For the TRUE WITNESS.) OUR GLEANERS. We sew in the spring time, In autumn we reap, The fruit of our sewing Be it bitter or sweet.

Be it little or much. We cannot tell yet.

For winter milst measure a

Each grain that we get.

The granary ready.
Its wide open door
Receives in its bosom
Our measure—no more When once therein garnered, Impotent we stand, is the well tested grain At the welgher's command.

Perhaps though our gleaners; Who've aided all day, And lovingly gathered What's dropped on the way.

M. B. F.

We'll come to the master, When harvesting's o'er, And lay at his feet The sheaves of our store.

Carlton, October 1878.

[For the TRUE WITNESS.] OUR MOTHER.

What is that word, which, spoke or sung. The sweetest sounds in every tongue, Endeared alike to old and young?

Who taught our lisping lips to pray, Charmed every childish fear away, And o'er us watched both night and day? Our Mother.

Who tended by our couch when ill. And nursed us with the tend'rest skill, Affectionate and patient still? Our Mother.

Whose prudent counsels, o'er and o'er. Our bark of life brought safe to shore, When shoul and shipwreek loomed before?

When tempted most to deviate From duty's path, who kept us straight, Reproving us in love, not hate?

Whose image, bath'd in mellow'd rays, Courts recollection's fondest gaze, E'en in the autumn of our days?

Ah, lost is he beyond reclaum, And dead to every sense of shame, Who idolizes not the name

Of such I envy not the lot.
For, after God, I love the spot
Een trod by thee, whom love I ought.
My Mother.

And when the years roll on and on, Should I survive when thou art gone, Thy mem'ry still I'll doat upon,

And well I should, for I alone Thy gen'rous nature best have known, And all those kindly traits thine own— My Mother

Let stoics blush to weep the dead, For me, I'd blush more not to shed Hot tears upon thy sodden bed, My Mother.

For I'll 'er hold as holy ground,

My dearest spot on earth—that mound

Where thy fend askes may be found,

My Mother!

W. O. FARMER.

## DORA.

By JULIA KAVENAGH,

Author of "Nathalie," " Adele," "Queen Mab," &c.

CHAPTER XLVI ..- CONTINUED.

Oh! if he could have believed her to be guiltless! If he could have forgotten how she and him from hearing; if he could have for- head half averted. It was she-so said the gotten her pale face, and her silence, her rted by proof: if he could have forgotten risen before him to say, "Whether from love, or hate, or vengeance, or cupidity, she has abetted it-she let it be done, and she reaped the gain!" But he could not. He tortured his mind to acquit her, and he could not. She had not warned him, she had refused to answer Mrs. Logan—if ever silence was guilty hers was. But if the cloud which doubt had called between him and his wife's image, and only grew darker and denser with every effort he made to break it, so there rose in his hearta bitter resentment against every human being connected with his wrong. He hated Mrs. Luan and Mrs. Courtenay for having plotted it, and he could scarcely forgive Miss Moore or Mrs. Logan for having helped to reveal it. Toward Dora his feelings were too implacable for either hate or forgiveness. She was the embodiment of his misery—the being whose betrayal had caused it, and whose falsehood had given it a more cruel and a keener

On reaching Paris Mr. Templemore went to one of the hotels in the Rue de Rivoli, where he was in the habit of stopping. "And now," he thought, as he entered rooms gay with sunshine, and beyond which he caught a bright glimpse of the Tuilleries gardens, "now how am I to get rid of this pain?" Question hard to answer. Pleasure, which had never had any charms for Mr. Templemore, was now odious. He hated crowds, and solitude he knew is cruel and dangerous. He would not | wakened! have Eva or Miss Moore with him, for one could only remind him of his fond illusion. and the other of its bitter wakening. So, as he suffered cruelly and keenly, he did what the intellectual and the strong often do in such emergencies, he took refuge in study from his

There were few branches of knowledge which he had not already tried, but for some he had never felt any ardent devotion. Statistics and political economy had been least favored by him. He now took to them with noiselessly on the carpet. He saw that a sort of fury. Population, shipping, standing armies, disease, had their turn; he heaped his still, and look at Dora's face as it rested on room with blue-books, and covered quires of her pillow. And now the vision swiftly bepaper with estimates, returns, and calculaall the time for the result of his labor, and he succeeded in bringing on himself a fit of illness which lasted a fortnight, and from which he issued languid, listless, and more unhappy than ever.

