THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE. 34

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THE CUBAN DEAD. One hundred thousand dead! Within the tropic soil they lie, Or bleached beneath the tropic sky, The heroes who for freedom bled. And who for freedom dared to die, They perished. All is said.

One hundred thousand dead 1 On mountain side and marshy plain They shed their blood as falls the rain, Whene'er the battle blades were crossed; And is there, then, at last no gain From such a fearful cost?

One hundred thousand slaves! The black blood mingled with the white, And flowed as freely through the fight, When broke the battle's angry waves: And black and white, with death in sight, Welcomed their nameless graves.

They fought for liberty. In Freedom's sacred name they rose, Nor stopped to count their myriud foes, Nor reckoned what the end might be. Though Freedom fell when crushed by woos Thank God that these are free.

They reached out pleading hands, And called across the briny main, But all their pleading was in vain, That fault the great Republic brands, And on her 'scutcheon leaves a stain, While the dark record stands.

SANDY ON THE SITUATION. BY MAGGS

Aw'm clear dumbfounded, Carty, mon, An' ken na what to say aboot it, It's no' because ma power is gone— I dinna care to say a word aboot it.

I winna say it wisna' good— The place and lik the pay were handy, But it's the vile ingratitude They showed their pure and saintly Sandy.

1 purified their polities, I gled them gran' reforms mony, And noo—they jist return me kicks, And choose instead that randy Johnny.

I ken noo, Carty, whaur I'll go, The Scotch are always glad to meet me; I'll to Dundee, and there I'll show The wicked way in which they treat me.

DORA.

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

CHAPTER XLIII .-- CONTINCED.

At that moment Mrs. Luan turned round and saw them. She immediately came toward them with a cheerful aspect. "John is so well," she said, "that I have come out for a walk."

Her manner was calm and composed. Dora

looked at her, and thought bitterly ; " Mad ! she is not mad; but she hated me with a deadly hate, for John's sake."

They entered the house together. Dorn neither looked at nor spoke to her aunt, and Mrs. Courtenay whispered confidentially, as Mrs. Luan left them to go back to John-"I dare say she is all right, after all."

The two ladies retired early; but Dorn did not retire in order to sleep. She long stood on the balcony of her room, looking at the no further than the gate of Les Roches with sky, black and starless, and when she came in she did not go to bed at once. She sat by her toilet-table, undid her hair, and looked at hope which had once made it dear, and he herself in the glass. It already seemed so | looked at her in sad silence. long ago since the sad face she saw there had had so bright a story. Was this indeed the beggar-maid, the girl with gray eyes, and hair John a sad story, which Dora's pale face now of brown gold, whom King Cophetua loved? plemore, I want my husband, and something tells me that I shall find him no more. If he could forgive-I cannot. And yet, who knows? If he should come back as he said he would-if sitting thus I were to see the door open-

She paused in her thoughts. The door was successful rival who had laid Paul Courtenay opening-she did not hear it, so softly did it in his grave, thus to go robbing other men,

With feverish eagerness she read the first could be no more. But to remember is not But what avails time when we will not take a large sum at his wile's disposal, and in "Solve in her heart. She found Mrs. Courte-formed her that he should expect to find her nay much depressed. alone on his return to Les Boches, "Dora ", "I dannot get over it," she said plaintively, turned very pale. Money and her mother's in answer to her daughter's question. "Poor banishment i-this washer sentence. Eichad gone to seek his pleasure, and place his child in safety, and he had left her at the mercy of what ver sorrow or evil chance might come her look fixed modily on empty space. The in his absence. Was this what he had pro-walls with their nictures, the brown and grave

live on his money," she thought. Mrs. Luan now spoke for the first time.

"I have made a lady of you," she said---"I "Mamma," she said suddenly, looking up at ave made a lady of you, Dora." "You have," answered her niece, looking must take one." have made a lady of you, Dora." at the madwoman with a passion of grief she

could not control-" you have, and I know the cost." Even as she said it, John laughed again in

his room. He, too, had paid the price of Dora's clevation to the rank of Mr. Templemore's wife.

"Oh ! Dorn, Dora," pitifully exclaimed Mrs. Courtenay, "what does it all mean ?" Dora looked at her and smiled-oh! how

sadly !--- how drearily !

CHAPTER XLIV.

