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 listen 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 would bear me, to Geneva; where I at once began my inquiries as to the whereabout of Dr. Ceneri. I had hoped that finding him would be an easy matter. His words had given me the impression that he practiced in the town. If so, many people must know him. But he had misled me or I had deceived myself. For several days I hunted high and low; inquired every where; but not a soul could I find who knew the man. I called on every doctor in the place; one and all professed entire ignorance of such a colleague. At last I felt certain that the name he had 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 some of his professional brethren in the same town. I decided to go to Turin, and try my luck there.

It was on the eve of my intended departure. I was strolling about, feeling very sad at heart and trying to persuade myself that I should fare better in Turin, when I noticed a man lounging along the opposite side of the street. As his face and bearing seemed familiar to me, I crossed the road to see him to better advantage. Being clothed in the inevitable tourist suit he presented the appearance of an ordinary British traveller—so much so that I believed I must be mistaken. But I was right, after all. In spite of his changed attire I recognized him the moment I drew near. He was the man with whom Kenyon had engaged in a wordy war outside San Giovanni—the man who had remonstrated with us for our expressed admiration of Pauline—the man who had walked away arm in arm with Ceneri.

The chance was too good a one to be lost. He would at least know where the doctor was to be found. I trusted his memory for faces was not so retentive as mine; that he would not connect me with the unpleasant passage which occurred when we last met. I walked up to him, and raising my hat requested him to favor me with a few moments' conversation.

I spoke in English. He gave me a quick, penetrating glance, then acknowledging my salutation, professed, in the same language, his wish to place himself at my service.

"I am trying to ascertain the address of gentleman who, I believe, lives here. I think you will be able to assist me."

He laughed. "I will if I can—but being like yourself an Englishman, and knowing very few people, I fear I can be of little help to you."

"I am anxious to find a doctor named Ceneri."

The start he gave as he heard my words; the look, almost of apprehension, he cast 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 of the name. Good-morning."

He raised his hat and strode away.

I was not going to lose him like that. I quickened my pace and came up with him.

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, I 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."

"No insult! I have killed a man for 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 find 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 place to talk in—let us go elsewhere."

I led him to my hotel to a room where we could talk at our ease.

"Now, Mr. Vaughan," he said, "answer my question, and I may see my way to helping you. What has Pauline March to do with the matter?"

"She is my wife—that is all."

He sprang to his feet—a fierce Italian oath hissed from his lips. His face was white with rage.

"Your wife!" he shouted. "You lie—I say you lie!"

I rose, furious as himself, but more collected.

"I told you, sir, that I am an English gentleman. Either you will apologize for 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. Does Ceneri know it?" he asked sharply.

"Certainly; he was present when we were married."

His passion once more seemed upon the point of mastering him. "*Traditore!*" I heard him whisper fiercely to himself. "*Ingannatore!*" Then he turned to me ll composed features.

"If so, I have nothing more to do save to ngratulate you, Mr. Vaughan. Your fortune is indeed enviable. Your wife is beautiful, and of course good. You will find her a charming companion."

I would have given much to know why the mention of my marriage should have sent him into such a storm of rage, but I would have given more to have been able to fulfil my threat of kicking him out. The intonation of his last words told me that Pauline's state of mind was well known to him. I could scarcely keep my hands off the fellow; but I was compelled to restrain my anger, as without his aid I could not find Ceneri.

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

"You are not a very devoted bridegroom, Mr. Vaughan," said the fellow mockingly. "If Ceneri was at your wedding it could only have occurred a few days ago. It must be important business which tears you from the side of your bride."

"It is important business."

"Then I fear it must wait a few days. Ceneri is not in Geneva. But I have reason to think he may be here in about a week's time. I shall see him, and will tell him you are here."

"Let me know where to find him, and I will call upon him. I must speak with him."

"I imagine that will be as the doctor chooses. I can only make known your wishes to him."

