. The first correct answers to history ques-

he placed it on the first. "Now will you ?" he whispered.

The woman's eyes glistened with a singular look of greed, but she shook her head.

Saintone placed a third piece on the others without avail. Then a fourth—a says that the mother has sent for her, and fifth—and on and on till nine glistening you know it was expected.' coins were lying on a little pile; and the woman shrank from them, and tried to stand there talking man. Come on." avert her eyes, which kept on returning as if by the strong attraction of the bright stepped out of a fiacre in the Rue Royale, metal.

but, with his teeth hard set, and a look of a tall Creole lady, whose perfectly white stubborn determination increasing in his hair shaded a thin angular vellow face, countenance, Saintoine took out another rose to meet them with thier cards in her coin and added it to the little pile still held hand, while a pale fragile looking girl of out upon the bar.

than you will make here in this wretched place in weeks, now will you take us ?"

A sudden spasm seemed to convulse the woman's face, and in spite of her heaviness, her action was quick as lightning. The coins had hardly rested there till he had his upon the counter as she said hoarsely- moiselle Lowther to come.

head. I have warned you.

tone, coolly, "contrive that we see every- pains. thing?"

look of awe in her eyes,

"Everything, even to the sacrifice," he er-know?" said, with a mocking look at her. She nodded.

"And if I want your aid to hurry on my initation you will help me in that? She nodded again.

"That's right," he said, withdrawing his

hand. "When shall we come ?" "To-night," she whispered ; "two hours

after it is dark.

"So soon? Am I to swear secrecy?" said Saintone, with a mocking laugh.

"There will be no need," replied the woman, meaningly. "You will not tell tales after, for you will be one of them, and it would be betraying yourself."

"But if I did?

"Those who fight against the serpent die. Now go.'

"Yes, we'll go now," said Saintone, draining his glass and relighting his cigar which had gone out. "Come, Jules, old fellow, we are refreshed and ready to continue our walk," he said aloud. "Adieu, madame-Mahme, I mean."

He raised his hat, Deffrard followed his example, and followed him out into the sunshine and past the smiling negress and one group of blacks, who once Durham?" more went through their scene of assumed ignorance of their presence.

I knew it was only a question of how much.'

You'll never be mad enough to go?"

"I shall, and you will too. Bah, man, are I hardly, perhapsyou going to be frightened about a little negro jugglery! They are childish, and their acts the same.

she some designs of her own?' world's end for her. twirls it is almost certain to fall the same we shall not do that. Deffrard, I have room if you want me. No, no; do not "Go on-quick !" cried Paul, fiercely. way every time if the surface is smooth and. "Stuff, man, stuff ! What designs could And an hour later he was on his way to Why has she gone before the appointed won. The day is not far off when I shall disarrange yourselves;" and she swept out level .- Philadelphia Inquirer. the station, with a small valise in his hand. she have? Come cheer up, old fellow. time ?" be at the head of affairs, and you shall be of the room, her magnificent silk rustling ready to follow his friend to Havre and Some day perhaps Madame Dulau may "Madame Saintone said it was her duty my most trusted chief. Yes, we will take as if the leaves on the carpet were real, CONSUMPTION CURED. come back to Paris and bring her daughter onward to the West Indies if he went. to Aube, to save her all the pain and sufour revolvers tonight and we will go." and dead. An old physician, retired from practice, having: had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the "Not much luggage," he said to himself," here. She is young, and there is plenty of They walked back in silence, while, with-"Thank Heaven!" said Paul to himself. fering she could for one thing; and another but I can buy a clean shirt or two at Havre, time." out heeding the laughing and chatter which Then, leaving Aube for the moment, "Bart, was that she had had a telegram from speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bron-chitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung "Confound you! Drop that wretched and then-Havre which necessitated her going to join sprung up as soon as the two young men old fellow," he whispered, "keep Luce with He paused : and then aloudstereotyped phrase about patienec and chitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung. Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe in German French or Function with full were out of sight, Mahme sat for a time the ship at once." you. I must win my darling now, or I "Go to the West Indies for her? She waiting. Bart, she loves me. It is break-"And they went?" "And they went an hour ago; and, motionless and rapt in thought, her hand shall go mad." ing her heart to leave me, and as for me shall see." "Trust me," said the young doctor, that stretched out upon the bar clutching (To be continued.) Paul. I am sure it was to keep you from the coin. hoarsely; and then to himself, "And if I There is danger in impure blood. There A louder outburst of laughter than usual don't make much of my chance I'm an ass. "Look here, Paul, old man. If you talk seeing Aube, for everything was packed any stupid stuff about suicide I'll kick you ready. brought her back to herself, and she slowly I only wish though that she was ill." is safety in taking Hood's | Sarsaparilla, recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail-by addressing with stamp, naming this paper,. W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y. drew in her arm, opened her hand, gazed "Yes," he said hoarsely, "and Aube-" Paul was back on the settee, and Lucie -no, I'll poison you myself, and bring you the great blood purifier. 100 doses one "Sent her loving farewell to you, but dollar. at the coins for a few moments with her not unwillingly allowed Bart to take her back again."

