Sher-pretty fine? The Wild Cirl olerably early : I can get away by nine. Treated feet a little sleepy, though I came to bed the bacon on, Jemima; see the eggs are nicely done! WPS, HAPP"

I'll be down in twenty minutes-or if possible, in I shall not be long, Jemima, when I once begin She is gone, the brisk Jemima; she is gone, and little thinks

forty winks. Since the bard is human only-not an early village cock-Why should he salute the morning at the hour of 8 o'clock. Stifled be the voice of Duty; Prudence, prythee,

cease to chide. While I turn me softly, gently, round upon my other side. Sleep, resume thy downy empire; reassert thy sable reigu! Morpheus. why desert a fellow? Bring those

poppies here again! What's the matter now, Jemima? Nine o'clock! It cannot be ! Hast prepared the eggs, the bacon and the matutinal tea? Take away the jug, Jemima. Go, replenish it Since the charm of its caloric must be very nearly gone.

She has left me. Let me linger till she reappears

Let my lazy thoughts meander in a free and easy After sleep's profounder so ace, naught refreshes like the doze. Should I tumble off, no matter; she will wake me, I suppose. Bless me, is it you, Jemima? Mercy on us, what a knock Can it be-I can't believe it-actually 10 o'clock?

I will out of bed and shave me. Fetch me warmer water up ! Let the tea be strong, Jemima. I shall only Stop a minute! I remember some appointment by the way, Twould have brought me mints of money; deprived her of reason.

'twas for 10 o'clock to-day. Let me drown my disappointment, slumber, in thy seventh heaven. You may go away, Jemima. Come and call me

-Leeds Mercury.

## PAULINE.

Ceneri was leaning back in his chair with a kind of dreamy look on his face, smoking slowly and placedly, taking, as it were, everything he could out of the luxury of a good cigar, I asked him to drink some more wine. He shook his head, then turned and looked at me.

"Mr. Vaughan," he said; "yes, it is Mr. Valghan. But who and what am I Where are we? Is it London, Geneva, or elsewhere? Shall I wake and find I have dreamed of what I have suffered?" "I am afraid it is no dream. We are in

Siberia."

free ?" with a selfish motive to ask you some ques. | my representation. tions which you alone can answer."

hour's relief from misery; I am grateful." "You will answer truly?"

nothing to gain, nothing to hope. Falsehood is forced on people by circumstances : a man in my state has no need of it."

"The first question I have to ask iswho and what is that man Macari?" Ceneri sprang to his feet. The name of Macari seemed to bring him back to the not have learned this." world. He looked no longer a decrepit

man. His voice was fi eros and stern. for him I should have succeeded and escaped. If he were only standing in your place! Weak as I am, I could find strength actors I have named." enough to cling on to his throat till the vile breath was out of his accureed body !"

He walked up and down the room, clinching and unclinching his hands.

"Try and be calm, Dr. Ceneri," I said. my own." " I have nothing to do with his plots and political treasons. Who is he? What is his parentage? Is Macari his name?"

The only name I ever knew him by. His father was a renegade Italian who sent I was that man." his son to live in England for fear his preclous blood should be spilt in freeing his attentively-" Yes; now the features come | man of his type. We may call the Governcountry. I found him a young man and back to me. I always wondered that your ment righteous or corrupt as we are Whigs believed in his integrity. Feeling assured proceedings against the trustee. of your tongue was of great service; and he stand-I am a doctor-your eyes were out; but, at least, we are ruled by our fought like a man. Why did he turn operated upon?" trait or now? Why do you ask these questions?"

is Pauline's brother." Ceneri's face, as he heard this intelligerce, was enough to banish lie number one from my mind. My heart leaped as I pened?" guessed that number two would be disposed of as easily. But there was a terrible

about that. "Her brother! She has note." A sickly look crept over his features as

could not read. "He says he is Anthony March, her I told you, raving mad." brother.'

want-his object?" he continued feverishly. | Macari.

That I should join him in a memorial epent."

