T.

Up, warrior clans of the sons of the Gael,
Up, spearmen of Wicklow and pikes of Kildare;
Hark! the shout of our foemen which rise on
the gale!
Up, men, for the cause to our bosoms so dear!
The Ard-Righ is with us—the King of our Soul!
Farragh for green Erin!—Righ Brian aboo!
Let our shout to the heavens, 'mid victory roll,
Hurrah for the banner of Brian Boru!

Behold! where it floats on the edge of the fray—
That glorious banner of gold and of green!
It shines like a star over Victory's way—
O, dishonor ne'er clouded its beautiful sheen!
Like a meteor it flashes defiance and death
To tho ranks of the flying, discomfited crew!
Let us shout, then, or living or with our last
breath. breath, Hurr th for the banner of Brian Boru!

III.

It waved o'er the clansmen of Crintham the Bold,
When he swept the pale coasts of the Sassenach land,
And came back to Erin with cattle and gold—
With great chieftains of Britain, the slaves of his hand;
It waved o'er Tunthal, whose terrible sword
Snatched the crown from their foes and their champions slew:

champions slew; Spake your lances, O clausmen! and this be the Hurrah for the Banner of Brian Boru!

IV. It led the red storm of a hundred fierce fights, When Conn of the Battles sent the summons

of war,

It waved in the air at the Battle of Rights,
When Cormae triumphed on the field of
Comar!

It was blessed with the blessing of Victory's No coward ere bowed it beneath Heaven's Up, clansmen, the shout!-each hand on the

Like the eagle that pierces through sunshine and cloud,
Soaring high. like a thought that is true and sublime,
That banner with twenty bright centuries endowed.

Hurrah for the Banner of Brian Boru!

Floats to-day all unstained with dishonor or Dear emblem of Erin! () long may you wave In the van of the Gael—over hearts good and

Who fear not to shout, with a soul high and Hurrah for the Banner of Brian Boru! FR. GRAHAM.

DORA.

By JULIA KAVANAGH Author of Nathalie, Adele, Queen Mab, &c.

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CHAPTER XL.VIII.-CONTINUED.

study up and down in a fever of expectation and anxiety, waiting for news with alternasad part just then to entertain, interest, and spectators of that drama in which, at some time or other of existence, we all appear, for the benefit of our contemporaries. Whether they stand behind a chair in a black coat, or move about a villa in white cap and apron. they have the best places in all that wide audience which looks on so coolly whilst we the third of July, a lady, who gave the name strive and suffer. Oh! for the privilege of Templemore, had slept at the Hotel du silence and solitude in these sad hours of Pare, Rue de la Vigne, which she had left the or other! But from the days of the Roman emperor downward, life and death are transacted on the system of fame or approbation. "Farewell, and clap your hands!" says a dyalone. He dies for the crowd, for the reporters. for the newspapers, for that world which will coolly read of, or which beholds his last pangs with a callous and a curious eye. And he knows it and does his best. The evil is beyond remedy, and we generally put a good tre of a grass-plot, which, by its green tone city begins. Human pity allows us a few il. house was evidently both dull and respectable. lusions, and we may hug ourselves on the hiding of a pain which is world-known all the more. time. Mr. Templemore knew in a general way that his servants must be very busy with his concerns just then, but he little knew how far their comments extended. It surely would have added a new sting to his lot if he could have heard the construction Jacques put on his young wife's flight. And yet some of these comments showed Jacques to be gifted with the acuteness of his class. On the afternoon of the next day a handsome florid man stayed five minutes, no more, yet so potent was his visit in its effects, that half an hour after his departure Mr. Templemore was sitting in a railway-carriage, going on to Paris a scrap of paper, which he read again and plain-" Madame Templemore, from Rouen." again. It ran thus:

"On the third of July a lady in deep mourning, with her veil closely drawn over her face, entered Rouen station, and took one firstclass ticket for Paris. The lady who delivers the tickets could not see her well, but feels sure that she was young. She also noticed this strange lady's right hand; it was ungloved, small, and remarkably pretty. She likewise remembers that the lady wore a peculiar ring-a small gold serpent, with an emerald head.