Neither time, nor work, nor illness had cured him. Time had only added to the resentful bitterness of his feeling, and to the severity of the condemnation his judgment had passed on the offender; but it was still the same wound which bled idly, it was still the cruel thought that Dora was his wife and that she was worthless of a man's love. Integrity, honor, delicacy, were the ruling power of Mr. Templemore's mind. The woman who had failed in these, even though for love of him, could never be again to him the woman whom nothing and no one could have tempted to sing And yet, though his sense of her error, grew keener daily, his feelings had undergone a change. If he still thought of her guilt, he now thought very little of his wrong. He did not regret Florence, he scarcely re-

ing the corner of a street, he suddenly found wire away! himself on the Boulevards. The night was black, not a star shone in the cloudy sky; but the two rows of lamps made an endless avenue of light before him. The shops were brilliant and gay; cases glittered like fairy palaces, crowds were abroad to enjoy what freshness there was in the stormy sea. Mr. Templemore found none. Close and sultry felt the atmosphere. The young trees which rose dimly before him, their trunks and lower branches lit, and their summits vanishing in gloom, seemed to him as oppressive as the roof of a forest. Yet he went on, leaving boulevard after boulevard behind him, and he never thought of stopping till a dense group suddenly checked his progress. Mr. Templemore then looked up. Before him he saw the rising steps and the columned front of a theatre. People were going in eagerly. He hesitated awhile, then he too went up the steps, paid for his place, and within five minutes he was seated in one of the galleries.

Mr. Templemore had not gone to the play for several years. He liked none save the finest acting and singing, and, being a man of fastidious tastes, he did not admit the existence of such very readily. Weariness of spirit had alone tempted him this evening to enter a second-class house, where the actors were probably suited to the plays they performed in. He wondered at himself for having done so: he looked around him, and wondered still more at the gay, eager faces he saw. The musicians in the orchestra were talking and laughing together as they tuned their instruments—he wondered at them too. Amongst them was a lively little dark man, who could not be quiet a moment; he shook his black head of hair, he rolled his eyes, he screwed his mouth, and looked very like an animated nut-cracker. Mr. Templemore watched him with a sort of interest; the vitality of that swarthy little musician was attractive to one whose present mood was so drearily languid. The curtain rose, the performance began, the actors spoke, and still Mr. Templemore's eyes were fixed on the orchestra, and he thought, "What a curious idiosyncrasy that man must have!"

"How charmingly she is dressed," whispered a voice near him. He glanced toward the speaker. She was a girl of eighteen or so, plump and good-humored-looking. She addressed another girl, her sister, evidently, as plump, and seemingly as good-tempered as herself. Beside them sat their mother, a bourgeoise of forty, who had been at twenty what they were now. What absence of all care appeared in these three faces? Nothing was there, not even the excitement of pleasure; nothing beyond the calm, sensual content of satisfied animal existence. Mr. Templemore turned back from them to the musician, but in so doing his look passed across the stage, and he uttered a deep, startled Ah!" which was heard over the whole house, and drew every eye upon him.