WE may decree a thing in the first bitter-ness of our resentment, and Providence may so far favor us that we shall not be able to fulfil our angry desire; but it was not so with Mr. Templemore's wife. The day after he had left Les Roches, Dora received a letter from Mr. Ryan enclosing a check for fifty pounds. The shares of the Redmore Mines had turned from so much waste paper to gold, and Mr. Ryan, in the exuberance of his joy, wrote to Miss Courtenay, advancing a sum which he considered that she might need That she had left Les Roches, and gone back to Madame Bertrand's he knew, but happiness is selfish, and Dora had forgotten to tell him of her marriage.

"People should send cards," very sensibly remarked Mrs. Courtenay. She said this by John's sick-bed, where a

nurse had now taken Mrs. Luan's place. The young man's case had been pronounced desperate, and for his sake Dora had resolved to passed away. John's life hung on a thread for a few days, then youth and strength prevailed, and he came back to life, and, alas! too, to grief. He hore his sorrow manfully, but the place where he had suffered so ter-ribly was hateful to him. He would not wait till his recovery was final to leave Les Roches, and Dora did not detain him. The sooner all was over the better it would be.

Mrs. Courtenay had been very unwell since the terrible evening on which her sister-in-law's insanity had broken out, and Dora went her cousin. There they parted. He was going to resume a life of labor shorn of every

Mrs. Courtenay's querulous complaints completed. He knew nothing of the circum-Was such a change possible—was it credible? "I know he will come back," thought Dora; "but that is not it. I do not want Mr. Tem-her husband, nor of his own connection with her grief; but that grief he saw, and when she stood so wan and languid before him, he looked at her with sullen and jealous sorrow. Who was that cold husband, that Dora should love him thus? What right had that stranger, that man whom she had detested years, the

move on its hinges-it was known later that snatching the sweet prizes of life from themthey had been oiled-but a wax light burned then casting them away so ruthlessly? For on her toilet-table, and its pale gleam reflected a moment John Luan was his mother's son; alleys Eva's loud, joyous laugh had rung. On in the glass showed her, though dimby, every if a thought, a wish of his could have anni- that old bench Mr. Templemore and Florence corner of the vast room. Thus she saw the hilated Mr. Templemore, Dora's husband would have ceased to exist. What ! had he lost her for this? Was the girl whom he had loved years, about whom he had dreamed so fondly, whose loss had brought him to death's longer, her tongue clove to the roof of her door, was she to be treated lik a cast-off mis- thought; "why did he ever seek me? The tress by the man who had deprived him of all joy ? " If I could kill him I would !" thought John Luan, setting his teeth. Yes, he would gladly have murdered Mr. Templemone just then, and, of course, have married his widow. It is well that a man's feelings are not al ways spoken ; it is well, too, that the thoughts and wishes which enter his heart when he has left the door open to the tempting devil who comes to all in such evil hours-it is well, we say, that these abide not, unless with the dangerous and the bad. John Luan was neither. But neither was he very good, for good-nature is not goodness. He could he sullen and revengeful when he thought timself wronged, and from that hour he hated Mr. Templemore, whom he had not loved before. Something of this Dora saw, for she gave her enemy the least clew to the spot | thought : "Yes, John, the living husband that avenged the dead brother on the faithless sister;" but all she said, as she looked down the road was-"I envy you-I envy you, John Luan, Your cares are heavy, your sorrows are cruel, and you are alone, and yet I envy you. You can go forth aud strive. You can go forth the spot and the hour seemed to have reached and conquer, perhaps." "Conquer what?" he asked, moodily.

letter. Mr. Templemore had written to her to forgive, unfortunately, and though there that inestimable boon? Nine times out of since their marriage. It was brief, cold, but was a smile on Dora's lips when she went strictly confeous. Mr. Templemore placed back to her mother, there was also a settled re-a large sum at his wife's disposal, and in-

in his absence. Was, this what 'he had pro-mised on their wedding-day? Fanny had furniture of her mother's room, the window. walls with their pictures, the brown and grave picked up the notes, and she handed them to and the landscape it framed, had vanished them with her letter, sealed the packet, then her mistress, but even as she put them back from her view. She saw a sea-beaten shore, in the envelope Dora felt that her resolve was a rocky coast, a low village straggling along taken. "I will die before I eat his bread or | the beach, and there she made a refuge and a home, far away from Mr. Templemore's house and his money.