"Oh," said Bart, quickly, "I'll come. Do I look very shabby?" "I must talk to her and persuade her not to go," said Paul excitely. "She must not,

she shall not go." "Gently, old fellow, gently. Your sister

"Yes, I know it was expected, but don't

Half-an-hour later the two young men

and after sending up their cards they were "Give it up," whispered Deffrard again : ushered up into a handsome room, where about twenty also rose, and looked sharply "There," he whispered, "ten. More from one to the other, and evidently satis-

fied with the young artist's appearance, let her eyes dwell longest upon him. "Madame Saintone," said Paul quickly,

and then hesitating slightly, "my sister is staying with you. May I see her?"

"Oh, certainly," said the lady, speaking spoken, when Mahme's hand darted down in French, with a very peculiar accent. upon his and closed upon the coins pinning ' "Antoinette, my love, will you ask Made-

"I take no risk of what happens. If The girl gave her head a slight toss, then they kill you your blood be upon your own | darted a keen look at Paul, and moved towards a door at the farther end of the "You will take us both to the first feast room, Bart hurrying to open it for her, and or meeting these people have ?" said Sain- receiving a very contemptuous bow for his

"Your sister is with us for a day or two "Everything?" she whispered, with a to try and keep her friend in good spirits. Poor child. Mademoiselle Dulau-you-

"Yes-yes-well," said Paul, hastily. "That is I have seen her once or twice, when visiting my sister at the couvent."

"Indeed," said the lady with her eyes contracting, and her two lips seeming to grow thinner as a thought flashed through her brain.

But at that moment the door wat reopened, and Lucie entered with her arm round Aube. pale, excited, and trembling.

Lucie fled to her brother's arms, and as she kissed him she whispered :

"Oh, Paul, darling. I made her come with me.'

"Miss Dulau-Aube," said Paul, as he took both the hands which were resigned to him, cold and trembling, while Aube's dark eyes looked full in his, with a sad, desponding expression that thrilled him to the core.

Paul did not loosen his hold of those hands, but led their owner to a settee, while, following his example, Bart took Luce's, making her turn scarlet, as she faltered half hysterically-

"You have come with my brother, Mr.

"I am afraid I shall be de trop," said Madame Saintone, shrugging her shoulders, "Well, Deff, what do you think of it? and looking meaningly at the young couples, her eyes resting longest on Paul with a slight frown ; but no one spoke.

"As chaperone to Mademoiselle Dulau,

"Oh !" cried Luce, quickly, "we are all such very old friends, madame. You need not mind at all.'

word. Of course, she did not promise. the man, laughingly, "you see Uncle Sam. What girl could promise so much to such loads his dollars." The dollars are so "To be bowed out like that," cried Paul, went on volubly. "Indeed !" said the lady, with a forced "But you heard what she said. Those laugh. "Ah, well; I will leave you then as soon as they were in the street. "Oh! "It was that Madame Saintone's doing, a fellow as I am? But she shall see I'm | stamped that more weight lies on the head who fight against the serpent die." staunch, that she shall. I'd go to the side than the other, and as the piece for a little while. I shall be in the next I feel as if I could kill that woman. Has dear. I hate her. She is-"If they let him sting, of course.

slowly shook ber head. "It is impossible," she said. "I must

"Then you never loved me?" he cried, passionately.

not know. You have always been Luce's brother to me, and I would have suffered sooner than have given you pain."

