THE DOOM OF TURGESS [For the Post.]

Turgess, the Dane, his Raven wing O'er Erin spread, and all beneath Obeyed him as their lord and king, Except brave Malacht, of Meath—He scorned to bow his haughty head Before the Northern Vi-King's power; "The Dane shall see me lying dead Ere his base flag pollute my tower?"

Each church a guard of Normans had; The Priests said Mass deep in the wood; The people's sorrows drove them mad,— (Ah! Erin, of the heavy Rood!) Like locusts from Egyptian sands. The rovers poured down from the coasts Where Desolation gloomy stands. And icc-bergs tower like misty ghosts

Fair are thy maidens, Innisfail!
Their checks like roses on the snow,
Pure are ye, daughters of the Gael
And bright with youth's fair, radiant glow!
And Meicha of thy royal blood,
O, Malachi, was fair to see!
Great chiefs before thy proud gates stood,
But none could take thy child from thee.

"By Thor and Woden!" Turgess swore,
"No maid Valhalla's halls doth grace
Like Melcha. Who hath ever bore
A form like her's; so sweet a face!"
So, swift of foot, he sent an earl
And these his words:—"Turgess, the Dane,
Wants Melcha from thee, Celtic churl.—
Turgess, the scourge of land and main!"

King Malachi thought for a while.
And, sullen, stroked his royal beard.
Then, sudden, with a curious smile
He answered low, like one a-feared:
"Lough Vair is beauteous to the eye,
Let it be Turgess' trysting place:
With fifteen maids, my daughter I
Shall send to wait upon his grace!"

Through Menth he sought for youths fifteen. Beardless, though warriors scarred in fight; Enrobed as maids, each bore a skene. Than Damask blade more sharp and bright. With fifteen chieftains Turgess came, His golden collar on his breast. His banner bore the Raven's name,—The evil bird flashed on his crest.

VII On fair Lough Vair night's shadows fall
And hill and dale are wrapt in gloom,
Diana's melancholy spell
Hid 'neath its charm the summer bloom.
Hark! 'its the night owl's sombre cry,
Like a sad heart's when hope is fied.
The light is gone; the night is nigh.
And fifteen Danes lie cold and dead!

Turgess, thy chains shall bear thee down Lough Alnan's waters wait thy doom; Thou sought's ton Erin's soil a crown And Erin gave thee but a tomb!
And Malachi the collar wears
Which once the haughty Viking wore!—
His fate, may it be his who dares
Pollute dear Erin's holy shore!

FR. GR

FR. GRAHAM.

do so?

## DORA

By JULIA KAVANAGH. Author of ' Nathalic." Adel c.' ' Queen Ma b,'&

CHAPTER XVIII .- CONTINUED. "Fame for writing about Rhodopis," he

good-humoredly replied. "There are other subjects," she urged.
"So there are—'Red-iRding Hood,' Beauty

and the Beast, and others; and to tell you the truth, I have written about them too. A set of gypsies! There is no knowing where they came from. They are here, they are there, in every point of the compass do we find these pretty Zingari. A world of trouble they gave

"And so you do not care about fame?" re sumed Dora, who would not be baulked of an

"Verily, Miss Courtenay, I do not. I admire the man who first said, What has posterity done for me, that I should do anything | not help looking toward the lame teacher's for posterity?' Think, moreover, how fragile a good it is! Think of poor Ptolemy and his eleven ethereal regions. For a thousand years and more he reigns supreme in astronomy, then comes a Copernik, or a Galileo, and Ptolemy may sleep in Rgyptian dust for ever-

"Ah! if one could rouse him out of that apathy to generous ambition!" thought Dora,

with a secret sigh. But of that there seemed little chance. Doctor Richard looked too good-humored, and too well-satisfied with his poverty to be easily roused. But however deficient these genial natures may be, they have a charm which is irresistible. When Doctor Richard, noticing how languid Eva began to look, spoke of going, it seemed to Dora that his three hours' stay had been too brief, and she longed to join her entreaties to Eva's prayer to be allowed to remain. But she did not-perhaps she dared not. Doctor Richard looked, moreover, as if he would have been inexorable, so Eva submitted, threw her arms around Dora's neck, and said, kindly,

"Do come and see me-do!" "Miss Courtenay has no more time to lose, Eva," said her father. "She lost yesterday in dressing your doll, and to-day, in receiving you; it is out of the question that she should sacrifice a third day.'

