

# PAULINE.

tion to her comfort, and that was all. The journey had been a long and trying one—she looked wearied out.

"You are tired, Pauline," I said, "would you like to go to your room?"

"I am very tired." She spoke almost plaintively.

"Good-night, then," I said; "to-morrow you will feel better, and we will look at the lions of the place."

She rose, we shook hands and said good-night. Pauline retired to her apartment whilst I went out for a ramble through the gas-lighted streets, and with a sad heart recalled the events of the day.

Husband and wife! The bitter mockery of the words! For in everything except the legal bond Pauline and I were as far apart as we were on that day when first I saw her at Turin. Yet this morning we had vowed to love and cherish each other until death did us part. Why had I been rash enough to take Ceneri at his word? Why not have waited until I had ascertained that the girl could love me, or at least that she had the power of loving at all? The apathy and utter indifference she displayed fell like a chill upon my heart. I had done a foolish thing—a thing that could never be undone. I must bear the consequences. Still I would hope, particularly, for what to-morrow might bring forth.

I had thought about for a long time, thinking of a strange position. Then I returned to the hotel and sought my own apartment. It was one of the suite of rooms I had engaged, and next to my wife's. I dismissed, as well as I could, all hopes and fears until the morning came, and, tired with the day's events, at last slept.

My bride and I did not visit the lakes as I had planned. In two days' time I had learned the whole truth—learned all I could know—all that I might ever know about Pauline. The meaning of the old woman's repeated phrase, "She is not for love or marriage," was manifested to me. The reason why Dr. Ceneri had stipulated that Pauline's husband should be content to take her without inquiring into her early life was clear. Pauline—my wife—my love, had no past!

Or no knowledge of the past. Slowly at first, then with swift steps, the truth came home to me. Now I knew how to account for that puzzled, strange look in those beautiful eyes—knew the reason for the indifference, the apathy, she displayed. The face of the woman I had married was fair as the morn; her figure as perfect as that of a Grecian statue; her voice low and sweet; but the one thing which animates every charm—the mind—was missing!

How shall I describe her? Madness means something quite different from her state. Imbecility would still less convey my meaning. There is no word I can find which is fitting to use. There was simply something missing from her intellect—as much missing as a limb may be from a body. Memory, except for comparatively recent events, she seemed to have none. The power of reasoning, weighing and drawing deductions seemed beyond her grasp. She appeared unable to recognize the importance or bearing of occurrences taking place around her. Sorrow and delight were emotions she was incapable of feeling. Nothing seemed to call to them she noticed neither persons nor places. She lived as by instinct—rose, ate, drank and lay down to rest as one not knowing why she did so. Such questions or remarks as came within the limited range of her capacity she replied to—those outside it passed unheeded, or else the shy, troubled eyes sought for a moment the questioner's face, and left them as mystified as I had been when first I noticed that curious inquiring look.

Yet she was not mad. A person might have met her out in company, and after spending hours in her society might have carried away no worse impression than that she was shy and reticent. Whenever she did speak her words were as those of a perfectly sane woman; but as a rule her voice was only heard when the ordinary necessities of life demanded, or in reply to some simple question. Perhaps, I should not be far wrong in comparing her mind to that of a child—but, alas! it was a child's mind in a woman's body—and that woman was my wife!

Life to her, so far as I could see, held neither mental pleasure nor pain. Considered physically, I found that she was more influenced by heat and cold than by any other agents. The sun would tempt her out of doors, or the cold wind would drive her in. She was by no means unhappy. She seemed quite content to sit by my side, or to walk or drive with me for hours without speaking. Her whole existence was a negative one.

And she was sweet and docile. She followed every suggestion of mine, fell in with every plan, was ready to go here, there, or everywhere, as I wished; but her compliance and obedience were as those of a slave to a new master. It seemed to me that all her life she must have been accustomed to obey some one. It was this habit which had so misled me—had almost made me think that Pauline loved me, or she would not have consented to that hasty marriage. Now, I knew that her ready obedience to her uncle's command was really due to the inability of her mind to offer resistance, and its powerlessness to comprehend the true meaning of the step she was taking.

Such was Pauline, my wife! A woman in her beauty and grace of person; a child in her clouded and unformed or stunted mind! And I, her husband, a strong man craving for love, might win from her, perchance, at last, what might be compared to the affection of a child to its parent, or a dog to his master.

As the truth, the whole truth, came home to me, I am not ashamed to say that I lay down and wept in bitter grief. I loved her even now I knew all! I would not even have undone the marriage. She was my wife—the only woman I had ever cared for. I would fulfil my vow—would love her and cherish her. Her life, at least, should be as happy as my care could make it. But all the same I vowed I would have a fitting reckoning with that glib Italian doctor.

Him, I felt, it was necessary I should see at once. From him I would wring all particulars. I would learn if Pauline had always been the same—if there was any hope that time and patient treatment would work an improvement. I would learn, moreover, the object of his concealment. I would, I swore, drag the truth from him, or it should cost me dear. Until I stood face to face with Ceneri I should find no peace.

