IN MEMORIAM.

JOHN MCELROY, died Wednesday, October 30 1878; aged five years and eleven months only and beloved son of James McElroy.

Angels of light and beauty are keeping,
Angels of light and beauty are keeping,
Watch o'er the spot where calmly is sleeping,
The darling we loved so fond and so true,
To whom we have bade a last fond adicu.
A shadow has fallen upon our bright home,
Its light and its music forever has flown;
For death robbed us of our greatest joy
When it stole from us our winsome boy.

Ah! hushed forever, no more we'll hear
His voice like music to our cat,
No more those eyes so sparkling and bright,
Shall thrill our souls with pure delight.
His childish talk and gladsome smile
Did many a weary hour begaile,
His prattling tongue and merry noise
To us was nought but hopeful joys.

The angels were culling for heavenly bowers, The rarest and fairest of earthly flowers, And as they passed upon their way They snatched our gentle boy away. In vain we weep, in vain we sigh, His home is now beyond the sky, And the brightest jewel that we possess'd, In a narrow grave is laid to rest.

But his angel spirit shall hover near When our hearts are crushed with grief and

When our nearts are crushed with gire fear.
And he'll meet us on that happy shore,
When our journey is done and life is o'er.
So, fare thee well, our lovely boy,
We leave thee to thy eternal joy,
But while we live, our hope shall be
To meet thee in bright eternity.

DORA.

By JULIA KAVENAGH, Author of "Nathalie," "Adele," "Queen Mob," &c.

CHAPTER L -CONTINUED.

After awhile he felt that he could not pear this any longer. He left the bridge and struck into that long avenue of trees which follows the course of the river. It was a green wilderness in the days when Anne of Austria was gay and young, and for her sake it is still called Cours la Reine. He went again over the evening's dreary story; and the resemblance between Dora and the photograph seemed to fade away at the thought of Was not Nanette's enamel like Dora? Did not the young actress recall her? What was there in that likeness, after all, that he should go through such agony? Hope grew stronger as calmness returned to his mind, bringing with it the greatest sense of relief he had experienced since his weary search began. It seemed as if by passing through this terrible doubt he had gained all that he had not

At length he turned homeward. He passed by one of the Cafes Chantants. The little stage looked bright in the darkness of the surrounding trees. Three girls in scarlet cloaks were sitting, a fourth in blue stood and sang. "She is consumptive," thought Mr. Templemore, giving her a critical look: "Poor little thing, how long will she last, with those bare shoulders and the night air?" He had stopped for a moment; he now walked on, and as he thus turned away he saw a pale, stern face behind him-the face of John Luan.

" Pray hear the singer out," said the young man; "I should be sorry to interfere with your pleasure."

He got no answer. There was something in his aspect which sent a chill to Mr. Templemore's heart. It was as if his fate had risen from the darkness of the night, and now stood before him. They both remained a few moments silent, then John Luan spoke again.

"I come to bring you the news you asked of me two months back. I learned no matter how, that you were in Paris, and I followed

Still Mr. Templemore did not answer, but he walked beyond the circle of the crowd, and John Luan followed him. When they stood alone near one of the gas-lights of the avenue John Luan said:

"I bring you news of your wife, Mr. Templemore—she is dead!"

"Tis false! angrily replied Mr. Temple-

"She is dead!" doggedly said John Luan. "You have killed her-remember that. You happy, and you disgraced her-I know it all finally of life-remember that, I say! Your wife is dead!

"How and when did she die?" "That you shall never know from me. She

died a cruel, despairing death. That much I can tell you."

"I defy you to prove it!" said Mr. Templemore, trembling with passion.

"I shall never attempt to do that," replied John Luan, with a cold, stern smile, "never. She has been dead two months, and two months I have known it, and I have not said a word, I have not made a sign. Did you think that I would help you, you her murderer, to happiness and liberty? Did you think that any assistance of mine would enable you to marry Florence Gale? No-she is dead, but you shall never be able to prove it. You shall never recover and enjoy your liberty. If you really doubt, you shall doubt on, and be thus chastised. And if you do not doubt, yet, as three names certainly relieved her, for the you shall never be able to impart your certainty to others, so shall you again be chastised. in full song, as her mother mentally called it. And thus," added John Luan, looking him steadily in the face, "I shall have my revenge."