But Mr. Templemore saw and heeded but one thing; for there, on the stage before him, stood his wife, dressed in white muslin, gay, young, and lovely. She stood alone in a gloomy room, with a dim and sombre backhad tried to prevent her aunt from speaking ground behind her solitary figure, and her und, and the charm was broken; she spoke all those tokens that had condemned her, and and it was gone. But the shock which that momentary illusion had caused could not vanish with it; nor the subtle thrill of joy it had wakened, cease. When this girl looked at the audience, Mr. Templemore could not look at her; but when she turned away and became once more the image of his young wife, in her light motions and easy attitudes, he leaned forward, with his elbow resting on the crimup would not be dispelled, if it ever floated son velvet of the balustrade, unconscious of the observation which his cager gaze attracted. His very heart was moved within him with a soft and delicious emotion. It was like going back to the first wondering happiness of his marriage to feel as he now felt. All that love, which had seemed buried in arid desolation, like sweet waters beneath the sand of the desert, welled back to his heart with tenfoldpower. Mr. Templemore did not strive against it-he let that full tide come and rise and master him, and he felt blest to the very core in his subjection.

When the curtain fell, on the first act, and she vanished, he breathed deeply, and for the first time he tried to think and be calm. Vain attempt; thought would not come at his bidding-nothing came but a vague, passion ate yearning to be gone, and be with her once more. He could scarcely resist the desire which bade him rise and depart that moment. An express-train left in the middle of the night. It would take him to Rouen in little more than two hours; he could be at Les Roches before dawn-long before Dora had

The two plump girls and their mother gave him wondering looks, and he did not heed them. The little fantastic musician played strange tricks with his violin, and Mr. Templemore had no eyes for him now. His thoughts were far away in a large room, hushed and dim, where his wife lay sleeping, A lamp burned faintly on a white toilet-table and was reflected in its oval glass, half veiled by lace and muslin. A far door opened, and he saw himself enter slowly, with step that fell wraith of his own being approach, then stand came retrospective. He remembered looking an aged man, with a lofty brow, white hair, at her thus once in Deenah. He remembered that flowed from beneath a black silk cap, and tions; he worked night and day, not caring at her thus once in Deenah. He remembered wondering, as he looked, at the childish calmness of her slumbering mien. The bright hair which had strayed on her pillow, the hearing Mr. Templemore's request, he opened closed lids, the calm, breath, came back to him with a sense of pain. He felt as if he had wronged and deserted a child entrusted to his

keeping.
"I should have stayed with her," he thought; "innocent or guilty, I should not have left her!" "Innocent or guilty!" repeated a secret

"Oh! my God, if she be guilty, what a lot is mine! Am I tied to treachery, to sin so perversely allied with that look of innocence? Am I tied to grace and youth, it is true, but

also to horrible iniquity?" All his old anguish came back at the thought. If his passionate nature, ardent and susceptible to loveliness as indeed is that of most men-felt but too keenly the power of of his hand. Each of its eleven diamonds minutes he sat alone in a railway-carriage, and his young wife's bright face, the nobler nature within him made him revolt from the thought sparkling in the early sun. "Will you take landscape, And now he had time to think gretted his liberty, but he passionately regretted his liberty, but he passionately reof this ignoble bondage. He could not ena check for this?" he asked: "I have not
dure the contrast between that fair outside money enough to pay you—besides, I am
and brightness, whom he had had for a few and the sullied soul. Ay, truly, it is hard for going off at once."

Will you take the duration of this ignoble bondage. He could not enough to pay you—besides, I am
turned to her as he had left her—at his at the question. Oh! fatal error, ever to have

some attention to the play It was a lovedrama, with many a passionate scene, and no doubt some pathos, for the two girls next Mr. Templemore brought out their pocket-handkerchiefs, and used them freely. Indeed, he saw a good deal of this going on around him, but he remained callous and unmoved, till, all unwillingly, he was conquered. This he-roine had married a man whom she did not like, and her husband, discovering it too late, felt and said, "I shall never be loved-never;" The curtain fell as he uttered the words, which rang through Mr. Templemore's brain, wakening a whole train of fond recollection. Dora was his wife, but she loved him. Ay, though her sins were of the deepest and the darkest dye, she loved him and she was his-

for better for worse, she was his. He could not renounce her or exclude her from his life and his heart. Religion, duty combined with love to say to him, "Why did you leave her? Had you not vowed that your arms should be her shelter from every ill; and is it not her right to live and die by your side? You cannot banish her thence without sin-then thank Heaven that her affection, her youth and its attractions, make obedience to this duty so easy and so sweet."

