In the Night.

We are sitting alone in the twilight, Alone, while the dark shadows fall, And the cool, night-born zephyrs are creeping And stealing around us and all.

Comes, like the faint, sweet voices of fairies, The murmuring moan of the breeze, While it stoops low and kisses the blossoms And whispers its song in the trees.

Not a sound, save the song of the zephyrs, Is heard while we listed full long; And we break not the silence so charming, But list to the night-wind's low song.

Up in the skies the bright stars are shining. The moon has half vanished away, And silver clouds are drifting above us As fair as the dream of a day.

Far away in the dim, distant westland, There flashes a faint flame of gold, And it only adds more to the beauty That the hours of the darkness unfold.

Grotesquely the fantastical phantoms Are flitting out under the trees, While the leaves and the branches above them, Tremble in the gust of the breeze.

Ah! say not that darkness is dreary, That no charm can hallow the night, For there's never a midnight so cheerless But in it is hidden delight.

PAULINE.

CHAPTER VI.

UNSATISFACTORY ANSWERS.

I travelled in hot haste, as fast as steam words had given me the impression that he from the side of your bride." practiced in the town. It so, many people must know him. But he had misled who knew the man. I called on every doc- him you are here. last I felt certain that the name he had him." given me was a fictitious one, or that Geneva was not his abode. However obscure a doctor may be, he is sure to be known by | wishes to him." some of his professional brethren in the try my luck there.

side of the street. As his face and bearing I idled away a week, and then began to recovery have been fulfilled; but do not presented the appearance of an ordinary few words only. British traveller—so much so that I pelieved I must be mistaken. But I was call for you at 11 o'clock. M. C." right, after all. In spite of his changed attire I recognized him the moment I veyance drove up to the hotel. The driver beside me. drew near. He was the man with whom inquired for Mr. Vaughan. I stepped in Kenyon had engaged in a wordy war out. | without a word, and was driven to a small | Vaughan?" he asked. aide San Giovanni-the man who had house outside the town. Upon being shown remonstrated with us for our expressed into a room I found the doctor seated at a admiration of Pauline-the man who had table covered with newspapers and letters. I hope?" walked away arm in arm with Ceneri.

The chance was too good a one to be lost. to be seated. He would at least know where the doctor was to be found. I trusted his memory hear, Mr. Vaughan?" for faces was not so retentive as mine; that he would not connect me with the | tions respecting my wife." unpleasant passage which occurred when we last met. I walked up to him, and many I shall doubtless refuse to reply to. "I might have told you more than Ceneri." raising my hat requested him to favor me | You remember my stipulation?" with a few moments' conversation.

penetrating glance, then acknowledging my state ?" salutation, professed, in the same language, his wish to place himself at my service.

"I am trying to ascertain the address of

you will be able to assist me." He laughed. "I will if I can-but being Then I could have blamed no one." like yourself an Englishman, and knowing

help to you."

Ceneri."

the look, almost of apprehension, he cast | wife." on me, showed me that he recognized the name. But in a second he recovered himself. "I cannot remember the name. I am

sorry to say I am unable to help you." "But," I said, in Italian, "I have seen you in his company." He scowled viciously. "I know no man

He raised his hat and strode away. I was not going to lose him like that. quickened my pace and came up with him. | calm.

of the name. Good morning."

I must beg of you to tell me where I can find him. I must see him upon an important matter. It is no use denying that he is a friend of yours." He hesitated, then halted. "You are

strangely importunate, sir. Perhaps you will tell me your reason for your statement that the man you seek is my friend?" " I saw you arm-in-arm with him."

"Where, may I ask?" "In Turin-last spring. Outside San

Giovanni." He looked at me attentively. "Yes, remember your face now. You are one of those young men who insulted a lady, and

whom I swore to chastise." " No insult was meant, but even had it been so, it might be passed over now."

less than your friend said to me?" " Please remember I said nothing. But that matters little. It is on behalf of his niece, Pauline, that I wish to see Dr

Ceneri." A look of utter astonishment spread over his face. "What have you to do with his niece?" he asked roughly.

"That is his business and mine. Now tell me where I can flud him."