"Your revenge, because Dora loved me!" replied Mr. Templemore, with much indignation. "If I did not think you half mad, Mr. Luan—for your language is not that of a same woman of the Rue de la Serpe were one. You see I am better informed than you think, and vet I am not convinced. I have seen the clear-sighted person, and Dora's gayety now house, the room, the clothes, the photograph even of the dead woman, and I tell you, for sulky, and folded her arms in silent protest. your comfort that she was not your cousin and

John Luan looked confounded, but he soon

recovered, and said: "You were not in Paris, Mr. Templemore, when she was taken out of the water, not very far from this spot; I was. You were away when she was brought to the Morgue: I was here, and I saw her. I saw her lying dead before me. I have known her from childhood, and I tell you I saw her. I stood behind the grating as she lay there cold and inanimate. I tell you I saw her. I neither claimed nor identified her-why should I set you free?—but I saw her. And now you may believe me or not-it matters very little. I am mad-am I? Good-night, Mr. Temple-

He laughed scornfully, and walked away, and Mr. Templemore let him go. He felt stunned. Was it true? Had John Luan really seen her? Had he been mistaken in her identity-such things have been-or was it really Dora? Was that photograph, so strangely like her, the true image of his dead wife? And yet what is there in a likeness? Was not Nanette's enamel portrait, of a woman who had been dead two hundred years, like

"But not so like as this," thought Mr. Templemore, with sudden anguish; "besides he should know her. Only he may be mad, or a liar; this may be a plot to deceive me."

Templemore walked home under the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli, strange thoughts walked with him. It was no longer the great question, was Dora dead or living—but was Dora fulse or true? "Is this a conspiracy of that young man against me," thought Mr. Templemore, as he went up to his room, " and is Dora in it? Will they go away together nah." somewhere, and, deceiving me and the world be lost forever?"

For a moment jealousy and wrath overpowered every other feeling. Reason was wrecked, and Mr. Templemore could only think, with impotent fury, of the hateful story he had conjured up. Dora, his wife, forsaking and betraying him thus! But suddenly his wrath fell, and was followed by a great calmness. How or why he thought of this he knew not; but he remembered how, entering his wife's room one morning at Decnah, he had found her praying. Her kneeling attitude, her bent face and clasped hands, came back to him, and softened him in a moment. She, Dora, his young, pious, and innocent wife, perjuring herself to commit bigamy with John Luan!

How could be think it, and yet remember how bitterly John Luan had failed, and how completely he had succeeded with Dora? There is a strange sweetness in triumph; the wisest and the best are not insensible to it. Mr. Templemore felt moved and softened as the thought of the past came back to him, Yes, he had prevailed, with scarcely an effort, whilst John Luan, after patient years, had been balked. He had won the prize for which another had toiled; and she had been his; all his; too much his, for if he had thought he could lose her, he would never have left her. She had been so easily won, that he had felt secure, too secure by far, and now he paid for his past folly by the tormenting doubts of the present.

But, after all, Mr. Templemore doubted. He had faith and hope, but no certitude. Even if his wife were not now sleeping in an unknown grave, he had her not, he knew nothing of the road she had taken, of the spot that held her, and, hard fate, he knew not how to seek for her. No mariner lost at sea, with neither chart nor compass, could be more at a

loss than he was. It was inevitable, perhaps, that something of resentment should mingle with these thoughts. For, after all, he did not think he had deserved to be so deserted, with abandonment so complete, and silence so scornful. Dora might have remembered their dignity, ere she had thus laid bare to the world the sad secrets of their married life. And thus one after the other the angry thoughts came rising slowly, but surely, like the waves of a sullenly wrathful sea, drowning in their tide tenderness, regret, and even the fair image of hope, till suddenly Mr. Templemore's eyes fell on the photograph. Monsieur Durand had taken the other things; this he had either forgotten or left designedly. Mr. Templemore took it in his hand, and looked at it. How like it seemed, and how the likeness

grew as he looked on! "If I could believe it," he thought, and his lips quivered as he said it to his own heart— If I could think this image showed her poor dead face, and that unkindness of mine had driven her to such a death, life would henceforth be a blank page, one on which neither love, nor hate, nor happiness, nor enjoyment

could ever again be written for me." Many have said such things in the bitterness of remorse or in the first burst of grief: but how many have abided by them?

"God help me!" thought Mr. Templemore in the agony of his doubt-"God help me! It is cruelly like her!" And still he held it and gazed on, and he could not put the image by,

CHAPTER LI.

