BY WALTER CAREY. They met amid the ball-room's gale,
And only this had either noted.
That he was dark and she was fair,
When breathlessly in the waltz they floated.
But in that instant Cupid flung
A chain that bound their hearts together;
She thought that Hybia tipped his tongue
Although he only praised the weather.

To him her spirit seemed divine,
Though still she talked but common-places;
Her accents breathed the tuneful Nine,
Her face and figure all the Graces.
His coat her critic eye approved;
He owned perfection in her bodice;
And if to her a god he moved,
To him no less she swam a goddess.

So when they danced it seemed to each
Their bliss had brimmed its fullest measure;
When they sat in tender speech,
Life held for them no equal pleasure.
So sitting pleased and bent to please,
Or whirling through the galop's mazes,
Unconsciously by swift degrees
They slipped through all love's sweetest.
Dhases.

He brought her bouillon on the stair,
He brought her sendwiches and salad,
With here a hint of deep despair,
And there a snatch of woful ballad—
With pensive pauses, shift abrupt,
And speaking gaps of conversation,
And as by turns they sighed and supped,
And slid from ices to fliriation.

He squeezed her hand, she blushed and sighed Her lips said "Fie!" but not her glunces; He told of lovers that had died, Of cruel malds in old romances; He clasped her waist, he stole a kiss; Her eyes still folled her lips, "How dare he!" They dropped cold "Mr." formal "Miss," And he was Frank and she was Mary.

Fifteen delicious minutes passed;
Love's star had reached its culmination.
Twin souls they knew themselves at last,
Born for each other from creation.
He swore, cre half an hour went by,
She was his bosom's only idol;
As much she vowed: with rapturous eye,
The glad youth urged an early bridal.

Than this file indees in the desired of the parted at her carriage door

Earth's fondest pair of plighted lovers;
With kisses, tears, and yows to meet
They parted—and Love's filium fuit;
Next day she cut him on the street,
And he, the false one, never knew it! -Scribner's "Bric-a-Brac," July.

DORA

By JULIA KAVANAGH,

Author of ' Nathalie." Adole,' ' Queen Mab,,' &c

CHAPTER IX .- CONTINUED.

" I wonder if the book is a dear one?" she thought.

She hesitated a while, then ventured into the shop with the volume in her hand. The dealer was not alone. There was a customer with him, a slender, dark man, for whom he held a candle in a dingy iron candlestick. "Pray how much may this book cost?"

The man turned round, and said civilly,

"What book, mademoiselle, if you please?" Epictetus," she answered,

The customer who was gazing intently at an old engraving, now looked up as he heard this girlish voice uttering the name of the stoic philosopher, and there was just a touch of perplexity in his glance as he saw Dora. You would scarcely have connected philosophy under any shape with her open, genial face. Thus, bright, hopeful and young might have looked a Psyche before her sorrows.

"Ten francs," was the dealer's reply. Dorn had made up her mind to give so much as one franc for the volume, but ten made her blush with confusion at having entered the shop at all.

"I did not think it was so expensive," she said, apologetically.

He saw her embarrassment, and replied, good-naturedly, that the edition was a rare one. Dora, who was reluctantly putting the book by, brightened up. Had he got a

"No." and he shook his head, "he had not; and what was more, Epictetus was rather a scarce book. Few people cared about it." Dora apologized for having troubled him,

and left the shop. The dealer looked after her and chuckled. "Whenever an out-of-the-way book is asked

of me," he said, turning to his customer, "it is by your country-folk, Doctor Richard, and especially by your countrywomen. To think of a little chicken like that wanting to peck

at Epictetus!" "Who is she?" asked Doctor Richard; and he made good his claim to be Dora's countryman by a moderate yet unmistakeable accent. "I do not know her name, but I often see her about Notre Dame. A pretty girl, eh, Doctor

"Not very pretty," dryly replied Doctor Richard, "but very bright. She lit up your shop, Monsieur Merand."

"Come, you shall have another candle," said Monsieur Merand, taking the hint. "You must see that engraving well in order to ap-

He entered the dark parlor behind his shop. Doctor Richard remained alone, and he wondered.

"Where can I have seen this girl, who wants to buy Epictetus, with that joyous face? It was she who was giving milk and eggs to the cross old witch on the staircase, but I knew then that I had already seen her. When and where was it?"

