

The Wild Girl and How she was Treated... I'll be down in twenty minutes—or, if possible, in less; I shall not be long, Gemima, when I once begin to dress.

PAULINE.

Ceneri was leaning back in his chair with a kind of dreamy look on his face, smoking slowly and placidly, 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.

was the reason for the foul deed. I must learn that Macari's explanation was an utter falsehood, prompted by malice, or else my journey would have benefited me nothing. Is it any wonder that my lips trembled as I endeavored to approach the subject?

dreamed it—it will never leave me. But why come to me? Pauline, you say, is recovering her senses—she would have told you all. "I would not ask her until I saw you. She is herself again, but I am a stranger to her—and unless your answer is the one I hope for, we shall never meet again."

she was, and upon her return to Italy she found him, outwardly, nothing more than a quiet, hard-working, ill-paid doctor. She marvelled at the change from the headstrong visionary, daring young man she had left. It was not until he was certain her heart had not forsaken her country that Ceneri allowed her to see that under his prosaic exterior lurked one of the subtlest and ablest minds of all those engaged in working out the liberation of Italy.

going; so long as his wants had been supplied he had accepted, until now, the exorbitant made for deferring the settlement of his affairs. Whether his suspicions had at last been awakened or not cannot be said; but recently he had taken another tone, and was insisting that his fortune should be at once placed in his hands.

(To be continued.)

A photograph of lightning has been made in New Orleans.