THE light of a pale autumn sunbeam fell exactly on Mrs. Courtenay's face, and it showed very plainly that Mrs. Courtenay was frowning. A frown was a very unusual and it required so ominous a fact as three successive failures of her favorite patience, to took her to your house young, innocent, and bring anything like it there. But nothing was incredible or impossible after such a calnow-von robbed her of fair name, peace, and amity; and there could be no doubt about it -Mrs. Courtenay was frowning. She threw the cards down pettishly and murmured with ill-repressed indignation as she looked around the room, "It is all Dora's fault."

> The room was not a gay one, certainly. It was dull, meanly furnished, and it looked out on a bleak, bare field, with a lowering autumn sky above it. A pretty change, indeed, from the grave old splendors of Les Roches!

"I do believe that girl must be crazy! thought Mrs. Courtenay-as crazy as her

poor aunt!" Here Dora's voice singing gayly in the next room added fuel to the fire of Mrs. Courte-

nay's indignation. "Garry Owen indeed!" she thought; "a pretty time to sing about Garry or Terry, or

erry even!" What Jerry had to do with it no one could have said, not even Mrs. Courtenay; but the frown was gone when Dora entered the room,

Dora had never looked brighter, gayer, or more cheerful than she looked now. Never in the hopeful days of her girlhood had she had a sunnier look than that which she wore on this day. But for all her cheerfulness, Dora's cheeks were pale and thin, and gayly man—I would tell you that my revenge for though she sang, her eyes were sunk. Peryour malice will be to recover my wife and haps, too, Mrs. Courtenay might have noticed be happy with her. You say she is dead, and or remembered, that, in the old happy days, I tell you she is living! I tell you nothing Dora's songs had been sad—doleful, her shall convince me that she and the unhappy mother called them-whereas now they were light and gay, when they were not actually merry. But Mrs. Courtenay was not a very so far exasperated her, that she sat mute and

> "What! can't you get on with the patience!" asked Dora in her highest voice, and with a little ringing, silvery laugh. "Let me

> She sat down and stretched her hand toward the cards; but Mrs. Courtenay took them up, made a packet of them, and deliberately put them underneath the cushion of the chai on which she was sitting; after which she looked rather sternly at her daughter. Dora laughed again. She laughed very

"What have I done now?" she asked, in her cheerful, good-humored voice; "come,

tell me my new sin, mamma." "Dora, I am very angry," solemnly said Mrs. Conrtenay. "Why did you lure me away from Les Roches to-to this horrible little hole?" she added, suddenly mising her voice into her favorite little scream.

"Dear mamma," replied Dara, looking amused, "it was agreed we wanted a change -and you know Les Roches was a dreadful place, after what happened to poor Aunt Luan. And this is a lovely spot, and not a horrible little hole, as you very unkindly call

"Why did we not go to Ireland?" asked Mrs. Courtenay. I have been very happy with my deer husband, and Paul and you, and even with poor Mrs. Luan, in Ireland. And it is quite absurd, Dora, that we should be living here in this ridiculous little place, instead of Imagination is a tormenting gift. As Mr.

seen it, and more than absurd that we should be paying rent here, whilst there is a beautiful house doing nothing and waiting for us."
"Well, mamma, when Mr. Templemore

comes and looks for us, we will go to Dee-

"But Mr. Templemore is not coming, and with a feigned tale of death, get married, and he does not write, and you do not write to him," said Mrs. Courtenay, rocking herself to and fro in indignation and wonder: "I never heard anything like it—never, Dora," she added, with as much severity (and it was very little) as she could infuse in the words, "you have behaved very badly to your husband."

Dora seemed much amused, and shook her bright head, looking all the time like a merry girl who has been working some piece of mischief, and who enjoys it; but there was a strange, nervous twitching about her lips, even whilst she laughed.

"Dear mamma," she said gayly, "if he does not care enough for me to come and seek me, I cannot help it, can I? And it is no use being vexed or angry about it—he did not

marry me for love, you know." "And how does he know where you are?" angrily asked Mrs. Courtenay; "just tell me

that? "He will find it out when he wants me," replied Dora, with a pretty toss of her bright

hcad. " Dora," said Mrs. Courtenay, with as much solemnity (and again we say it was not much) which she could convey into her look and manner, "are you getting frivolous? Why, you seem to have no conception of a wife's

position and duty!" "Dear mamma," gayly said Dora, "I was so short a time a wife! And I have always been light-hearted, you know. Why, Mr. Templemore said to me once, it was like sunshine to have me in a room, I was so bright a creature. For, you know, he used to make pretty speeches to me, even though he was in love with Mrs. Logan all the time. And I suppose that sunny girls, if one may call them so, have no great depth of feeling. Another woman would fret and cry perhaps because Mr. Templemore is not coming. Better sing and be gay, as I am," added Dora, with her brightest smile.