Ceneri laughed a bitter laugh. " All grows clear," he said. "He betrayed a plot which might have changed a government for the sake of getting me out of the would believe anything connected with that father's side. For several years the young way. Coward! Why not have killed me | night-it has never left my thoughts-Mr. | husband and his beautiful dark-eyed wife and only me? Why have made others Vaughan, the truth has come to me in my lived in great happiness. Two children, a suffer with me? Anthony March! My captivity. I am not condemned to this son and a daughter, were born to them. God! that man is a villain!"

"Sure! yes. I was sure when the man in the cell next to mine rapped it on the hardened ruffian as Macari. He, at least, band's sake, flow back to her native land. wall. He had means of knowing."

" I don't understand you."

other by taps on the wall whic's divides rate knowledge had been obtained. their cells. The man next me was one of "I will tell you," I said, "provided you everything he possessed to her absolutely. his plots and conspiracies quickened the necessitating, as it must, carrying the victim us. Long before he went raving mad from pledge your honor to give me the full Although children had since come, so per. steps of universal liberty. In his dark, to Italy. How this was to be done, Ceneric the months of solitary confidement, he history of that fearful crime and answer feetly did he trust her that no change had soret circle he was a figure of considerable did not exactly explain—perhaps he had rapped out, over and over again, 'Betrayed | my questions fully and truthfully." by Macari.' I believed him. He was too He smiled bitterly. "You forget my perty. So, with such a fortune at her imprisoned he would be missed. Had he perhaps the boy was to be drugged pertrue a man to make the accusation without position, Mr. Vaughan, when you speak of command, Mrs. March was honored and not the right to weigh his own high pur. haps he counted upon his frantic state proof. But until now I could not see the 'honor.' Yet I promise you all you ask." courted by all.

object of the treason." Macari's assumed relationship to Pauline He shuddered as I again described he ter- the world. She had echoed his patriotism, that, for the sake of mankind, he might do was disposed of. Now, if Ceneri would rible vision.

else my journey would have benefited me you all." nothing. Is it any wonder that my lips trembled as I endeavored to approach the subject?

"Now, Dr. Ceneri," I said, "I have a question of weightier import to ask. Had Pauline a lover before I married her?"

He raised his eyebrows. "Burely you have not come here to ask that questionto have a fit of jealousy cured?" "No," I said; "you will hear my mean-

How the sluggard yearns to capture yet another | ing later on. Meanwhile answer me." She had a lover, for Macari professed to love her, and swore she should be his wife. But I can most certainly say she never returned his love."

" Nor loved any one else?" "Not to my knowledge. But your man-Vaughan, but save for the one thing, her Tell me the truth !" mind, Pauline was fit to be your wife."

whose senses were disarranged? It was coupled Pauline's name with shame. cruel to both."

wretched, ragged, broken down man, and him in my arms as I read n his wonderme, would have filled the measure desired sation. by the most vengeful heart.

I wanted no revenge on the man. His manner told me he spoke the truth when he denied that Pauline had ever been in love. As, when last I gazed on her fair face, I knew it would, Macari's black le had been scouted. Pauline was innocent as an angel. But I must know who was the man whose death had for a while

Ceneri was glancing at me nervously. Did he guess what I had to ask him? "Tell me," I said, "the name of the young | " Pauline's brother - Anthony March ! man murdered by Macari in London, in Every vestige of the black lie was swept the presence of Pauline; tell me why he away from my mind; but the crime in was killed?'

collapse—to sink back into his chair a help- dreadful than I had suspected. The victim less heap, without the power of speech or a near blood relation-his own sister's his eyes from my face.

recall the scene to you, and you will know present; had assisted in hiding all I am well informed. Here is the table; traces of it; had been, until recently, here is Macari standing over the man he on terms of friendship with the man has stabbbed; here are you, and behind who had struck the blow. I could you is another man with a scar on his scarcely control the loathing and contempt ( cheek. In the back rocm, at the piano, is felt for the abject wretch before me. Pauline. She is singing, but her song stops burning indignation would scarcely allow as the murdered man falls dead. Do I me to ask him, in intelligible speech, the describe the scene truly?"

gestures and words. Ceneri's ear's had me. news? You are not one of us-a friend lowed every gesture. As I pointed to the question I was trying to force to my lips. trying at the peril of your life to set me supposed position of Pauline, he had looked there with a quick, startled glance, as if I shook my head. "I would do all I expecting to see her enter the door. He could to make your lot easier, but I come | made no attempt to deny the accuracy of

"Ask them. You have given me an looking ghastly. His breath came in spas. excuse of the crime." modic gasps. For a moment I feared he was about to die then and there. I poured ously. "Why not? I have nothing to fear, out a glass of wine; he took it in his trembling hand and gulped it down.

me what he had to do with Pauline?" Then he found his voice. "Why do you come here to ask me? Pauline could have | England!"

told you. She must be well, or you could "She has told me nothing."