Mr. Templemore heard this secret monitor, and he did not answer it at once. He leaned his forehead on his hand, and let a vision come before him-a vision of a tearful yet happy Dora, who welcomed him back with a smile and a kiss. Often had it come thus to him before this hour, and as often had he banished her with a stern "Begone!" But now he could not She was his wife, and there was a protecting tenderness in his embrace. She was his wife, and his heart yearned toward her with infinite charity. His love should cover all her errors, and lead her back to those pure paths whence she had strayed; his love should be to her as a human redemption, making more easy her return to the divine source of all goodness. She was his erring lamb, who had wandered in the wilderness, and whom he would bring back to the gentle fold of love and home. He remembered the solemn precept, too, much forgotten by a passing world of the great Apostle of the Gentiles:

"Husbands, love your wives, as Christ loved the Church."

He remembered it in that vanity fair of plessure and its votaries, a theatre. For what spot, however profane, is there which the voice of God will not pierce to reach man's heart? And if human passion and tenderness still mingled in Mr. Templemore's breast with holier feelings-if he could not forget a fair face and a soft voice—if one was the joy of his eyes, and the other the sweetest of music to his ear, yet over all ruled that feeling of duty that had been the great guide of his life, and which had given him in Dora Courtenay its mingled joy and torment.

How long those thoughts kept him, Mr. Templemore did not know. The third act was progressing, and had reached its great crisis of despair and passion, when he looked weak defence, her assertions of innocence, unfigure, and her attitude; but she looked at his watch, rose, and left the house. The two girls and their mother looked after him in ders who can deny their fitness and their agitated. "Where did she go to?" beauty when they rest on a satin skin and "Monsieur Luan took her to an asylum, some wonder, and exchanged puzzled glances, then placidly returned to the play. Truly they little guessed what a drama of doubt, and love, and regret—ay, and of passion too -had been silently enacted near them that evening.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

THE night was darker than ever when Mr. Templemore went out once more on the Boulevards. The crowd was thinning, in expectation of a storm. Mr. Templemore's mood was not one which such contingencies affect. He had but one thought, and that mastered him; yet he suddenly paused, as he reached the Rue de la Paix, and saw its shops alive with light. He remembered the diamond cross he had ordered from one of the jewellers there, and he wondered if it were ready. It was only ten o'clock; he had time to go and try.

These jewellers' shops in the Rue de la Paix were a wonderflul sight at night during that year. Crowds gathered around them evening after evening, gazing in eager admiration at the treasures displayed within. One diamond shop outrivalled all the others, and outrivals them still. Tiaras, necklaces, bracelets, ear-rings, blazed in their immortal splendor. Fair brows and fairer bosoms, on which they glittered once, have shrunk into dust, and it matters very little. They will outlive generations; that gorgeous bracelet will clasp the slender wrist, that diadem will shine all light in the dark hair of some beauty yet unborn, and flatterers will tell her, "Your eyes are brighter by far than these," and—who knows?-perhaps she will believe them.

As to that, all the diamonds in the shop, which he now entered, could not have matched Dora's eyes in Mr. Templemore's estimation just then. He knew, indeed, that their lustre would grow dim-that the blooming cheek would fade, and the fair skin lose its youthful beauty-but all the better reason was this for holding them dear, and adorning them whilst they lasted. With something. like eagerness, he now asked if the cross he had ordered was ready.

This temple of the god worshipped in Golconda had a high-priest worthy of his officeeyes which had gazed so long on diamonds that they could see little else in life. On a drawer near him, and produced a small morocco case, which he handed to his customer. Mr. Templemore opened it. On a bed of blue velvet lay a diamond cross, consisting of eleven perfect diamonds, not of large size, indeed, but of such exquisite water, and such dazzling lustre, that he uttered an exclamation of pleasure and admiration, qualified, however, by the words:

one I asked from you?"

the price, I believe; but, then, it is three times more beautiful than you expected it to