Eva looked rather crestfallen, but Dora whispered:

"Never mind; you will come and see me again," and the brightness returned to the child's face, and with a look of intelligence she nodded, adding in Dora's ear, "I love you, Miss Courtenay. Oh! I do love you so!"

A fond parting followed, and Dora went to the window and looked out, and saw Doctor Richard and his little girl walking down the street. Ere they turned the corner, Eva looked up at her, and gave her a last friendly

When Doradrew her head away, and looked in, she found her aunt in a towering passion. Whenever Mrs. Luan was angry, speech failed her utterly. She stammered through her wrath, and became almost incomprehensible. Dora looked at her flushed and agitated face, then glanced to her mother for explanation.

"Your aunt is angry with poor Doctor Richard," said Mrs. Courtenay.
"A low, vulgar upstart!" stammered Mrs.

Luan—"How dare he?—How dare he?"
"Why, what has Doctor Richard done? asked Dora, with indignation.

"No Doctor!" said Mrs. Luan-"not he.

know a Doctor."

"Aunt, what is the matter?"

"Don't tease her," whispered her mother. "She is in a rage because she considers that

Doctor Richard has retracted his invitation." "Oh! Aunt," remonstrated Dora, "Is it possible you do not see that Doctor Richard spoke so to surprise Eva to-morrow? He looked at me quite significantly all the time."

This did not mend matters. "Why does he look the beggar?"

Poor Mrs. Luan! she was nearly a beggar herself, yet in her wrath she could find no keener word of reproach for the offender than this. Dora blushed a little, but was mute. "Why does he come here?" angrily con-

tinued Mrs. Luan. "He is old, he is poor!you can't want him!"

gan, but Mrs. Courtenay interrupted her a lit-

comes here for her sake—which I do believe all—if he but knew it!" Dora could not do betfer than to receive

Now, the idea of Dora being provided for and she put Doctor Richard's note with by the beggar," as she called him, added fuel them. made her appearance with a note, which she could but have sat and listened to them, how handed to Dora. It was from Doctor Richard, and reminded her of her promise to meet Eva the next day. He also intimated that, "in case they did not find ten too early, the carriage of the lady with whom Eva resided, and Mrs. Luan, at that hour."

Dora's bright face took a flush of pleasure and triumph as she read this note aloud, and it was with the mildest reproach that she

said, "There, aunt!"

Mrs. Luan was silent and sulky, and Mrs.

Courtenay full of childish glee.

"A carriage!" she said. "Then I suppose the lady is quite rich. I should not wonder if she had really adopted little Eva. Poor dariouth. ling! It is an injudicious plan, I think. How will she like poverty when she has to go back to it? Parents should think of these things.'

She shook her head, and breathed a philosophic sigh over Doctor Richard's imprudence. Dora folded up her note, and went into her

room to read it again.

There is a rapid downward path in all things, and Dora Courtenay was going down very fast to the dangerous depths whence it is all but hopeless to look up to the free level world again. She knew it, and yet she went on and never cared to stop or to look back Doctor Richard was free, that was enough for conscience. He was free, and though it might be a misfortune to love him, it could no longer be a sin. Foolish girl, as if a misfortune to which our will says "yes" were not almost always guilt more or less deep, but guilt none the less. Her aunt's jealous observation of Doctor Richard, her mother's fond comments on his frequent visits, were as music to her ear, siren music, wondrous and strange, that made her reckless of the breakers and sand-banks to which her poor bark was rapidly steering. Oh! if it were true! If he really liked her! If he came to the house for If he had brought h:s child because he wished her to become that child's mother! If he hoped to bind her to himself by the closest and the dearest ties known to man! She was alone now, yet at the thought she hid her flushed face in both her hands. She was so happy that she could scarcely bear it. It did occur to her, indeed, that she might be mistaken—that Doctor Richard had no such intentions as her mother and her own secret hopes attributed to him. But even if he had not these wishes now, might they not come with time? Few women who have the power to fascinate do not know that it is theirs. Dora Courtenay had charmed many hearts in her day. She knew she had the gift to attract even those for whom she cared little: was it presumption to think that she might win a heart so dear ?-was it wrong to try and

"I will be good!" thought Dora. "I will try and conquer my faults. If I reach his liking it shall be through his esteem, and then I can at least look back on the attempt without self-reproach or shame. Perhaps he is too poor to marry. Perhaps, seeing aunt and mamma almost dependent upon me, and having a child himself, he will not be so imprudent. If so, I cannot blame him, surely. And yet people can be poor and very happy!"