Doctor Richard's memory was one tenacious of faces, and it never deceived him. Yes, he had certainly seen and been struck with that bright face, " with eyes so fair," like Collins's Hope, before this day. Suddenly the remembrance flashed across his mind. He had seen her at a concert six months ago, a bright, happy, and admired girl. He remembered her looks, and her smiles, and her bouquet of rare roses on her lip-rare for the season of the year. He remembered, too, some unknown lady's comment, "Miss Courtenay is a most extravagant girl. Now, these roses cost a guinea, at least." And now Epictotus was too dear at ten francs. And the milk and eggs, moreover, suggested a strange contrast between the present and the past. The story of her losses Doctor Richard had also heard, and thinking over it, he fell into a fit of musing, whence Monsieur Merand, returning at length with the candle, roused him. But the engraving, on being seen more closely, proved what Doctor Richard was pleased to call "an impostor." He put it down with a great show of contempt, and looked for his hat.

"Well, then, have" Epictetus,' " said Monsieur Merand, thrusting the book toward him. "Not I," curtly replied Doctor Richard. . Good-night, Monsieur Merand; you must keep better wares if you want my cus-

"He will come for it to-morrow," said Monsieur Merand, composedly, putting the engraving aside; "and I dare say he will take. Epictetus as well. I saw him looking at it."

CHAPTER X, "

Mrs. Courtenay was getting uneasy when

07/19 19:00

perfect, and—" here Dora paused in dismay. The cheese might be a first-rate one, and was distress she had relieved the day before. so, no doubt, but it was no longer in her possession. She had probably left it at the bric-

I looked at a book-stall near Notre Dame," she said, feeling Mrs. Luan's reproving eye upon her, "and I must have forgotten it there. shall go back for it at once. Pray don't wait tea for me."

She was gone before Mrs. Courtenay could remonstrate. Within a few minutes Dora had reached Monsiour Merand's shop She entered it after first casting a look at the book-stall, and ascertaining that neither Epictetus nor the cheese was there.

"You come for Epictetus?" he said, recognizing her at once. "No, sir, I come for a pareel which I for-

got,"
"There is no parcel. Take Epictetus for nine francs, ch?"

"It is still too dear at that price, thank you am sure I left my parcel here." She looked for it, but without assisting her

Monsieur Merand went out. "Let us make an exchange, mademoiselle. Have you got an old engraving? I am very fond of an ol dengraving. Look, here is a

stock of them!" He opened a portfolio, so that Dora could

not help seeing its contents. "These are not engravings," she said these are crayon drawings—and very bad ones too," she added, shutting up the port-

folio, and again loooking for her missing cheese. "Bad!" exclaimed Monsieur Merand, throwing the portfolio open once more-"you call these bad! Then, mademoiselle," he added, taking off his hat to her with a mock politeness, which was not impertinent, "I will make you a present of Epictetus if you can

do me a head like this.' Dora smiled a little scornfully. She drew tolerably well, and she knew it; but not choosing to enter into an argument with Monsieur Merand, she quietly remarked that as she had not got her parcel she would trouble him no longer.

"Is this your parcel?" he asked, taking it from the chair on which it had lain concealed all the time; "why" be added, smelling it and looking at her, "it is cheese!"

Dora began to think that this Monsieur Merand was a very odd man; but he looked both good-humored and good-natured spite his oddity, and she could not help laughing. "It is cheese," she said; " but pray give it

to me sir. I am in a hurry. " This is particularly good cheese," he continued in a pensive tone. "Now," he added, giving it up to her and putting his hands behind his back, "it is a pity you cannot draw; I would have let you have Epictetus for a crayon sketch like this; "and he took and

flourished one before her eyes.

"I wonder if the man is jesting, or if he would, really buy my drawings?" thought Dora suddenly fluttered at the golden vision thus opened to her.

"I suppose, sir, you are in earnest?" she remarked doubtfully.

"Do be sure I am; but can you draw?" He already seemed to hesitate and draw

"I have one or two things by me," said Dora, still doubting his sincerity; shall I show them to you to-morrow?"

"Perhaps you had better not," kindly replied Monsieur Merand. "I am a severe critic, and—and we all know how young ladies draw."

"I care nothing about criticism," emphatically declared Dora; "besides, I can keep to my own opinion, you know, which is, that I can produce something much better than this."

Monsieur Merand's breath seemed gone at the audacious confession; but Dora, without waiting for him to recover and utter some other discouraging speech, bade him a goodevening, took up her cheese, and walked out of the shop.

Even Mrs. Luan noticed how bright and ex cited Dora looked when she came back.