"What is your name?" he asked curtly.

"Gilbert Vaughan."

"What are you?" "An English gentleman-nothing more." He remained thoughtful for a few seconds. "I can take you to Ceneri," he said, "but first I must know what you want with him, and why you mention Pauline's name? The street is not the

we could talk at our case. "Now, Mr. Vaughan," he said, "answer insisted on having a clear reply.

my question, and I may see my way to "What has that friend of vo

place to talk in -let us go elsewhere."

do with the matter ?" "She is my wife-that is all."

He sprang to his feet-a flerce Italian oath bissed from his lips. His face was white with rage.

"Your wife!" he shouted. "You lie-1

say you lie!"

lected. gentleman. Either you will apologize for own luck." your words or I will kick you out of the room."

He struggled with his passion and curbed it. "I apologize," he said, "I was wrong. regret, Mr. Vaughan?" Does Ceneri know it?" he asked sharply. were married."

His passion once more seemed upon the fully." point of mastering him. "Traditore!" I I rose to take my leave. Then Ceneri my old lodgings and I live almost the life spirator? heard him whisper fleroely to himself. spoke with more feeling than he had yet of a hermit. "Ingannatore!" Then he turned to me displayed. il composed features.

find her a charming companion." have given more to have been able to fulfil of that I spent—" my threat of kicking him out. The intonation of his last words told me that Paul- terly. He waved his hand with dignity. ine's state of mind was well known to him.

Ceneri. "Thank you," I said quietly, "now perhaps you will give me the information I

want." "You are not a very devoted bridegroom, would bear me, to Geneva; where I at Mr. Vaughan," said the fellow mockingly. once began my inquiries as to the where. " If Ceneri was at your wedding it could about of Dr. Ceneri. I had hoped that find- only have occurred a few days ago. It ing him would be an easy matter. His must be important business which tears you have sacrificed my life?"

"It is important business." "Then I fear it must wait a few days. me or I had deceived myself. For several Ceneri is not in Geneva. But I have wished to gain Pauline a home. Moreover, under the supervision of that terrible old days I hunted high and low; inquired reason to think he may be here in about a Mr. Vaughan"—here his voice dropped to a every where; but not a soul could I find week's time. I shall see him, and will tell whisper-"I was anxious to provide that pets her like a child, whilet I-well, I do

entire ignorance of such a colleague. At will call upon him. I must speak with much less the returning. I doubt whether feeling. Sometimes, not always, she seems

chooses. I can only make known your shall never meet again."

He rowed and left me. I felt that even | plot or conspiracy?" same town. I decided to go to Turin, and now it was doubtful whether I should succeed in obtaining the interview with the less. I will now bid you adieu." It was on the eve of my intended depart- mysterious doctor. It depended entirely ure. I was strolling about, feeling very whether he chose to grant it. He might not refuse the hand he streched out to me. by and the months glide away until the sad at heart and trying to persuade myself | come to Geneva and go away again without | that I should fare better in Turin, when I my being any the wiser, unless his friend some year or two I shall write to you and

seemed familiar to me, I crossed the road fear that Ceneri had made up his mind to trouble to seek me or to inquire for me if I to see him to better advantage. Being keep out of my way. But it was not so. A am silent." clothed in the inevitable tourist suit he letter came one morning. It contained a

He rose, and shaking my hand begged me

"You have come to Geneva to see me, I

"Yes, I wished to ask you some ques-"I will answer all I can—but there are

I spoke in English. He gave me a quick, me aware of my wife's peculiar mental my wife's mental state, of which I believe

"You had seen her yourself several that may be of use to me, I will beg you to times. Her state was the same as when speak." she first proved so attractive to you. I amgentleman who, I believe, lives here. I think sorry you should think yourself deceived." "Why not have told me everything?

"I had so many reasons, Mr Vaughan. very few people, I fear I can be of little Pauline was a great responsibility on my pose." shoulders. A great expense, for I am a "I am anxious to find a doctor named poor man. And, after all, is the matter so sone." very bad? She is beautiful, good and The start he gave as he heard my words; amiable. She will make you a loving

> "Scarcely that altogether. There are are going back to England, I suppose?" circumstances—I cannot explain them which made me glad to marry her to an Englishman of good position."

feelings might be on finding the woman he when I am next in London, and pay my loved little better than a child."