"A traitor! a traitor!" he cried. "But | you. No one else saw the crime—the mur. | life—ay even honor, for Italy." der; for a murder it was." "There was another present beside the story."

Ceneri started and looked at me.

accident. A man who could hear bu) not see. A man whose life I pleaded for as for | inal he had been, but not so utterly black

"I thank you for having saved it." "You thank me. Why should you thank

"You that man!" He looked at me more neither understand nor sympathize with a made him one of us. His perfect knowledge | face seemed so familiar. Yes. I can under. or Tories, and one side happens to be in or "Yes-most successfully."

"He has been to me and asserts that he could not be mistaken, you were blind- understand what patriotism in Ceneri's fund was drawing near. you saw nothing."

"I saw nothing, but I heard everything." "And now Pauline has told you what hap

" Pauline has not spoken." revelation to be made when I came to ask up and down the room, his chains raiting Pauline inherited her great beauty, lived itself to him; but to carry this out it would must be silenced for a time. as he moved. "I kenew it," he muttered, the life of an ordinary Italian girl—a duller be necessary to let his nephew know what He assured me with the solemnity of a "Pauline's brother!" stammered Ceneri. in Italian, "I knew it -such a crime cannot life, perhaps, than any of them led, as,

be hidden."

he spoke—a look the meaning of which I you have learned this? Teresa would die foe ruled the land. No doubt she would before she spoke. Petroff is dead-died, as have been faithful to her mourning for her Anthony's character, and felt sure that execute and very hazardous, seemed to

"Anthony March!" gasped Ceneri. Petroff was the third man I had seen, and Italian girl, won her heart, wedded her and "There is no such person. What did he also the fellow-prisoner who had denounced carried her away in triumph to his native

to the Italian Government, asking for a traitor? No-he was the murderer -such prospects opened before her by the marriage against him. return of some portion of the fortune you an avowal would defeat his ends. Tell me | were so great that he made but little oppo-

how you know?"

would not believe me." "Believe you!" he cried excitedly. "I Ceneri knew, no near relatives on her lifs for a political crime. My sentence is When the son was twelve and the daughter "You are sure that Macari betrayed God's indirect vengeance for the deed you ten years old the father died. The widow, witnessed."

had a conscience. Moreover, as he appeared She was cordially welcomed by her old to be superstitious, he would perhaps friends. She was considered fabulously without plans or ambition—and contrasted as a lunatic in charge of his doctor and his "Prisoners can sometimes talk to each believe me when I told him how my acou. | wealthy. Her husband, in the first flush of it with his own. He honestly believed he | keepers. It was a vile, treacherous scheme,

The easiest part of my task was over. could, all that had occurred; all I had seen. band, loved her brother above every one in So he reasoned and persuaded himself

was the reason for the foul deed. I must dreamed it -it will never leave me. But she was, and upon her return to Italy she going; so long as his wants had been sup.

hope for, we shall never meet again." " If anything I can do to atone-" he

began, eagerly. I taxed the murderer, your accomplice, with the crime. Like you he could not deny it, but he justified it."

"How-tell me?" panted Ceneri. For a moment I paused. I fixed my eyes upon him to catch every change of feature -to read the truth in more than words.

was killed by your instructions—that he spent in the good cause. As it was she out the latter's lofty and unself .. aims. was-oh God, how can I repeat it! - the died long before the pear was ripe, and He appears to have followed conspiracy as ner, your words are strange. Why do you lover of Pauline, who having dishonored her, when she died, such was her faith in her a trade by which money might be made. ask? I may have wronged you, Mr. refused to repair his fault. The truth! brother, everything was left in his hands The fact, which seems beyond a doubt.