That ring Mr. Templemore remembered well. True, it might have been lost or stolen, and its testimony could not be trusted absolutely, but the pretty hand he had so often admired, and which none could see and forget again, convinced him that this was Dora. This much he therefore knew, but he knew no more. What had happened during that week which had elapsed from the day on which Dora left Les Roches to the third of July? Where was Mrs. Courtenay? Was whe living, or dead, as Fanny had said? Where was even Fanny? And what took Pora to Paris? These were questions which the florid gentleman had candidly declared mimself unable to answer. With the clew in his hands-a frail one-Mr. Templemore was to find his wife in the great human ocean toward which he was speeding.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE hot sunset 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, when Mr. Templemore entered once more the Hotel Rue de Rivoli, which he had left three evenings before. No other occupant had claimed his rooms, and he returned to them as a matter of course. He found on the table a torn newspaper he had left there, and in a drawer some cigars which he had forgotten. The armchair was as he had placed it, near the window, and when he sat down in it, his eyes beheld the same bright scene they had gazed on an hour before he went out on the Boulevards. The children and nursery maids trooping out of the Imperial Gardens, the tight little sen-

HURRAH FOR THE BANNER OF BRIAN tinel looking at them as they passed, the roll sigh; "it certainly was my wife who slept on veyed away forcibly is just possible, but both the third of July at the Hotel du Parc; but wholly improbable." as much the same, as unchanged as the glit-tering front of the palace itself, ar d the rich certain no more." masses of trees, with a white state re gleaming through their sombre depths, or the glimmer of a fountain shining far away. Nothing was altered save his own mood. He had beheld these things with a cold, drear y gaze, the gaze of a man whom love and lif a have wronged, and who cannot forgive his wrongers. He looked at them now with, the feverish impatience of one who has w.rought his own un doing, who has cast the rare pearl of hap-piness away, and who knows not whether this world's deep and troubled sea will ever yield

it back again. What if days, weeks, months, nay, years should pass, and he should not find Dora! It was possible. Cruel and torturing was the thought. It seemed to pierce his flesh like a sharp arrow, and make it quiver with the pain. And he was powerless. He might employ such agents as he had already used, but by his own efforts he could not hope to succeed. Regret and bafiled hope were his companions now, and with their sad society he must be content. Day after day memory would haunt him with a fair face, and bright hair, and the soft look of deep, gray eyes; and in the meanwhile time would wither, and death might destroy them-and what could be do? The thought had something so cruel and tantalizing in it, that, unable to bear it, Mr. Templemore took his hat and went out.

He knew it was too late, that his errand was a useless one, yet he entered the gardens passed through them, went up the quays, then crossed one of the bridges, and soon found himself at the dull building where the Parisian police sits in state. But as Mr. Templemore had expected, the high official whom he wanted to see was gone, all the offices, indeed, were closed, and the concierge informed "monsieur that he had best return the next morning at

Twilight was filling the streets as Mr. Templemore turned away; a few pale stars shone in the summer sky, a faint breathness came on the air; windows which had been closed during the heat of the day now opened and laughing girls and women looked out. But to Mr. Templemore all was vexation, all was weariness of spirit. The noble river flowing through its quays, the distant towers of Notre Dame rising dark in the hazy air, the palaces and gardens and lines of trees fading away in the soft heights behind which lay Saint-Cloud, the vast, murmuring city below, the calm and silent heavens above, were nothing to him now. A thought was on him, consuming as a quenchless thirst. The passion which had risen so suddenly to his heart. which he had thrust away from him with cruel and remorseless power, now came back to him as the chastisement of his double faithlessness. He had loved two women, and he had been quite true to neither. He

He little thought, as he was pacing his had forgotten his betrothed in his wife, and he had visited on his wife the sin of that forgetfulness. Yes, he knew it well enough now. tives of hope and fear, that he was acting his | Shame at his own weakness had helped to make him so prompt to judge and condemn. excite his own servants. They are the first He knew it, and what availed the knowledge? -what good came of it through that dreary evening and long, sleepless night?

By ten the next morning, Mr. Templemore had seen the high official whose assistance he needed, and before moon he had received information to the effect that, on the night of life; for the right of hiding our agony, as the next morning. It was useless to go and seek wild beast hides its death, in some dark hole her there, yet Mr. Templemore could not resist the temptation of trying to find something beyond the meagre intelligence.

