BALLAD OF A BAKER.

Joe Brown he was a baker man, A baker man was Joe; He ne'er was known to want for aught, And yet he kneaded dough.

And he was rugged, hearty, too, And had a long life leased, And all because he rose up with His early-rising yeast.

To never cheat his customers. This man was early taught, And yet his loaves were always light, His pie-crust rather short,

And kind unto the needy— And neat and tasty in his dress, Although his cakes were seedy.

And he was generous-hearted, too,

With him none dared to bandy jokes When'er he sought the marts, For well they knew his repartees Were sharper than his turts.

And when I say his skill was great.
In getting up a muffin,
His pastry filled the mouths of all,
And needs no further puffin'.

Tis said he was a temperance man, If so, I can't tell why He mixed with wheat and corn meal, too, A triffe of the rye.

When age at last o'er took the man, His form grew bent and sore. And, like the cake he used to bake, His head was frosted o'er.

And, when he died, all mourned his loss With no sectarian bias. For he had been a friend to all, A good man and a pic-ous

HIS EPITAPH.

Beneath this crust of upheaved earth A well-bred baker lies.
And, like the rolls he used to mould,
We hope at last he'll rise.

—Boston Pilot.

DORA.

BY JULIA KAVANAGH, Author of 'Nathalie,' 'Adele,' 'Queen Mab,' &c. CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

"How pale you look, Paul!"

"I was rather cold coming down-" "Go to bed at once and take something

hot." But Paul declined the latter part of Dora's invitation. He would go to bed presently, but he would take nothing hot, and as Paul had a will of his own, Dora did not insist. They sat up awhile, and Dora mentioned Florence Gale's visit. His eyes softened, and he laughed when his sister told him about Florence's three fibs, "Dear girl!" he exclaimed fondly.

"He must be bewitched," thought Dora but aloud she said, "Go to to bed, Paul, you

look quite ill." "I don't feel so. I feel very happy, Dora. Happiness lies before me. I think myself sure of the girl I love, of a handsome fortune and a fine estate, and as I must work on, I hope to those blessings to add those of a position won by my own exertions, and of honorable fame. I say it again, happiness lies before me, and that prospect has not always been mine. And you shall be happy, Dora. A guinea a line will you get for that catalogue, and let me tell you there are not many who get so much." "A guinea a line!" said Dora, clapping her

hands, and looking delighted. "Oh! you generous Paul, you are surely the Prince of Publishers !" " And what will you do with that money?"

"Buy aunt and mamma new dresses, take a

cottage with a large garden to it; then I must

have an aviary, a conservatory." " You will find all these at Decnah!" he in-

terrupted. "But I do not mean to wait till Courtenay dies, for them, sir."

"Quite right, ma'am; and so good-night."

"And now I must go back to the law," said Paul next morning.

This was more easily said than Paul's heart was no longer with his austere mistress. The goal of his ambition had been displaced and the task before him seemed dull, flat, and unprofitable. That catalogue had unsettled them all. And so time passed. Mrs. Courtenay wondered at her brother-inlaw's silence.

"He ought to know Paul is anxious," she right. I believe he quarrelled with my dear husband because I was French; but all that must be over now, and he might call upon me. And if he objected to Mrs. Luan, he might have asked to know what day she was out: and, at all events, he ought to send us down a basket of game."

None of these things, however, did Mr. Courtenay do.

"But I am not afraid," said Paul to his sister, "I am sure my theory about the Henrideux ware is the right one." "Of course it is, Paul."

"Ah! you are truer to me than Palissy's wife was to him. What a fine fellow he was, Dora. His trials and failures would have sickened any but a true hero. It did me good to read about him yesterday. He had labored nine months, his oven was ready, his vases to try all. Six days and six nights he spent tending that fire, and at the eleventh hour, when the goal seemed all but won, fuel failed him. Think of that agony! The man seized all he had at hand—chairs, tables, furniture, the very flooring of his room, and his wife goes distracted, and Palisy's neighbors say he is mad, and that he is setting fire to his house. Well, that madness was his last. He had prevailed; he knew the Italian secret, and had made it his.