"I never could understand you, Dora," said Mrs. Courtenay, looking profoundly puzzled; "never. You adored Paul, and when we lost him-" added Mrs. Courtenay, with a tremor

in her voice-"I was as gay as ever, after a time," suggested Dora. "Why, yes; you see, mamma, you are French, and I am Irish, that is the difference. We Irish," she added, looking very saucy, "are more Celtic than you are. And we are not half civilized yet, as the whole world can tell you. When we suffer we give a great cry, a terrible wail, like a keene over the dead; then we are gay and lively again, being, as the whole world also knows, a very merry people, light-hearted and light-headed. It is a dispensation of Providence, I have no doubt," added Dora, with a touch of irony: but if I have my share of the national gift. why repreach me with it? After all, mamma, I suspect I am a more cheerful companion than if I had a solemn English grief or a decorous French one. Then you have the comfort of knowing that when I leave you, as I must this afternoon, I am not fretting my heart out, but just taking life easily and merrily.'

"Yes; but I wish you would not leave me." said Mrs. Courtenay, a little pettishly; "what can you want in Ronen to-day?"

"Must I not see about money-money!" gayly asked Dora: "good, kind Mr. Ryan is not here to help me now-I must do it ail myself. you know.'

Still, Mrs. Courtenay was querulous, and wondered why Dora must needs go to Rouen; but Dora gave her a kiss, told her not to wonder if she did not come in to tea, and ran upstairs to dress.

"But she must come in to tea," thought Mrs. Courtenay; "I must tell her so."
But Dora did not give her mother the op-

portunity. She slipped down-stairs, unheard, and bade Mrs. Courtenay adieu by tapping at the parlor window as she passed it on her way ont. Mrs. Courtenay, indeed, opened the window, and called her daughter back-in vain. Dora had already turned the corner of the house, and did not, or would not, hear the summons.

"She is getting a very disobedient girl," thought Mrs. Courtenay, in some indignation. I need not wonder she behaves so badly to Mr. Templemore when she treats me so.

But Mrs. Courtenay's wrath was never very long-lived. It gradually calmed down, and though she thought herself very ill-used, she took refuge and sought for consolation in a patience. But the pack of cards which she had so indignantly put away out of Dora's reach did not seem to Mrs. Courtenay a suffi-

ciently lucky one. "I shall do it for a wish," she thought, "and I shall take a fresh pack. If I succeed at once, it is a proof that Mr. Templemore will soon come and fetch us. If I have some trouble about it, as is likely, why, then we must wait, I suppose; and if I fail—" Here Mrs. Courtenay, who had risen, and was going up-stairs for the cards, paused, with her hand on the lock, and stood still in some perplexity. She was not one of your bold spirits, who will stake their all on one cast, and trust Fate with too much, so she looked for a third alternative, which should neither be success nor failure, and she found it in the evasive bit of commonplace, "If I fail, it is sure proof that Mr. Templemore knows nothing about it." But about what Mr. Templemore knew nothing, or how he could possibly be ignorant of Dora's flight, Mrs. Courtenay forgot to say to herself, and quite triumphant at the loophole through which she had escaped destiny, she went up-stairs to look for her pack of cards. To her great annoyance, she found none in her room; she searched up and down, but no cards were to be got. Yet Dora had bought her a pack-it was only yesterday. Where had she put them? Mrs. Courtenay entered? her daughter's room, a poor and meanly furnished one. Mrs. Courtenay's heart swelled. Were this low bed, with its shabby chintz curtains, this painted chest of drawers, that dilapidated wash-hand stand-were these fit for the mistress of Les Roches, and the wife of Richard Templemore?

"She must be crazy," indignantly thought Mrs. Courtenay: "her Aunt Luan was mad -they had heard of Mrs. Luan's death-" and Dora got it from her, and is crazy. But my mind is quite made up-I shall wait a while longer, then write to Mr. Templemore, and ask him what he means by letting his wife run away from him so. Now, the cards must be in one of these drawers. I wonder in which?"