As Dora came to the conclusion, she could window. It was open, to let in the pleasant autumn heat; and Dora's eye could dive down into the clear dark room, dark not because it her side. was gloomy, but on account of the surrounding brightness of the street. It was very neat though poorly furnished; the beeswaxed floor shone again, the distant bed looked snowwhite, and the lame teacher's wife sat mending linen with a work-basket on a chair by her. Presently she put down her task to peep out of the window. She gave a long, wistful look down the street, then she glanced toward a little clock on the mantel-piece. Was her husband late?—was she getting anxious at his delay? But there was no need—a door opened, and Dora saw him coming in. He went up to his wife and kissed her. She took away his hat and books, made him sit down in her chair, and brought him a glass of wine. "Yes, one can be poor and be happy," thought Dora, turning away from the little homely picture, "but I could be happy also even though I should never marry him, or though we did not marry till we were both as old as that poor teacher and his wife. I could Courtenay; "Madame Bertrand's cat dotes wait twenty years for him and think it but a on her; and it is a most intelligent cat, and day. It would be strange indeed to marry at past forty, and yet I know I could be happy still-very happy. His hair would be quite gray, and mine would be turning fast. I should be rather a faded old maid, such a one as people speak of, " she must have been good-lookng when she was twenty." He would be brown and rather thin, and Eva would be a young matron with children on her knee—but should be happy, very happy. We should have a little money then—not much, but just a little; a cottage near Dublin, too; and he would be out all day, and would come home to me of an evening a little tired, but cheerful. 'Dorn,' he would say, as we sat and talked by the fire, 'do you remember when you were young? You had bright hair and brighter eyes, and a blooming face enough then, and now they are gone.' I shall answer, You should have come earlier, sir, and you

Poor Dora! Her dream from subjective and contingent has become future, so swift is the transition. She stands in her room with Doctor Richard's note in her hand, and happening to raise her eyes, she sees her own image in the greenish glass above her mantelpiece. It is a dull plate, tarnished and gloomy, but Dora's radiant face shines from its depths with the glorious light of hope and young love. And Dora is not forty yet, but twenty-three, and she barely looks beyond her teens. There is not a silver thread in the rich brown gold of her hair, nothing has yet dimmed the brightness of her happy, radiant eyes. With that pure, fresh bloom on her cheek, and that smile of delight on her ripe lips, Dora looks enchanting just then. Mere beauty would seem cold near her, for beauty is not always a light from within; and the fervor of her dream, and the consciousness that she is still young and pleasant to look at, make Dora's heart beat with secret rapture. past, indeed, but it was far too luxurious for a She knows, too—how can she help knowing man in his circumstances. Dora did not dare it?—that she has more to give than to receive to say a word, but Mrs. Courtenay assumed in the exchange she is contemplating. How the privilege of her years, and lectured this many women would care for the poor widower prodigal entertainer. He heard her with his of thirty-odd ?-and how many men could help

should have had them all.' Ah! what will he

say to that ?"

but I must say that even if Doctor Richard knows it, and is diffident. Ah! if he knew

But on reflection Dora thought it was as well that he should not know it. She opened this argument, but failed. Doctor Richard's his addresses. He is a most delightful man," well that he should not know it. She opened she added, emphatically; "and I should like a drawer, took out a little inlaid mother of to see my dear Dora provided for before I pearl casket. In which she kept her Even Mrs. Luan perhaps under the influence die."

Choicest treasures—memorials of her brother of such unwonted good cheer, relaxed from

to the fire of Mrs. Luan's wrath, and there is "Paul would have liked him," she thought, no knowing to what a height it might have the tears rushing to her eyes. "Oh! if I "Paul would have liked him," she thought, risen if Madame Bertrand had not just then could but have seen these two together—if I

happy, how very happy I should have been!"
But sad and troubled are the dreams we indulge in when we remember the dead. We cannot, if we have truly loved them, let fancy free where they are concerned. The gloom, which had been placed at his disposal, would the sad austerity of the grave, its silence and come round for Mrs. and Miss Courtenay and its hopelessness, ever come between us and our reverie. The remembrance of her brother, ever leved, ever lamented, fell like a pall over Dorn's happy imagining,
"I must not think of these things," she

thought, rather sadly; "if Doctor Richard wished to marry he need not have waited so long to do so; and if he does not care for me, why should I be ever thinking of him?" But she left his note where she had put it

CHAPTER XIX.

with the treasures and the mementoes of her

At ten exactly a handsome carriage drew up before Madame Bertrand's door, and Madame Bertrand herself came up with the tidings, looking both charmed and puzzled as she delivered them.

