

A GOLDEN DREAM.

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CHAPTER VIII.—WASAT MADAME SAINTONE MEANT.

"I hate her," said Antoinette, with a vicious look, as she eyed the wonderfully deep blue amethystine waters of the great gulf were being turned to purple and gold by the gorgeous light of the setting tropic sun.

"Tinetie, my child," said Madame Saintone with laughing reproval. "Ever since we started she has played the fine boarding school airs on everybody with her mock innocence and sham simplicity. How you can make so much fuss over her I don't know."

"My dear 'Tinetie," said Madame Saintone, arranging her dress about her chair, so that it should fall in graceful folds upon the deck, "fate said that I was to take charge of the poor girl, and I have treated you both alike."

"Yes; put that woman's child on a level with me, mamma—the brat of such a creature as that."

"I hardly thought about the mother, my dear, only of the beautiful, highly-educated girl."

"She is not beautiful, mother."

"A matter of taste, my dear. At all events, she is the daughter of the man who used to be your father's friend."

"And look at her where she is, playing the queen with all her court around her," cried the girl, mockingly. "Anyone would think there was not another lady on board."

She looked vindictively at where Aube was seated, gazing towards the west, her face irradiated by the dying day, listening to the words of the young officers and passengers who had vied one with the other in their attentions since the vessel sailed from Havre. In fact, there had been rivalries innumerable, and more than one angry quarrel without cause, for Aube had always distributed her gentle words and looks with the greatest impartiality, trying hard not to be wearied by the many attentions and acts of kindness she had received.

"Yes," said Madame Saintone, smiling, "she has reigned pretty well over them, my dear, and no wonder; freed from her convent life she is a very sweet girl."

"Mamma—mother! How can you say so?" cried Antoinette with a stamp of the foot.

"Because I think so, and I am displeased and angry with you for being so petty. I wished you to be nicer with her. You silly, jealous child," she continued mockingly, "what is the matter? Let her have her short reign, she will not rob you of any of your admirers when we get home."

"What do you mean?"

"Do I talk of what I mean, my child? No; still tongues are the wisest. I wish you to be loving and kind to the pretty heiress fate has thrown in our way."

"But—"

"Hold your tongue and continue to be gentle and pleasant to her. It is not for long. Tomorrow morning at daybreak we shall be off the port."

"But it sickens me all this false display for a creature I detest."

"You will grow to like her 'Tinetie, as I do; but if you are not more careful, your conduct will sicken her. Come, now."

The girl made a grimace showing her disgust, but Madame Saintone's word was law, and dropping her heavy lids with their long lashes over her dark eyes she followed her mother across the deck to where Aube was seated, every moment being carefully studied, and displaying in an exaggerated form that was often ludicrous the fashionable graces she had picked up in Paris during her stay.

The little group about Aube's chair made way at once for the ladies who were now all smiles, and after a while Aube's court dispersed, leaving the trio alone.

"My darling you look quite weary," said Madame Saintone, taking Aube's hand.

"Yes," echoed Antoinette eagerly, "Aube, dear, have some tea or lemonade."

"No, no," she said, smiling gratefully; "I only want to be quiet and look at the beautiful sunset. I ought not to mind, but talking so much tries me. It is ungrateful, for every one is so kind."

"Of course," said Madame Saintone, "and these fashionable young men chatter so much nonsense—so full of flattery. It is wearisome at times. I know poor 'Tinetie is glad to get away from it all."

Aube smiled at the girl, and wished in her heart she could like her better, and that she did not always think there was a something in her companion which repelled her as much as the effusive tenderness of her mother.

"Oh, nonsense!" said 'Tinetie. "Who could help being kind to you?"

"Ah, who indeed, Aube, my dear, you must make our place your home as much as you can. Our society may be a little dull, but the welcome will be sincere. You and 'Tinetie must lay and practice together."

She fixed her eyes on her daughter as she spoke, for the girl was biting her lips viciously.

"Is mamma gone mad?" she thought. "You are too kind to me," said Aube, who felt oppressed by all this.

"Of course I shall come to see you, but after all this long parting my mother will hardly like me to leave her side."

"At first, of course," said Madame Saintone. "Ah, look!" she said, "you are having a glorious welcome home. It is as if heaven were smiling upon your return."

"Yes," said Aube, softly, as she gazed with a strange feeling of awe at the glories of the western sky. "I never saw anything so grand as this."

"No, my dear, shut up as you have been in that convent. And now look here I am going to take upon myself to give you a bit of advice. Tomorrow morning you will meet your mamma. Now I should say that you ought to look your best and put on your richest dress."