He bowed and left me. I felt that even now it was doubtful whether I should succeed in obtaining the interview with the mysterious doctor. It depended entirely whether he chose to grant it. He might come to Geneva and go away again without my being any the wiser, unless his friend or himself sent me some communication.

I idled away a week, and then began to fear that Ceneri had made up his mind to keep out of my way. But it was not so. A letter came one morning. It contained a few words only.

"You wish to see me. A carriage will call for you at 11 o'clock. M. C."

At 11 o'clock an ordinary hired conveyance drove up to the hotel. The driver inquired for Mr. Vaughan. I stepped in without a word, and was driven to a small house outside the town. Upon being shown into a room I found the doctor seated at a table covered with newspapers and letters. He rose, and shaking my hand begged me to be seated.

"You have come to Geneva to see me, I hear, Mr. Vaughan?"

"Yes, I wished to ask you some questions respecting my wife."

"I will answer all I can—but there are many I shall doubtless refuse to reply to. You remember my stipulation?"

"Yes, but why did you not make me aware of my wife's peculiar mental state?"

"You had seen her yourself several times. Her state was the same as when she first proved so attractive to you. I am sorry you should think yourself deceived."

"Why not have told me everything? Then I could have blamed no one."

"I had so many reasons, Mr Vaughan. Pauline was a great responsibility on my shoulders. A great expense, for I am a poor man. And, after all, is the matter so very bad? She is beautiful, good and amiable. She will make you a loving wife."

"You wished to get rid of her, in fact."

"Scarcely that altogether. There are circumstances—I cannot explain them—which made me glad to marry her to an Englishman of good position."

"Without thinking what that man's feelings might be on finding the woman he loved little better than a child."

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

"There is another point to be considered. Pauline's case is, in my opinion, far from being hopeless. Indeed, I have always 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. 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 peculiar. Some years ago she received a great shock—sustained a sudden loss. The effect was to entirely blot out the past from her mind. She rose from her bed after some weeks' illness with her memory a complete blank. Places were forgotten—friends were strangers to her. Her mind might, as you say, have been the mind of a child. But a child's mind grows, and, if treated properly, so will hers."

"What was the cause of her illness—what 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 to England not much wiser than I left it. But there was one question to which I insisted on having a clear reply.

"What has that friend of yours—that English-speaking Italian—to do with Pauline?"

Ceneri shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"Macari! I am glad to be able to answer something fully, Mr. Vaughan. For a year or two before Pauline was taken ill, Macari supposed himself to be in love with her. He is now furious with me for allowing her to get married. He declares he was only waiting her recovery to try his own luck."

"Why should he not have served your purpose as well as I seem to have?"

Ceneri looked at me sharply. "Do you regret, Mr. Vaughan?"

"No—not if there is a chance, even a slight chance. But I tell you, Dr. Ceneri, you have deceived and cajoled me shamefully."

I rose to take my leave. Then Ceneri spoke with more feeling than he had yet displayed.

"Mr. Vaughan, do not judge me too harshly. I have wronged you, I admit. There are things you know nothing of. I must tell you more than I intended. The temptation to place Pauline in a position of wealth and comfort was irresistible. I am her debtor for a vast amount. At one time her fortune was about fifty thousand pounds. The whole of that I spent—"

"And dare to boast of it!" I said bitterly. He waved his hand with dignity.

"Yes. I dare to speak of it. I spent it all for freedom—for Italy. It was in my keeping as trustee. I, who would have robbed my own father, my own son, should I hesitate to take her money for such an end? Every farthing went to the great cause and was well spent."

"It was the act of a criminal to rob an orphan."

"Call it what you like. Money had to be found. Why should I not sacrifice my honor for my country as freely as I would have sacrificed my life?"

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

"Yes, but I tell you to show you why I wished to gain Pauline a home. Moreover, Mr. Vaughan"—here his voice dropped to a whisper—"I was anxious to provide that home at once. I am bound on a journey—a journey of which I cannot see the end, much less the returning. I doubt whether I should have decided to see you had it not been for this. But the chances are we shall never meet again."