Mrs. Courtenay had a natural batred of trouble. She tried to guess which drawer could possibly hold the cards she was looking for, but as none bore a label telling lookers-on its contents, she recklessly pulled one open, and began her search by a slow, careful sur-

Dora had taken very few things with her from Les Roches, a fact which, when she discovered it, greatly exasperated her mother. Linen, smelling sweetly of violet powder, now met her view; she closed the drawel petbeing down at Deenah! Deenah was my tishly, and tried the next. This held collars a third wife?"

brother in law's, and it is your husband's; and sleeves, and a silk dross carefully folded. and it is quite absurd that I should never have "One," angrily thought Mrs. Courtenay. She "One," angrily thought Mrs. Courtenay. She was closing that drawer too, when a little casket caught her eye. Were the cards in that? It had no lock, and Mrs. Courtenay opened it rather curiously. She saw some papers, and recognizing Paul's writing, she put them back with a dim eye and a trembling hand. Her step-son had been very dear to Mrs. Courtenay. Another paper, which she had taken out at the same time, fell on the floor. She picked it up. It was an envelope, on which Dora's hand had written, "The first and the pair. last.'

The first and the last! What could that mean? The envelope was not sealed, but it was worn, as if it had been used often. Mrs. Courtenay did not ask herself what right she had to pry into her daughter's secrets, she took out the two papers which the envelope held, and she read them both. One was a note which Mr. Templemore had written to Dora as Doctor Richard, the other one was that which intimated her mother's banishment. One was Hope, as she had first come to a dreaming girl; the other was Reality, as she had visited a sorrowful woman. And both, though Mrs. Courtenay knew it not, had been read daily by Dora, since she left Les Roches. Daily she had gone back with one to the exquisite visions of the past, and daily, too, she had been led by the other down to the unutterable bitterness of the present.

Mrs. Courtenay remained with the paper in her hand till she could not see it for tears. Then, meck and subdued in spirit as in bearing, she put it back, and went down-stairs. But neither with the old nor with a fresh pack of cards did Mrs. Courtenay question fate under the guise of a patience. She sat in her chair, crying silently, and now and then saying, in a low, broken voice, "It was for my sake, my poor Dora! It was all for me!"

CHAPTER LII.

Mr. Ryan's advice concerning the shares in the Redmore Mines had been to sell out whilst they were at a premium, and Dora had gone to Paris for that purpose. The money had been placed in Mrs. Courtenay's name at a banker's in Rouen, and her daughter had therefore but to go and present a cheque to be paid. The transaction in itself could not betray her. Not that she cared for concealment; she neither heart, and after a decent time given for and said calmly, "How is Miss Eva." Jacques transaction in itself could not betray her. Not sought nor shunned detection, but let events take their course recklessly. She saw no one whom she knew on her way to Rouen, and no one saw her; besides, her crape veil was thick and protected her from the careless observation of strangers. But the cheque whick Mrs. Courtenay had given her failed in some requirement, and the Frenck clerk hesitated, and vould not cash it. Seeing Dora's annoyance, he referred the matter to the head of the estab lishment; but he was out for an hour-would Dora call again? She said she would, and left the house to wander about the streets of that city in which she no longer had a home. She shunned Notre Dame and its vicinity, and went toward Saint Onen. She entered the little garden around the church, and sat there to rest, and as she sat she thought: "We must not stay here. Why should we? He has forgotten me. I must abide by my fate, and remember that, such as it is, I have chosen it, He has forgotten and put me by! I shall let him feel and know that if I gave my love unsought, I, too, can conquer, and, if need be, pluck it out, and yet live on."

She could do it, but it was hard. Besides, Dora had not expected this. Few women seem to understand that love, even strong vehement love, is but one of the many features in a man's life. And Mr. Templemore had so many things to think of! He had his child, he had his poor, his studies, and his articles of vertu. Passionately though he had loved Dora, that passion could never have absorbed him for more than a time. He had not, in deed, borne his wife's flight with the scornful indifference she attributed to him; his scarch had been keen, his grief had been great, but and perhaps there was a weary hill in the other; for though she was so near him he had failed to find her. "He scorns me," thought Dora, with a full heart. "Well, I do not scorn him, but I, too, can be proud!"

But pride is a cold comforter, and Dora felt it. She felt, too, what we all feel at some hour of our life, that her sorrow was too much for her.