"You did me wrong-you know it. What calmness vanished as I thought of the decided English proclivities made her exact accounted for by the natural ferocity of the right had you to let me marry a woman villain who had, with a mooking smile, a promise that both the boy and the girl man's nature, which bade him fight for the

I felt stern and spoke sternly. Ceneri as he grasped the purport of my question. shifted in his chair uneasily. It I had Bad as the man might be, even stained knowing what awaited him when he left ing eyes the baselessness of the foul accu-

" That young man—the boy struck down by Macari's dagger was Pauline's brother -my sister's child-Anthony March "

## CHAPTER XIII.

## A TERRIBLE CONFESSION.

Ceneri having made this astounding announcement, threw his wasted arms across the rough table and laid bis bead upon them with a gesture of despair. I sat like one stupified, repeating mechanically, which Ceneri had been concerned assumed His face grew ashen. He seemed to more fearful proportions. It was more movement, without the power of turning child! Nothing, I felt, could be urged to excuse or palliate the crime. Even had he "Tell me," I repeated. "Stay, I will not ordered and planned it, he had been object of the cruel deed. But for once and I had spoken excitedly. I had used all I must have everything made clear to

"And you are not come to bear me good drunk in every syllable; his eyes had fol. I was spared the necessity of asking the The convict raised his head and looked at me with miserable eyes.

"You shrink from me. No wonder. Yet I am not so guilty as you think." "Tell me all, first; the excuses may come | tell? I waited for him to recover. He was afterward, if anything can be urged in

I poke as I felt—sternly and contemptu-

"None can be urged for the murderer. "Tell me his name?" I repeated "Tell let that bright boy live. He forsook and forgot his country, but that I forgave."

"His country! his father's country was | dom, and not a republic. "His mother's was Italy," replied Ceneri, almost fiercely. " He had our blood

"You are wrong. She must have told Italian. She would have given fortune.

man, I do not use his own words in re-tell-"Yes, there was another; there by an log it. Without his accent and stress they fellow-was another affair. would sound cold and unemotional. Crimas my fancy had painted him. His great fault was that in the cause of liberty any weapons were allowable, any crimes were pardonable. We Englishmen, whose idea the penalty of his fraudulent act. But so | jeopardy in which his fortune was placed. "If you saved any one's life it was mine. of tyranny and oppression is being debarred long as any money remained he delayed Any way he wrote at once to his uncle, from the exercise of the franchise, can doing so. The young man, if evincing no insisting upon an immediate settlement.

purpose. Let us be for years and years at "You can see well now-but then! I the mercy of a foreigner, and we may sense means.

He and his sister were the children of respectable middle-class people—not noble, as Macari asserted. He had been given a Ceneri rose, and in great agitation walked sion of a doctor. His sister, from whom following her brother's example, she refused in his name. Then he turned to me. "Tell me how to share in gayeties whilst the white-coated country had not love come upon the scene. From his last words I presumed that | An Englishman named March saw the fair sition to it. March was a very rich man. "I would tell you, but I suspect you He was the only son of an only son, which fact accounts for Pauline having, so far as of patriotism; but now the desire to save money. who had made few close friends in England It was clear that Ceneri was not such a and only loved the country for her hushis passion, had made a will bequeathing

was disposed of. Now, if Ceneri would rible vision.

tell me, I must learn who was the victim of that crims committed years ago, and what Thousands of times I have seen it or have planning. He was some years older than Trusting his uncle; careless and easy. in New Orleans.

"You can only speak the truth. Listen. engaged in working out the liberation of Italy. Then all his old sway came back explain eyerything. She admired, almost worshipped him. She, too, was ready to make any sacrifice when time should come.