"Such a pretty carriage," she said; "such handsome horses, too!" Mrs. Courtenay smiled mysteriously; and

Dora went to the glass, tied her bonnet-strings, and, without looking round, said:

"Are you ready, aunt?" Twenty times since the morning Mrs. Luan had declared that she would not go, and twenty times she had retracted and said she would. As her last declaration had been one of denial, her present one was naturally one of assent. Rather shortly she answered that she was quite ready. They went down at once and entered the carriage; whilst Madame Bertrand stood on the doorstep to see them drive away.

The morning was one of perfect beauty Mrs. Courtenay's raptures were spoken; but though Dora was mute, never, it seemed to her, had earth and sky been so full of happy promises as they were then. Through the city they went; beyond the track of the railways, through a green and fertile landscape, up a winding road that overlooked the silver Seine, till they came at length to a little wood, on the skirt of which they saw Doctor Richard and Eva waiting for them.
"I have called her Minna!" cried Eva, dart

ing forward to meet Dora as she alighted.
"And I have already broken her nose, added Doctor Richard, completing the infor-

mation. "Why did she fall?" argued Eva, looking

injured. "Oh! Doctor Richard, what a charming place!" cried Mrs. Courtenay, looking round; "and we have a carpet too," she added, seeing one spread on the grass within the shade of the trees.

"And partridges in the hamper!" said Eva. "Eva!" Doctor Richard said no more; but

Eva was mute and looked abashed. The spot was pretty, sylvan and quiet. stone cross rose at the angle of the wood; close by it a little stream murmured through the grass; below lay a wide and rich landscape, and the winding road up which they had come passed through the wood and be-came an arched avenue. Dora watched the carriage, which, after bringing them thus far, now entered that shady path, and was soon hidden from her view, and she wondered whither it was going. Doctor Richard, who

"Do you like this spot?" he asked. "How could I fail liking it?" she replied smiling; "it is charming!"

"Yes, and I brought Fido," said Eva, who could not bear to be silent. "Oh! do look at

him, Miss Courtenay!" A pretty King Charles, who lay licking his paws on the carpet, now interrupted the task

in order to look at the new-comers. On Mrs. Courtenay and Mrs. Luan he bestowed a lazy, good-natured look; but Dora he eyed more shrewdly. After a few seconds given to deliberation, he rose, came up to her, sniffed her flowing skirts, then pawed her with a familiarity that looked like recognition. Dora stooped and patted his silky head, whilst Doc-or Richard smiled significantly.

"Fido is a shy, reserved dog," he said and yet, you see, Miss Courtenay, he acknowledges your power at once."

"Oh! but they all like Dora!" cried Mrs never could endure Monsieur Theodore, who ran away without paying the poor old thing!' "What a remarkable cat!" gravely said Dr. Richard. "I hope it clawed Monsieur Theo-

dore and spit at him." "Yes, it did," innocently replied Mrs. Cour-

tenay; adding, while Mrs. Luan looked daggers at her, "but it loves Dora so." Doctor Richard did not answer that every

thing and every one must love Dora, but his look and smile implied it as plainly, that Dora thought with secret joy, "Well, I believe it is so-I do believe that everything and almost everyone likes me!"

"Come and look at yourself in the water!" cried Eva, impatiently; and taking hold of her hand, she led Dora away.

The little stream flowed slowly, and proved a fair mirror. It gave back the gray old cross, all mossy with age, and a quivering aspen-tree, and Dora's laughing face as she bent over it; and it soon gave back Doctor Richard's face, too, for Dora remembered later that he kept very close to her that morning But a sudden breeze rippled the water, and every image within it was broken.

"A pretty looking-glass, forsooth!" said Doctor Richard-"is it an image of life, Miss Courtenay?" "I hope not," she replied quickly.

"You prefer a smooth, unruffled surface?so do I; but who has it? So let us make the best of the present time." "It is time for luncheon," said Eva.

"Well, I believe it is, you little torment!" Mrs. Luan and her sister-in-law were already seated on the carpet. Dora and Eva-joined them-Minna was by Eva's side, and Fido nestled on Dora's skirts-and Doctor Richard unpacked the hamper, and laid the cloth. Alasi how extravagant that Doctor Richard was! This was not a sumptuous reusual good-humor, but attempted no justifica-

ceteras. I contend that we could not enjoy

the landscape upon less."

