



NOTES AND COMMENTS.

"Yes, and I'm coming every day again, dear," he said, as he threw his arm round her and tried to draw her to him.

As he did so there was a faint sound as of a hissing breath at the back of the place, and Saintone looked sharply round.

"What's that?" he said.

"Snake or little lizard," said the woman, coldly, freeing herself from his arm.

"Oh, come, don't do that," said Saintone, laughing, as he tried again to catch her in his arms; but she eluded him, and her eyes opened wildly now.

"No; go and make love to the new lady," she said, spitefully.

"What new lady?" he cried. "Why, you silly, jealous girl, I never loved any one but—"

"Lie!" said the woman, vindictively.

"It's true!" he cried angrily. "Come, Genie, don't be so foolish."

"It is not foolish. That is all over. Go to her."

"Why you silly thing, I tell you I have been too busy to come."

"Yes, too busy to send a boy to say mass can't. All lies."

"I know. I am not a fool," she said, scornfully.

"Sigh down, silly girl," he cried. "I smoke a cigar. Look here," he continued, as he lit the little roll of tobacco. "I'll now prove to you how true I am. Do you know why I came to-day?"

"Because you said Genie is a fool, and will believe all I say."

"No," he said in a low voice, as he leaned toward her. "I came up because I wanted you to help me, dear. I want to be more as if I were one of you."

The woman shook her head, and half closed her eyes; but he had moved her, and she watched him intently, as she shook shaking her head.

"You are under me," he whispered. "The Vaudoux, I want to join—to be one of you. There, do you believe I love you now?"

"Well," she said, panting. "Don't know 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?"

"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 belonged to the Vaudoux sect, and came out pretty liberally to the Papaloi—"

"Papaloi?" interrupted Deffrard. "How did they get that word?"

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

"Ah! I see; their way of sounding the—roi—roi."

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

"Well, yes, I suppose so; but—"

"Hang your buns! Don't hesitate so. Look here, Duff, you want to marry Antoinette?"

"Of course."

"Well, then, I expect my brother to support me in everything, so you'll have to join once for all with me."

"Yes, and I mean to be initiated at once."

"And you want me to be initiated, too?"

"Of course."

"Oh, very well—that is, if you will hang up with your sister and mother."

"Trust me for that; you shall have her."

"I'm ready, then; but I don't like it. Hang it all, one hears all kinds of horrors about them."

"Old women's tales. There, I'm going through the town. You can walk with me part of the way."

"Going over to the priest to see—ahem!"

"Mind your own business. I'm going to take the first steps toward our initiation, so be ready to go any night I warn you."

"But—"

"No hanging back; you have promised."

"Yes, and so have you," said the young man, getting up languidly; "but I say, why there is anything to pay. Isn't it something like the foreigners' freemasonry?"

"Good-bye."

(To be continued.)

BARNUM'S WOOING.

The Great Showman Knew Human Nature Pretty Well.

The recent marriage of the widow of P. T. Barnum to a wealthy Greek has brought out a story of how the great showman won his English bride. It was his theory that the people liked to be humbugged, and he made good use of the idea in the management of his show, but it will be news to many that he worked the same scheme in securing his British wife. As the story goes Barnum at the time was Mayor of Bridgeport. He was lonesome, and his beautiful home, Waldemere, on the shore of Long Island Sound, was not much visited, except by sightseers. He became interested in the beautiful daughter of John Fish of Southport, England, a retired manufacturer, and solicited her hand in marriage. Barnum was well advanced in years, and knew his fame as the prince of showmen was not sufficient to win the prize. In fact, that fame might have hurt his suit more than helped it, for Miss Fish greatly disliked the notoriety attached to the "greatest show on earth," and after she married his owner always managed to hold herself aloof from the publicity her husband loved so well. But the old showman's knowledge of the English love for official celebrity led him to play a winning card. He had his photograph taken with Walde mere as a background. The picture represented him seated in a showy landau, harnessed to four beautiful black horses, his coachman on the box and two footmen up behind. Under the photograph were the words, "Lord Mayor of Bridgeport." A copy of this picture was forwarded to Miss Fish, and Barnum always thought it "did the business."

His chance round satisfied him, and he turned off sharply to the left, and, as he disappeared among the trees, the black rolled over three or four times, by this means crossing the track and reaching the shelter of the over-hanging foliage, among which he, too, plunged and disappeared.

At the end of about a hundred yards Saintone stepped over the rough fence of a solitary cottage, at whose door a mulatto girl was seated, idly twisting together some thin shavings of cane, to form a plait. She had seen the white jacket of the young man approaching, and had uttered a slight laugh, as her eyes closed till only a glimpse of her dark pupils could be seen, as she watched the track in a sidelong way, and began to hum a wild, weird ditty, one well known among the Haytian blacks an air probably brought by some of their race from their native Africa.

"Ah, Genie, dear," cried Saintone, as he caught sight of the woman in the dark, shadowy interior.

"Mass! Saintone?" she replied, with an affected start and look of wonder.

"Yes," he said, laying his hand upon her shoulder. "How pretty you look today. Didn't you see me coming?"

"No, sah, I was busy here. What do you want?"

"What do I want? Why, I've come to see you, dear."

"Oh," said the girl, coldly. "Mass! Saintone could have come last week—two weeks—three weeks ago—but he never came. Thought you never come again."

"Well, look here, then," said Saintone, lowering his voice, after a glance round to see that they were not likely to be overheard. "I've quite made up my mind to join the Vaudoux."

"And I've made up my mind not to," replied Deffrard, tilting back his chair.

"I'm going to be very good now, and marry your sister."

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

"Ah!" exclaimed Aube, raising her face at this revelation, and looking wonderingly in the old lady's face.

"It was this necessity which kept her from coming to see you again and again. If she had done so, she says, she could not have kept you here."

"My mother," said Aube, with her eyes dilating, and the Superior went on in the same low, sweet voice.

"She says now, Aube, that you are a woman grown, and that she can bear the separation no longer—that her heart yearns for you—that she cannot rest until she clasps to her breast all that is left to her of that dear husband who was to her as a god—I give you her own words, my child; and I ought to utter words of reproof on the vanity—the wickedness of a woman giving herself up so wholly to such a love—but—but, my darling, I cannot say them now. For it touches me to the heart, Aube, and I can only see the sweet, loving widow mother there, all those thousands of miles away—stretching out her trembling hands, my darling, her longing eyes strained yearningly to me, as she says, 'I have done my duty—I have worked, and watched, and waited—I have done all that he would have had me do, and now that my long penance is fulfilled, give me back my child.'

The solemn silence was broken now by the old lady as she sank into a chair, and laid her head upon her arms.

"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 realize it all. Between these lines there stand forth in burning words all that you poor, patient woman tried to express, and suffer as I may have to part from you. I know it is your duty to go to her—to go, as she says, at once, for life is short, and I can send you back, 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, as sweet and true and pure as ever knew God."

"Sister Elise! Mother!" sobbed Aube.

"My child!"

There was another long pause, and then again 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, 'There is heaven, I am her child.' It is a terrible experience, for it is a long voyage, and 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 those 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 whose charge you could make the voyage. This might have been months, Aube, but however, comes upon the project, and the General called up a wife, a widow of a woman of whom 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 those 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."

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