

THE DOOM OF TURGES

For the Post.] Turges, the Dane, his Raven wing... Each church a guard of Normans had... Fair are thy maidens, innisfall!

but I must say that even if Doctor Richard comes here for her sake—which I do believe—Dora could not do better than to receive his addresses. He is a most delightful man...

knows it, and is different. Ah! if he knew all—if he but knew it! But on reflection Dora thought it was as well that he should not know it.

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this be—and Mr. Templemore spoke with a manly frankness which her own integrity forbade her to doubt—let all this be, we say, still something was left—something that made her snatch her hand from his, and turning upon him, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes exclaimed almost passionately!

King Malachi thought for a while, and, silent, stroked his royal beard. Then, sudden, with a curious smile, he answered low, like one who feared: "Lough Vair is beautiful to the eye, let it be Turges' trysting place."

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.

CHAPTER XIX. 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.

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

"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.

"Dora was silent, but she did not believe him. 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!"

DORA

By JULIA KAVANAGH, Author of "Nathalie," "Adel," "Queen Ma U,"

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED. "Fame for writing about Rhodopis," he good-humoredly replied. "There are other subjects," she urged. "So there are—Red-riding 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 we find these pretty Zingari. A world of trouble they gave me."

"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!"

"The spot was pretty, sylvan and quiet. A 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 upon which had come peached through the wood and became 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 whether it was going. Doctor Richard, who was reading her face very closely, was soon by her side.

"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 beautiful by far in 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 be 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."

"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 voluntarily 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, war, disease are there, asking for mercy, and getting it, and alas! deserving it very rarely. There I am Doctor Richard, 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 journey!"