"And you have written a good catalogue, and found out the secret of the Henri-deux ware, and Deenah is to be yours;" replied

"And as you have helped me with the catalogue, you shall have a suite of rooms in Deenah.

likeliness of any such contingency just yet. Time passed, and Mr. Courtenay gave no sign. They all lived in suspense, save Mrs. Luan, She brooded day after day, no longer over the best way of saving candle or sparing fire, but over the means of separating John and Dora.

discovered. Unluckily, to go to London money was needed, and neither John nor his mother had any. Many a sad mess did Mrs. Luan make with her patchwork about this

At length Mr. Courtenay wrote. It was Dora who received the letter, and with it a large scaled packet from the postman. She came in with it to the parlor, where Paul was

putting on his gloves before going out. "Is it fate?" he asked gaily. "I believe it is," replied Dora,

from Deenah." Mrs. Luan put down her patchwork.

"Perhaps John had better not go to London, after all. Suppose Mr. Courtenay were to portion Dora. Say give her two thousand pounds or so."

Whilst Mrs. Luan was thus calculating.

Paul broke the serl of the letter, glanced over it, then said calmly, "I have failed." A dead silence fell on them sil.

"My theory on the Henri-deux ware was

wrong," resumed Paul, quietly; at least, my uncle says so." And he read aloud; The G on my salt-cellar has another origin than that you ascribe to it. In the year 1537, died Madame de Gouffer, wife of the Lord of Oiron. She left some valuable specimens of pottery. Now, Henri-deux ware is the only valuable French pottery of that period. Hence, Mr. Templemore concludes that the G on my saltcellar is for Gouffier. I agree with him, and shall call my Henri-deux ware 'Pottery or

Omon in Poiton." The letter concluded with some compliments to Paul's success and industry in other respects, enclosed a check for two hundred pounds, to make up for loss of time, and lest he should accuse his uncle of partiality was accompanied by a printed copy of Mr. Templemor's catalogue. Paul's voice never Templemor's catalogue. faltered, his cheek never blanched, his eye remained firm as he rend the letter. Mrs. Courtenay looked blank; Mrs. Luan bewildered; and Dora hid her face in her hands and wept. "Come," he said cheerfully, "that will mend nothing. Let us look at Mr. Temple-

more's catalogue." Perhaps that was the hardest trial of allperhaps it was to hard. Dora, who had cheeked her tears to look at her brother, read with the keenest pain the meaning of his face, Defeated was written there. Ay, Paul Courtenay felt doubly defeated, for he felt that his uncle's sentence wai just, and Mr. Templemole's victory complete. He shut the book with soms emotion, took his gloves, looked for his hat, and saying rather hurriedly, "I shall be late," he left them. They were all silent after he was gone. They all knew-even Mrs. Luan knew it—that a thunderbolt had fallen, and that this young tree, so green, so fresh a few

weeks back, was riven. Mrs. Courtenay lamented over the loss of Mr. Courtenay's fortune, as if she had expected Paul to enter into possession of it the next day, and he had been unkindly deprived of it. Mrs. Luan, who never said much, seemed to have grown dumb; and Dora, the light, gay Dora, was gloomy, and surreptitiously took Mr. Templemore's catalogue, and went up with it to her brother's room, the only place where she knew that she could look at it in peace. She sat by the window, whence she could see, if she chose, the distant bay, with the sea melting away into a soft gray sky; but little charm had that grand prospect for Dora now. She, too, for once, wanted to be miserable, and she had her wish. The catalogue was a wonderful catalogue. It was magnificently printed, and the illustrations were beautiful-mere woodcuts, indeed, but executed by a practised hand, and with a vigor and a spirit which Dora, who drew well, could appreciate. The text, however, was the criterion of Mr. Templemore's work; and there too, alas! he far surpassed her brother. Paul's taste for virtu was a fictitious, acquired taste; Mr. Templemore's was evidently a natural g ift, matured by long, careful cultiva-tion. Dora could not tell how far he was right in his theory concerning the Henri-deux ware, but she was obliged to confess that it was infinitely more plausible then her brother's. Mr. Templemore's superiority in other matters she also ascertained; but she could not go to the end of the painful task. ing to multiply your capital by three, but She threw the book away in a passion of resentment and grief, and burst into a flood of bitter tears.

Slow and miserable was the rest of this unhappy day. Paul came home very late, but he found Dora sitting up for him in the parlor. He looked scarcely pleased. Perhaps he was in one of those moods when silence and solitude are most acceptable. Yet Dora was not troublesome. She did not intrude advice or consolation. She only looked athim with gentle, loving eyes, until his heart smote him for the coldness of his averted glances, and he beckened her to his side. At once she came, but it was true enough, he wanted to go, and and twining her arm around his neck, laid he went. her cheek to his.

not fret for me. I shall do. It is all over. !" | " You saw her?"