"And yet-now you know all."

"Paul, brother, you are cruel to me; you will break my heart," she said, faintly, as the tears began to fall silently.

"Then you do love me, Aube ?"

Her lips were silent, but her eyes, as they rested on his, said yes; and again he would have clasped her in her arms but she shrank

"No," she whispered. "I must goshe has waited all these years-my mother. I must go." I "Aube!" he cried wildly.

"I shall never forget the happy days I have passed here-never forget you-but have pity on me. These partings--I am so weak and ill, Luce, Luce-sister-help me -what shall I do?'

At the first cry Luce darted to her side, and Aube threw herself in her arms, weeping silently, as she laid her head upon her that laugh. shoulder.

"Tell him," she whispered, faintly. "What shall I say to him, Aube? All that you have said to me-that you will never forget us, and that some day we may meet again-that you think you love him, dear ?"

"Hush, hush !" whispered Aube.

"But I must speak," said Luce, in a broken voice, "that you will never think of anyone but him, and that some day-

"May we come in now ?" said a sharp, thin voice; and without waiting for consent Madame Saintone entered with her daughter, who fixed her eyes in a half-mocking, contemptuous way on Paul, evidently meaning the look to be provocative, but it failed of effect.

"We are quite ashamed to have driven you from your room, madame," said Luce, hurriedly, as Aube hastily dried her eyes. "Oh, it is nothing, my dear. I am glad to help you all to say good-bye, but our charming Aube will soon forget all this. There is all the excitement of the visit and welcome. All so new to one fresh from the seclusion of the convent. I wish you were and skies, so blue as you cannot think, and voung lady still in the Creole lady's room our charming land, where our dear Aube's sweet mamma is waiting to take her darling to her heart. You will say goodbye now, for we have to go to our dinner."

Aube looked wildly at Paul as Madame Saintone passed her arm about her waist, sending a chill through her as if she were the evil angel whose mission it was to tears part her from him, she felt that she must

"Adieu, Monsieur Paul Lowther I will take good care of your dear sister till she to-morrow, when we set off for .Lavre to help it.' sail. So delightful to see you all like brothers and sisters together. Adieu, ashes.

adieu."

of her own.' "Nonsense, old fellow! You look through a magnifying glass at things. For my own part. I think she behaved very well Here, I must be off. May see you "Loved you?" she said, dreamily. "I do to-night, but probably not till to-morrow morning. I say, though, are you going to see them off at the station?

"I shall go to Havre with them, if 1 can.

"Is your sister going?"

"No."

Bart looked at his friend and then glanced at his watch, closed it, and hurried away, eager and interested in his studies; and, as he had anticipated, he was not able to look Paul up again till the next morning, when he met him just passing by the concierge's lodge.

"Going to the hotel?" he said, eagerly. Paul nodded.

"Take me with you, old fellow. Oh. ] say, don't hesitate. Hang it all, I will feel for you in your trouble, so have a little pity on me. Your sister returns to the convent today."

"How do you know ?" said Paul, drily. "Well-er-the fact is she told me." Paul laughed, but there was no mirth in

"Come along," he said, "you shall call with me again.

"That's right. I say, Paul, old fellow, I really am sorry for you." "Oh, as sorry as a man can be who is

perfectly happy," said Paul, bitterly. Step out; it is nearly twelve."

"It was a needless request, for Bart was ready to break into a run, regardless of the effect it would have had upon the sauntering people they passed. As it proved, he rather outwalked his companion, and the clocks were striking twelve as they reached

the hotel. "Send up our cards to Madame Saintone," said Paul to the concierge.

The man looked at him wonderingly. "She is gone, sir."

"Gone?" "Yes, sir; but one of the young ladies is there still.