"Did you get it?" cried Mrs. Courtenay.
"Here it is," replied Dora. gayly; "and what is more," she added, tossing off her bonnet and shaking her bright head, "I think I am going to carn cheese by the dozen!" She laughed at their amazed looks, and related to them what had passed, adding saucily, "And my drawings are a great deal better than his. It would not take me more than two days to draw such a head as he showed me. Now, suppose he gave me ten francs a head, that would be a hundred and fifty francs a month, or eighteen hundred francs a year. Nay, as to that, I could produce a drawing a day, which would make three thousand francs a

year !" Dora looked bewildered at this unexpected calculation, then she remarked in a much more sober tone :

"Well, I suppose Monsieur Merand would scarcely take a drawing a day. No, nor yet one every other day. But then, he may give me more than ten francs a drawing, you see. shall certainly try him to-morrow," she added, sitting down to take her tea with the composure of an old woman of business.

They were all three rather elated at this unexpected prospect. Epictetus, who had led to this. could afford to despise money, live in a garret, sleep on a straw mattress, and never lock his door; but Dora had not yet reached these sublime heights of philosophy. Money was much to her. Money meant a little of that pleasure and relaxation which was the grievous want of her new life; money, too, in this case meant exertion, and a motive for it: no wonder then that Dora looked once more as bright as sunshine, and spent a restless, hopeful night, full of projects and dreams,

some sleeping and some waking.
Nevertheless, Miss Courtenay felt in no great hurry to try her fortune when the next day came round. She took out her portfolio, selected the best drawing in it, and looked at it in doubt. Was it, after all, so good as she had thought it to be? Mrs. Courtenay, who felt very impatient to know Monsieur Merand's opinion of her daughters production, urged her to go to his shop early; but Dorn prudently said, "It would not be dignified," and she lingered until she suddenly discovered that if she did not go at once, it would be too late to go at all a So she slipped her portfolio under her ar stand went out alone, though Mrs. Courten first, then Mrs. Luan afterward, offered to accompany her.

"No," decisively said Dora; "I will not undertake Monsieur Merand in company." She went, and her mother, and even her aunt, looked out of the window after her. Dora saw them, and nodded and smiled and looked very brave, though her heart beat a little. She walked briskly whilst she was within view, but slackened her pace when once she had turned the corner of the street. To say the truth, she felt an arrant coward. "I wonder what takes me to that Monsieur Merand," she thought; "I could do without Epictetus, and live without that old man's money. Perhaps he was only laughing at me, yesterday, and that I shall have had a deepless night and a

useless walk for my pains,"
"The milk and oggs were very good, mademolselle," said a cracked voice; "very good;
and the cup is beautiful!"

with a sign of rener,

It is very far away. But the cheese is Dora raised hes eyes which were bent on nearest chair. "Monsieur Merand gives me all know it is the symbol of abundance;

the earth, and saw the little old woman whose

"I am glad of it," she replied, with a smile.
"And what is your name, mademoisolle?" promptly asked the old woman, leaning her head toward her right shoulder, and looking up at Dora with a keen, brown eye, that bore no token of age.

"I cannot tell it to you," mysteriously answered Dora; I am a princess in disguise, and it is a great secret; but," she good-humoredly added, noticing the old woman's blank look, "I know where you live, and I shall go and see you."

"Do!" cried the old woman, brightening. The third door on the right hand on the fourth floor."

"You poor little fairy," thought Dora, looking after her, as the little old woman passed beneath the archway, and entered fhe house where she had seen her yesterday, "you have seen better days, I am sure. And I wish you were a fairy indeed, for then you would give me wonderful luck in exchange for my milk and eggs. Whereas I do believe I am only

going to get a humiliating rebuff." She had half a mind to turn back as she entered Monsieur Merand's street. But it was too late to do so. Monsieur Merand stood at his door, he had seen her, and nodded recognition in a half-friendly, half-ironical fashion.

At least, so thought Dora.
"Oh! you have brought the drawing," he said, as she approached.

He glanced at the portfolio under her arm. "Yes," carelessly replied Dora, entering the "I hope you did not sell Epictetus," shop. she added, composedly, perhaps to impress the dealer with the fact that Epictetus was the summit of her ambition.

Monsieur Merand shook his head compassionately, and Dora understood his meaning quite well. Of course he had not sold Epic tetus, but of course he did not expect to part with it to her in exchange for her labor. She began to feel annoyed at his impertment skepticism, and somewhat defiantly she opened

her portfolio and handed him the sketch. "Oh! that is it, is it?" said Monsieur Merand, taking it from her hand, and moving to the door, in order to have as much light as the street afforded full on the drawing. Dora remained Ain the gloomy background, and looked at him with a beating heart.