"You mean you are engaged in some plot or conspiracy?"

"I mean what I have said—no more, no less. I will now bid you adieu."

Angry as I was with the man, I could not refuse the hand he streched out to me.

"Farewell," he said, "it may be that in some year or two I shall write to you and ask you if my predictions as to Pauline's recovery have been fulfilled; but do not trouble to seek me or to inquire for me if I am silent."

So we parted. The carriage was waiting to take me back to the hotel. On my way thither I passed the man whom Ceneri had called Macari. He signalled to the driver to stop, and then entering the carriage sat beside me.

"You have seen the doctor, Mr. Vaughan?" he asked.

"Yes. I have just come from him."

"And have learned all you wish to know, I hope?"

"A great many of my questions have been answered."

"But not all. Ceneri would not answer all."

He laughed, and his laugh was cynical and mocking. I kept silence.

"Had you questioned me," he continued, "I might have told you more than Ceneri."

"I came to ask Dr. Ceneri for all the information he could give me respecting my wife's mental state, of which I believe you are aware. If you can say anything that may be of use to me, I will beg you to speak."

"You asked him what caused it?"

"I did. He told me a shock."

"You asked him what shock. That he did not tell you?"

"He had his reasons for declining, I suppose."

"Yes. Excellent reasons—family reasons."

"If you can enlighten me, kindly do so."

"Not here, Mr. Vaughan. The doctor and I are friends. You might fly back and assault him, and I should get blamed. You are going back to England, I suppose?"

"Yes. I start at once."

"Give me your address, and perhaps I will write; or, better still, if I feel inclined to be communicative, I will call on you when I am next in London, and pay my respects to Mrs. Vaughan at the same time."

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 malicious triumph in his eyes as they met mine.

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

With this parting shaft—a shaft which struck deep and rankled—he left me. It was well he did so, before I caught him by the throat and strove to force him to explain his last words.

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

CHAPTER VII.

CLAIMING RELATIONSHIP.

Yes, she was glad to see me back! In her uncertain, clouded way she welcomed me. My great fear, that in the short time she would have entirely forgotten me, was groundless. She knew me and welcomed me. My poor Pauline! If I could but find the way to bring those truant senses back once more!

For months nothing of importance occurred. If my love's mind was, as Ceneri predicted, to be gradually restored, the 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 apathy and listlessness; speaking only 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!

The greatest doctors in England have seen her. Each says the same thing. She may recover; but each tells me the recovery would be more possible if the exact circumstances which brought about the calamity were known. These, I doubt, if we shall ever learn.

For Ceneri has made no sign, nor has Macari sent his promised information. The latter, after his last malicious words, I dread more than I wish for. Teresa, who might have thrown some light on the subject has disappeared. I blame myself for not having asked the doctor where she was to be found; but doubtless he would have declined to tell me. So the days go on. All I can do is, with Priscilla's assistance, to insure that my poor girl is made as happy as can be, and hope that time and care may at length restore her.

We are still at Walpole street. My intention had been to buy a house and furnish it. But why? Pauline could not look after it—would not be interested in it—it would not be home. So we stay on at my old lodgings and I live almost the life of a hermit.

I care to see no friends. I am, indeed, blamed for forsaking all my old acquaintances. Some who have seen Pauline attribute my lack of hospitality to jealousy; some to other causes; but, as yet, I believe no one knows the truth.

There are times when I feel I cannot bear my grief—times when I wish that Kenyon had never led me inside that church at Turin; but there are other times 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. I long to know what can have drawn that 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 I felt sure this would ever be I would wait 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 under the supervision of that terrible old Italian woman. Priscilla loves her and pets her like a child, whilst I—well, I do every thing I can which I fancy may give her such a pleasure as she is capable of feeling. Sometimes, not always, she seems to appreciate my efforts, and once or twice she has taken my hand and raised it to her lips as if in gratitude. She is beginning to 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 by and the months glide away until the winter is over and the laburnums and lilacs in the little plots in front of houses in 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 seek society on my own account. I spend many hours every day reading and studying, whilst my wife sits in the same room silent unless I address a remark to her.