Mr. Templemore could not deny that. He

He went forth idly, neither knowing nor brought of pleas—alone could have worn it. This was no con- man. He would nave given anything to be-caring whither his steps took him. On turn- stranger, freezing the mere thought of pleas—stranger, freezing the mere thought of please the mere the mere thought of please the mere the mer The curtain rose, the second act began in leaves, and flowers, and pendants, and belief-even though his whole heart yearned reminded him of Dora appeared again, and again the subtle thrill ran through his veins and subdued him. This time, too, he paid more. Dora had a beautiful neck, soft and white—only those diamonds—truly these dia—"She is my wife; I cannot help loving her monds would look well upon it. But was he a nabob, that he should even ask to know the

price of a gift so costly? "I chose every one of those stones myself," smallest, but, as you see, it matches the ninth to negotiate for it, for it was in hands that smallest in the necklace. Guess from that, sir, what toil and trouble the other stones have given me."

"It is a wonderful necklace," said Mr. Templemore, taking and handling it-" a wonderful necklace; only there is no art in it. It is plain and gorgeous."

"There should be no art in diamonds." plied the jeweller, with a strange light in his eye. "They are above and beyond it, sir."
"Well, perhaps they are," said Mr. Templemore, but he put down the necklace, and

did not ask to know its price. "I believe, sir, you are newly married," con-

tinued the jeweller, in his mild tone; "this would be a beautiful wedding-gift."

Mr. Templemore felt almost provoked at this cool seducer, who spoke of a priceless necklace as a "beautiful wedding-gift. He little knew that its owner offered it to every one of the customers who entered his shop, pre-sed it upon them even to importunity, and yet would not have parted to a monarch with one of its smallest diamonds. He little suspected that these glorious bits of liquid light, all fire and pure effulgence, slept every night in the bed of that white-haired man-that he loved them with something of the guilty, insane love which two hundred years before made Cardilac murder the men and women who bought his jewels; and that when they were stolen from him a few months after Mr. Templemore's visit, the shock of their loss, though they were recovered within the week. sent him to the grave a maniac.

Unconscious of the strange love which was to lead to so tragic an ending, Mr. Temple-more only felt provoked at the persistence with which the jeweller pressed this necklace upon him, and putting the cross in his breast cont-pocket, he left the shop. The jeweller, however, followed him to the door, and still said in his mild voice :

"It is a rare necklace, sir. You will never get another like it-better have it ."

Mr. Templemore walked away without giving him any answer. "The man is crazy, and I am crazy too," he thought, taking the direction that led to his hotel; "I suppose those glittering pebbles have bewitched me. for here am I foolish enough to wish I could buy them and throw them round Dora's neck.

the night. He saw them sparkling on his left to trials so fearful, and who had passed wife's bosom, and it diamonds look strange through them alone? beauty when they rest on a satin skin and rounded outlines like Dora's? Mr. Templemore was fascinated with the vision. felt almost tempted to turn back and ask the | mistress?" price of this wonderful necklace : but he checked himself in time, and indeed waxed wrathful at his own folly. A year's income of his fortune could not pay for the bauble. Had he lost his senses that he even contemplated this act of madness? Alas! it was not all England, and the servants had supposed it madness—there is a fond, passionate instinct, was to join monsieur. The servants had all which is a very part of love—the wish to fling all that there is most costly, most precious, and most rare, at the feet of the loved object. For many days Mr. Templemore had struggled against his love for Dora, and spite his doubts and his misgivings, that love now came back to him pawerful, mighty, and triumphant. It came back to him not as it his wife's peril. Yet he could not help asking had left him, conquered and sorrow-stricken. but like the spirit in Scripture, who, after wandering midst barren places, returns with sevenfold power