"No; but I wrote to her. She had never been pledged to me, but for all that I set her free. I fancy she will marry soon-I trust

she will be happy, dear girl!" Dora's eves flashed. Happy with another! -oh! how could Paul say that?-how could he feel it? But he did feel it. Perhaps his said, "and send him word the catalogue is all | was the disinterested leve which is as rare as true love itself; perhaps it was not very deep love, after all, and could be resigned easily to

> "But you, Paul," she said, "how will you feel ?"

loss and separation.

"Unhappy, for a time, then I shall grow comforted, no doubt, But, Dora, I do not think I shall ever marry."
"Then if you do not, I will not either,"

said, impetuously-never, Paul!" "Never!-what will John say to that?"

"John may say what he pleases-I do not care about him. Besides, I would not marry my consin. "Well, time will show what either of us will

do; and now, Dora, it is late-go to bed, dear." "Why should I not sit up here with you?we used to sit up for the catalogue, hoping and

were ready, his enamel was ready, fire was dreaming. Why should we not sit up now, regretting and lamenting together?"
"I cannot talk about it," he said, in a low tone. "I wish I could-it would be better

for me-but I cannot." "And what will you do about that money,

Paul?" asked Dorn, with flashing eyes: "you will not keep it?" Yes, Dora, I will. My first impulse was to return it, and if Mr. Courtenayls decision had

been an unjust one-not a farthing of it would I touch. But there is the hardship of my case. I cannot think myself an ill-used man; I had a chance given me, and I lost it. It was fair play, Dora. I should only display a small, silly pride, if I were to refuse this gift of a relative who meant me kindly." Dora was silent. She seldom opposed any decision of her brother's. To please and obey

Dora laughed, but there seemed very little him was the law of her life, and when he ikeliness of any such contingency just yet. and left him. Mrs. Courtenay was already fast asleep, but Dora could not go to bed at once. She could not forget Paul, sitting by the lonely hearth below, and mourning over his lost love and lost fortune, both wrecked in "John must go to London," she at length | the same little tempest-little to the cold world tooking on-to him how grevious and how sad! At length he came up-stairs, but he, too, stayed sitting up. What was he doing? Dorn stole out on the dark landing, and listened at her brother's door. She heard a chair moving slightly. Paul was sitting, then; yet if he wanted to sit up, might he not have stayed below? His light was not out, Dora looked in at him through the keyhole, then stole back to her room with a deep sigh:

Paul was reading the catalogue. That catalogue became the unhappy young man's retrospective torment. He never read it in the presence of the family, yet Dora knew that he studied it night and morning. He gave the day to the law; the hours which were his he devoted to the morbid brooding over the past. There was no doubt a sort of dreary satisfaction in comparing his own fruitless attempt with his rival's sure effort, in

remonstrated with him, but she did not venture to do so. It was Paul's misfortune that he must suffer iu silence.

If anything could have added new bitterness to his regret, it was the sudden decease of Mr. Courtenay. He died at Deenah toward the close of the year. By his will he left the bulk of his property to Mr. Templemore. To Dora, Paul, and John he left five hundred pounds apiece. Neither his sister Mrs. Luan, nor his sister-in-law, Mrs Courtenay, was mentioned in Mr. Courtenay's will.

"A very strange, uncivil man," said Mrs. Courtenay, stiffly.

Mrs. Luan, who had most reason to complain, said nothing, but she thought—

"John can go to London now." How that thought passed from Mrs. Luan's mind to John's no one ever knew, not even John himself; but he entered the cottage one evening overflowing with the project, and finding Dora sitting alone by the fire, and looking rather pensive, he came up to her with the question-

"Anything new, Dora?"
"Nothing," she replied, gravely, "only I was thinking about our five hundred pounds. Mr. Ryan says he could double the amount for

us in no time." "I mean to go to London with mine," said John.

"To London!" If he had said to Timbuctoo, Dora could scarcely have looked more surprised. "Yes, for my profession. It will be such an

idvantage to me." John thrust his fingers through his fair locks, and looked like a man who has five hundred pounds, and knows his status is so-

ciety.

"An advantage to leave us," gently replied Dora.

She only thought of the cousinship, of the old familiarity, of the friendship which had grown with years, and were to be now all put proachful look said far more than this to trembled.