I felt indignant, and showed my feeling time." very plainly. Ceneri took very little notice of my warmth. He remained perfectly

"There is another point to be considered. Pauline's case is, in my opinion, far from cious triumph in his eyes as they met being hopeless. Indeed, I have always mine. looked upon marriage as greatly adding to the chance of her recovery. If her mind to a certain extent is wanting, I believe that, little by little, it may be built up again. impossible to rake up." Or it may return as suddenly as it left

her." My heart leaped at his words of hope. Cruelly as I feel I had been treated, tool that I had been made for this man's selfish ends, I was willing to accept the situation cheerfully if I had any hope held out to me.

"Will you give me all the particulars of my poor wife's state? I conclude she has

not always been like this."

"Certainly not. Her case is most pecu-"No insult! I have killed a man for liar. Some years ago she received a great shock—sustained a sudden loss. The effect was to entirely blot out the past from her My great fear, that in the short time she Vaughan," he said, with a smile. mind. She rose from her bed after some weeks' illness with her memory a complete groundless. She knew me and welcomed you been long in England?" blank. Places were forgotten-friends me. My poor Pauline! If I could but were strangers to her. Her mind might,

as you say, have been the mind of a child back once more! But a child's mind grows, and, if treated properly, so will hers."

"What was the cause of her illnesswhat shock?"

"That is one of the questions I cannot answer."

"But I have a right to know."

"You have a right to ask, and I have

a right to refuse to speak."

"Tell me of her family -her relatives." "She has none, I believe, save myself." I asked other questions, but could get no answers worth recording. I should return I led him to my hot I to a room where to England not much wiser than I left it. But there was one question to which I may recover; but each tells me the same, but his last day's work is done."

"What has that friend of yours-that exact circumstances which brought about helping you. What has Pauline March to English-speaking Italian - to do with the calamity were known. These, I doubt, particulars; but a few weeks after you left Harvey Birch in Cooper's story of the Pauline?

> Ceneri shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

answer something fully, Mr. Vaughan. For I dread more than I wish for. Teresa, a year or two before Pauline was taken ill, who might have thrown some light on the is at this moment on his way to Siberia, death.

I rose, furious as himself, but more col- her. He is now furious with me for allow- for not having asked the doctor where she the mines." ing her to get married. He declares he was to be found; but doubtless he would "I told you, sir, that I am an English | was only waiting her recovery to try his have declined to tell me. So the days go Ceneri, I shuddered as I heard his fate.

purpose as well as I seem to have?" Ceneri looked at me sharply. "Do you care may at length restore her.

"Certainly; he was present when we slight chance. But I tell you, Dr. Ceneri, furnish it. But why? Pauline could not If it seemed horrible to me to think of the

"If so, I have nothing more to do save to harshly. I have wronged you, I admit. ances. Some who have seen Pauline shall surprise you." nagratulate you, Mr. Vaughan. Your for- There are things you know noth- attribute my lack of hospitality to jealousy; tune is indeed enviable. Your wife is ing of. I must tell you more than I some to other causes; but, as yet, I believe beautiful, and of course good. You will intended. The temptation to place Pauline no one knows the truth. in a position of wealth and comfort was I would have given much to know why the irresistible. I am her debtor for a vast bear my grief-times when I wish that mention of my marriage should have sent amount. At one time her fortune was Kenyon had never led me inside that him into such a storm of rage, but I would about fifty thousand pounds. The whole church at Turin; but there are other times

"And dare to boast of it!" I said bit-"Yes. I dare to speak of it. I spent it I could scarcely keep my hands off the fel- all for freedom-for Italy. It was in my low; but I was compelled to restrain my keeping as trustee. I, who would have anger, as without his aid I could not find | robbed my own father, my own son, should I hesitate to take her money for such an

> cause and was well spent." "It was the act of a criminal to rob an

orphan." be found. Why should I not sacrifice my honor for my country as freely as I would

"It is no use discussing it—the matter is ended."