Mrs. Courtenay tried to find an answer to geniality was communicative this morning. of such unwonted good cheer, relaxed from the usual severity of her demeanor. Dora did not care to hide her happiness. When the meal was over, she went with Eva to sit by the stream, and she there enjoyed herself silently. The sweet autumn breath from the little wood sit thus, forgetting the world, and looking at the dark through clear waters rippling along, and seeming to carry away in its waves the woodland green and the blue sky, was en-chanting. This little bit of Norman landscape was Eden to her, and everything in her aspect said so. Doctor Richard looked at her even while he talked with Mrs. Courtenay, and as he looked he thought:

"If ever a girl was made for happiness, this is she. Happiness is her calling, her vocation, just as ill-temper is her precious aunt's."

Unconscious of the severe sentence, Mrs. Luan, who could enjoy the good things of this world when she had not to pay for them, was to Doctor Richard's luxurious cheer, when a fit of drowsiness that came upon her seemed to answer the question satisfactorily. Doctor Richard, who saw her struggling against sleep, smiled and walked away to smoke a cigar, whilst Dora rose and went away with Eva to wander in the wood.

"I shall stay and mind Mrs. Luan," whispered Mrs. Courtenay to her daughter. "Ido believe she is overpowered with the champagne; you know how I was for just one

glass of cider." Dora laughed, but willingly enough left Mrs. Luan to her mother's care, and walked away, as we said, with Eva, leisurely followed by Fido. They went along a narrow winding path, where the shade was thick, and where a sunbeam could scarcely pierce the heavy boughs. Many yellow and withered leaves already strewed the grasss, and crackled under their feet; but the air was warm, and a gentle breeze scarcely moved Dora's muslin dress. She felt vaguely happy, and holding the child's hand, hearing her chattering without listening to it, she felt as if she could walk on thus nor think of stopping, when she suddenly stood still on seeing Doctor Richard. He was leaning against a tree smoking, and throwing away his cigar, he came toward them.

"Eva," he said, without preamble, "go and put on your hat."

"There is no sun." "Do as I bid you." Eva pouted, but obeyed. Dora and Doctor

Richard remained alone. Dora felt tonguetied; sudden shyness came over her, and kept her mute. Doctor Richard did not appear to see her embarrassment. He only smiled as he saw Fido standing in the path looking after Eva, but remaining after evident consideration of the matter, with Dora.

"Fido has decidedly given you his heart!" he said.

"Does he not stay with you, Doctor Rich-

ard?" "No, I have the slightest share of Fido's regard. Yet he owes me much. A poor English lady died here, and this little fellow was her great trouble during her last illness, for as she said to me, 'No one will have him for his own sake, he is too old, and no one here can value him for mine.' I set her mind at rest by promising to take him; so when the poor thing died, I put Fido in my pocket and brought him to Eva. But there was grief and trouble in Fido's little heart, and he never could take kindly to us. He lies on his cushion licking his paws, and sometimes seeming to wait and listen for a footstep that comes not, and will never come again; and he lives a good deal within himself. like a philosopher. Poor old Fido! There is something pathetic to me in the old age of animals. We are still in all the early exuberance of our youth when decrepitude steals upon them. But all this Eva does not suspect, and she petulantly wonders that Fido will not play with her, and murmurs because he walks in-

stead of running along the avenues." "What avenues?" thought Dora. "How do you like this little wood?" suddenly asked Doctor Richard, changing the

subject rather abruptly. "Very much indeed!" "Yes, it is pretty enough; but you and I, Miss. Courtenay, have seen spots more beau-tiful by fargin another land than this!"

"You mean in Ireland?" replied Dora. "I do. We had not there indeed that clear brightness, the attribute of the Continent; but there is a western softness which has its charm, sometimes mysterious and sweet, like what we imagine of fairy-land. If there be a country in the landscape of which poetry has chosen to become visible, it is surely Ireland. In other lands—I speak of the most favored climate, ruins, and famous old names lend their beauty to spots which otherwise might not be much heeded; but in Ireland it is not so. There the spell is unalloyed. We need no heathen temple to grace the waterfall. We do not ask what poet's villa once stood by the lake-what battle was fought on its banks. We have a sad story which we would rather forget than remember, so we look at this beautiful Ireland, and think her a free virgin still, for though many have been her masters, she has preserved the grace and wildness of

liberty through all the bitterness of her servitude. himself helped to deceive me. The catalogue, He spoke with some emotion, and tears rushed to Dora's eyes as she heard him. A | the competition were therefore an injustice to vision of the past-not of her lost home, but me, which I felt and resented. I won the of Deenah as she imagined it, with its shining race, indeed, but I only won back what I delighted with the change in his circumlake, its wide waterfall, and its sweet sylvan | should never have risked to lose."

landscape—rose before her as he spoke. "I have pained you," he said. "Yes," she answered, " for your words made me think of places which I shall never see." "Oh! how can you tell?"