I told Pauline it was necessary we should return to London immediately. She betrayed no surprise, raised no objection. She made her preparations at once, and was ready to accompany me when I willed it. This was another thing about her which puzzled me. So far as things mechanical went, she was as other people. In her toilet, even in her preparations for a journey, she needed no assistance. All her actions were those of a perfectly sane person; it was only when the mind was called upon to show itself that the deficiency became at all apparent.

It was a gray morning when we reached Euston Station. We had travelled all night. I smiled bitterly as I stepped on to the platform; smiled at the contrast between my thoughts of to-day and those of a few mornings ago when I handed the wife I had so strangely won into the train, and told myself, as I followed her, that a life of perfect happiness was now about to begin.

And yet how fair the girl looked as she stood by my side on that wide platform! How strangely that air of repose, that sweet refined calm face, that general appearance of indifference, contrasted with the busy scene around us as the train disgorged its contents. Oh, that I could sweep the clouds from her mind and make her what I wished!

I had found some difficulty in settling what course to pursue. I decided, after ventilating various schemes, that I would take Pauline to my own rooms in Walpole street. I knew the people of the house well, and felt certain she would be taken care of during my absence; for after a few hours' repose, it was my intention to start in search of Ceneri. I had written from Edinburgh to Walpole street, telling the good people there to be ready for me, and whom to expect; moreover, I had again appealed to my faithful old servant, Priscilla, and begged her to be at the house awaiting my arrival. For my sake, I knew she would show every kindness to my poor girl. So to Walpole street we went.

All was in readiness for us. Priscilla received us with eyes full of curious wonder. I saw that her sympathies were at once enlisted by Pauline's appearance. After a cup of tea and something to eat, I begged Priscilla to lead my wife to her room, that she might take the rest she needed. Pauline, in her childlike, docile way, rose and followed the old woman.

"When you have seen to Mrs. Vaughan's comforts come back to me," I said, "I want to speak to you."

Priscilla, no doubt, was only too eager to return to me. I felt she was brimming over with questions about my unexpected marriage; but I checked her volubility. My face must have told her that I had nothing pleasant to communicate. She sat down, and, as I desired her to do, listened without comment to my tale.

I was compelled to confide in some one. The old woman, I knew, was trustworthy and would keep my affairs secret. So I told her all, or nearly all. I explained as well as I could Pauline's peculiar mental state. I suggested all that my short experience brought to my mind, and I prayed Priscilla, by the love she bore me, to guard and be kind in my absence to the wife I loved. The promise being given I threw myself upon the sofa and slept for several hours.

In the afternoon I saw Pauline again. I asked her if she knew where I could write to Ceneri. She shook her head.

"Try and think, my dear," I said. She pressed her delicate finger tips against her brow. I had always noticed that trying to think always troubled her greatly.

"Teresa knew," I said to assist her.

"Yes, ask her."

"But she has left us, Pauline. Can you tell us where she is?"

Once more she shook her head hopelessly.

"He told me he lived in Geneva," I said.

"Do you know the street?"

She turned her puzzled eyes to mine. I sighed, as I knew my questions were useless.

Still, find him I must. I would go to Geneva. If the man was a doctor, as he represented himself, he must be known there. If I could not find any trace of him at Geneva I would try Turin. I took my wife's hand.

"I am going away for a few days, Pauline. You will stay here until I return. Every one will be kind to you. Priscilla will get you all you want."

"Yes, Gilbert," she said softly. I had taught her to call me Gilbert.

Then, after some last instructions to Priscilla, I started on my journey. As my cab drove from the door I glanced up at the window of the room in which I had left Pauline. She was standing there looking at me, and a great wave of joy came over my heart, for I fancied that her eyes were looking sad, like the eyes of one taking leave of a dear friend. It may have been only fancy, but as I never before even fancied the expression there, that look in Pauline's eyes was some comfort to carry away with me.

And now for Geneva and il dottore Ceneri!

(To be continued.)

## Away From Home.

"Conductor," said a Chicago man on board an Illinois Central train, in a loud tone of voice, "are you sure we haven't passed St. Louis?"

"Yes, we are twenty miles this side, yet."

"This train stops there, does it?"

"Yes."

"Well, don't fail to let me know when we get there."

Then he settled himself back in his seat, and smiled when a St. Louis citizen bent across the aisle and asked him if any new buildings had been put up in Chicago since he fire.

The Emperor of Germany is indisposed.

It is expected the difficulty with the Boers will be settled without recourse to force.

Anti-Ministerial papers in France denounce the practice of the French troops of killing the wounded Chinese.

It is alleged that the officials of the Irish National League are alarmed at the spread of the laborers' agitation in the county of Waterford.

The six officers of the Russian army who were sentenced to death for political offences were executed yesterday at the St. Petersburg citadel. Madame Wolkenstein and Mary Figner, the daughter of a priest, were also executed.

