

For the TRUE WITNESS. OUR GLEANERS. We saw in the spring time, The autumn we reap...

For the TRUE WITNESS. OUR MOTHER. What is that word, which, spoke or sung, The sweetest sounds in every tongue...

For the TRUE WITNESS. OUR MOTHER. And when the years roll on and on, And I survive with you that are gone...

DORA. By JULIA KAVENAGH, Author of "Nathalie," "Adèle," "Queen Mab," &c.

CHAPTER XLVI.—CONTINUED.

Oh! if he could have believed her to be guileless! If he could have forgotten how she had tried to prevent her aunt from speaking and him from hearing...

us all to think that he can abide behind the roses of those cheeks and the star-like radiance of those eyes. It is hard that we should not ever find the breath of innocence on those fresh young lips...

CHAPTER XLVII. This night was darker than ever when Mr. Templemore went out once more on the Boulevard. The crowd was thinning in expectation of a storm...

A check which glowed well replied the jeweller in his mild tone. "This is the fifteenth of the fifteenth of July..."

He could give no motive for the one act, save that he did not choose to stay with her, and for the other that he could do without her no longer. Would Dora's proud woman accept either explanation?

left her—fatal, and in one sense irreparable. She was his wife, the law gave him full power over her—he could pursue the fugitive and compel her return; but could he make her forget that he had believed a madwoman's story against her?