" I do not wish it," she very sadly said. "Oh! but I do," he ejaculated with sudden fervor. "God forbid that I should stay forever in this pretty Normandy-so pretty, but

"He does not mean to stay in Rouen," thought Dora, with a pang. "I might have known it. What brought him here." Doctor Richard unconsciously answered.

that question by saying :
"I came for Eva's health. She required this keen air-for a time, at least. This is a very elevated spot."

"They had reached a narrow platform be-yond the wood. On their left stood a little brick chateau, of gay and cheerful aspect. Its high slate roof and tall chimney-stacks were cut sharply in the blue air. Its many windows were framed by white stone carvings. Behind it spread a green mass of trees, with many an autumn tint softening their verdure. In front a blooming flower-garden sloped from the flight of stone steps that led to the porch

down to the handsome iron gates that closed

the entrance to the pleasant domain. The flowers, stirred by a soft breeze, were dancing in the sun, the window-panes shone ou can't want him!"

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ou can't want him!"

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every page with a 100k!"
"Say but sesame; and the gates shall open and the whole place bid you welcome," gayly

exclaimed Doctor Richard.

Dora turned round with a startled look. "It is mine," he said quietly.

"Yours!"

"Mine, at least, on a long lease." filled her with a vague delight. There was "Dora's blooming face grew ashy pale, and music in the soft rustling of the trees, and to her hand grasped one of the bars of the iron sit thus forgetting the world and local and to her hand grasped one of the bars of the iron gate with unconscious force. Who?-what was Doctor Richard? He answered the question she was unable to put, and said, gravely: " My name is Templemore-Doctor Richard

Templemore." If he had led her mind back to Ireland, that this revelation might prove less startling, Mr. Templemore failed in his object. The name he uttered seemed to tear her heart asunder. This man who stood by her side was her lost brother's happy rival. His success had been Paul Courtenay's death; his triumph had helped to fill the lonely grave in Glasnevin. She clasped her hands together in a mute agony, and looked at him with such passionwondering whether she had really done justice ate reproach in her eyes, that Mr. Templemore colored deeply. His lips parted to say something, but Dora did not give him time to

speak. "You are Mr. Templemore!" she cried, stepping back from him; "You are Richard Templemore!" And she uttered the name as if it were of itself sufficient denunciation.

"I am," was his brief reply. "What had I done to you that you should inflict this upon me?" vehemently exclaimed Dora, speaking with mingled sorrow and amazement; "could you not be satisfied with your triumph over my brother? Is he not dead, and forever out of your way? What had

I done to you to deserve this?" Her passion confounded him. He looked at her pale, troubled face, and vainly attempted to fathom its meaning. Was this anger caused

by his long concealment of his identity? "Believe me," he said vehemently, "I never meant to deceive you—never! I have long known what your feelings toward me were, and if you had not sought me as Doctor Richard. I would never have intruded myself lost her two little sisters, and felt, as I buried upon you. This mistake was involuntary on them on one day, May God give me the my part; and since I have seen how painful grace not to hate the rich! Ah! you have it would be to you, it has become insufferable never known what it is to see a loved creature it would be to you, it has become insufferable

turned her head away, for her heart was full— Courtenay, I often fear that even for my last full almost to breaking. This man, this child they have come too late. Pity me!— Richard Templemore, her brother's successful competitor, was also a wealthy man, who had practised on her credulity. She had been his toy, his plaything, and when she remembered the fond dreams into which her ignorance had led her, dreams which had haunted her this very morning, and given common pleasures the sweetness of Paradise, she could almost have wished to die, so keen was the sorrow of that moment.

"Ah! you are angry-very angry indeed," said Mr. Templemore, in a tone full of concern. "And yet you must hear me—you must indeed! I could not bear to relinquish

your regard!"