The Rue de la Vigne was a grave, lonely street, not far from the Havre railway-station. ing Casar, when his part is out; and the very It had few shops, but many private houses, wretch on the scaffold dies not for himself some of which were mansions, through whose open gates you caught glimpses of dull court- we do not but I forgot to tell you that she it would have some such tragic ending. yards or green gardens. The Hotel du Parc sent for a carriage—a common nacre—and Thus—part the first: a mystery. Part the was a sober-looking house. No audacious dancing-pagan nymph adorned its quiet court but a modest, decorous muse stood in the cenface upon it. Ignorance, besides, helps us to added to the cool, shady look of the place. A endurance. We rarely know the precise sedate, steady-looking waiter of fifty stood at spot or hour when privacy ceases and publi- the gate in a contemplative attitude—the

" Madame Templemore," said Mr. Temple

The waiter shook his head. They had no such lady. But she had lived there? The waiter thought not, but was not obstinate, and referred monsieur to the bureau. "There," he said, stiffing a yawn, "monsieur would get every information.

The bureau was a little dark office on the ground floor, where a decent-looking woman sat reading a newspaper. On hearing Mr. Templemore's request, she went to an old inkwas shown into Mr. Templemore's study. He stained desk, opened a dingy manuscript volume, a Babel of names, and whilst she slowly searched through its pages, Mr. Templemore looked over her shoulder. Suddenly a fine, delicate handwriting, which he knew well at express speed. In his right hand he held thashed before his eyes; there it was, clear and

"Ah! number twenty-one. The lady is gone, sir-she came on the third, and left the next morning."

"And can you give me no clew to her present abode, madame?"

Madame feared not, but obligingly called the waiter. From him, however, nothing could be extracted. "Gone, sir," he mildly said; "that is all we know."

In vain Mr. Templemore questioned. What the lady was like, if she had any luggage, how she left the hotel, at what hour, on foot or in a carriage, were matters on which the waiter professed profound ignorance. He fancied indeed, that the lady had no luggage, and that she must have walked out of the hotel after paying her bill, but he would not pledge himself to it. They were full about that time, and the matter had escaped his memory. The concierge, the chambermaid, when questioned, were as ignorant. They too rementbered a lady in mourning, with her weil down, but they remembered no more. Mr. Templemore tortured them all for an hour, and could get nothing else out of them. At length the waiter lost patience, and hinted that "monsieur had better apply to the police," and, sick at heart, Mr. Templemore turned away from that house which had sheltered his wife for one night, and kept no trace of her presence save that written token. One thing, however, was beyond doubt, Dora had come to Paris

"Her mother is dead," he thought. He went back at once to the high official whom he had seen that morning; and again, on sending in his card, he was admitted to the presence of a gentleman whose cheerful, goodhumored countenauce gave not the faintest index to the nature of his professional duties. Surely those mild blue eyes might linger lazily over the daily papers, "Figaro" in especial. and take in accounts of theatres, dancers' quarrels, and the rest; but they had never gazed down into the depths of social vice and crime. Such was the impression Mr. Templemore had received in the morning, and so strong was it still, that he reluctantly entered anew on the prosecution of the matter that

had brought him. "I acted on the information you kindly sent she spent only one night there, and I can as-

"Well, we have no more," said the high official, smiling; "we told you so." "Yes; but surely you will be able to learn more than this?" urged Mr. Templemore.

"Oh! of course-with time," The qualification was thrown in carelessly, as it were; but it made Mr. Templemore bend

his keenest look on the man before him. "I have great confidence in the Parisian police," he said, watching the high official, who leaned back in his arm-chair, and nodded

every now and then a sort of assent to Mr. Templemore's words. Their subtlety is unrivalled-nothing can equal their keenness when on the scent, save their dogged pertinacity in pursuit."

" Very handsome and complimentary," said the high official, smiling again, "and yet very true. Our men are first-rate, and not all French," he added. "We are cosmopolitan,

"And I feel no doubt of success in the present case," continued Mr. Templemore.. "Nor do I; but I anticipate delay. I suspect we shall be stopped by the carriage as

"By the carriage!" "Yes, in all cases of mysterious disappearance, there is invariably a carriage. You see, since fiacres got their liberty, we have lost our right hand, I may say. To be sure, they are, or ought to be, numbered; but the night vehicles often evade the law. How did we know that the lady went straight from the Havre station to the Hotel du Parc? By the cabman! But, unluckfily, no cabman can be found to say that he took her away on the next morning. Yet it is very certain that she only spent one night there."