"Yes, but I tell you to show you why I home at once. I am bound on a journey- every thing I can which I fancy may give tor in the place; one and all professed "Let me know where to find him, and I a journey of which I cannot see the end, her such a pleasure as she is capable of I should have decided to see you had it not to appreciate my efforts, and once or twice "I imagine that will be as the doctor been for this. But the chances are we she has taken my hand and raised it to her

"I mean what I have said—no more, no Angry as I was with the man, I could

"Farewell," he said, " it may be that in

to take me back to the hotel. On my way many hours every day reading and study called Macari. He signalled to the driver silent unless I address a remark to her. At 11 o'clock an ordinary hired con- to stop, and then entering the carriage sat

> "You have seen the doctor, Mr. "Yes. I have just come from him."

> "And have learned all you wish to know "A great many of my questions have been

"But not all. Ceneri would not answer He laughed, and his laugh was cynical

and mocking. I kept silence. " Had you questioned me," he continued, "I came to ask Dr. Ceneri for all the "Yes, but why did you not make information he could give me respecting you are aware. If you can say anything

"You asked him what caused it?"

" I did. He told me a shock." "You asked him what shock. That h did not tell you?" "He had his reasons for declining, I sup-

"Yes. Excellent reasons—family rea

"If you can enlighten me, kindly do so. "Not here, Mr. Vaughan. The doctor and I are friends. You might fly back and "You wished to get rid of her, in fact." assault him, and I should get blamed. You "Yes. I start at once."

"Give me your address, and perhaps will write; or, better still, if I feel inclined "Without thinking what that man's to be communicative, I will call on you respects to Mrs. Vaughan at the same

So eager was I to get at the bottom of the affair that I gave him my card. He then stopped the carriage and stepped out He raised his hat, and there was a mali

"Good-bye, Mr. Vaughan. Perhaps after all you are to be congratulated upon being married to a woman whose past it is

With this parting shaft -a shaft which struck deep and rankled—he left me. was well he did so, before I caught him by my hand, that he meant his visit to bode the throat and strove to force him to no good to me. What did I care why he band of the highest rank." explain his last words.

Longing to see my poor wife again, went back to England with all speed.

CHAPTER VII. CLAIMING RELATIONSHIP.

uncertain, clouded way she welcomed me. would have entirely forgotten me, was

find the way to bring those truant senses

For months nothing of importance occurred. If my love's mind was, as Ceneri | wait until the atmosphere has quieted predicted, to be gradually restored, the down." process was a tedious one. At times I thought her better-at times worse. The fact is there was little or no change in her condition. Hour after hour she sits in her don't use the word offensively; it is the said. apathy and listlessness; speaking only only on I can think of." when spoken to; but willing to come with me anywhere; do anything I suggest, whenever, alas! I express my wish in words she can comprehend. Poor Pauline! some years." The greatest doctors in England have

recovery would be more possible if the "Is he dead?" I asked, startled. if we shall ever learn.

seen her. Each says the same thing. She for them. Our poor friend Ceneri did the

Macari sent his promised information. his trial. It has come off, hear." "Macari! I am glad to be able to The latter, after his last malicious words,

on. All I can do is, with Praicilla's assist "Why should he not have served your ance, to insure that my poor girl is made

you have deceived and cajoled me shame- look after it-would not be interested in it man working in the Siberian mines, what

I care to see no friends. I am, indeed, "Mr. Vaughan, do not judge me too blamed for forsaking all my old acquaint-

There are times when I feel I cannot when I feel that, in spite of all, my love for my wife, hopeless as it is, has made me a better and even a happier man. I can sit for hours looking at her lovely face, even as I could looking at a picture or a statue. I try to imagine that face lit up with bright intelligence, as once it must have been. long to know what can have drawn that end? Every farthing went to the great dark curtain over her mind, and I pray that one day it may fall aside and I may see her eyes responsive to my own. If felt sure this would ever be I would wait "Call it what you like. Money had to without a murmur, if needs be, till our hair has grown gray.