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 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 deprivation 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 to say that he was from Geneva. I knew it was Macari. My first impulse was to send back word that I would not see him. Again 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 failed to win the woman he loved, wished to make his favored rival suspicious and unhappy. I feared nothing he could say against my wife, but disliking the man, I hesitated before giving instructions for his 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 to face with Pauline. If he wished to do so he might speak to her of old days, even 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. I felt, in spite of the hearty grasp he gave my hand, that he meant his visit to bode no good to me. What did I care why he came? I wanted him for a purpose. With the end in view, what mattered the tool, if I could keep it from turning in my hand and wounding me—and this was to be seen.

I met him with a greeting almost as cordial as his own; I begged him to be seated, then rang for wine and cigars.

"You see I have kept my promise, Mr. Vaughan," he said, with a smile.

"Yes. I trusted you would do so. Have you been long in England?"

"Only a couple of days."

"How long do you stay?"

"Until I am called abroad again. Things have gone wrong with us there. I must wait until the atmosphere has quieted down."

I looked at him inquiringly.

"I fancied you knew my trade," he said.

"I suppose you are a conspirator—I don't use the word offensively; it is the only on I can think of."

"Yes. Conspirator—regenerator—apostls of freedom, whatever you like."

"But your country has been free for some years."

"Other countries are not free. I work for them. Our poor friend Ceneri did the same, but his last day's work is done."

"Is he dead?" I asked, startled.

"Dead to all of us. I cannot give you particulars; but a few weeks after you left Geneva he was arrested in St. Petersburg. He lay in prison for some months awaiting his trial. It has come off, hear."

"Well what has happened to him?"

"What always happens—our poor friend is at this moment on his way to Siberia, condemned to twenty years' hard labor in the mines."

Although I bore no particular love toward Ceneri, I shuddered as I heard his fate.

"And you escaped?" I said.

"Naturally, or I should not be here smoking your very good cigars and sipping your capital claret."

I was disgusted at the indifference with which he spoke of his friend's misfortune. If it seemed horrible to me to think of the man working in the Siberian mines, what should it have seemed to his fellow conspirator?

"Now, Mr. Vaughan," said the latter, "with your permission I will enter on business matters with you. I am afraid I shall surprise you."

"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 that 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. Vaughan?"

"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, for some purpose of his own, concealed the 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 petition in order. And now may I see my sister?"

"She will be in very shortly if you will wait."

"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 the age of 18 have been plotting and fighting Domestic ties are forgotten under such circumstances."

I was still far from putting any faith in the man; besides, there were his words on a former occasion to be accounted for.

"Mr. Macari," I said.

"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 he was playing a deep game with me or not.

"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 Italian. Had she recovered, my dream was that her beauty would win her a husband of the highest rank."

Any reply I should have made was prevented by the entrance of Pauline. I was intensely anxious to see what effect the appearance of her so-called brother would have upon her.

Macari rose and stepped toward her. "Pauline," he said, "do you remember me?"

She looked at him with eyes full of curious wonder, but shook her head as one in doubt. He took her hand. I noticed that she seemed to shrink from him instinctively.

"Poor girl, poor girl!" he said. "This is worse than I expected, Mr. Vaughan. Pauline, it is long since we have met, but you cannot have forgotten me!"

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

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

(To be continued.)

He who lives but for himself lives but for a 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 servant of Enoch Crosby, who figured as Harvey Birch in Cooper's story of the Revolutionary spy, died a few days ago at his residence near Carthage Landing, N. Y. Some two or three years ago he considered himself to be 103 years of age, but some believe that he was 110 on the time of his death.