"Richest dress?" said Aube, wondering. "I have only that white cashmere."

"Oh, my darling, that will hardly do. I know. I have it. You and 'Tinetie are just of a size. She shall lend you her gold-colored brocade; it would go admirably with your dark complexion."

Antoinette's jaw dropped, and there was a look of horrified astonishment in her eyes; but her mother gave her so fierce a flash of the eyes that she forced a smile, and then as the eyes still fastened her as if commanding her to speak she said hastily:

"Oh yes, mamma, it would look charming upon her."

"You are both very good to me," said Aube gravely; "but I cannot do that. I would rather my mother should see me as I am—just as I have been all these years at the convent."

"But, my dear," said Madame Saintone, "it is a woman's duty to make the best of herself."

"Yes; so I have been told. I think it was you who said so, Antoinette; but you will excuse me and not think me ungrateful."

"Oh no, my dear," said Madame Saintone, trying to hide her disappointment; and perhaps you are right. That simple cashmere does become you so well. What, going?"

The night had died out in the west, and the rapid tropic night was coming on as Aube rose.

"I am tired," she said, "and I want to be alone to think about tomorrow. I will say good-night now."

"Oh, no, no, my dear," cried Madame Saintone, taking the extended hand. "I shall come to your cabin last thing as I always do. A nice mother's part I should be playing to you if I neglected you on the last night of the voyage. Why, my dear, your cheeks are flushed, and your hands are cold. You are not going to be ill?"

"Oh, no!" said Aube, smiling. "I am a little excited, that is all, it is not natural just as I am about meeting my mother. I feel that I have hardly ever seen."

She kissed Madame Saintone, who embraced her affectionately, and then turned to Antoinette, who kissed her lovingly on either cheek.

"Do have the dress, dear," she said, "I should be glad to lend it to you."

Aube shook her head, and went to her cabin without another word.

"Nearly new, and I could never have worn it again," said Antoinette in an angry whisper. "It would have been contamination. Mother, you must be mad. What do you mean?"

"Wait and see, my dear," said Madame Saintone, mockingly, "wait and see."

CHAPTER IX.—"I AM YOUR MOTHER."

The French mail steamer did not reach Port au Prince at daybreak next morning, for there was a screw loose in the machinery, with the customary result on board a French vessel. Everybody, from the captain downwards, flew into a state of the most intense excitement, behaving as if it was his bounden duty to hinder everybody else, so that a slight mishap that ought to have been rectified in a couple of hours took five times that time, and it was again evening when they went slowly in.

Fortunately the weather had been glorious, and the delay had been the only trouble with which the passengers had to contend, a delay which looked heavily upon Aube, who felt a strange constriction at the heart, and as if the hour of meeting would never come.

As the afternoon came slowly on she had stood beneath the awning watching intently the high ground of the interior of the island gradually assuming form, and looking less like clouds resting on the sea; then forests and valleys began to grow distinct, and seen beneath the dazzling sunshine in a glowing haze she had realized fully that the place was indeed an Eden set in that wonderfully blue sea.

As of old, during the voyage, she had been surrounded by an eager little throng; but she was so abstracted, so rapt in the sight of her future home, that, one by one, impressed by her silence and the look of excited agony in her face, they had all dropped away. Hence it was that Aube was standing alone beneath the awning, when some few miles still from the port, whose houses were now distinctly visible, a yacht-like vessel with white sail came skimming alongside and catching the rope thrown, one of her black crew climbed cleverly on board, to be followed by her passenger, a gentleman clothed in white, who after saluting the captain, to whom he seemed well known, went quickly to where the passengers were gathered, and was clasped in Madame Saintone's arms.

"Etienne, my dear boy, once more!" she cried tragically. "Have you got we?"

"Only a splash or two," said the young man carelessly. "Well, Tonie, he continued, kissing that young lady with a kind of peck which was coolly received on one cheek. "Paris hasn't done you much good; you look skinnier and yellower than ever."

"And you," retorted the girl with an angry flash of her eyes. "You look—pah! contemptible."

"Hush!" said Madame Saintone, sternly. "Etienne, here. 'Tinetie, go and see that everything in the cabin is ready for going ashore."

The girl gave her brother a vindictive look, a task which came easy to her, and turned away, while her mother took the new comers by the arm.

"No, no," she said, in a quick, eager whisper. "Don't smoke now. I want to talk business to you."

"Business, eh?" he retorted. "That means money. Well, it is as scarce as ever."

"Because of your extravagance, sir," said Madame Saintone, bitterly.

"No," he replied with a laugh. "Madame's Paris dresses, society fashions. That's the way the money melts, dearest."