"There is nothing to be heard or spoken," sadly answered Dora, walking away from the gates of the chateau; "nothing, Mr. Templemore—you succeeded, my brother failed, and failure was death! You were called Doctor Richard by people who seemed to know you and you never said, "I am that Mr. Temple more to whom you owe a bitter grief.' "

"Will you hear me?" persisted Mr. Templemore, walking by her side, and entering the with her; "surely in justice you

must.!' She was silent—he continued: "Allow me to ask if you considered Mr Courtenay's decision an unjust one?"

Dora colored, and turned upon him almost angrily. "I consider the competition to have been an unjust one," she said, with ill-repressed indignation; "I consider that my brother having done nothing to forfeit, but everything to deserve his uncle's good opinion, ought not to

have had this stigma thrown upon him." Mr. Templemore looked at her keenly. "And perhaps you think," he remarked,

"that I, a stranger as it were to Mr. Courtenay, took advantage of an old man's weakness to deprive the lawful heir?" "Mr. Courtenay's legal right to give away his fortune, and yours to accept it, I do not

question," replied Dora, with a touch of bitter-

ness in her tone, and without looking at Mr. Templemore as she spoke. "Then that was your impression of the case," he said, very gravely; "a severe one, Miss Courtenay, but which I can bear, for I do not deserve it. You know that I was the nephew of Mr. Courtenay's wife; but are you aware that his fortune-all his fortune," he

added, emphatically, " was derived from that wife?' Dora turned upon him with a startled, amazed look. "No," she said, quickly; "he made it in the Funds. He told Paul so"

"He may have increased it by lucky hits," composedly replied Mr. Templemore; "but I say it again—he derived it from my aunt."

"Then it was yours, after all!" exclaimed Dora, confounded. "It should have been mine," he corrected, but my grandfather's caprice bestowed it on my aunt, in preference to my father. She promised to make amends to me, and I was did not solicit. Mrs. Courtenay looked at

Dora heard him with mingled mortification and shame. So her long resentment was groundless, There was no foundation for that passionate dislike which she had nursed up against Mr. Templemore. Her past disappointment rested on an erior, and was both futile and childish. Neither she nor Paul was the wronged one, as far as money went, since to see it, for, as she innocently added, that which they had received at Mr. Courtenay's death had been actually taken from Mr. | ful tumble-down old place in our street, Doc-Templemore's legitimate inheritance. There | tor Richard!"

Templemore, and exclaimed in the bitterness of her heart-"If Paul and I had known this, we would not have accepted Mr. Courtenay's legacy. Paul would never have competed with you,

still." She could not utter the last words without a quivering of the lip, which betrayed the keenness of her sorrow. He took her hand and pressed it between both his own with

mingled tenderness and respect. "Heaven alone knows how much I feel for your grief," he said with much emotion, surely you must see now that I am guiltless of it? Surely Mr. Templemore may hope to aged woman and the genial, imaginative Mr. Templemore.

Templemore. your grief," he said with much emotion, "but ard ?"

But the question awoke a new storm in Dora's heart. Let it be that her resentment had been groundless, that Mr. Templemore was innocent of all wrong to her dead brother, that Paul had been the victim of an old man's whim and a seifish girl's ambition; let all through speech in a silly fashion, very like the

this be-and Mr. Templemore spoke with a "Oh! what a place to live in " sac to live many frankness which her own integrity for claimed. "What sunny rooms those must be manly frankness which her own integrity for within it, rooms in which it is delightful to sit bade her to doubt—let all this be, we say, still and read by the open window, and alternate something was left—something that made her match her hand from his, and turning upon such a look!" him with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes exclaim almost passionately

"Mr. Templemore, who bought my draw. ings from Monsieur Merand?" He blushed, but he was too honest to deny

"I did;" he said. That too, was gone—that dear illusion of her little pride in her own worth! That, too, was gone, that fond belief in her little skillthat innocent joy over gold won by labor both pleasant and beloved. She had been living on Mr. Templemore's bounty all the time! She, Paul Courtenay's sister, had been eating Mr. Templemore's bread! The bitterness, the humiliation were both too much for her pride. She buried her face in her hands, and even through her slender fingers her tears fell fast.

Mr. Templemore was dreadfully shocked. "My dear Miss Courtenay," he said, cagerly, do not wrong us both—do not!" By a strong effort Dora compelled her tears

to cease flowing. "I beg your pardon," she said, looking up again, and trying to speak calmly, "but that was too much for me."

" Indeed-indeed!" said Mr. Templemore. carnestly, "if you think that I bought your drawings simply to oblige you, you wrong me.

