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|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | plemore found none. Close and sultry felt.the atmosphere. The young trees which rosedimly before hin, their trunks and lowor |  |  |  |  |
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|  | more then looked up. Before him he saw therising steps and the columad front of a |  |  |  |  |
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|  | were probably suited to the plays they per-formed in. fre yondered at himself for hav-ing done so: he looked around him, and won- |  |  |  |  |
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|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | who could not be quiet a moment : he shookhis back head ef hair, he rolled his eyes, he |  |  |  |  |
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|  | Plump and seeminily as goiltempered as |  |  |  |  |
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|  |  | wo girls and their mother looked after him in |  |  |  |
|  | momentary illtsion had caused could not van-isb with. it; nor the subtle thrill oijoy it hadwakened, ceasc. When this girl looked at |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | alt almost tempted to tam back and ask the |  |  |
|  | Hele | - lad been silently enacted uear them that eveng. | ed himself in time, and indeed waxed wrath- ful his own folly. A year's income of his fortune could not pay for the bauble. Had |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | the observation which hiseager gaze attracted. His very hert was moved within him with a |  |  | noticed that madams looked very misernble. Perlaps she felt nervous, and afraid to remain alone after having rum the risk of being mur- |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | eremembered the diamond cross he had or- | $\begin{aligned} & \text { doubts and his misgivinge, that love now } \\ & \text { came back to him pawerful, mighty, and } \\ & \text { triumphant. It came back to him not as it } \end{aligned}$ |  |  |
|  | demm |  | d lefthim, conquered and sorrow-strieken,and like the spirit in Scripture, who, after |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | Mr. 'Cemplemore had nor walked far, still |  | to me to ask for your wife? Aak her mother, ask Mrs. Courtenay where she is, and do not trouble me with a matter in which I have no |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | ate | more, with some disdain, "Mrs. ('ourtenay is dead, and I dare say you know it:" "Dead!" repeated John Luan, with suchs |
|  |  |  |  |  | heart fell. If the young man did not knowthat, he knew nothing. Where, then, was |
|  |  | they glittered once, have shrunk into dust, and it matters very littlc. They will outlive gen- erations; that gorgeous Gracelet will clasp |  |  |  |
|  | ore than two hours; he could be at Les akened! |  |  |  | Doran? The and <br> the mind of Dora's cousin. He turned almost |
|  |  |  |  |  |  <br>  |
|  |  |  |  | tion |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | $\begin{aligned} & \text { their lustre would grow.dim-that the bloom- } \\ & \text { ing cheek would fade, and the fnir skin lose its } \\ & \text { youthful benuty-but all the better reason } \end{aligned}$ |  | leave me now, Jaccuues.""And I can tell you left him pretty |  |
|  | and was, reflected in its oval glass, haff veiledy lace and muslin. A far cloor opened, andsow himself enter slowly, with step that fell |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | was this for holding them dear, fund fdorning them whilst they lasted. With something like cagerness, he now asked if the cross he | more had seon a shipwreck once, and who that has beheld the ominons sight can ever forget it? He remembered it now; the noble ves- |  | night, and aw law is dead, a and your: your wife is <br> ranished whon you return? |
|  | Sill | diche |  | Nomer | "Why; I went away your mother might havetold you," bitterly answered Mr. Tcmple-more ; but let that rest. I did not come |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | Ane fiho |  | the tempest; the pale moon looking down from a cloudy sky, the silent crowd, and the fearful coar, as waves and ship all came tun- |  |  |
|  |  |  | all the din was to be heard the faint, shrillcry of a woman. They found her on the | forward?. This cold, vacant chamber bore no |  |
|  |  |  |  | up a few hours before in the theatre. : Dust |  |
|  |  |  | Wet hair. Mr. Templemore wondered why that scene came back to him now, as if he had | had gathered on the mirror-of the toilet-table, and. thu's toid him how long it had ceased to reflect Dora's image. No token of her pres- |  |
|  |  |  | "How do I know," he thought, "t that thissummer storm will be so fatal as that never- |  |  |
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|  | perereatey yulited wizth that |  |  |  |  |
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