"Foolish boy," she said. "Enough of that. Look here, Etienne, fate has been very kind to me."

"Indeed!" he said, contemptuously. "What would you say if I had brought you back a rich wife?"

"Bless you. But no, thank you, my dearest of mothers, I know what rich wives are—old, thin, sour, and pinched."

"No," she whispered. "Young and rich, beautiful as a houri, innocent as a babe. Fresh from a convent, my son—a girl who has never hardly heard the name of love."

"That will do," he said, merrily. "Where is she—in one of your trunks?"

"Hush! be sensible."

"But are you in earnest, eh, mother?"

"Earnest? Yes. It is a young lady I have had under my charge to bring home. She is really beautiful as her name."

"Eh? What is it?"

"Aube."

"The dawn? Come, that's romantic. And rich?"

"Her mother's heiress."

"And her mother—where is she? Jamaica, Cuba?"

"Here, at Port au Prince."

"Someone I know?"

"Yes," she whispered, taking her son's hand. "I will introduce you directly."

"Let it be directly, then. Don't keep me on thorns. I'm desperately in love already. Who is she—who is the mother?"

"Venouise—Madame Dulau."

"What?" cried the young man with a burst of laughter. "Oh, absurd!"

"Etienne, don't be. I tell you the girl is an angel. We want money horribly, and she is rich."

The effect was all Madame Saintone could have desired, for her son caught the extended hand in his and held it.

"Delighted," he exclaimed. "Very glad to meet you. Come home have you not—from Paris?"

"Yes," said Aube, quietly, as she looked at the speaker in a half-dreamy way, hardly seeing him, hardly realising his presence.

"I have come back home."

"Yes, Etienne, and she is watching for Madame Dulau. There, let us go now. Aube is coming to see us soon, and you two can talk then as long as you like."

Aube darted a grateful glance at the speaker, smiling pleasantly, and then turned with the smile lighting up her features to the man.

"Yes," she said; "I am waiting for mamma—the tears sprang to her eyes then—and you will not think me rude if I do not speak to you now?"

"But let me find her; let me help you," said Saintone, eagerly.

"No, no, my boy," said Madame Saintone, as she took her son's arm; "I want your services for your sister and myself."

"But I can see to you too," he said.

"Yes, but for dear Aube's sake, Etienne, my boy. They have not met for years. Such an encounter should be sacred to them, and our presence here would be cruel. Come!"

"Oh, Madame Saintone," cried Aube, impulsively, and she took a step forward and kissed her; "thank you for that. You have been so kind to me. I never knew you till now."

"Bless you, my darling," said the scheming woman. "We shall be near at hand if we can help you. If not, dearest, au revoir. Come my son."

Saintone had time to catch and kiss Aube's hand before he was led away.

"Oh, but mother!" he cried.

"I'm not going far," she whispered. "Leave it to me, boy. We will stand here and see the meeting."

"Mother," he whispered, in a voice which told how he had been moved, "why, she is the most beautiful girl I ever saw; a goddess."

She laughed at him mockingly.

"And she is rich, Etienne, and in every way a finished lady. In a case like that what does it matter about birth. There, no foolish impatience to spoil all. Wait, my son, leave it to me. She is a goddess as you say, and you shall be her god."

Saintone listened to her words, but his eyes were fixed upon the watching figure that was now scanning eagerly every boat which put off from the wharf, and trying to guess which among the figures there was the mother waiting to pronounce the welcome home.

At that moment Saintone made an impatient gesture, for his arm was pressed; but he allowed himself to be led aside to where the gangway and the spot where Aube had taken her stand could be seen, and he could watch her unobserved.

"Why are you doing this?" said Saintone, roughly. "The poor girl is alone. We ought to help her and see her whiskered."

"Did not say 'Leave it to me,' " whispered Madame Saintone. "Wait a few minutes. I want to see the meeting between them."

She smiled with satisfaction as she cast a quick glance at her son's flushed face, and then drew him a little more away from the wharf, which had been piled on the deck, not realizing how history was repeating itself, and the old proverb "Like father like son," being once more exemplified.

Madame Saintone need not have troubled herself to draw back for, during the next few minutes, she and her son might have placed themselves by Aube's elbow. She had eyes for nothing but the boats from the shore which arrived rapidly as the great steamer slowed and then stopped, giving them an opportunity to come alongside, and their occupants to hurry on board till the deck began to grow crowded.

The tears rose to the lonely girl's eyes, she listened to the eager words of welcome and saw the embraces of relatives and friends; but, though she scanned group after group, and gazed wonderingly at the many well-dressed ladies who mounted the gangway ladder, each soon found the object she sought, and the girl's heart sank again and again, till at last she came to herself despairingly. "She has not come."