Her drawing was taken from a cast of Michael Angelo's famous "Night." The weary goddess hung her head, heavy with sleep, and seemed to forget the cares, the sorrows, and the sins of life, in those deep slumbers. A repose, which was not that of death, for there was suffering in it still, wrapped the whole figure, and was well expressed in the howed head. Monsieur Merand looked long and attentively, then he put the drawing down, went to the other end of his shop, and came back with a book, which he silently placed in Dora's hands. She looked at it, though she truly had no need to look. It was Epictetus.

There are delightful moments in life, moments of boasting and triumph, which we never forget. Dora had a genial, happy nature, keenly susceptible of emotion, as all such natures are. Her heart beat with joy at this little success; her eyes sparkled, and, a'as! for stoic philosophy, old Epictetus them away very carefully in a Portfolio, then shook a little in her hands. It was not vanity, said, gravely: it was not pride, it was the knowledge that she had prevailed, that she, too, possessed a gift, and that this gift was worth something. could not speak, she could not trust herself to say one word—her stammering tongue might have betrayed her. Monsieur Merand addressed her first.

"Of course," he said, "the professor touched | cess. up that drawing—but it is no business of mine. The drawing is a good one, and a bargain is a bargain."

This gave Dora her tongue back again. "Indeed, sir," she replied, a little saucily. "I thought you were too good a judge not to know when a drawing had been 'touched up,' or not. This drawing never underwent such

treatment," "It is yours—all yours?" exclaimed Mon sieur Merand, in the tone of a question. "I do not say that," replied Dora not willing to mystify him; "but I say that it is the work

of one hand." Monsieur Merand's face fell.

Then you have no more such?" he said, seeming rather annoyed. "I did not say that either," retorted Dorn.

much amused. "Do you really wish for more? "Let us deal openly," suggested Monsieur Merand, putting on a look of great candor. "I care not who does these drawings, but will you let me have more by the same hand-say

two to begin with?" "But not for ten francs a piece," suggested Dora, looking grave. "No, this and the others shall be twenty-

Epictetus and fifty francs for the three." "Very well," replied Dora, after a pause scemingly given to deliberation, but really af-

forded to joy. "Are you in a hurry?"
"I should like them this week. To-day is Tuesday—say by Saturday, eh?" "Very well," again answered Miss Cour-

tenay, doing her best to look careless and business-like. "Good-morning, sir." She gave Monsieur Merand a pretty, condescending nod; "for he must be in my power and not I in his," she thought, as she leisurely

walked down the street, till she reached a

side door of Notre Dame, which she entered. life is sweet, too, and its joys are keen, and gladness, also, is a form of worship. So Dora and kin to me, and these are nothing—oh flash forth, turned Dora's joy to chill and sad regret. Requiescat! The word was written on Paul's grave, in Glasnevin. She triumphed

sleep because of that disappointment. "Oh! my brother!-my brother!" thought Dora, her tears flowing at the thought, "how

she had her little joy and her little boast, and

he had been denied his. He had gone down

to his premature rest, and he slept too early a

can I be happy and forget you?" But did she really forget him? Was not rise at the first whisper? Did she not remember him in joy, because he did not share it in sorrow, because he would have borne it with her; in everything of weal or woe, which stirred her heart or passed through her life. If she now lingered in that ancient church, was it not to think in peace of him? When she so hard it was to bid it once more return to those depths of her heart where it slumbered, indeed, but ever ready to waken!

no path beset with perils. The toil that has no difficulties surely has no charm. On her way home, Dora resolved to go and indeed, but ever ready to waken!

"Well!" cried Mrs Courtenay, from the window. Dora looked up, and saw her mother's face Dora had learned; also that Nanette bore an leoking down at her. She laughed saucily, showed her the book, and sprang up-stairs. No temper.

twenty france a drawing, and wants two more by Saturday. We shall be quite rich now. and Pactolus is it Pactolus?—is going to

flow in the room." "That is delightful!" cried Mrs Courtenay, with her little shrill raising of the voice. "Oh! quite delightful !"."

Mrs Luan, who looked a little flushed and excited, stared hard at Dora, and said,

"Where is the money?" "I have not got it yet, nunt. By next Saturday I hope to show you two Napoleons and a half. I wander what drawings I ought to let him have."