I value them highly—more than I can tell. Their merit is of the highest order. I hope

you believe me?" Dora was silent, but she did not believe nim. She had some talent, of course she had, but her drawings had found but one purchaser, and he was Mr. Templemore! Oh! bitterness-bitterness that could not be put

into words! "Mr. Templemore, you meant well," she said, at length, "but you are a rich man, and you cannot understand how your kindness has

given my poverty a bitter and needless sting. "Miss Courtenay, do not upraid me with my money. It is not so long ago since I was a struggling man, with a sickly child, in London—it is not so long ago since I had to see her wasting away before my eyes for the need of that pure air which I was too poor to purchase for her. It is not so long ago since I die, and to lack the means that could save it. Dora grew more calm as he epoke. But she These means have come, indeed, but. Miss

spite all my money, pity me!" The sorrow in his looks, the pathos in his voice, went to Dora's heart. Amazement had given place to resentment, that had yielded to wounded pride, and now this melted away as she heard him remind her of his past poverty -that poverty which seemed to make him Doctor Richard once more. It vanished as he bade her pity him, spite the wealth which had come too late. She forgave him freely, fully, the past and the present all in one moment. She forgave him, and forgot, for a while, at least, that she loved him, and what she had felt keenly in the first moment of the discovery-that since Doctor Richard had not wooed the poor girl, Mr. Templemore surely never

would. "God save you both from such a sorrow!"

she said, fervently. "Amen!" he no less fervently replied; then, with his serene, genial smile, he added I knew you could not cherish resentment against me, and of Mrs. Courtenay, I believe, am sure."

Dora was silent; she felt languid and depressed. It seemed to her as if Mr. Templemore had given her a chance of liberty, and as if she had volunlarily cast it away

"Doctor Richard," she began-"Mr. Templemore, I mean."

"No, do call me Doctor Richard," he interrupted-" I like it dearly. I was forced into my profession by a severe father : I hated it years, and now that I have relinquished it I love it, and I regret it. Often, when I am seated in a warm room, with every comfort around me, I remember some of the scenes I witnessed in London when I was obliged to reside in the neighborhood of St. Giles, and I feel a longing upon me to go back amongst those starved, squalid wretches who are the pariahs of civilization. There are plenty of

them in yonder old Gothic city down below us. Vice, woe, disease are there, asking for mercy, and getting it, and alast deserving it very rarely. There I am Doctor Richard, Miss Courtenay; and do you wonder that, having been a poor man almost all my life. I like a name which helps to remind me of a port safely reached after a long, bitter jour-

Dora did not answer. They had reached the end of the path, and they stood once more within view of the spot where they had spent the morning. Eva was there, between Mrs. Courtenay and Mrs. Luan, talking volubly; and Mr. Templemore, seeing the amazed faces of the two ladies, had no difficulty in guessing that the little chatterer had been unable any

longer to keep the secret. "Are you, too, a true woman, Eva?" he said. "Well, it does not matter now. I have been making my peace with Miss Courtenay, and I trust Mrs. Courtenay will likewise be good enough to forgive my unintentional

cheating."
Mrs. Luan's forgiveness Mr. Templemore brought up in that belief. Mr. Courtenay her daughter's face, and seeing peace and good will there, though with the traces of recent tears, she frankly accepted Mr. Temple more's extended hand. Indeed, she looked stances, for if he was Dora's admirer, was it not all the the better that he should be a wealthy man, and not a poor doctor? Mr. Templemore promptly followed up his advantage with a request that the ladies would spend the rest of the day at Les Roches; and Mrs. Courtenay, understanding that this was his abode, candidly expressed her willingness

"I am so glad you do not live in that dread-

"I keep it as a storehouse for my purchases, was something in the thought which Dora could not endure. She turned upon Mr. Mrs. Courtenay, but I seldom sleep there. reside here with Eva and my sister-in-law, Miss Moore. Eva, go first and tell your aunt we are coming."

Eva, who looked much happier since she was no longer bound to secrecy, obeyed gladly, Mr. Templemore, and I should have him and vanished down the path. In a few minutes they had all reached the chateau; the gates were open, and a lady with a green parasol, who was walking in the flower-garden, came forward to receive them.

Some secret apprehensions which Mrs. Courtenay had conceived on hearing of a sister-in-law vanished as she saw that lady. None save a strictly Platonic friendship could

"I am so glad the sun is shining !" was her welcome, "because Les Roches wants sun, you know. Which will you see first, the house or the grounds? Is it not a hotday?"

Her face was plump and foolish, and her manners were awkward. She blundered