" Perhaps she took a porter," suggested Mr. Templemore, cand went on foot?

"No porter in the neighborhood knows anything about her," replied the high official, who seemed perfectly conversant with every particular of the case. "We shall have hard work, sir,-hard work, It is not easy to find people who are either unwilling or unable to help us."

"Unable!" said Mr. Templemore; "in what sense, may I ask?"

"We have now several cases of mysterious disappearance on hand," evasively replied the high official, a and they are all utterly inexplicable. Take this, for instance, which I shall call number one. A foreign nobleman leaves his hotel one line summer morning, and | whole matter before the police. returns no more. He goes out on foot, but is seen driving in a common fieere an hour later. This, and no more, is all the knowledge we have of his movements. His servants can of the hotel, and still Mr. Templemore did give no clew, his relatives know nothing; and pot return, yesterday his landlord sold his carriages, his horses, and his furniture, to cover the rent, which happens to be high. Where is that young man? Is he hiding, and if so, for what Mr. Templemore's disappearance was early reason? It he dead, and how came he by his death? These, sir, are matters on which the the concierge in his late hotel. He had but keenest search has given us no sort of information."

Mr. Templemore looked impatient.

"A young man's freak," he said. "Very likely; but number two has another complexion. An Indian merchant sends his wife, his sister, and his two children to Paris. The wife is young-not beautiful-pious and charitable—a fond wife and a fouder mother. Her life is spent in the greatest retirement, She seldom goes out alone. Well, sir, on an unlucky day, when the sister-in-law is out, the young wife goes out too—on business, she tells her maid—and she never comes back. that we can find no trace of the same."

Drops of perspiration were standing on Mr. Templemore's forchead.

"You spoke of a trap, sir-allow me to suggest that you thus pay a poor compliment to the Parisian police. Surely all evil-doers are under its special control and notice." The high official smiled.

"I doubt, sir, if you imagine how far that notice and control extend. What will you think, sir, when I tell you that we have not merely the most accurate description of our black sheep over all France, but that, thanks to Caselli's telegraphic apparatus, their portraits and their autographs, sir, can be sent in a few moments to no matter what remote or obscure station."

"Then what trap can be feared?" impaliently asked Mr. Templemore.

"We find some cases inexplicable on any other hypothesis. Take number three, the last case with which I shall trouble you. A not lucrative position, suddenly declares that he must take a short journey on some private money in his possession; he even leaves or room, and still, declaring that he shall not be doubt, was on board. more than twenty-four hours away, he enters a cab, which he had himself secured on his way home from his office to his private residence. The cabinan no doubt knew whither to drive, for though the concierge stood at the door to listen, the man received no direction within his hearing. From that day to this we have not been able to get the least knowledge of number three. And do you know who number three was, sir?" asked the high official, rising, and laying his hand on Mr. Templemore's arm; "he was one of the chief men in our telegraphic office-the very man, sir, at whose suggestion the Caselli apparatus was first adapted to the detection of criminals."

If the high official had told Mr. Templemore all this to damp Mr. Templemore's ardor, and prepare him for ultimate defeat, he succeeded. Mr. Templemore looked turned to stone, and unable to speak. A trap!-for to that fearful suggestion his mind reverteda trap in which his young wife might have fallen!-a trap so deep down in the dark nether world of crime, that, living or dead, it would never restore her to light! Was anything so sickening, so frightful, possible? He could not believe it, and with a strong effort he shock off the loathsome thought, and said, firmly :

"Excuse me, sir, if I tell you that in this great—this civilized city, perfect concealment of crime is not so impossible."

"Forever, very true; but for a time justice can be bassled. In the three cases I have mentioned we have found no corpses. The Morgue has told us nothing, the river has yielded back no victim, the lime-kilns and stone-quarries, which abound round Paris, as you may know, have been searched in vain, the vast sewers in this city have not screened the dead—in short, we are compelled to conclude that these missing persons have fled, and are hiding willingly, or that they have been foully dealt with, and buried in some me," he said, sitting down with a wearied | hidden spot. That they may have been con-

"May I ask which you consider the more llkely hypothesis of the two?" inquired Mr. Templemore, as calmly as he could.