It was chilling in spite of the beauty of the scene, and the eager animation of the group on deck, where all was chatting and excitement, the giving and hearing of news and the preparations for going ashore. Only a few hours back, and Aube's every look had been watched, and her wish anticipated by willing courtiers. Now every one was engaged upon his own business; and the girl, who was alone and forgotten made the tears flood her eyes, so that the crowded deck grew misty and those about her indistinct.

Then, just at her most despondent time, the dimness of sight passed away, for close at hand the familiar voice of one of the officers came.

"Oh, here she is. Mademoiselle Dulau: someone for her."

Aube turned eagerly to see approaching her a stout, eager-looking woman, flushed of face, and looking the more florid for the bright scarlet and yellow kerchief bound about her dark grided hair. The dress she wore, too, was of gay colors, and her neck, arms and hands were gay with showy, common jewellery.

Aube saw all this at a glance, and felt repelled by the vulgar aspect of the breathless, panting woman, who was suffering from the exertion of mounting the side.

At the same moment Aube became conscious of the presence of Madame Saintone and her daughter, both refined and graceful as they seemed to be approaching her.

A peculiar feeling of annoyance made itself felt, but it was only momentary, and Aube said sweetly:

"You were asking for me? Mamma has sent you—"

There was a sob, a strange cry, and Aube was snatched to the new arrival's breast, as in a low husky panting voice she whispered:

"I am your mother. My darling. Oh, at last! At last!"

CHAPTER X.—HOME!

For a few moments after the encounter Aube felt as if she had received some sudden shock. She could neither speak nor return the embrace, but stood there inert, as Madame Dulau—famously known to all in the town as Madame Nousie, the keeper of the cabaret and store frequented

by the blacks of the district—sobbed over her and kissed her again and again.

It was to Aube like some strange bewildering dream, and it was some minutes before the paralysed feeling began to give place to a poignant sensation of agony.

She had pictured to herself that her mother would be a beautiful, fashionable-looking, middle-aged woman, and in keeping with the letters she had written to the Superior, and to her child—a lady such as she had seen visit other people at the convent—while here she stood upon the deck of the packet in the embrace of a woman whose appearance begat a horrible sensation of shame in her; and in spite of herself she gave a hasty glance round and flushed hotly, as she saw that Madame Saintone was close at hand with Antoinette and her son.

"What will they think?"

It is impossible to keep back the thought, but the next moment Nousie's words recalled the loving letter over which she had wept, for her mother strained her more tightly to her breast, and murmured again. "At last—at last. Ah, my child, it has been so long."

There was such an intensity of pathos and suffering in the way in which these words were uttered, that the mist cleared a little from Aube's brain, and as she gazed in Nousie's face the love which beamed from her eyes touched her to the heart. The surprise was forgotten and in the loneliness of her mother there seemed to be a something beyond which she could not have explained. For the sympathetic chord had been touched, which made her raise her arms and kiss Nousie's lips, drawing from the halt hysterical woman a faint cry of joy, and making her draw Aube more tightly to her side, and face round with a fierce look of jealousy at the intruder upon her long looked for hour of love.

It was Madame Saintone who had approached smiling.

"There, Madame Dulau," she said, "I have brought you back your sweet daughter, you see."

"You, Madame—you?" said Nousie, in a low, fierce whisper, and her arm tightened round Aube's waist.

"Yes: the consul was seeking for a chaperone, and as fate had arranged that I should be returning her direct, he asked me to take charge of the dear child, and I have him to thank for the delightful voyage I have had. There, you two must have so much to say, so I will not intrude. Good-bye, Aube, my darling; don't forget. We must see a great deal of one another, so once more good-bye."

She took Aube's hand, Nousie holding the other tightly, and breathing hard as she looked wildly on, her brow lowering and her dark eyes seeming to flash as Madame Saintone kissed her child on the brow.

Adieu, Madame Dulau. But one moment: the carriage is at the wharf; can I take you two home?"

"No, no," said Nousie, hoarsely.

"Adieu, then. Aube, my child, au revoir!"

Nousie stood glaring after the fashionably-dressed woman, who formed so strong a contrast to her, and watched her till she had landed, holding Aube's hand so tightly that she gave her pain.

"Aube, my child," muttered Nousie, "how dare she call you that!" she cried fiercely. "That woman with you all the way home!"

"She took Aube's hand, shrinking and gazing with a strange feeling of dread at the lowering countenance before her. 'Madame Saintone took charge of me. I was placed in her hands by the Superior.'"