What she would have done had she been to nothing. called upon it is impossible to say; but there is little doubt but her fortune and her he had been for years a useful and trusted "He vowed to me that the young man children's fortune would have been freely agent of Ceneri's; but most probably withas sole trustee for her children. In her last | that he fought bravely and distinguished I almost shouted the last words-my moments the thought of her husband's himself on the battle-field, may be should be given an English education. sake of fighting. Ceneri, on the other hand, grew calmer Then she closed her eyes, and the orphans were left entirely to the trustee's mercy.

wished revenge it was here. Gazing on this with innocent blood, I could have clasped) letter. Authony and Pauline were sent to sions saw Pauline. He fell in love with English schools; but having no friends in her when she was but a young girl, and their father's native land, or all old friends | tried everything he knew to win her heart. having been lost sight of during her To her he was soft and kind. She had no mother's widowhood, the holidays were reason to mistrust him, but she utterly spent in Italy. They grew up almost as refused to give him the love he asked for much It slian as English. Ceneri husbanded, The pursuit went on at intervals for years invested and managed their fortune with | - the man, to give him his due, was concare and in a business-like way. I have no stancy itself. Again and again Pauline doubt so far as it went, his honesty was assured him of the hoplessness of his suit unimpeachable.

Tuen the longed-for moment came! attack. The great blow was struck. Ceneri, who | Ceneri gave him no encouragement. He had kept himself out of little abortive did not wish to offend him, and seeing that plots, felt that now or never he must do all the girl was proof against his blandishhe could for his country. He hailed the ment, let things alone, hoping that Macari coming man. He knew that Garibaldi would grow weary of urging those requests was to be the savior of his oppressed land. Which were always met by refusals. He The first rash step had been taken believed that he was not seeking Pauline and led to success. The time and for the sake of the money which should

the man were at hand. Recruits have been hers. Macari knew what large were flocking by thousands to the sums Ceneri had poured into the patriot's scene of war, but the cry was "money, treasury, and, no doubt, guessed whence money, money!" Money for arms and they came. smmunition-money for stores, food and lithing-money for bribes-money for nearly eighteen; then she spent two years everything! Those who furnished the with her uncle in Italy. It was a dull life sinews of war would be the real liberators for the girl, and she sighed audibly for of their country

lived she would have given all the fortune | brother, and was greatly delighted when she possessed as freely as she would have Ceneri told her that business would take given her life Were not her children half him tor a while to London, and that she Italians? Liberty laughed at such a small | might accompany him. She was growing thing as breach of trus t.

Except a few thousand pounds, he ruth. over, longed to see her brother again. lessly realized and sacrificed the whole of the children's inheritance. He poured their | political friends at what hours of day or held out for them. The large sum was a short term. Pauline's disgust was great spent where it was most wanted, and when she found that one of her first visit-Ceneri averred that he freed Italy by the ors was Macari. His presence was so opportune aid. Perhaps he did-who can indispensable to Ceneri that he took up his

makes me think better of the man that he to Pauline was a very slight one. refused all reward. His conscience may For me, God knows I would willingly have Auy way, he remained plain Dr. Ceneri, formed the wild plan of trying to enlist

start them in lite. Pauline was promising less hesitation in so doing. "No matter. Tell me the whole terrible to be so beautiful that he troubled little about her future. A rich husband would He told me. In justice to a penitent set everything right to her. But Anthony been a proud, arrogant, and not a very

estate, Ceneri had resolved to make a clean breast of his defalcations-to tell him how the money had been spent-to Macari, as he departed in a whirlwind of beg his forgiveness, and, if necessary, bear rage, that opened Anthony's eyes as to the sympathy with his uncle's regeneration In the event of any delay he would consult schemes and pursuit of liberty, fully a solicitor, and if necessary take criminal that when he came of age he would succeed | The moment which Ceneri had so long to a splendid inheritance, swelled by acou. dreaded—so long postponed—had o me: countrymen, elected by some of us for that | mulated savings, he threw away money in | only now, the confes ion, instead of being a thousand and one extravagant ways, till as he intended a voluntary one, would be Ceneri soon saw that the end of the reserve | wrung from him.

