## A GOLDEN DREAM.

By G. Manville Fenn.

Author of "A Mint of Money," "Black Blood," "The Master of the Ceremonies," &c

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that my long penance is fulfilled, give me back my child."

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

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

"Sistor Elisa! Mother!" subbed Aube.

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

"Well, that's my business. Now look here; if I belong to the Vaudoux sect, and ame out pretty liberally to the Papaloi?" "Papaloi?" here; if I belong to the Vaudoux sect, and ame out pretty liberally to the Papaloi?" "Papaloi?" here; if I belong to the Vaudoux sect, and ame out pretty liberally to the Papaloi?" "Papaloi?" "Papa roi, stupid. Father King," said Saintone, impatiently.

"Ah! I see; their way of sounding the re-roile."

"These priests will influence the people on my behalt, and I am safe to be elected."

"Hand the political rising, and be shot as your father was."

"Papa roi, stupid. Father King," said Saintone, impatiently.

"Ah! I see; their way of sounding the re-roile."

"Hang your buts! Don't here the superior was a good as colored, man."

and true and pure as ever knelt before her God."

"Sister Elise! Mother!" sobbed Aube.
"My child!"
There was another long pause, and then smiling on her pupil the superior took the letter, and placed it in Aube's hands.
"Take it and read it dear," she said calmly now—"it is the letter of a mother, of whom you may say "Thank heaven, am her child!" It is a terrible experience, for it is a long voyage, and to a land of which till now I have heard naught but evil. Now I know that there is one there whom I should be glad to call sister, and now there will be one whom I am glad to call my spiritual daughter. Hayti cannot be all bad, Aube, so now wipe away these tears for the pangs are past, and it is a day of joy,—the day on which the first steps are taken to rejoin two such hearts as yours."

"But mother—am I to go soon?"
"In a day or two at most. The consul brought me the letter. He had received one as well, and his orders were to find some good family returning to the island in whose charge you could make the voyage. This might have been months Aube, "Ut heaven smiles upon the project, and consul tells me of a widow lady who

CHAPTER IV—(Continued.)
A sensation of giddiness assailed Aube for the moment, but recovering herself by an effort she clung to the old Superior.

"Mamma! My mother! Sister Elise; she is dead?"

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

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

"Yes," said the old ledy.

"Yes," said the old ledy.

"Yes," said the old ledy.

what you mean."

"You do," he whispered. "You need not try and hold me off. I know you are one of them."

"One of—the Vaudoux—you?"

"Yes. You can take me to one of your priests, and let me join at the first meeting."
"The Vaudoux?" she said, opening her eyes widely now. "Ah, yes, I know what you mean." Oh, no; you could not join them. They say it is all very dreadful and secret. No one knows who they are or what they do."

woman in a flow whisper, that was startling the reyes opened wildly now.

"No: go and make love to the new lady." she said, apticulty." cried. "Why." or silly jealous grid. I never loved any-one but you." gift, in given loved any-one but you." gift, in gi

hot out here. We'll come inside."

He walked into a long, low room, half general shop, half cabaret, where a broad counter stretched across one end in clumsy imitation of the French fashion. Behind it, seated on a raised cushioned chair was a stout good-looking, middle-aged woman, fair enough for a quadroon. She was showily dressed, and wore, half hidden in the thick folds of her neck, a great neck-lace; several rings were embedded in her fat fingers, and rather tastily twisted turban fashion about her slightly grey locks was a gorgeous red and yellow silk kerchief.

As the two young men entered, she falt

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

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

They strolled off together down the shaded road leading to the town, passing plenty of sulky, defiant-looking mulattoes and quadroons, and heavy-jawed, independent, full-blooded negroes, who generally favored them with a broad grin; but no "Yes," he said, laughing, "you do for one, and you could take me to join them." "Oh, no," she cried, with an eager movement of her hands, as if she discussed with the blacks who know of that."

"You are offended because I have been said in one corner with his arms upon the want to be nearer to you than ever, you refuse."

"What can I do?"

"Yas," he said, laughing, "you do for one, and you could take me to join them." only which she was accustomed, smiling and own to accust med. The place with say the said down again directly, an example followed by the visitors at a table close to the blacks who know of that."

"You are triding with me," he said.

"You are triding wit

Why not have long selected Cane in your Chairs: Lasts longer, cheaper. Duval, 242



were strikingly French. "I sit here always, and only leave my chair to go to my
rest."

"But the people come to see you."

"Yes, as you have," she said, smalling
and showing her regular teeth.

"And you will take us to one?"

"I?" she cried, with a little laugh, but
always speaking in a whisper. "What do
I know of such things?"

"Come," said Saintone, laying his hand
upon her plump fingers; "we are fencing.
I tou know all we want to know."

"Oh, no, no, no, no," she said, quickly;

"Nothing, nothing."

"That will do," said Saintone,
meetings first, and then I mean to join
them."

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

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

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

"Why? Why does Monsieur Deffrard,
too, want to know of such things?" she
said eagerly, and with a very intense look
from one to the other.

"For the same reason that hundreds of
others do," replied Saintoine quietly.

"One, what shall I pay you to see
us through it all."

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

"Yes, there are. Come, no nonsense."

"And if there are they must be dangersous. Fine gentlemen cannot join with
these people. It is some spying trick.
Who sent you here?"

"It is no spying trick, madam. I tell
you I mean to join them for the change
and excitement of the thing. Come, now,
what will it cost?"

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

Deffard started, and looked aghast, but
Saintone laughed.

No. 10.

1. Who was the nobleman whom the

no, it is impossible. You laugh, but the risks are terrible. I tell you that if they thought strangers would never come away alive."

"Give it up," whispered Deffrard. "She is right. Pve heard that before."

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

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

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

"And because Monsieur Etienne Saintone wants to be that government, and to be a great leader, as his father did before him," said the woman, in a sharp quick whisper.

[To be continued.]

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Why not have long selected Cane in your that it is possible to the conditions of the

She—I haven't seen you for five years, Mr. Barker. How's that little romance of yours with Miss Henderson? Barker—Miss Henderson is no more. She—What? Dead? Barker—No; married. She—Ha! ha! You are still friends though? Barker—No. She married me.—Life.

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