" Dora," he faltered " we are too youngyou know?" "Too young for what ?" asked Dora, rising,

and standing straight before him. She spoke so coldly, she looked so lofty that John was dumb; but if anything had been needed to urge him to go to London that look and that question of Dora's would have done it. He sat down without answering her, and looked rather sullen and discomitted. When his mother and Mrs. Courtenay came in, he spoke of his journey as a settled thing. Mrs. Courtenay lifted up her hands in amaze-

ment. "My dear boy," she said, raising her little shrill voice, "what can take you to London?"

aunt," answered Jonn, rather carelessly. "But Mr. Ryan would double it for you," cried Mrs. Courtenay; "he would treble it, John," she added, with a little scream of delight at the prospect of such redoubling and trebling, which is indeed very delightful not on the decreasing principle. It is charmsuch multiplication sometimes ends by the division of your sum total, and then, alas! it is grievous enough. Such lamentable results Mrs. Courtenay by no means contemplated, and she candidly wondered at John's obstinacy in not letting his five hundred pounds be trebled by Mr. Ryan.

"Mr. Ryan would not take the trouble," replied John, trying to get out of it this way. "Oh, yes he will, if Iask him."

"Well, then, don't ask him, mamma," said Dora, a little tartly. "John wants to go."

John hung his head and looked sheepish

When it came to the parting Dora forgave "Poor Dora!" he said, kindly, "you have all him. She could not go with him to the stu- marry," she added, warmly, "I never shallthe sorrow, as you had all the trouble. But do tion, for Mr. Courtenay was unwell, but she never!" lung to him rather fondly as he bade her adieu at the end of the garden, where the cab stood waiting.

"Good-by, old Johnny!" she said, with sigh. "I know you will never come back."
"Yes, I will," he interrupted. "Good-by,

my dear girl !" Tears stood in his eyes as he kissed her. Perhaps seeing her so kind, John Luan was sorry to be going, after all. "You'll be late," said his mother, who did

not like that parting.

John looked at his watch, kissed his cousin again, and entered the cab with Mrs. Luan-

His last words were-"I shall come back sooner than you think, Dora."

"Poor Johnny!" she thought, as the cab drove away; "he means it, but he will not come back.

When Mrs. Luan returned from the station she looked flushed and excited. This parting, the first which had ever taken place between her and her son, had been too much for her. Her mind had not perhaps realized its keen agony until she was called upon to endure it. Dora looked at her with gentle pity, but there was a sort of sternness in Mrs. Luan's eyes as she returned the look. That bright hair and those pink cheeks had divided her from her darling, and she hated them. There is a strange inability in some natures to understand other natures. It was then, and was ever afterward, impossible to Dora to understand this woman, whom she had known all her life. She saw that she was grieving for her son, but she did not understand the

nature of that grief. "Dear aunt," she said, going and sitting down by her, "you must not fret. It is in the nature of young men, I suppose, to leave those whom they love best. I dare say John has been thinking about that a long time, and when he got these five hundred pounds he could not resist the temptation."

This soothing speech Mrs. Luan did not answer, but, to Dora's surprise, she rose, took off her cap, and flung it to the other end of the room, saying,
"Oh, my head is so hot!"

To take off her cap and throw it about became one of Mrs. Luan's habits from that

CHAPTER VI.

It may be that Paul Courtenay had hoped to the last, and that his uncle's will was a blow to him. It seemed to Dora that he looked sadder and graver after John's departure than he had ever looked before. She watched him closely, and thought that he was both pale and grave when he came home one evening in the spring that followed Mr. Courtenay's death. A book lay open before him, and he never once turned its pages.

"Something new has happened," thought Dora.

Mr. Ryan's entrance helped to divert her thoughts. Mr. Ryan often came to see them of an evening now. He had invested their thousand pounds in some wonderful manner, and the doubling or trebling was going on amazingly. Mrs. Courtenay, who took the deepest interest in that process, could not thinking, "I should have succeeded if I had done this, and I failed just by that hair's tience for its sake. She called it "it," and breadth." If Dora had dared, she would have never specified it by any other term. So almost her first words to Mr. Ryan this evening

"Well, Mr. Ryan, how is it going on?" "Nobly!" was Mr. Ryan's emphatic reply.
"Well, but when am I to be rich?" asked Dora, a little tartly. "I want to sit down,

mother, with gentle reproof. "Now, when a

Courtenay, raising her voice, and clasping her hands with a sort of childish delight, " I call it beautiful." Dora. "Are we to be rich?"