She brought out her portfolio, and the three looked over its contents. Dora selected a Niobe and a Dying Gladiator, Mrs Courtenay opined for a sleeping Ariadne and a Cupid, and Mrs. Luan reckoned up Dora's drawings, and valuing each at 20 francs; a piece, made up, mentally of course, a goodly sum. "The Ariadne is much better than the Niobe

my dear," said Mrs Courtenay, nodding her

cap emphatically.

Dora looked at the two as only artists can look at their own work. She liked them both, and now that she had a market for them, she regretted parting with them. She remembered how that sleeping woman, unconscious of daily." abandonment, had charmed; how the meaning of that fine antique had stolen upon her, the more she studied it. And then the Niobe! The immortal sorrow in those upraised eyes, and in those parted lips!

"Let them both go," she said, with a little sigh, and putting them away as she spoke. "I shall keep the cupid and the Dying Gladiator -for another time, if, as I hope, Monsieur Merand will want them. And now, mamma, since I am getting rich again, we shall take drives in the country and you and aunt must get a silk dress each, aed I shall try books,

and hire a piano." Mrs Luan's patchwork fell from her hands on her lap, and she stared at Dora with unmitigated astonishment. Had the girl gone crazy, for how could she achieve all this with fifty francs?

Dora laughed a clear ringing laugh. "I will do all that, aunt," she said wilfully. and a great deal more. I wonder what old

Epictetus has to say on the subject?" She took up the volume, and sitting with it on her lap by the open window, she soon became absorbed and grave. Epictetus spoke of virtue, of heroism, endurance, and self-den-ial, but said not one word of drives in the country, silk dresses, or musical instruments of Richards wants it, but I would not let him see

CAAPMER XI. The event proved Dora to have been in her senses when she foretold the golden results which were to accrue from her connection with Ariadne without hesitation, and asked for

more. "I have got a Cupid and a Dying Gladiator," replied Dora, with a gentle thrill of

"Will you let me see them?" asked Monsieur Merand, rather eagerly.

"Yes, to-morrow," she answered quietly. She brought them the next morning. Monsieur Merand purchased them at once, put

"Madamoiselle, could you copy in crayons a few heads from a painting in our gallery She | here?"

"I can try." "Then you are not sure?"

"I can try," said Dora again; and her bright smile expressed the certainty of suc-

"Well, then, here is the catologue; this is the picture—Hemmeling's. The heads are marked; size of the original. Take your time, mademoiselle. I am in no hurry, and should like the drawings to be good."

"I shall do my best," answered Dora, with a wistful look, for she already felt less confident of success. Instead of going home, she Nanette's seventeenth cousin, for all I cau tell. went strait to the Musee. With a beating And Nanette shall have milk, and eggs, and heart she passed by the majestic front of St. | butter, since bacon will not do, and candles Ouen, and turning round the edifice, found by all means, for the sake of the grand relaherself in the deep shadow, facing the narrow door which leads to the picture gallery. Sightseers were scarce that day; Dora met none. She went up to the broad stone staircase alone, and went in the mood of one going to meet her fate. These pictures. which she had often looked at with a calm critical eye, now seemed ro her like so many judges waiting for her, the future culprit. The door of the library was open; within, a broad cool room, Dora could see a few gentlemen residing. She remembered the days of Mr. Ryan's library, and Paul's eager labors and sad failure and she quailed to think that she, too, was

bent on a task beyond her strength. She looked around her for comfort, and found none. The statues which idorn the hall, the severe Augustus, the writhing Laocoon, the cold Pudicitia, had little sympathy with a girl's trouble or with her fears. What did the Roman Emperor care for the triumph or defeat of her little ambition? What was it to the victim of Apollo's revenge that she failed or succeeded? As for Pudicitia, she would surely have said, if consulted, by Miss

Courtenay, "Stay at home and spin wool." "What is there between these Greeks and Romans that they should meet us at every path?" thought Dora, a little resentfully "They can soothe no grief, raise no hope, dispel no trouble. Why have we not, then, Dora felt happy, and happiness with her at the images of our own flesh and blood, of our once found its way into prayer and thanks- own heroes around us, like the painter below giving. The grand old church; with its mighty | with his pallet in his murble hand? It would columns and gorgeous windows, could not awe be cheering to see a Bernard de Pallisy there her, or turn her joy into other channels. Yes, instead of that Laocoon and his heathen serlife is brief, and eternity awaits us all; but pents, Poor and little as I am, that obstinate Bernard, who fought so hard a battle, is kith felt; but a sunbeam stealing in, lighting up surely nothing!" and still she stood with the the aisle, and falling on a grave-stone, whence catalogue in her hand, hesitating to enter the the word "Requiescat" suddenly seemed to rooms within which, in her present mood at least, her fate seemed to lie. True, failure would not be ruin, but it would be humiliation, and that surely has its bitterness.