Mr. Templemore had not walked far, still thinking of his wife and the diamond necklace, when the long-threatening storm broke Drops of rain, large as crown-pieces, dotted the white pavement of the Place Vendome, which he was crossing. Then a lightning flash pierced the sky, and lit the dark column cast in cannon won from many a battle-field, and whence the first Napoleon looks down over his capital, still seeming to triumph alike over foe and subject. A deepechoing thunder-peal followed, then came a very deluge of rain, and long before he reached his hotel, Rue de Rivoli, Mr. Templemore was wet through. The rain was summer-rain, mild and soft, and he cared not for it. He packed his trunk hastily, secured a carriage, and drove off to the station, whilst the storm was at its highest. It was a gale, too, as well as a storm; a furious tempest, which might leave its traces on many a bleak coast, as well as in crowded cities. Mr. Templemore had seen a shipwreck once, and who that has beheld the ominous sight can ever forget it? He remembered it now; the noble vessel struggling gallantly against the waves that drove her on, the long line of shore and cliff vanishing in spray and in the darkness of the tempest; the pale moon looking down from a cloudy sky, the silent crowd, and the fearful roar, as waves and ship all came turnbling together on the beach, whilst through all the din was to be heard the faint, shrill cry of a woman. They found her on the sands the next morning, a pale corpse, with wet hair. Mr. Templemore wondered why that scene came back to him now, as if he had beheld it but yesterday? "How do I know," he thought, "that this

summer storm will be so fatal as that neverto-be-forgotten equinoctial gale on the shores of the Atlantic? Its roaring wind may indeed uproot the mighty forest-tree, or its "It is," mildly replied the jeweller; "double lightning kill helpless flocks on distant the price, I believe; but, then, it is three moors; but truly I hope and trust that no drowning wretch will call on Heaven this night in his agony?"

Mr. Templemore reached the station as the took the cross and looked at it in the hollow express train was going to start. Within five was pure and clear as a drop of morning dew was going at full speed through the drenched

> at the question. Oh! fatal error, ever to have the puppose he has a touch of his mother's opend C. Berrick over 1965 in 1965 between 1965 between 1965 between 1965 between 1965 between 1965 between 19 In the total control of the co

days, and whothad so soon worn the common thus of the common the common thing of the common that the common the common that the common the common the common the common that the common the common the common that the common the common the common the common that the common the common the common that the common the common the common that the common the common that the common the common the common the common that the common the common the common that the common the common that the common the common the common that the common the common the common that the common the common the common the common the common that the common the common that the common that the common that the common t I must keep to that, and let the rest be."

But can love endure when its foundation of reverence is wanting? And if the fever which "I chose every one of those stones myself," was still so strong upon him ceased, would thought stung him. She was his wife, after said the jeweller; "I went to Russia for this not the final wakening be horrible? Alas! all. What right had she to leave his home centre one, and to London for that, one of the he thought of that too; but that time, which without a word, spoken or written, and go to it was so gloomy to foresee, had not come yet, a strange city and stay there? What right stone perfectly, and unless in London I could and as he reached Rouen, and leaving the had she to expose their domestic difference not have found it. It cost me three months train entered a carriage which was to convey to the world by a flight he could not attenue. train entered a carriage which was to convey to the world by a flight he could not attempt him to Les Roches, he wilfully shut his eyes to disguise? Gradually Mr. Templemore forwere reluctant to part with it—they knew its to all the bitterness that had preceded his de- got the wrongs he had inflicted, and only revalue and its beauty, and it is one of the parture, and only remembered that he was membered those he had received. He regoing to the house where his young wife lay membered them; and with something like wrath he resolved to set off for England at

The porter at the lodge had to be wakened to let in his master, and Jacques to leave his attic in order to admit him within. The she shall return," he thought, ringing the bell clang of the great bell, the grinding wheels of angrily for Jacques, who had just fullen into the carriage on the gravel, made a loud noise a pleasant doze. "She shall return to this in the stillness of the gray morning; but Mr. house, which she should never have left." Templemore looked in vain for signs of light behind the window curtains of his wife's room. Jacques, who let him in, seemed stupid with sleep. His master did not question him; he took the light from the man's hand, merely saying:

"You may go. I want nothing."