She bent over his shoulder, and looked in

his face. He smiled gravely. "Do you wish to be rich, Dora?" he asked. was very dear to her for its own sake, but be-cause she loved her brother. But now that With a noiseless foot she entered his room. cause she loved her brother. But now that Paul was to be poor, and that Deenah was It was dark, and the light she held fell on the

worth. "I don't know," she hesitatingly replied, yet I suppose it must be pleasant." "Pleasant!" a little indignantly remarked

Mr. Ryan. He had money plenty, said the world, and he did not like to hear Mammon

slighted and called pleasant.
"You are quite ridiculous, my dear," said Mrs. Courtenay.

But Dora did not heed them. She had returned to her chair, and thence she looked at Paul so grave, so sad, and she felt again, "Something new has happened." She knew what had happened three days later. On the morning of Mr. Ryan's visit Florence Gale had married a Mr. Logan, very rich, said report, and young and handsome, it added. So it was probable that Mrs. Logan had not been made a martyr to filial obedience, after all. Of by; but her gentle voice and her mild re- this Paul said nothing to his sister. He had closed the booh of his life at the page where John Luan. He turned red and pule, and love and hope had each written his sad vixit, and he opened it again at the page of hard work and lawful ambition. He was grave, and by no means cheerful, but he was neither nervous nor melancholy. He bore his lot manfully, and Mr. Courtenay's fortune and the catalogue and Florence Gale were soon as things that had never been at Mrs. Courtenay's

cottage. Seeing him thus, Dora gradually became as bright and as radiant as ever. Joy had returned to her, and she would not let the lovely guest be gone. She read, she sang. She woke music from her old spinet, she was housekeeper and a young lady, and she was as happy as the day was long. Early one summer evening Paul came home. He found his sister in the garden watering the flowers. She turned "Mr. Courtenay's five hundred pounds, round on hearing him, and become suddenly silent.

"Paul! how pale you are!" she said, a little

anxiously.
"Am I?" he cheerfully replied, "I feel very well, however. I have just met Mrs. Logan," he added; "she looked both lovely whilst it takes place on the increasing and and happy. She came and shook hands with me, and looked as light-hearted as a butterfly. "I never liked her," resentfully cried Dora

"she was never worthy of you." "It was not her fault, Dorn, if I was mistaken in her; but it was mine."

"How she lured you on about that catalogue," continued Dora, " and then how soon she forsook you!" "She was not pledged to me."

"True love needs no pledges," loftily replied Dora. "But suppose some woman cannot feel true love," he playfully suggested. "Are you sure of yourself, Dora?"

"No," she honestly answered, "for I cannot imagine I shall ever care for any one as I care for you, Paul. And if you do not

Paul smiled, but he thought it unlikely that either he or his sister should ever marry. He was proud and poor, and lived in such seclusion that the male sex might well be forgiven if they did not appreciate her merits.

"Well, little Dora," he said cheerfully, "we shall be none the more unhappy for it, if it is to be.'

"Unhappy! I should think not." She raised her face for a kiss, which she got, and perhaps, as she received it, Dora felt some little jealous joy at the thought that the day of Florence Gale had gone by, and her own

had come back. Paul retired early that evening. He was a little tired, he said, and Dora could not waken him by playing on her "piano," as she and every one at home called it, by one of those convenient fictions in which it is pleasant for the poor to indulge. She sat and sewed by the light of the solitary candle, whilst Mrs. Courtenay tried her patience, and nodded over it, and Mrs. Luan pored over a letter from " poor John." A loud ring at the garden

bell startled them all. "Light the other candle!" cried Mrs. Courtenay, wakening up with an alarmed start; but before Dora could obey that prudent order, the heedless little servant-girl had admitted Mr. Ryan, who burst in upon them like a tempest.

"News, news!" he shouted, waving his hat in the wildest excitement. "How is it going on?" cried Mrs. Cour-

tenay, breathlessly. "Grandly! Paul and Dora have two hundred a year each. It has been coming on these six months. I sold out and invested

again this very afternoon-two hundred a year each!" A thousand pounds had given them two hundred a year each! Ignorant as she was of money matters, Dora knew that this was grand trebling indeed. The tidings so bewildered her that she stood still and mute. Mrs. Courtenny, on the contrary, uttered three little screams of delight; whilst Mrs. Luan took off

a waggish and known aspect. This sobered them all. "Is the woman mad?" asked Mr. Ryan, staring and taking off Mrs. Luan's cap with some indignation.

her cap and flung it at Mr. Ryan, on whose

head it alighted sideways, giving his red face

"I beg your pardon," said Mrs. Luan, calmly. "I meant to throw it on the table." "Did you, thought! I wonder why it flew up upon me, then! And pray, ma'am, why did you take off your cap at all, and fling it about so?"