But when Dorn entered the sunlit rooms and wandered through them, looking at the quaint old pictures with their stiff, staring aces, she felt hopeful once more. It did not seem so very hard to prevail and get the better of these grim personages. Yet how fine, when you looked into them, were some, and how correct was Monsieur Merand's taste l his remembrance ever in her heart, ready to Every head he had chosen had its character and its beauty,

"If he is so good a judge," thought Dora, I shall get afraid of him.' But fear is not a logical feeling. Dora, as

she looked over Monsieur Merand's selection, felt cheerful, and not despondent. Her buoyant nature rose with the magnitude of the task roused herself with a "I must go in," it was laid upon her. That would be a tame jour-with a sort of pain; so dear was that thought, ney of adventure indeed which should have

see the old fairy, as she mentally called her. The poor woman's real name was Namette—so unexceptional character for everything save showed her the book; and sprang up-stairs. No temper sure she is lucky of thought Dorn, sure she is lucky of thought Dorn, broke in upon her mother and her aunt to climbing up the dingy staircese that led to hands, after throwing poor Epictetus on the fast turning into gold, and as for the milk, we

neat, and Nanette being as small and as neat. and as clean as her room, looked more than ever like a fairy, in Dora's opinion. A cross fairy she was just then, scolding a charcoal fire, which would not kindle.

"Ah'l you will not, eh?" she said, angrily, and vainly using a bellows beyond her strength—"you know I am old, you do!"

"Let me try," said Dorn, looking in.
She took the bellows from Nanette's hand, and lo! in a trice the fire was bright.

"Yes, you are young," said Nanette, with a wistful look, "and you can work. I cannot !- I cannot l I am seventy-three, and I cannot work, and have to live on charity," she added, with an angry flash in her brown eye.

Dora tried to soothe her, but Nanette would admit of no consolation. Her temper was roused again. Dora wanted her to have more "She took charity, but she was not a beggar," she said, loftily. "An accident was an accident, but she did not want milk and eggs

Dora suggested bacon, but greatly imperilled her power offascination by doing so. Nanette's brown eye burned like a live coal, It turned out that lucon was her particular aversion.

"Yes, you are a cross fairy," thought Dora, "but for all that, I shall prevail over you once | and dinginess; we do not speak of exceptions, more." So she made no further offers, but gently drew out Namette. She learned how they have in common to a singular degree. Nanette had been rich—quite rich. She had Why, for instance, must the poor be everycarned as much as seventy francs in one month by lace-mending, but now her eyesight was gone, and her hand was unsteady, and there were days when Nanette could not get up, she was so weak, and then she lay sleepless all night. "When the mion shone in at her window, and lit up her room, it was well and good but when the night was dark, and the room was black, it was very dreary, you see."

Dora's bright eve flained with triumph. "I shall give you abound of candles," she

Nanette was fairly conquered. Candles were the secret desire of her heart. Even pride and ill-temper duld not reject such a boon. She put her withered hand on Dora's

and looked up in her five.
"I shall show it to you," she said. "Doctor it-not I; but you shall see it!" She unlocked a square box on the floor,

fumbled in it, then drew out a velvet case, which she opened, but jealously kept in her hand. Dora might look, but by no means touch. This treasure which was a treasure Monsier Merand. He took the Niobe and the | indeed, was an ancient and exquisite enamel portrait. It showed Dora a young girl in all the bloom and radiance of youth, and with hair of a golden brown.

"Yes," said Nanette, as Dora gave a little start, "it is like you; you have the same hair -I saw that at once. And she was a great, great lady, and my great-great-grandmother, too," added Nanette, " and no one shall have it!" she angrily continued, shutting up the case, and putting away the portrait hurriedly; "and he shall not even see it!" she said, with

a sort of scream, meant for Doctor Richard, "My poor old fairy!" thought Dora, as she left Nanette, and went down the staircase, "I fear your luck is all for me, and that you can keep none for yourself. Are you indeed the descendant of that bright-looking lady in rich blue velvet? You may have mended the exquisite point your great-great-grandmother, is you call her, wore round her white neck, and been paid for your labor by the great-great granddaughter of her chambermaid. And that lady's face and mine are not unlike. I never was so pretty, but still there is a sort of national likeness. Who knows but the original was the daughter of some Irish Jacobite who came over with James Stuart? I may be And Nanette shall have milk, and eggs, and