"I consider the chances equal. Crime is but too frequent, as we all know; and we all know, too, that seemingly unruffled lives often hide something which may make flight needful. The motive is not always apparent, but it exists, for all that. However, in this case we will for the present take a third hypothesis—that of ill-luck. A letter may have been written which you did not receive; some designing or foolish person may have broken the chain of evidence, and wantonly given us all this work, but it does not follow that we may not find the missing link again. We may find it to-day, or, maybe in three weeks. | dening." Our agents are keen, cool, and steady, and we spend five millions a year."

He ceased, and Mr. Templemore, after a brief pause, which showed him that he had no more to learn, rose slowly and took his leave. But unreality was around him, and walked in his steps. The streets, the houses in them, the men and women whom he met, were all shadowy and dim. He had but one thought, and that was torture; but little by little the morbid and unnatural fear vanished. No, Dora had neither been kidnapped nor ensnared. She had fled from him in resentment, and it might be hard to find her again; but find her he must. He was sure of iteven as sure as that he could charm away her

By the time Mr. Templemore reached his hotel, he was as sanguine and as hopeful as ever. The event seemed to justify his anticipations. That very evening he received news from the police which made him flush up with joy. He seized his hat, went down-stairs, and left the hotel without saying a word to any

And now the high official had an excellent opportunity, if he chose to avail himself of it, to add number four to the list of his mysterious disappearances. Mr. Templemore did not return that night, nor the next morning, nor for days that lengthened into weeks. Ho and remorse. had left his trunk, his carnet-bag, his books, and even some money behind him, so great had been his haste, and still he neither returned, nor wrote, nor gave any clew to his whereabouts.

The master of the hotel was at first satisfied with scoring down the absent lodger's rooms to his account; but when a whole fortnight had passed by he cleared the apartof high rank, free from debt or embarrassment ments of Mr. Templemore's property, let of any kind, so far as our knowledge extends them to other guests, and went and laid the

> The police knew he was not in Paris, but created a sensation, then it became a legend monsieur?"

CHAPTER L.

As there can be nothing in the world which does not belong to some one, so the legend of appropriated and pertinaciously retained by one way of delivering it, but that was effec-tive. Whenever a new-comer entered his comfortable room, and made inquiries concerning apartments to be had, the concierge would ejaculate thoughtfullly: "Why, yes, there is number seven, the apartment of the poor gentleman who vanished so mysteriously; but did you say one room, sir? Then number seven will not do; better have number fifteen."

Paris was very busy just then with mys terious disappearances. Number three had been found drowned in England, but how he Number three had had come by that fatal end no one could say. Weeks and months are devoted to the closest It might be a suicide—it might be worse. A search, and we cannot find one trace of her- mystery it was, and would probably remain not one. Did she go out on some charitable till the great Judgment-Day-the revealer of errand, and fall into some dreadful trap, or all secrets. Now the owner of Mr. Templewas she a false wife? Heaven knows, sir; more's legend cherished the secret hope that second: clearing of the mystery by a second mystery, never to be cleared on any account But it was not to be. A traveller came one afternoon, a skeptical traveller, & Thomas of Didymus, who sharply interrupted the legend, and denied it peremptorily, and asked what ridiculous story this was?

"Monsieur!" indignantly exclaimed the toncierge; but he said no more. He started with open mouth and eyes at the stranger, in { whom he recognized Mr. Templemore himself. He was much worn, and looked haggard, but his identity could not be disputed, and thus ended number four and the legend.

Trouble and Mr. Templemore had been closely acquainted since we saw him last. Acting on information from the police, which convinced him that he had at length found his wife, Mr. Templemore had gone to a boarding house in Passy, and asked to see Mrs. Foster, exactly a quarter of an hour after that lady had gone to England. He followed her gentleman of middle age, of retired habits and at once, but reached the station ten minutes literary tastes, holding a responsible though after the departure of the train. He took an express train, but the same ill-luck pursued him. There was an accident, the train was business. He takes little or no luggage with delayed two hours; and when Mr. Templehim; he is known to have but a small sum of more reached Boulogne, he could see from the pier the smoke of a steamer fading away on the forgets a hundred francs on the table in his horizon. Mrs. Foster, he learned without a