"What ails me?" she thought, with a sort of despair; "he has deserted me, allowed me to go my own way, what ails me, that I cannot forget him, but must remember and suffer

on? What ailed her? Alas! this much: that life was impetuous and exacting, that love would not be denied, and that both were too strong for anger or pride. Still she strove against them. If she were not his wife, if he had but married Florence, she thought she would not care. But we cannot lie to our own hearts. From the depths of her being rose a

"Do not say so; you know that it is better to have been loved a few days, than not to have been loved at all. You know that it would have been the bitterness of death to have seen him married to Mrs. Logan, even as there is something of the sweetness of Paradise in being linked to him. You know that if he has wronged you, his nature is too great and too generous not to do you justicelater-and will there not be a foretaste of heaven in your forgiveness and that reunion? Think of what his repentance will be, and remember these days of love which he gave you -few, but perfect. Can anything annihilate them? Are they not a portion of your life, the truest and the best? What though vears should pass thus, in vain hope and expectation? A moment will yet come that shall crown all your sorrow, and conquer it, a time when you too can say to grief, "Where is thy victory—where is thy sting?"

Her eyes were dim with tears, but they were tears full of softness. She looked around her, The perennial charm of Eden seemed thrown over the dusty garden. The noisy children, the servant girls, the gloomy mass of Saint Onen, all vanished, and if they were seen it was with the thought-

"We will come here, and study Saint Ouen, as he once promised me in Deenah that we should, and every sorrow and every wrong shall be buried and forgotten-and it will be Paradise-Paradise!"

Delicious was the day-dream, but very brief. Voices talking behind her roused Dora. She awoke with a sigh, but yet did not feel all unhappy. The gates of Eden were only just closed, and its sweetness lingered around her still.

"Now, where are they?" said a sharp irritable voice, a woman's, in English. "Gussy, come here directly." "I never heard anything like it," said an-

other voice, feminine too; "how many weeks has his wife been dead?" "Not merely dead, but drowned. It was her cousin, that stupid Doctor Luan, who knew her," says Florence. "Gussy, stay here.

Do you think these Grays handsome?" "Handsome! they have not got a nose among them all. I wish they would not stare so at Saint Ouen. I do think, like Florence, that it is an old bore." in her face. "How could she make up her mind to be

"Ah! the rest was nothing! This was the crowning catastrophe, the shipwreck, the last cause beyond which there is no appeal." If

"And is he married yet?" asked one of the

The owner of Gussy smiled, and whilst that

"Not yet," she answered, "he went off suddenly in his wild way a few days back, and poor Flo is distracted. Miss Moore took scarlatina, and the child took it from her.

The rest of the party joined them; they all

How often do we feel this in life! How

often, when a heavy blow comes, do we think,

She thinks he went for the diamonds."

her heart had ceased to beat.

ears, Gussy!"

he went.

behind them!

he thought it. There lay the full explanation of his silence. Alas! she had never thought of that. She had imagined that the voluntary forgetfulness of a bitter resentment weighed upon her. She had not thought that the cold oblivion of the grave already lay between her and her husband. He had forgiven her, she was sure of it now-her imaginary sins were buried in the mercy we extend to the dead. She was no more his wife, erring indeed, but warm and living—she was the candlestick, was going to enter her old that something impulpable and unseen, against which we can cherish no resentment. That thin veil, so thin, but so chill, which divides us even from the most beloved, had had been partaking before Dora's unexpected spread between her and him, and so his love had returned—oh! what wonder!—to the looked bewildered and confused, and attered

This fair future she must now break. A second time she must be the cause of Mr. Templemore's grief. Perhaps this thought overpowered her—perhaps the consciousness that her death had been welcomed as a deliverance was too much for her fortitude. over-alarm the child. She did not faint, she did not even lose consciousness, but when the sense of reality at last came back to her, she saw that a silent and wondering crowd had gathered around her. She looked vacantly at a woman's face, and saying, in a cold, monotonous voice, "I was unwell, but I am well now," she rose and walked away.

As fast as her limbs could carry her, she walked through the streets; with the engerness of a lover going to a trysting-place she hurried to meet her bitter woe. If happiness has its fever, so has sorrow—a cruel fever, which drives us on and spares not. A pre-sentiment, strong as a certainty, told Dora that she would find the confirmation of the fatal tidings she had heard on her aunt's grave, and it did not deceive her. Day was declining as she entered the cemetery. She passed through the wooden crosses, and sione and marble slabs, till she reached Mrs. Luan's last resting-place. Yes, there it was, written beneath Mrs. Luan's name:

In Memoriam, DORA COURTENAY.