tionship we all have in Father Adam." She sent in her gifts at once, and that same evening looking up to Nanette's window, she saw a light burning in it. The night was black and sultry; neither moon nor stars were out, but it did Dora good to see that light, and to know that the lonely old woman need not fret her poor heart away in the darkness. When she turned back from the window the smile on her face was so bright, that

it puzzled Mrs. Courtenay. My dear, you look very happy," she said. "Yes, I am happy," replied Dora; but she said nothing about Nanette and the candles. She would have told her mother, if Mrs. Courtenay could have kept a secret from Mrs. Luan, but that was impossible. And as it would have been cruel to make poor Mrs. Luan wretched by letting her know Dora's extravagance, her niece kept her own counsel.

"And you look happy, too, mamma," con tinued Dora, approaching the table, and looking over her shoulder at the cards sproad upon "I see you have been successful." "So successful!" exclaimed Mrs. Courtenay all the cards came out. And as I luckily

did it for a wish, I am quite sure you will go on with Monsieur Merand," Dora laughed, and said there could be no

Having procured the requisite permission,

doubt about it.

Dom began her task the next day. The Musee was a quiet place—two or three old gentlemen who bad been painting there for the last twenty years, were her only companions. They looked as antique, and they were as silent as the pictures they copied; but for the bright sun shining in the place below, and the sound of carriages rolling on its stones, Dora might have funcied herself in some enchanted palace. She liked this tranquility. She liked her task too; and so it progressed, and she felt that she was successful, she loved it. With a cheerful heart she left home in the morning; with a sense of happiness she went up the stone staircase and entered the rooms where her silent friends and companions, the pictures, were waiting for her. With a fatigue which was welcome, for it meant labor, success, and money, she put by her drawing when the day was over, and the keeper gave out the summons to depart. Happy are the women who have to toil for their bread in some leved vocation. The curse of labor is lightened for them, and sweetened into a blessing. Happy they before whom the fair fields of art lie open. Small though the harvest may be—not unto all are plenteous crops given—i is pure wheat, pure and good. Happy, therefore, was now Dora Courtenay. Monsieur Me-

proval. The results of her labor were satisfactory in every sense. Ere long she was in the receipt of an income varying from ten to fifteen pounds a month. Thanks to this unexpected piece of good fortune, comfort under many shapes crept into their home. Mrs. Courtenay and Mrs. Luan had their promised silk dresses; now and then a carriage drew up at Madame Bertrand's door, and took her

rand praised the first samples of her skill, and

Dora's taste and judgment confirmed his ap-

Nanette's door was open, so Dora had no It was not merely the money, though that wa. trouble in finding her. Nanette lived in a welcome it was also and especially the sen e room which was about the size of a large cup of leading a useful and active life, which board, but which was exquisitely clean and charmed her. She had been poor, and she had been, if not rich, at least in easy circumstances, but never before this time had she earned money, never had she felt independent, and one in the great science of social life. It was a delightful feeling, and the more delightful that habit and time had not yet deadened its enjoyments and destroyed its freshuess. And thus the happy summer stole away.

Oh a bright afternoon in September, Dora on leaving the picture-gallery, went to the house of a poor gilder out of work, from whom she had ordered a frame a month back for a drawing she had undertaken on her own account. A series of misfortunes had prevented Dubois from keeping his promise. Dora had been patient and forbearing, and generous even, but now her patience was out, and she entered the dark lane at the end of which Dubois lived, prepared to bestow nothing upon him save a severe scolding. "I shall not be milk and eggs, but Nanette scorned the offer. at all good-natured," she thought; "but very "She took charity, but she was not a beggar," firm and dignified." As she came to this austere resolve, Dora reached the gilder's door, but when a dirty child admitted her within, and she once more saw the povertystricken aspect of the place, her heart relented.

There is a terrible resemblance between all poor homes. Place them in what latitude under what sky you will, they are akin in three essential characteristics-darkness, dirt, but of the general rule. Some features, too, where so fond of poultry? The Dubois had three children, but they also found room for a white hen, which went scratching and cackling about their two rooms. Dora had often looked at that hen with a secret shudder, inspired by the thought that it might possibly be killed, taken to market, and there purchased by Mrs. Luan for home consumption. "It must be such a fowl as this that she brought home last week," thought Dora, now watching the wretched bird as it wandered under an old bedstead, and looked ghost-like in that gloomy refuge; "one should really know more about the creatures one eats, and

what their rearing has been, for instance."
"Mademoiselle is looking at the white hen," said Madame Dubois, a dirty young woman. "Catch it, Joseph, and let Mademoiselle feel how fat it is getting."