This was but the first step in a keen pursuit, which ended in blank disappointment. For several weeks Mr. Templemore was on the unknown Mrs. Foster's track; then she suddenly vanished, and was found no more. Was she really Dora? He did not even know that; he knew nothing, he could learn nothing. If the grave had received his wife, she could scarcely have vanished more completely than this from all knowledge of the living. No one had seen, no one seemed ever to have known her. It was as if the being who was so dear to him had lived for himself alone, for Mr. Templemore could find no token of her vacant place. To have vanished was for Dora to have been for-

Wearied and disheartened, Mr. Templemore returned to Paris, and, even before going to his Mr. Templemore, he said: hotel, called again upon the high official; but that gentleman was out of town, and in his stead Mr. Templemore found a nervous little days. man, who knew nothing, who would say nothget rid of his visitor.

He would place the matter in the hands of Durand; Durand was sure to know everything about it; Durand would call upon Mr. Templemore, and save him the trouble of coming again. Yes, Durand would be sure to call and tell him, even if there was nothing to tell. It was useless to insist, and though burning with secret indignation and impatience, Mr. Templemore had to submit and take his leave.

For two days he waited. But no monsieur Durand appeared. No letter, no message even, came to set at rest the fever in which he lived. On the evening of the second day, Mr. Templemore, who had not left his room, went out, but he could not stay away more than a few minutes. He turned back as eager as if he had been away on a long journey, and He entered the expected news on his return. lodge of the concierge, and looking at him searchingly, he said-

"No letter?

"None for monsieur."

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

looks which greatly affronted that dignitary. Unconscious, perhaps, of the asperity of his reply, Mr. Templemore went back to his apurtment.

"I must renew the search on my own account," he thought, as he paced his room up and down, "even though I fail again, and allow myself to be led away by a mere ignis futuus; the search itself will relieve me, and this waiting, this suspense, is mad-

He had scarcely come to this conclusion when he heard a low tap at the door.

"Come in," he said, with a sudden beating of the heart, that came from neither hope nor fear, but partook of both.

The door opened, and a low, thin man, with a bundle under his arm, entered the

"Are you Monsieur Durand?"

"I am, sir."

" Have you found her?" "I have not exactly found the lady, sir, but I bring some information about the lady."

Mr. Templemore's face fell. He wanted Dora. If they had her not, he cared little about their information.

Monsieur Durand resumed composedly: "Something was astray, too, and so I could !

not come at once." "What have you got there? What do you

come to tell me?"

Mr. Templemore spoke hastily. This Monsieur Durand was hateful to him. He was a I believe; but they were very negligent, I am pale, thin man, with restless eves, and as Mr. Templemore met their look, he could not help thinking that if, instead of seeking out the fugitive to bring her back to the fondness of a repentant husband, their task had been to hunt her down to shame or death, they would have done it without shrinking

Whether Monsieur Durand guessed or not the feeling with which he was regarded by Mr. Templemore, he preserved his composure and replied very calmly:

"An English lady in mourning, young and pretty, lived in a turnished room, let by the always unbelief. owner of a bric-a-brac shop, Rue de la Serpe. She was Madame Smith.'

He looked at Mr. Templemore. "Well" he said, impatiently, "Madame Smith has left the place, I suppose?"

"Oh! yes, she has left it. And after she left, a young Englishman came and inquired they knew no more; the story spread and after her-a good deal; I suppose it was not

The blood rushed up into Mr. Templemore's face.

"A gentleman! what gentleman?" he asked sharply, for he thought of John Luan.
But Monsieur Durand's knowledge did not extend thus far. He shook his head-he could not tell. "Well, and what about Madame Smith?"

"for I suppose you have something to tell "I have, sir," and Monsieur Duraud began untying the bundle. He drew forth a woman's dress, black, but dreadfully rumpled, and he

asked Mr. Templemore, after a brief pause,

inquired "if monsieur knew that?" "It is impossible for me to know it," replied Mr. Templemore; "that mourning—if it belongs to my wife—was purchased while I was

"And linen-would monsieur know linen?" Mr. Templemore saw Monsieur Durand's hands fumble at something white.