"Quick; send up the cards to her, Bart. She has repented," he whispered.

Bart looked at him, half reproachfully. "You know you are deceiving yourself, old chap," he said to himself, as he saw his riage began to draw up at the entrance. friend begin to pace the hall excitedly, going too, my dear. We should be so while his own heart beat, and he knew that happy. I could show you our lovely seas he was not wrong in thinking that the pered. "Yes, do, do; and protect him al-

> was Lucie. do love you with all my heart.' "Will you step up, sir ?" said an attendant, and directly after they were ushered ered, as the door was opened and a thin, into the presence of Lucie, who was writing, elderly woman in the nun's garb looked dressed for her departure, and who flew to scandalised at seeing one of the pupils her brother's arms. return like this. "Good-bye, Mr. Durham,"

"Oh, Paul dear!" she cried, bursting into

"What does this mean," he said, harshly; 'where is Aube ?"

"Gone, dear," cried Lucie hysterically, as she clung to her brother. "Don'tgoes back to the pension-the day after don't be angry with me. I could not

"Quick !" said Paul, who was pale as

Lucie tried to choke down her sobs and

'but I will not do it for him, but if you ask me. I will do it for you.'

HISTORY QUESTION COMPETITION "You will?" cried Lucie, joyously, and with all a girl's inconsistency and thoughtlessness.

"Yes; that I will. Why shouldn't I go? who murdered Thomas a Beckett meet before proceeding to Canterbury, and in what county of England is it situated? It's six months before I can have possession of my practice, and if you wish me to go 2. For what is the castle of that name I'll take passage in the same boat and look after him, and doctor him, and keep him (Harwarden) noted in the nineteenth century in the reign of Queen Victoria?

out of danger." "You'll do this for my brother?" cried Lucie, flushing deeply.

France write the words, "Take care of "No," said Bart, "I'll do it for you if yourself-the devil is unloosed," and to whom did he address them? you'll promise to pay me tor it some day in the way I ask.

"Mr. Durham !" said Lucie, rising and speaking hastily, "my eyes are better now, will you mind seeing me to the convent?"

"I am your slave, Miss Lucie, as I've proved to you. Wait one moment; you will pay me for going, as I ask ?"

"I-I will give you as much money as ] can, Mr. Durham, but I am not rich." "Money!" he said, "as if I wanted

silver quarters and laid them out carefully money. I want you to promise me that on the marble counter. One of the clerks selected one at his bidding, looked at it

carefully so as to be able to distinguish it "Really, Mr. Durham, I must go now," from the rest, and held it while the gentlecried Lucie, hurrying to the door, "and I man shook up the quarters in his hat. think if you see me into a fiacre and tell the Then the quarter was thrown into the hat man to drive me to the convent, that would and shaken up with the rest. The gentleman then laid them out on the counter,

"For me, in Paul's eyes !" said Bart,

roughly, "not so untrustworthy as that.

Miss Lowther needn't be afraid of me," he

muttered bitterly, as he followed her out

on to the staircase and down through the

hall, where they waited while a fiacre was

obtained; and as soon as they were inside,

Lucie began to chatter to her companion

excitedly, so that he could not get in a

"I've offended her," he said to himself,

'and all the time it was so genuine and

Soon after the fiacre drew up at the con-

"We must say good-bye directly, Mr.

"And you will go with Paul whatever he

"You wish me to?" he said, as the car-

"Yes. Don't touch me now," she whis-

"And my payment by-and-bye? Lucie,

"Hush! Here is the sister," she whisp-

she said, "and thank you for seeing me

safely back. Ah-,, She burst into

tears as he handed her out and retained

She ran in, and Bart slowly entered the

"She did not promise me, but I promised

her," he said to himself, "and I'll keep my

word. Of course, she did not promise.

fiacre again and told the man to drive to

her hand. "Good-bye-good-bye!"

Durham," said Lucie now, in a husky

"Yes," he said, "Good-bye !"

vent gate, and was allowed to enter the

true, for I would have gone to the world's

end for her sake."

courtyard.

his lodgings.

voice.

word, and sulkily accepted the situation.