This was her epitaph. No date of birth or death, for one was shameful; no record of had been keen, his grief had been great, but marriage, for it had been ill-fated; nothing taunt, and it was composedly that she said: perhaps he had given up the one in despair, but that name which was hers no longer, and "The master of the house has no need to be the house has no yet was the only one by which John Luan would remember her. For it was he who had had that "Dora Courtenay" inscribed—he, and not Mr. Templemore, who had outlived her loss, as he had survived that of Florence, and had gone to get the diamonds for his third nuptials!

"Surely these graves ought to calm me, thought Dora, looking round her ; " surely the dead, who sleep here so soundly, admonish me, if I but heard them." But the dead were silent, or their voices

were very low, for when Dora left them they had taught her nothing. Her first words, when she entered the room

where her mother sat, alone and sad, were, " How cold it is!" "How pale and ill you look!" said Mrs.

Courtenay. "Yes-it is so cold," replied Dora, shiver-

ing.
"Dora!" exclaimed her mother, rising,
"you must go back to your husband!" "Go back to him!" impetuously exclaimed

"Yes, you must. I know all. I know why you left him-I feel sure he is broken-"Broken-hearted!" interrupted Dora; "do

you know that he thinks me dead, that there is a talk of his marrying Mrs. Logan, and that I have just read my own name inscribed on poor Aunt Luan's grave? Yes, weeds are beginning to choke the flowers John set there. I suppose; but my name is on it, and Mr. Templemore is a widowed, and he is going to marry Mrs. Logan."

Mrs. Courtenay stared confounded. Nothing could exceed her amazement when Dora told her all she knew, unless it was her indignation, when her daughter added, reck-"Yes, it is so; and yet, mamma, I am going

back to Les Roches." "You are going to leave me!" cried Mrs. Courtenay, and, leaning back in her chair, she gazed with a look full of dismay on her

daughter, who stood before her very pale, but very calm. "I cannot help it," replied Dora, with a quivering lip. "He has forgotten me; he thinks me dead; he is going to marry Mrs. Logan, they say; but, for all that, I must go. I am his wife, and when I married him I undertook to be the mother of his child. If he

were with her, I should write and merely tell him I am alive, for you see, I would rather not read in his face what he must feel on seeing me; but I cannot help myself. Eva is left to the care of servants, or to that, scarcely better, of Mrs. Logan. I must be true to the child, who was always so true to me!"

"Yes, and Mr. Templemore will come back and keep you!" querulously said Mrs. Cour-

He may not come back before Eva is well," replied Dora; "and surely," she added, very sadly, "he has shown no wish to keep me, mamma." "But I say that he will keep you," persisted

Mrs. Courtenay, who was now in tears, "and then what is to become of me?" Dora knelt before her mother, and, clasping lost lover, and perhaps, too, the master of Mrs. Courtenay's waist, she looked up fondly

"No one shall keep me from you," she said, with a smile. "If Mr. Templemore locks a rumor of my death has been spread, and I

"Oh! it was she whom he was to have the doors I shall get out of the window. And married, you know; 'only he committed' a I will come back-I will come back!"

mistake, and took his daughter's governess to Mrs. Courtenay looked down at her wist. church, instead of poor Flo. - I shall box your fully, but she still thought: "I know he will keep Dora." ars, Gussy!"

They now came forward and stood in Her daughter had no such fear. She had

front of Dorn: two specimens of the English never felt very sure of her husband's affection, feminine traveller and sight-seer, carrying a and since the great bitterness which had little stock of scandal with them, as the divided them, she had felt that his love was ancient journeyer carried his gods wherever gone from her, never to return. There was pain, there was humiliation in the thought of now going back to his house; and Dora had said it truly, she did it all for the child. But Mrs. Courtenay thought, as she saw her desmile passed across her face, Dora felt as if part: "She is still fond of him."

CHAPTER LIII.

THE grayness of twilight was stealing over the road when Dora reached the gates of Les Roches. She had alighted and sent away the carriage that brought her at a little dis moved on. They went talking and laughing tance from the house; but short though that all the way, and leaving a wrecked happiness distance was, Dora felt as if her limbs could scarcely bear her thus far, and she had to pause and recover her breath, and compose herself before she went in. The gates were open; the porter was not even in the lodge No one was visible, but looking up, Dora saw lights in Eva's room, and in Miss' Moore's. she could but have doubted-but it was not | She went up the flight of steps and entered in her power to do so. His name had not the house without meeting any one; but as been mentioned, nor Mrs. Logan's, for Flor- she reached the door that led to the suite of ence might belong to any one, and yet a certainty, against which she could not strive, entered her very soul and tortured it. He came out with a light in her hand. At first thought her dead, how or why mattered not- the girl only saw Dora's figure in the gloomy passage.