"The mark will tell us," he said, eagerly approaching. "Ah! there is none, unluckily," remarked

him that the mark had been cut out.

how did you get them?" "I will tell monsieur directly how they came into the hands of the police; but I may remark, first, that the linen is fine, and that the dress though spoiled, is almost new, and was expensive. And now I will tell monsieur all about them. That Madame Smith to whom they belonged took the room in the Rue de la fully denied both. Serpe several weeks ago. She was in mourning; she spoke little and cried often. A week after taking her room she left it one evening, and never came back. Her trunk was empty, but her rent had been paid in advance, so her landlady had nothing to say. On that same evening, however-that is to say, the fifteenth of July, when there was a great storm-a woman in mourning climbed up on the ledge of the Pont de la Concorde, and leaped into the Seine. Three days later her body was found and taken to the Morgue, where it was identified by her landlady; and these," calmly continued Monsieur Durand, "are the clothes

On the evening of the fifteenth of July !that is to say on the evening when he was at the play, when he paid for the diamond cross, when he travelled home through the storm to seek her !-- on that evening this woman, who was supposed to be his wife, had committed

suicide! "It is impossible!" at length exclaimed Mr. Templemore. "I will believe anything else-that, never! Take those thing away, he added angrily, looking at the clothes, which had kept such strong traces of their three days sojourn in the water: "and let me never hear of that Madame Smith again!

"Then monsieur would rather not see the photograph!" said Monsieur Durand, leisurely tying up the bundle. "What photograph?" sharply asked Mr

Templemore. " Oh! it was taken after death, you know." A cold fear crept to Mr. Templemore's very heart, but he would not yield to it.

"Show it to me," he said briefly.

Monsieur Durand fumbled in his pocket. and drew forth a photograph ten inches square, As he first unwrapped and then handed it to

"It had gone astray; and, to say the truth, that is why monsieur had to wait two

Mr. Templemore did not beed or even hear ing, and who was evidently most anxious to him. He stared breathless at that image of the dead-so cold, so calm, and so awfully like her, and the very beating of his heart seemed to grow still. Yes, thus he had seen her sleeping, with closed eyes and half-parted lips; but in another slumber than this. How heavy seemed this sleep! The voice of love would never bid those pale lids unveil the bright eyes he remembered so well-never more would those lips smile half fondly, half slyly as he spoke. The head which a stranger's hand had placed on the pillow had sunk upon it in such weariness of all earthly things, that it could never be raised again. Life held nothing-no love, no voice, no aspect which could waken this slumberer from her charmed sleep. She was locked in it forever and for-

Was it thus? he thought. Perhaps not but it was thus he felt in the first bitter agony of that moment. "O my God! can it be she?" he exclaimed with parted lips—"can

The doubt following an awful certainty was

a sort of exquisite relief. For this dead woman might not be Dora after all. A dread-ful past, a bitter story, might have led her to a despairing death, and she might not be his wife. Perhaps even she was not so very much "I did not ask you how long I had been like her. Surely there had been nothing gone," replied Mr. Templemore, with a sort of nothing which could drive Dora to despair fierceness—so the concierge called it—in his like this? He looked again, but he was not calm enough to see well; there was a mist in his eyes, his hand shook, he dreaded that fatal resemblance: but his will, which was a strong one, prevailed and conquered that weakness. Once more he saw that image, and oh! how he blessed Heaven from the fulness of his heart _if already seemed less like!

"This lady was older than my wife," said Mr. Templemore; "older and thinner." "Photographs make people look old," re-

marked Monsieur Durand. "She was older than my wife," persisted Mr. Templemore almost angrily; "besides, I cannot trust a photograph—every one knows that light, that position, that the slightest accident can produce a complete change in a face, dead or living."

He looked defiantly at Monsieur Durand. who did not answer one word. He had not come to argue or to convince. All this was nothing to him. Opposition could have made Mr. Templemore vow that this woman had never been his wife; but this cold silence threw him back on dreadful uncertainty.

there no more ?--do you know no more ! "No more," laconically echoed Monsieur Durand; "I went to the Rue de la Serpe to learn something before I came to Monsieur

"Is that all?" he asked feverishly; "is

but there was nothing." "What color was her hair of?' suddenly asked Mr. Templemore.