" My head is so hot," she replied, staring at him, "and you upset me with your two hundred a year."

"Yes, yes; your son John has made ducks and drakes of his money-I know-I know." And Mr. Ryan humanely considered that this disappointment was a sufficient explanation of the cap affair, as he called it, when he related the incident to his sister, Miss Ryan, who was on a visit to him.

"Oh! how you have trebled!" cried Mrs. in admiration. "How you have trebled, Mr. Ryan l^{n.s.} 🙃 🕾 "Dear Paul." said Doia as happy tears

"Oh! you girl! A young man can never

work too hard." "And I say that Paul has been working too hard," replied Dorn; "but I must go and tell him the news. A fairy tale a real fairy tale!

She lightly ran up-stairs, leaving her mother Mr. Ryan."

"Oh! you girl!"

"My dear, did you not hear Mr. Ryan saying it was going on nobly?" remarked her
mother with gentle reproof "Nowwedther the Ryan and become of John's five hundred pounds by
mother with gentle reproof "Nowwedther the Ryan and the Ryan a and fold my hands, and be a useless fine lady, from Dora, who had two hundred a year now? thing like that goes on nobly," cried Mrs. Was this the end of her planning? Oh! if she had but waited!

"I shall not waken him if he sleeps. theautiful."

"Paul, what do you say to it?" whispered him with a kiss. Paul, my darling, we are rich now. We can afford not to think any more of Mrs. Courtenay's fortune. And with two hundred a year and your profession you can find a wife-a true wife-not a Dora had had that wish; not that wealth Florence Gale, who could forget you for a Mr.

gone, it seemed to her that money was of little | pillow where his calm face lay sleeping. She put the candlestick down and softly stole toward him When she stood by his side she looked at him with eyes swimming in tears. How altered he was since the day when he had come back from Deenah, full of eager hope! How pale and thin and worn he looked in his sleep! And what had he been reading?-that dreadful catalogue again! She knelt on the rug and softly took his hand, which hung loosely outside the bedelothes. But scarcely had she touched it when she started up and uttered a piercing cry. That hand was cold-cold as marble; and, alas! that cry, though it filled the house and brought up its terrified tenants around her, did not waken her brother. Never, never more would Paul draw her to his side and call her his little Dora. Brother and sister, whom nothing was to divide, were parted thus early on their journey; and whilst one took his rest, having carned his wages, the other was to go on the sad pilgrimage alone and desolate!

"My brother, my brother!" was all she could say. For weeks this was her cry, for years it rang in her heart, "My brother!" In every hour of tribulation the sorrowful words were spoken.

Every one grieved for this young man. Mrs. Courtenay mourned for him as for a son. Mrs. Luan shed genuine tears, and remembered with a pang that his death gave Dora four hundred a year. Mr. Ryan did not weary of lamenting "the poor boy's untimely fate;" but of all those who could say, "Thus died Paul Courtenay," none knew that with him died the pride and the ambition of his sister's heart. She had loved him, but she had also hoped in him. He had been, though she knew it not, perhaps, the great stake in her life. All her hope and her desires had rested upon him, never once upon herself. Through him she was to be honored, in his reflected glory she was to shine. Of her own value and her own part in the great human drama she never thought. When he went, all went with him. It might be well for both of them that it should be so. He never knew the bitterness of disappointment, nor she that of a sudden wakening. He was her hero now for ever. He was to have been a great orator, the rich man, the pride and stay of his family. How often had the triumphs of Demosthenes, of Chatham and Grattan, made her heart throb! How often had she sat at twilight, by the open window, or over the smouldering fire, listening to her brother's fervid eloquence, to the murmurs of applause and the deafening cheers of a senate, whilst her mother chatted prettily

or her aunt stitched at her patchwork! All this was over now; but better perhaps that death had stepped in, silencing the eloquent lips with an icy hand, than that Time, the great disenchanter, should have shown to Paul and his sister the folly of a long-cherished

feel. The object of her adoration was safe | tions, very certain news, unfortunately. Dora's from a fate so grievous. Yet perhaps because money had vanished for ever in the gulf of she had loved him so fondly, and hoped in Brown and Co.'s difficulties, though, luckily felt no inclination for wedded life, and Dora | him so fervently, was her grief felt and not | for them all, the little income of Mrs. Courtespoken. To all seeming, indeed, it was not a nay and Mrs. Luan was still safe. deep grief. She mourned, but not with such a sorrow as her impassioned love ought to plaintively said Mrs. Courtenay. "I almost have called forth. So thought Mr. Ryan, and even her mother. Dora was pale and thin, morrow." but she smiled brightly, nay, she laughedwhy, she actually sang again, though Paul was in his grave. She sang his songs, toonot plaintive, but merry Irish melodies, which

had been dear to him.