In vain Mademoiselle protested, Joseph was already on his knees groping under the bedstead; but just as he stretched out his hand to seize her, the white hen artfully slipned under a chest of drawers.

"Shall I get a stick and poke her out?" asked Joseph, coming out from under the bed very red in the face, and much the worse for the dust he had found there. On hearing this suggestion, the white hen cackled a feeble protest, and Madame Dubois angrily promised Joseph the best slap he had ever had in his life if he made the attempt. Dora now expounded her errand. Madame Dubois clasped her hands and looked pitcous.

They were the most unfortunate people. Poor Dubois had hurt his hand, his right hand, and was gone to the chemist's to get it dressed. That was their luck.

"Well, you are unlucky," kindly said Dora,
"But where is the frame? I want to see that it is of the right size." Madame Dubois looked despondent. They were so unlucky that she did not like to tell Mademoiselle, but just as the trame was ready to be gilt, Joseph and the hen had combined

against it, and broken it that very morning. Dora nearly lost patience, but again pity prevailed, and with a few kind, comforting words and a little donation, she left this abode of illluck. The sight of continued misfortune is oppressive, and Dora breathed a little sigh of relief as she got out again into the free and open air. "I never knew such unlucky people,' sho

thought. "It is simply dreadful; and if these oft. I should say that ere the days of witc the white hen was at the bottom of it. And who knows but she is? Who knows that sorcery has really gone by with the Middle Ages? What are all these grim old Gothic monuments which have remained, but stone legends? Why may not goblins and evil spirits abide in their walls, as they are said to live in waste places? Suppose one of the frightful stone chimeras that peep down at you from the water-spouts and buttresses, should take a fancy to be alive, and suiting itself to modern ideas and habits, should assume a more sober shape than it received from its Gothic carver? Suppose, too-"

Here Dora's fancies received a sudden check. She stood at Monsieur Merand's door, and as she had a drawing for him in her portfolio, she was recalled from the world in which stone becomes animate, to that in which drawings are exchanged for coined gold and silver. With a cheerful sense of labor, and reward, and usefnlness upon her, Miss Courtenay entered the Monsieur Merand was not alone. That

Doctor Richard, whom we have already seen there, was with him. He looked for his cane as if to go, but Monsieur Merand said engerly "Not without taking that engraving, Doctor Richard—you must have it," Dora was struck, and amused, too, at Doctor

Richards look. It was both shrewd and boyish—a schoolboy look. Doctor Richard was past thirty, yet there was fun and mischief in his swarthy face, and in his dark eyes. "I should not care to have that Doctor Richard attending on me if I were ill,

thought Dora. "I am sure he laughs at all his patients?" she mentally added; seeing that his clothes, though scrupulously neat and clean, had seen some wear.

(To be continued.)

WIT AND HUMOR.

"THE nearest I ever came to cannibalism, eaid Lord Bentinck "was when I swallow little London porter." THE best portrait painter in Hartford is a

negro, and the only lesson he ever had was

being kicked out of a hotel. If there's greatness in a man you can't squelch him.-Free Press. SAM STRENBURG, the Fonda, New York, murderer, says: "If I had read more newspaper poetry, I should not be where I am now."

He probably means that he would have been dond .- Free Press. "Why didn't you put on a clean collar before you left home ?" called out an impertinent young fop to an omnibus driver. "Cause your mother, hadn't sent home my washing,"

was the extinguishing reply. 12 12 1296 A MEDDLESOME old woman was sneering at a young mother's awkwardness with her infant, and said, "I declare, a woman never ought to have a baby unless she knows how to hold it." "Nor a tongue, either," quietly responded the

young mother. An absent minded man in Mouroe, Conn. went to chursh the other morning with his overcont as he supposed, on his arm; but the

virons, of Bouen; and every evening the laughing of of the people in the church directed his attention to the rain but the supposed on his arm; but the virons, of Bouen; and every evening the laughing of of the people in the church directed his attention to the fact that he had taken his and filled the dill old street with brilliant everyday pantaloons, and that the suspender music. The charge of the dill old street with brilliant everyday pantaloons, and that the suspender music. The change made her very happy, attached to them were dangling about his feet.

Ah, sweet, ooy malden shame! No more Than this the modest Muse discovers—