Monsieur Durand looked annoyed. - Brown sorry to say-they took none." Monsieur Durand said this in a tone which implied plainly that if the case had been in his

hands, so important a link in the chain of evidence would never have been broken. There was a brief pause, then Mr. Templemore said, "Take me to the Ruo de la Serpe." Monsieur Durand bowed, and said not a word. He was one of the modern slaves of the lamp, and to obey the master of the lamp-

namely, the owner and dispenser of a certain amount of Napoleons—was his duty. It is easy to deny; but, alas! denial is not

Mr. Templemore followed his conductor.

and felt in a sort of stupor. Could his keen and anxious search for a loved and loving wife end thus in the great gap and dark pit of Death? Could the tender frame which had been so dear to him have drifted helplessly down the dark river, with the chill waters flowing over that loved face, and loosening the long bright hair his hand had caressed so fondly?

There is an unreality in the death of what we love, which strong minds feel as well as the weak. Death was familiar to Mr. Templemore's mind, but not the death of a passionately loved woman. It was not a certainty yet, and he could not and would not believe it; and beyond that revolt and denial loomed a possibility which invested the present and every surrounding object with the vagueness of a dream. The living streets through which he passed had something abstract about them-they were and they were

not. The roll of the carriages, the sounds of life, came from afar, and their din and tumult were softened by that distance which one thought placed between him and all surrounding things. He did not believe it, and yet he shuddered as he saw the swollen Seine flowing on to the sea, and bearing away with it to that great bourne, many an unknown human

burden. If it were true! They passed by the Morgue. He saw Monsieur Durand glance toward it. He looked at it too—with what secret horror! If it were Monsieur Durand; "look!" and he showed true! If she had really rested there on one of those cold stone slabs which he remem-"Then how can I tell?" impatiently asked | bered so well! O Heaven, was that the bed he Mr. Templemore. "What are these things?— had made for her? He revolted against the how did you get them?" name of the love which, though but for a few days, had bound them so fondly, he bade it begone. It was not possible that she had thus despaired of love and life-that she whom he had known so joyous, with a brave, warm heart and a living faith, had thus violently and sin-

It was not possible: but he breathed more freely when they left the river behind them. They entered a narrow stone world, dark and stilling, and yet seemed to come no nearer to the goal of their journey. At length Monsieur Durand stood still, and when Mr. Temple-

more came up to him' he said: "This is the Rue de la Serpe, and yonder, where you see the bric-a-brac shop, is the house. Shall I go with Monsieur, or does he wish to go alone?"

"I shall go alone. You need not wait for me, thank von."

Monsieur Durand bowed, turned the corner of a street, and vanished. Perhaps he did not go very far, after all, but Mr. Templemore neither knew nor cared. The setting sun filled the street with its level rays, and half blinded him as he walked up to the bric-a brac shop. Oh! that the street had no ending-that this goal had never been reached, if it was to lead to cruel knowledge!

The house was mean and narrow. Above the door dangled a yellow bill with "Furnished Rooms to Let." The shop was one of the poorest of its kind. Here were no rare relies of the past, each telling the story of a king's reign. No tapestry, no Sevres, no Boucher, and Watteau shepherdesses, no traces even of Revolution and Empire, or tokens of the East, in blue vases and gilt dragons, were there. Mr. Templemore saw nothing but the dingy, commonplace and dilapidated ruins of the present generation. Shattered mahogany chests of drawers, ruined card-tables, with the green baize half torn off, faded artificial flowers in common china vases under dusty glass shades, and showy little gilt clocks, abounded. But commonplace though all these objects were, they were also very dreary. They told of ruined and broken homes, and told it without the softening grace

of the past. Mr. Templemore entered the shop. A stout, middle-aged woman came forward, and asked

his pleasure. "You have a furnished room to let," he replied—" let me see it." "This way, sir;" and leaving the shop in the care of a child, she showed him up a dark,

steep staircase, into a small, gloomy bedroom, which, spite the heat of the day, felt strangely chill. Why are these places alike all the world over? Why do they all bear the samecold, homeless look, which, with every difference of climate and manners, we recognize at once? Mr. Templemore looked about him, but the plain bed of walnut-tree wood, the chest of drawers and toilet-table, told him nostory. Everything was tolerably clean and dreadfully comfortless. He went to the window and opened it. Below him lay a small yard. The greenish hue of the stones with which it was paved told of habitual damp. A tall, miserable-looking pump stood in one corner. A few flowers in pots, withering for want of sun and pure air, had been placed near it, Heaven knows for what purpoec-High walls dotted with windows enclosed this court, and made a well of it. Mr. Temple-