"Who's that?" she asked, sharply.

Without waiting for a reply, she raised her candle. The light flashed across Dora's pale face. The girl saw and recognized her: for a moment terror held her mute, then, uttering a faint scream, she dropped the candle-tick and fled down the staircase. Her cry roused Jacques, who was in the room she had just left. He came out as Dora, composedly picking up apartment. Jacques' nerves were naturally strong, and had just then been strengthened by a cordial of which he and the housemain mourning, they would marry and be blest at stare at this dead woman who had so unexpectedly come back to life:

* Mademoiselle Eva is very well-to ry bad. I mean."

"Is she conscious!" asked Dora, maring lest her sudden appearance should agitate or Jacques shook his head. It was plain that

there was very little consciousness to be apprehended from Mr. Templemore's little daughter. "Take that light," said Dora, handing it to him as she spoke. Her other hand was ex-

tended toward the lock of Eva's door; but

Jacques, with a boldness and freedom he had

never shown before, stepped in front of her. and effectually checked her entrance " Mademoiselle must excuse me." he said "but I think mademoiselle had better not go

The blood rushed up to Dora's face, and dyed it crimson. It was not possible that her husband had given orders to deny her to his child. Her blush and her silence confirmed

Jacques in his suspicion. "I dare say that mademoiselle can see Mademoiselle Eva to-morrow," he continued composedly, and laying a slight stress on the word that proclaimed Dora unwedded; "but

she had better not see her now." "Where is Mr. Templemore?" Jasked Dora "Monsieur is away, and that is just it. 11left no orders about mademoiselle.

This time Dora understood the insult. She reddened again with mingled indignation and shame; but she scorned to acknowledge the "The master of the house has no need to

leave orders about its mistress, Jacques. Let me pass!" There was something in the flash of her eye, something in the quiet gesture of her hand, which Jacques, accustomed as he was to obey and to recognize empire, could not disregard. Yet he struggled against the very feeling that made him step aside and give way

to Dora, and with something like remonstra tive sullenness in his tone, he said-" Madam Logan is there." Dora's heart sickened within her. This was her welcome home. Mr. Templemore's servants insulted her, and the woman he loved had forestalled her, and taken her place by her husband's child. But keen though the pang was, it was also brief; and her look as it fell on Jacques said so expressively, " What

about it?" that the man replied in a tone of excuse: "I thought I had better tell madame."

This time he thought it better to drop the offensive "mademoiselle." Without further parley, Dora went up to the sick-room. She opened the door and closed it again so noiselessly, that her entrance was not heard by Mrs. Logan. A look showed Dorn that Florence was not alone. She stood at some little distance from Eva's white cot, talking to no less a person than Doctor Petit. The very man whom Mr. Templemore so much objected to had been called in to attend on his sick child! The light of a night lamp fell full on Mrs. Logan's pretty face, and showed it to be full of concern. She raised her little dark eyebrows, and gathered her rosy lips with an assumption of grave anxiety which might be yielded as much to decorum as to real uneasiness. At least, even in that moment Dora thought so.

"And so you are uneasy, Doctor Petit!" she said, with a look between perplexity and trouble; "really this is a great responsibility upon me, and I do wish that poor dear Miss Moore would recover, or that Mr. Templemore would return. Indeed, I wish both."

"My only unensiness is lest my orders should not be attended to," sententiously said Doctor Petit. " Let my orders be attended to, and I answer for the result."

"Yes, but suppose your orders should not be attended to!" pettishly retorted Florence; "I cannot be everywhere, can I?—and the responsibility is all the same. So I do wish, I do, Mr. Templemore would come back!"

As she uttered the words, she happened to turn round slightly. Dorn stood before her, silent and rather pale, but with all the signs of life about her. On seeing her, Josephine had uttored a cry of terror, and Jacques had looked bewildered and amazed; but it was blank dismay which appeared on Mrs. Logan's face as her rival thus returned from the grave to confront her. She stepped back, and clutched the doctor's arm, and gasped for breath, but she could not speak. Dora looked at her with sorrowful severity. She know what feeling had brought Florence to Eva's sick-bed. It was not love for the child, it was not kindness or pity-it was the secret hope of winning back a past which her own act had forfeited-of conquering anew her

Deenah and Izes Roches. "I am sorry to startle you, Mrs. Logan, she said, with much composure: "I believe