Jacques was a plethoric young man. He liked his sleep above all things. He now thought himself ill-used by his master's return at such an hour, and he went back to his room grumbling all the way. He had scarcely reached the upper floor, however, when a furious ringing summoned him below. He found Mr. Templemore on the landing at the door of his wife's room, pale as death, and with the light still in his hand.

"Where is your mistress?" he asked. Where is my wife?" His looks, his tones so confounded Jacques,

that he could scarcely reply. At length he said. " Madame is gone." "Gone!" He was going to ask "With whom?" but he checked himself. "Tell husband.

Madame Courtenay I wish to speak to her,"

he said. Jacques looked very odd. " Madame Courtenay is dead, sir."

" Dead?" "Yes, sir. Mademoiselle Fanny brought the news when she came back for Madame's things. Madame Courtenay died on the way."

"And Madame Luan and her son," exclaimed Mr. Templemore—" where are they?".

Jacques looked very odd again. "Monsieur Luan is gone, sir, we do not know where, and Madame Luan is dead too. She died in a madhouse the very morning Madame Templemore went away. She had

attempted to kill madame one evening." Mr. Templemore felt asif he were going through a dreadful nightmare. Death, mad-It was folly, no doubt, but it did not go ness, danger had visited his deserted home away at once. He saw the diamonds glittering his absence; and now where was ing before him like stars in the darkness of Dora? Where was the wife whom he had

"Where is she now?" he asked, much

and she died there." "I mean your mistress. Where is your

But Jacques knew nothing. Madame had not said anything; She had left no letter? No-nothing that could give a clew. Mademoiselle Fanny, when she came back for madame's things, had said they were going to noticed that madame looked very miserable. Perhaps she felt nervous, and afraid to remain alone after having run the risk of being mur-

dered. So said Jacques, in a heavy, stupid, monotonous voice. Mr. Templemore shuddered with horror as he heard him talk thus stolidly of to know the particulars of this domestic drama. Jacques, nothing loath, and indeed quite lively, went through the scene for his master's benefit Medame was so by the toilet, when she heard the door open and saw Madame Luan enter. At once, and with great presence of mind, Madame put out the light and stepped out on the balcony. And so," continued Jacques, assuming the part of Mrs. Luan and groping with outstretched arms, as if in the darkness toward the windows, " so I try to get at her and kill her. Though I cannot see, I know where she is, and she is as mute as a mousebut I know where she is-now I am at the window, and the moon is shining-now I have ber l'

But as Jacques, outstripping truth in the fervor of his acting, was stretching his arm toward an imaginary Dora, a hand of iron seized his own throat and held him fast.

"How dare you? How dare you?" asked Mr. Templemore, shaking with anger; then recovering his composare, he said, not without some shame at his own violence, "You may leave me now, Jacques."

"And I can tell you I left him pretty quickly," was Jacques' comment as he related this incident to the porter the next morning. "For if ever man looked like a tiger, it was our master as he held me then."

Mr. Templemore remained alone in his wife's room, and locked himself up with this new trouble.

He sat down and looked around him. Was this indeed the return to which he had looked forward? This cold, vacant chamber bore no likeness to that which his fancy had conjured up a few hours before in the theatre. Dust had gathered on the mirror of the toilet-table, and thus told him how long it had ceased to reflect Dora's image. No token of her presence lingered about. It was as if Mr. Templemore had never seen her there, sleeping or waking. The very air of the unused apartment had grown cold. Ah! this was not the meeting he had imagined as he came up the is a great fear upon me, and if this double staircase with a beating heart. Where were the tears and reproaches he was to silence with caresses? His wife was gone, and, insupportable thought! she was gone with just anger and bitterness in her heart against him. Was she innocent or gnilty? He did not think of that now. He only thought that he had forsaken her, and that she had gone alone through frightful danger and bitter sorrow. Where was he when the madwoman attempted

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John Luan, that she had her cousin to comfort her in her sorrow, and to sympathize with her to the best of husbands, to think that the wife whom he has injured receives consolation from a rejected lover. And this had been going on for days and weeks? The once, follow his wife, and bring her back, without delay. "Whether she likes it or not

But of all men Mr. Templemore was the last who could stifle the voice of conscience. He had left both his wife and his home. She only left the house whence her aunt had been removed insane, whence he had banished her mother where not even his child had been

trusted to her care. "I have been to blame." thought Mr. Templemore, with a sharp, remorseful pang, "but I will make amends." I will make amends." How many an erring heart has uttered the

words, and, alas! to how few the power to fulfil them has been been granted!