The Irish are a light-hearted people, Mr. Ryan," solemnly said Mrs. Courtenay to her

Mr. Ryan did not answer this national question, but listening to Dora's singing upstairs in Paul's room, he thought, "That girl puzzles me." He also thought that he would study her, but the opportunity to do so was

not granted to Mr. Ryan. Paul had not long been dead, when Mrs. Courtenay said to her daughter one afternoon. "I am sure it was this dreadful climate that

killed my poor boy." "But, mamma, Paul's was a heart-com-"Of course it was; well, the climate killed

him-and I am sure I have a heart-complaint too." "Dear mamma, I cannot think that, My dear brother was so pale, and you have a

lovely color." "But such dreadful palpitations!" sighed Mrs. Courtenay; "oh such dreadful palpitations !"

Dora put down her work and fell into the saddest dream. Paul had never complained looking Mr. Brown was very pleasing in his of palpitations, but said he was well to the last.

I want a change," pursued Mrs. Courtenay and I think I shall go to London." "To London!" cried Dora, much startled. "Yes, London air always agreed with me."

"But, mamma, London air is surely not good air.' Beautiful air!" cried Mrs. Courtenay, raising her voice with enthusiasm. Dora looked at her aant. Was it she who, to be with her son, had suggested so strange a

step to her mother; but Mrs. Luan stitched on stolidly at her patchwork, and said.
"There is no air like Dublin air." "Do listen to her!" compassionately ex-

claimed Mrs. Courtenay. "No air like Dublin air! Poor thing!" "Then aunt had nothing to do with it," thought Dora, in her innocence.

She tried to oppose Mrs. Courtenay's wish Mr. Ryan also interfered, but to no purposethere was a secret agency at work more potent than they knew of. Mrs. Luan's plan was of the simplest kind. She asked her sister-inlaw daily how she was, and if she felt quite well. She put these questions when Dora was not present, and with them, and a few careless hints, she carried the day, and the London journey was decided upon. The cottage was given up, the furniture was sold off, and on the morning of the day when they were to go Courtenay, raising her voice and her hands to Kingston, thence to sail for Holyhead, Dora went alone to Glasnevin.

A plain head-stone marked Paul Courtenav's grave. His name and age, and the word stood in her eyes; "he has, been working too Requissoar, were his only epitaph. Grass and hard, but he can rest now."

As she, a few flowers already grew over him. As she, . 1 2 to Charles I beschoon a co. manufernio a.

looked at that narrow space, at these few feet of earth which held all that had been dearest to her, Dora's heart overflowed with other feel. ings than those of sorrow. There came to her in that sad hour a bitterness which she could not restrain. She remembered her uncle, who had tempted Paul in his poverty, and urged him to a task beyond his ability; she remembered Florence Gale, who had spurred him on to labor beyond his strength, then forgotten him; she remembered Mr. Templemore. whose triumph had embittered even Paul Courtenay's last hours; and to those three she attributed his premature death. "I must forgive them," she thought; "I must forgive the living as well as the dead; but to forgive is not to love, and never, never shall there be kindness between them and Paul's sister!"

Alas! was this a spot, was this an hour for thoughts like these? A lowering gray sky bent over the cemetery, a south-westerly wind moaned amongst the young trees; it had rained all night, and the sodden earth said how cold and how dreary was the bed of the dead. There they slept around Dora in hundreds, in thousands. Did they murmur, did they com-plain.? Life, its fevers, its troubles, and its hundred cares were over for them, and was it not well? If they could have spoken, would not their faint low voices have risen to reprove the resentful girl who brought to their peaceful realm the augry feelings of life?

CHAPTER VII.

MRS. COURTENAY had left Dublin a year when Mr. Ryan took a journey to London, and scarcely giving himself time to dine, at once entered a cab, and drove off to see his old friends.