I have this poor consolation—whatever the effect of our marriage may have been upon my life, it has, at least, not made my wife's lot a sadder one. Her days I am sure must be brighter than those when she was Italian woman. Priscilla loves her and lips as if in gratitude. She is beginning to "You mean you are engaged in some love me as a child may love its father, as some weak, helpless creature may love its protector. This is a poor recompense, but I am thankful even for this.

So, in our quiet household, the days pass winter is over and the laburnums and lilacs in the little plots in front of houses in noticed a man lounging along the opposite or himself sent me some communication. ask you if my predictions as to Pauline's the suburbs are in bud. It is fortunate that I am fond of books. Without that taste life would indeed be colorless. I have not the heart to leave Pauline alone and So we parted. The carriage was waiting seek society on my own account. I spend "You wish to see me. A carriage will thither I passed the man whom Ceneri had | ing, whilst my wife sits in the same room

It is a matter of great grief to me that I am almost entirely debarred from hearing the sound of music. I soon discovered that its effect upon Pauline was prejudicial. The notes which soothed me, in some way seemed to irritate her and make her for some purpose of his own, concealed the uneasy. So, unless she is out somewhere with Priscilla and I am left alone, the piano is unopened; the music books lie unused. Only those who love music as I love it can understand how great a depri-

vation this is to me. One morning as I sat alone I was told that a gentleman wished to see me. He gave the servant no name, but instructed her petition in order. And now may I see my to say that he was from Geneva. I knew it sister?" was Macari. My first impulse was to send back word that I would not see him. Again | wait." and again since our first meeting, his words had come back to me—those words which hinted at something in Pauline's past which her uncle had an object in concealing. But each time I thought of them I decided they were only the malicious insinuation of a disappointed man, who, having the age of 18 have been plotting and failed to win the woman he loved, wished fighting Domestic ties are forgotten under to make his favored rival suspicious and unhappy. I feared nothing he could say against my wife, but disliking the man, I in the man; besides, there were his words hesitated before giving instructions for his on a former occasion to be accounted for, admittance.

Yet Macari was the only link between Pauline and her past; Ceneri I felt sure I never should see again; this man was the only one remaining from whom it was possible to learn anything respecting my wife. The one person whose appearance could, by any chance, stimulate that torpid memory, and, perhaps, influence the state of her mind by suggesting, no matter how dimly, scenes and events in which he must have played a part. So thinking, I decided that the man should be admitted, and, moreover, that he should be brought face so he might speak to her of old days, even | not. old passion—anything that might aid her to pick up and retrace those dropped threads of memory.

He entered my room and greeted me with what I knew to be assumed cordiality. came? I wanted him for a purpose. With the end in view, what mattered the vented by the entrance of Pauline. I was hand and wounding me-and this was to appearance of her so-called brother would be geen.

I met him with a greeting almost as cordial as his own; I begged him to be seated, Yes, she was glad to see me back! In her then rang for wine and cigars.

"You see I have kept my promise, Mr. "Yes. I trusted you would do so. Have

"Only a couple of days." "How long do you stay?" "Until I am called abroad again. Things

I looked at him inquiringly. "I fancied you knew my trade," he said. | nition.

"I suppose you are a conspirator-I "Yes. Conspirator—regenerator—apos-

tls of freedom, whatever you like." "But your country has been free for "Other countries are not free. I work

" Well what has happened to him?"

Macari supposed himself to be in love with subject has disappeared. I blame myself condemned to twenty years' hard labor in

Although I bore no particular love toward " And you escaped?" I said.

"Naturally, or I should not be here as happy as can be, and hope that time and smoking your very good cigars and sipping your capital claret." We are still at Walpole street. My I was disgusted at the indifference with "No-not if there is a chance, even a intention had been to buy a house and which he spoke of his friend's misfortune.

-it would not be home. So we stay on at should it have seemed to his fellow con-"Now, Mr. Vaughan," said the latter,

"with your permission I will enter on business matters with you. I am afraid I

"Let me hear what you have to say." "First of all I must ask you what Ceneri told you about myself?"

" He told me your name." "Nothing of my family? He did not tell you my true name any more than he told you his own? He did not tell you it was March, and othat Pauline and I are brother and sister ?"

I was astonished at this announcement.