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

A DISTANT church clock was striking eleven when Dr. John Luan turned the corner of Bedford Square. He had scarcely walked a few steps toward his dwelling when a hand was laid on his shoulder. He looked round sharply, and by the light of a gas-lamp, he saw Mr. Templemore. They had never met, yet, John Luan knew at once this was Dora's

"Good-evening," gravely said Mr. Temple more. "I believe you know me. Your servant told me you are going away early tomorrow morning, so I shall not detain you long. My errand is quickly told. Mrs. Templemore forgot to leave her directions when she went away from Les Roches. May I trouble you for it?"

John Luan had got over the shock of unpleasant astonishment he he had felt on seeing Dora's husband, but this abrupt demand startled him now.

" You want Dora's address from me?" he

said, sharply. "Why not? You do not mean to say, I suppose, that your cousin is here in London without your knowledge, Mr. Luan?"

"And do you mean to say that your wife is here in London without your knowledge, Mr. Templemore?"

He spoke with bitter emphasis, but Mr. Templemore had come resolved not lose his temper.

"Am I likely to put such a question with-

out need?" he said, gravely.

And so she had left him! His cruelty and his unkindness had compelled her to leave her home and her husband. And her wronger now applied to the man whom he had robbed of his treasure for information concerning the spot where it lay concealed! John Luan's blood boiled within him-but he was not given to express anger, and he only said with sulky bitterness:

"I know nothing about your wife, Mr. Templemore."

He turned to the house, as if to end the matter; but Mr. Templemore quietly stepped between him and the door.

"I will not be baulked thus," he said, doggedly. "I impute no wrong to her or to you, but you know her address, and I will have

"You impute no wrong," repeated John Luan, in great indignation; "and pray what wrong could there be? just tell me that, sir. And, moreover, what do you mean by coming to me to ask for your wife? Ask her mother, ask Mrs. Courtenay where she is, and do not trouble me with a matter in which I have no concern.."

"Doctor John Luan," said M:. Templemore, with some disdain, "Mrs. Courtenay is dead, and I dare say you know it." "Dead!" repeated John Luan, with such

genuine amazement that Mr. Templemore's heart fell. If the young man did not know that, he knew nothing. Where, then, was Dora? The same question seemed to offer itself to

the mind of Dora's cousin. He turned almost fiercely on Mr. Templemore. "Where is she ?" he said. "When and

how did my aunt die? Where is Dora?" "I was away at the time," answered Mr. Templemore, briefly; "I believe Mrs. Courtenay died in England, but I have no cer-

tainty." 'And why were you away?" tauntingly asked John Luan. "What! married a fortnight, and away so long that your mother-in law is dead, and your wife is vanished when you return?".

"Why I went away your mother might have told you," bitterly answered Mr. Temple-more; "but let that rest. I did not come here to account to you for matters of which you are no judge. You say you do not know where Dora is. Be it so. You can give meno information, and I have nothing to telli

· He left him as he spoke thus; but John

Luan soon overtook him. "Have you nothing to tell me?" he said, losing all self-control in the bitterness of his feelings; "but may be I have something to say to you. I tell you, sir, that if Dora does not soon appear, I shall hold you guilty of her fate, whatever that may be. I tell you there grief should have proved too much for her, I

shall hold you guilty before God and man!" "A fear-what fear?" asked Mr. Templemore, who was almost as angry as John Luan

now. "You know what fear," was the taunting reply "for you feel it too. You know what fear, for it brought you here to question me. I say it again, if it prove true, I shall hold you guilty."

He walked away abruptly, and Mr. Temple-

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