

BALLAD OF A BAKER.

Joe Brown he was a baker man, A baker man was Joe; He never was known to want for dough, And yet he kneaded dough.

DORA.

By JULIA KAVANAGH, Author of 'Nathalia,' 'Adèle,' '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."

"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.

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

most her first words to Mr. Ryan this evening were, "Well, Mr. Ryan, how is it going on?" "Nobly," was Mr. Ryan's emphatic reply.

"Oh! you girl! A young man can never work too hard." "And I say that Paul has been working too hard," replied Dora; "but I must go and tell him the news. A fairy tale—a real fairy tale!"

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 feelings than those of sorrow.