Mrs. Courtenay lived in a pretty little villa in Bayswater; a white nest, with young green trees around it. Mr. Ryan gave the place a gratified look as he alighted and saw it in the clear moonlight of a cold spring evening. "Dora's bower," thought Mr. Ryan. A neat little parlor-maid opened the door and admitted him. "That's right," thought Mr. Ryan; "no page in buttons-no fourth-rate man-servant, but an irreproachable young woman. Dora is a sensible girl." The crimson staircase carpet, with its brass rods; the spacious landing, adorned with pretty flower-stands, confirmed this favorable impression; and the drawing. room added to it. A very charming drawing room it was, not luxurious, though graceful and elegant "Dora's kingdom," thought Mr. Ryan; and when the folding-doors opened, and Dora entered the room, robed in white silk. with roses blushing on her bosom, and wreathed in her bright hair, she appeared in Mr. Ryan's eyes as the fair queen of that little realm. Mr. Ryan looked at her and at the drawing-room, and at Mrs. Courtenay's black satin dress nay, even at Mrs. Luan's stylish cap, with admiring eyes. For were not all these lexuries and tokens of prosperity the result of the four hundred a year his skilful management had secured to Dora Courtenay?

"Ah! hal you were going off to a party?" he cried, gayly; "why, even that rascal, John Luan, has white kids gloves on. You did not expect me. did you, now?"
"No, indeed, Mr. Ryan," replied Mrs. Cour-

tenay, in a most dolorous tone. She sank down on a chair with a heavy sigh, Mrs. Luan took a low seat, and sat straight and motionless upon it. John Luan threw himself on the sofa and looked deeply sulky. Dora alone remained standing, and she greeted

ailed her too, for there was a deep flush on her cheek, very different from its pure clear bloom. "Why, what has happened?" cried Mr. Ryan, staring around him in amazement. "Oh! we are going to the party," replied Mrs. Courtenay. "Professor Gray has just called to tell us that Brown and Co. have

her old friend very kindly; but something

stopped payment, and that Mr. Brown is off somewhere or other with Poor Dora's four hundred a year, and other people's thousands." This was news indeed! And, though Mr. But this Dora never felt, and never was to Ryan burst forth into incredulous exclama-

> "And we were going to such a nice party," wish Professor Gray had kept his news till to-

> "Professor Gray takes a strong interest in Dora," ironically remarked John. "Did you not see, aunt, how he changed color when she told him she was penniless, and how crestfallen he looked as he left us?"

> "Yes," innocently replied Mrs. Courtenay, "he is one of Dora's admirers, you know. And so was Mr. Brown. The last time she wore that dross and these roses, he said they were set in

> gold." Brown is a scoundrel! angrily said

> John. Poor John Luan I For the last year he too had sighed at Dora's feet! He, too, had thought she looked lovely in her white silk dress, and with the roses in her hair, and he had burned with jealous wrath whenever Professor Gray or the delinquent Brown looked at her. Of one rival he was rid, and the other he suspected he need not fear; but what availed it? Dora was penniless, and John Luan as poor as ever. He had come to take his aunt and cousin to the party, and to worship and admire Dora, and feel wronged because others did as much; instead of which he had the doubtful satisfaction of calling Brown a scoundrel, and of knowing that he could by no means afford to marry a poor girl and keep

> a wife. "Poor John!" thought Dora. "I like him, I admire Professor Gray, and that cool, fairway; but the thought of becoming Mrs. Luan, Mrs. Gray, or Mrs. Brown always made me hudder. I wish I could tell him so."

"Dear, dear, that is sad!" exclaimed Mr. Ryan, shaking his head at Dora. "That is sad, my poor girl !" "Yes," she roplied "my little prosperity

came like a fairy gift, and like a fairy gift it went away. But I was born poor, you know, and can go back to poverty very easily."

John gazed admiringly at this young stoic who looked so serene—and so pretty—with the roses in her hair, and he said, with sudden

animation, "It was only yesterday Thompson said I was sure of that appointment. I shall cer-

tainly go down to Oxfordshire to morrow."

Mrs. Luan heard him, and looked at him and Dora with the sullen look of yore. For the last year she had, as it were, wdood Dora form John, after her own awkward ashion. And now her labor was worse than vain, and she once more saw John and Dora in a poor cottage, with babies around them, whilst in the background appeared a vision of Mr.

the background appeared a vision of Mr.
Brown in an express train, with Darn's four
hundred a year in his carpe
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be all right; and it he had to have a fancy
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