"How dare she, how dare she! Oh, it is an infamy. She? To have charge of you?"

The feeling of repulsion was fast returning to Aube, and with it the icy sensation of despair, and longing to be back with those in whose society the years had passed so peacefully away.

"Are you angry because I came like this?" she faltered at last, for the eyes fixed upon her seemed to be dragging forth some answer—some excuse.

"Angry?" cried Nousie, with her eyes flashing, "it makes me mad."

"I—I did not know," said Aube, simply, and her eyes filled with tears as she looked appealingly in her mother's face.



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. E. All letters addressed otherwise will not be considered.

Of the large number of answers received to History Competition No. 10, only two gave the correct answers to all. The majority of the competitors failed in their answer to the third question, naming the Earl of Winchester, which was correct in one respect, but not the answer required. The prize this week goes to "Marie," of Fredericton, although the envelope containing her answers was by no means the first opened. The other correct answer was received from Miss Katie L. Beverley, 132 Union Street, city.

Answers to History Questions, No. 10.

1. What was the name of the third son of Henry II, and how did he meet his death?
2. Who was the nobleman whom the people of England, after his death, remembered as "Sir Simon, the righteous," and in whose reign did he live?
3. Under what epithet was Henry III. spoken of by the people of England and for what reason?
4. What calamity occurred in London the year before the Great Fire?

Ans.—Sir Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, in the reign of Henry III.
 2. Under what epithet was Henry III. spoken of by the people of England and for what reason?
 Ans.—"The sturdiest beggar in all England," because of his incessant demands on them for money.
 4. What calamity occurred in London the year before the Great Fire?
 Ans.—The Great Plague.

HISTORY QUESTION COMPETITION No. 12.

- (1) Who was the first regularly commissioned general of New Brunswick and when was he appointed?
- (2) Who was the political leader in Lower Canada (Quebec) from 1824 to 1837?
- (3) Where did "Montgomery's Tavern" stand, and how did it become noted?
- (4) Who commanded the American revolutionary forces that attacked Quebec in 1775?

Shakespeare's Personality as a Player.

No little is known of Shakespeare's personality that it were absurd to hazard any opinion with respect to, at least, his physical fitness for a histrionic career. That he was of a fair presence and possessed of an abundance of natural vigor is a not unreasonable assumption, especially when his likeness, as represented in the Dorothea copy, is studied for a little. Such a picture of the poet, as he is supposed to have appeared in his twenty-ninth year, suggests a physiognomy which is happily in keeping with the idea as to what the appearance of a great original writer should be. Extraordinary force, mental and physical, strikes one as being the prominent feature of the man. Shakespeare, indicated by the Dorothea likeness; and thus the authenticity of his portrait being admitted, the popular ideal with regard to the personal appearance of the great dramatist is no danger of ever being destroyed. But it may be taken for granted that his fitness, so far as physique was concerned, was in every respect adequate to the circumstances of the actor's profession. The tradition that he was lame would, indeed, preclude the possibility of his sustaining, with such an infirmity, almost any character on the stage. In the character of Old Adam, however, the faithful and tried servant of Sir Rowland de Bois and, latterly, of his cruel and unscrupulous son, Oliver, in the sylvan play *As You Like It*, it is but fair to admit that such a part would naturally submit itself for performance more readily by a lame actor. A frail and halting gait would have, in a measure, to be assumed by any player essaying the part of the old, weakly servant. Might it not have been from this very circumstance that the tradition as to Shakespeare's lameness originated? The drama of *As You Like It* became at once, on its appearance in 1590, a favorite with the frequenters of the Globe theatre, who, seeing Shakespeare in the pathetic part of Old Adam, limping faithfully along after his new-found master Orlando—since Oliver had discarded him—might somehow have got the impression that the player himself was lame, and hence the tradition.—*Alexander Cargill, in Scribners.*

Lord Noodley—Yes, Miss Astorbill. I love you, but I never could marry a girl who "guesses" so much. I do not like that Americanism you all adopt, instead of saying "I fancy." Miss A. (bent on matrimony)—But, my lord, I'll renounce it for your sake. Lord Noodley—Then I'll ask you—will you be my wife? Miss A. (carried away with joy)—Well, I guess.—Epoch.

Don't Feel Well. And yet you are not sick enough to consult a doctor, or you refrain from doing so: fear you will alarm yourself and friends: we will tell you just what you need. It is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which will lift you out of that uncertain, uncomfortable, dangerous condition, into a state of good health, confidence and cheerfulness. You've no idea how potent this peculiar medicine is in cases like yours.—Advertiser.

(To be continued.)

His Innocence.

"Ma," said Bobby, "