

HURRAH FOR THE BANNER OF BRIAN BORU.

Up, warrior clans of the sons of the Gael. Up, spearman of Wicklow and pikemen of Killinore...

DORA.

By JULIA KAVANAGH

Author of 'Nathalie, Adèle, Queen Mab, &c.'

CHAPTER XLVIII.—CONTINUED.

He little thought, as he was pacing his study up and down in a fever of expectation...

CHAPTER XLIX.

The hot sun was filling the busy streets of Paris with a fiery glow, which shot up to their highest balconies and turned the trees in the Tuilleries into bronze and gold...

tincl looking at them as they passed, the roll of carriages below, the loungers all seemed as much the same, as unchanging as the glittering front of the palace itself...

sign; "it certainly was my wife who slept on the third of July at the Hotel du Parc; but she spent only one night there, and I can as certain no more."

vayed away forcibly just possible, but wholly improbable." "May I ask which you consider the more likely hypothesis of the two?" inquired Mr. Templemore...

"None for monsieur." "And no message?" "None of any kind; monsieur," added the concierge, looking injured, "has been gone three minutes."

a sort of exquisite relief. For this dead woman might not be Dora after all. A dreadful past, a bitter story, might have led her to a despairing death, and she might not be his wife. Perhaps even so was not so very much like her. Surely there had been nothing...