In the face of the doctor's assertion that this man had been in love with Pauline, I did not for a moment believe it; but thinking it better to hear his tale out, I simply replied, "He did not." "Very well-then I will tell you my history as briefly as I can. I am known by

many names abroad, but my right name is Anthony March. My father and Pauline's married Dr. Ceneri's sister. He died young and left the whole of his large property to his wife absolutely. She died some time afterward, and in turn left everything in my uncle's hands as sole trustee for my sister and myself. You know what became of the money, Mr. Vaughau?"

"Dr. Ceneri told me," I said, impressed in spite of myself by the correct way in

which he marshalled his facts. "Yes, it was spent for Italy. It paid for the keep of many a red shirt, armed many a true Italian. All our fortune was spent by the trustee. I have never blamed him. When I knew where it had gone I freely forgave him."

"Let us say no more about it, then." "I don't quite look upon it in that light. Victor Emmanuel's Government is now firmly established. Italy is free and will grow richer every year. Now, Mr. Vaughan, my idea is this: I believe, if the facts of the case were laid before the king, something might be done. I believe, if I, and you on behalf of your wife, were to make it known that Ceneri's appropriation of our fortunes for patriotic purposes had left us penniless, a large portion of the money, if not all, would be freely returned to us. You must have friends in England who would assist you in gaining the ear of King Victor. I have friends in Italy. Garibaldi, for instance, would vouch for the amount paid into his hands by Dr. Ceneri."

His tale was plausible, and, after all, his scheme was not altogether visionary. I was beginning to think he might really be my wife's brother, and that Ceneri had,

relationship. "But I have plenty of money," I said. "But I have not," he replied with a frank laugh. "I think you ought for the sake of your wife to join me in the matter."

"I must take time to consider it." "Certainly-I am in no hurry. I will in the meantime get my papers and

"She will be in very shortly if you will

"Is she better, Mr. Vaughan?" I shook my head sadly. "Poor girl! then I fear she will not recognize me. We have spent very few days together since we were children. I am, of course, much her senior; and from

I was still far from putting any faith " Mr. Macari," I said.

such circumstances."

"Excuse me -March is my name." "Then, Mr. March, I must ask you now to tell me the particulars of the shock which deprived my wife of her full reason." His face grew grave. "I cannot now.

Some day I will do so." "You will then, at least, explain your words when we parted at Geneva?" " I will ask pardon for them and apologize, as I know I spoke hastily and thoughtlessly, but having forgotten, I am, of course,

unable to explain them." I said nothing, feeling uncertain whether to face with Pauline. If he wished to do he was playing a deep game with me or

"I know," he continued, "that I was furious at hearing of Pauline's marriage. In her state of health Ceneri should never have allowed it - and then, Mr. Vaughan, I had set my heart upon her marrying an I felt, in spite of the hearty grasp he gave Italian. Had she recovered, my dream was that her beauty would win her a hus-

Any reply I should have made was pretool, if I could keep it from turning in my intensely anxious to see what effect the have upon her. Macari rose and stepped toward her.

> "Pauline," he said, "do you remember She looked at him with eyes full of ourious wonder, but shook her head as one in doubt. He took her hand. I noticed that she seemed to shrink from him instinct-

ively. "Poor girl, poor girl!" he said. "This is worse than I expected, Mr. Vaughan. Pauline, it is long since we have met, but have gone wrong with us there. I must you cannot have forgotten me!'

Her large troubled eyes were riveted on his face; but she made no sign of recog-

"Try and think who it is, Pauline," I

(To be continued.)

He who lives but for himself lives but for little thing.

It is stated that nearly 400 sugar estates in Cuba have been either destroyed or abandoned by their owners in the last decade.

Prince Crosby, who was the slave and "Dead to all of us. I cannot give you servant of Enoch Crosby, who figured as Geneva he was arrested in St. Petersburg. Revolutionary spy, died a few days ago at For Ceneri has made no sign, nor has He lay in prison for some months awaiting his residence near Carthage Landing, N. Y. Some two or three years ago he considered himself to be 103 years of age, but some "What always happens -our poor friend | believe that he was 110 on the time of his