## A BOY'S AMBITION.

The Metamorphosis from the Things that Were to Later Days.

Nearly everybody who is now a man, says the *Through Mail*, was once a boy. All these grown-up boys remember how they felt the first time they ever saw a brass band. They felt that the President of the United States was not to be compared to the editor of the bass drum, and that the drum-major was at least six inches above George Washington in the temple of fame. Oh! how they did yearn to belong to a brass band, until a circus came along, and then, how they longed to be the fearless equestrian or the man in the lion's cage. Congress had no charms for most of its present members when they were boys. To be a bareback rider or drum-major was infinitely greater than to be a member of Congress in their youthful eyes. Then came a time when their hearts were set on becoming a brakeman on a railway train, and when the vision of promotion to the conductorship of a train floated across their dreamy optics they were in the fifth heaven of delight. Time wore on, only to rub the glitter of the railway service off, and supply its place with grand aspirations for the position of umpire of a baseball game, which was rapidly succeeded by an inordinate ambition to be the victor of a prize-ring. After being knocked out in one round by nearly every boy in the community, ambition again underwent a metamorphosis, and the one thing of all things desired was to be the reigning monarch of a barber-shop, or the untrammelled commander of a volunteer fire-brigade.

In due time all the tinsel of these high callings was but dross to them, and to die on the battle-field, breathing some patriotic sentiment as the sands of life ran away, was the one high aim of existence. After one encampment with the home militia, with beans and hard-tack for menu, and a finger accidentally shot off for fun, no further anxiety to spill blood by the gallon for their country was manifested, and they longed for more agreeable pursuits incident to the tranquil surroundings of peace.

At about this point their desires took a different turn. Their hearts glowed with a nobler impulse, and there was a trifle more of a determination to do in their composition. One determined to teach school, and did so. To be sure, he was surprised that life was not one continual round of uninterrupted joy in his new calling, but he worries along, and the next spring enters a law office and becomes a disciple of Blackstone. The next autumn he reverts to school-teaching, and school-teaching is sandwiched into his life in various ways and at numerous periods afterward, until he becomes an editor, and the prize-ring experiences of his youth are repeated again. Some years later he is elected to Congress, and then all the old ambitions are forgotten and give place to designs upon the Senate. Only a few of them ever get there, and they at once feel the humming of the Presidential bee in their bonnets, and eventually become candidates before the national conventions of the great parties, and all but two get—left; and when the election is over one of these two is also left.

## Personal Paragraphs.

Agassiz is still in very poor health.

Charles Stewart Parnell has received at one time and another the sum of \$200,000 as acknowledgment of his services in behalf of Ireland.

Archbishop Lightfoot, of Wellington, Eng., will not allow an organist to officiate in his church because he has previously played for a Congregational body.

Princess Wilhelmina, whose right to the throne of Holland has just been amicably settled, is a little toddler of 4 years of age in the royal nursery at The Hague.

The youngest daughter of President Tyler is to be married in Richmond this month to Mr. Ellis, a member of the Virginia Legislature.

Lord-Mayor-elect Nottgate, of London, is 55, President of a photographic company, has been an Alderman and Sheriff, is good-looking and Liberal in politics.

The magnificent bequest of \$50,000 for a gymnasium at Phillips Exeter Academy by the late Dr. Francis P. Hurd, of Boston, makes the benefiting boys believe that it is better to be heard than seen, sometimes.

Marietta Stowe, Belva Lookwood's companion in political tribulation, has been in politics before. She was one nominated for Governor of California, and also for School Director in San Francisco.

After Dr. Newsholme on tea, Dr. Alfred Taylor now declares that every wife should give her husband good coffee, and he alleges that "bad coffee makes bad men." Bad coffee certainly furnishes grounds for a great deal of bad language.

MR. GLADSTONE generally dresses a nly but, like the aloe, blooms once in the hundred years or so. When that event occurs the splendor of his blossoming calls for detailed record. On his first drive into Edinburgh from Dalmeny—the morning was bright and sunny—he flashed upon the town like a ray of light, and sat among his sombre companions like a bird of paradise in an aviary of jackdaws, clothed, like Tennyson's party in the pool, "in white samite," or what might have been a coat of that material; his waistcoat was also white, his trousers a lovely lavender, his tie the hue of the pale primrose, while in his buttonhole he sported a rose larger than a cauliflower, but less in size than a drum-head cabbage. Add to this a hat of veritable white, not the dubious drab which is the common wear, but as white as white-wash, and you have the figure which showed in the Scotch capital as the sun in Turner's sea pieces shows from surrounding clouds.

A prominent citizen of Whitfield county, Georgia, has had his grave dug and cemented and inclosed with an iron railing. Although in the evening of life the gentleman is still hale and hearty, and likely to prolong his existence for years to come.

The removal of the tax on matches has not, as predicted, started many new factories, but has brought into the American market the manufactures of England, Sweden, France and Italy. These are sold so cheap that further competition seems impossible.

An agitation in favor of the Scott Act is about to begin in Montreal.