So long as he had money in hand to meet Italian or English law he did not know, Anthony's demands, he postponed the evil | but he felt certain that Anthony would at day of confession. The idea, which Macari once take steps to insure his arrest and had tried to work out with my aid, of appeal. detention. The latter, if only temporary. liberal education, and adopted the profes. ing to the Italian Government for a return | would ruin the scheme upon which he was of some of the amounts expended, suggested | now engaged. At any cost Anthony March had taken place—the appeal must be made | dying man that no thought of the dreadful

tee. Ceneri could see nothing before him | friends and subordinates, to carry Authory but a well-deserved term of penal servitude. | abroad and deposit him for some months land. Ceneri never quite forgave his sister If the English law failed to touch him, that in a lunatic asylum. The confinement "Was it Macari-that double dyed for her desertion and defection; but the of his own country might be brought was only to be temporary; yet, although

himself from punishment grew upon him. and he determined to avoid the comise. into execution. Macari, vowing vengeance quences of his acts.

the two children. No doubt they had scarred face, was the doctor's, body and latterly appeared in the light of wronged soul. Teresa, the old servant, would have innocents who would one day demand a committed any crime at her master's reckoning with him. They were in dispo- command. The necessary papers could be sition too much like their father for him to obtained or forged. Let the conspirators be greatly drawn toward them. He despised | get Anthony to visit them at the house in Anthony for his gay, frivolous life—a life | Horace street and he should leave it only was doing good work in the world; that the success of which was very doub ful. been made as to the disposition of his pro. importance. If he were ruined and not quite worked out the details of the plot poses against the butterfly existence of his when he discovered the true position of

learn that Macari's explanation was an why come to me? Pauline, you say, is found him, outwardly, nothing more than plied he had accepted, until now, the excuse utter falsehood, prempted by malice, or recovering her senses-she would have told a quiet, hard-working, ill-paid doctor. She made for deferring the settlement of his marvelled at the change from the head- affairs. Whether his suspicions had at "I would not ask her until I saw you. strong visionary, daring young man she last been awakened or not cannot be said; She is herself again, but I am a stranger to had left. It was not until he was certain but recently he had taken another tone, her-and unless your answer is the one I her heart had not forsaken her coun- and was insisting that his fortune should try that Ceneri allowed her to see that be at once placed in his hands. Ceneri, under his prosaic exterior lurked one of whose schemes called him for a time to the subtlest and ablest minds of all those | England, pacified him by assuring him that he would, during his stay in London,

The explanation must indeed be given now, as Authory's last drafts had reduced the remnant of his father's wealth almost

Now, as to Macari's part in the affair.

Being mixed up in all his plots he was often at Ceneri's house, wherever for the He obeyed her spoken commands to the time being it might be, and on many coca-

but after each rebuff he returned to the

Pauline remained at school until she was England. Although meeting him seldom, Why should he hesitate Had his sister she was passionately attached to her tired of Macari's pertinacity, and, more-

Ceneri, for the sake of receiving his many thousands and thousands into the hands | night he chose, took a furnished house for abode with them in Horace street. As old Titles and honors were afterward offered | Teresa, the doctor's servant, accompanied him for his great though secret service. It the party and waited upon them, the change

Macari still persecuted the girl without have told him he had not robbed himself. success. At last, almost desparate, he and broke with his old leaders and friends her brother on his side. His idea was that when he found that Italy was to be a king. Pauline's love for Anthony would induce her to yield to any wish he expressed. He He had kept, I said, a few thousand was no particular friend of the young pounds. The boy and the girl were grow. man's, but, having once rendered him a ing up, and their uncle thought that even | signal service, felt himself entitled to ask a in his veins. His mother was a true his patriotism permitted him to keep back favor at his hands. Knowing that both enough to complete their education and brother and sister were penniless he had

He called on Anthony and made his request. Anthony, who seems to have -who was becoming a wild, headstrong pleasant young man, simply laughed at his impertinence and bade him begone. Poor As soon as the youth should reach man's boy, he little knew what that laugh would

cost him !

It may have been the retort made by

Whether he would be amenable to the

means which effected this was in his mind. As the inevitable exposure drew near he | He had revolved many plans and finally dreaded it more and more. He had studied settled on one which, although difficult to when he knew the truth his one wish would give the best promise of success. His be to take revenge on the fraudulent trus- intention was, with the assistance of his Ceneri did not confess to it, I have little It seems to me that until this time he doubt but the young man would have been had committed no crime from which he saked to buy his freedom by a promise to could not absolve himself on the grounds forgive the misappropriation of the trust

And now as to carrying this precious plan for the words of insult, was ready to aid in He had never felt any great affection for every way. Petroff, the man with the affairs to give color to the statement that he was of unsound mind.

(To be continued.)

A photograph of lightning has been made