"Of course I want a change," said Mrs Courtenay, a little peevishly ; "and if, instead of running away, Mr. Templemore had stayed ere, he could have taken us somewhere." Never was unconsciousness of the offence of her presence more complete than Mrs. Cour-

tenay's. "Mr. Templemore is enjoying himself in London, I dare say," replied Dora ; " and London would not do for us, mamma. You want

rest and quietness, after the shock you have had. Why should we not go to Ireland ?" had been married a fortnight. The sin, if "My dear!" cried Mrs. Courtenay, much sin there be, lies with him, and not with me."

startled. " what would your husband say to that?"

"Why should he say anything?" com-posedly replied Dora; "1 have no reason to believe that he misses me just now He will come and look for me when he wants me, mamma."

She spoke so calmly, with so little appearance of resentment, that her mother was deceived. She did not, indeed, yield an immediate assent to Dora's proposal : she hesitated and demurred, but Dora's quiet arguments conquered her resistance in the end. Little by little she gave way, and finally she saw nothing that was not right or feasible about this expedition to the Irish coast.

"A child could cheat her," thought Dora looking at her guileless little mother with tears in her eyes; "and it is this innocent being-my mother, too, for whom there is no room in Les Roches! It is she whom Mr. Templemore could believe an accomplice in a wait till all was over. But neither was that base plan to rob him of his liberty. If his to be. The peril which had cost her so dear heart had not already been turned from me, would my poor mad aunt's story have prevailed against us ?"

It is dangerous to sting a woman's pride and most dangerous of all when she loves. Indifference is a wonderful peacemaker, and there are few wounds it will not heal. Dora longed, though perhaps she did not know it, to pay Mr. Templemore back in coin, and to show him that she, too, could live without him. And yet she prepared but slowly for their departure, and lingered over the task; perhaps she had a secret hidden hope that her husband would return suddenly, and prevent her flight, but he did not. Slow though Dora was, everything was soon ready, and she said

gayly to her mother one evening: "We go by the first train, and I am so glad; the change will do us a world of good." "I hope so," answered Mrs. Corrtenay, rather languidly.

"I am sure of it," said Dora, still cheerful and she went out for a lonely walk, but look-ing "as bright as sunshine," thought Mrs. Courtenay. The evening was fair and still, A dewy freshness was falling on the garden. Never, it seemed to Dorn, had its flowers sent forth a fragrance so penetrating. She bent to gather some, then turned away, leaving them on their stems. "Stay here," she thoughtstay and blow and wither here. If I leave this place, what have I to do with you ?"

She entered the shady grounds. Flow cool, how fresh, how mysterious they looked-but how sad, too, was their loneliness! In these ten that Fate, of whom we speak with mysterious dread, lies in our hand, and is the seryant of our own will. "He left me," thought Dora; "days and weeks have passed, and he has not written, not made a sign-I dor not know where he is-I do not even know the abode of his child. His last act was to signify my mother's exile, and to give me

She rose as this stinging thought came to her, she went up to her room, she took out the bank-notes from her desk; she enclosed rang for Fanny.

"We leave early to-morrow morning," she said, trying to speak calmly; "Mr. Templemore will soon return. It is not worth while sending this by post-you will give it to him when he comes back, Fanny."

The girl held out her hand, and mechanically Dora gave her the packet; but, after a few moments' pause, she took it back, and put it in the drawer. "You will find it there tomorrow." she said.

"Very well, ma'am," replied Fanny. She looked as unconscious as she well could look, but she had felt the soft, limp notes through the envelope, and she knew the meaning of

Dora's journey. "He may follow me if he chooses," thought Dora; "but never unless he seeks for me shall I enter the house where he left me after we

CHAPTER XLV.

The long sleepless night was over. A dull gray light told of coming dawn when Dora rose and dressed. It was too early, and she knew it, but she was wearied of her own restlessness, and it seemed as if motion alone would calm the fever within her. Besides, she wanted to go to Rouen before leaving Les Roches with her mother.

The porter at the lodge was taking what he called his morning nap when the voice of his young mistress unexpectedly roused him by requesting the iron gate to be opened. The porter's conclusion was that he was dreaming, and that this was not his morning nap but his midnight sleep, and he made no attempt to stir; but Dora's voice rose higher, and by knocking at his door she convinced the porter that he was not asleep and dreaming but that Mr. Templemore's wife wanted to leave Les Roches. So he rose wondering, and let her out, and looked after her as she glided down the gray road where the light of morning was gradually stealing, wakening the tall trees from their long, calm sleep, and giving a token to the closed daisies in the dewy grass that the sun was coming fast.

Swiftly, and with a sort of longing, Dora went on till she reached her old home and Madame Bertrand's house. Madame Bertrand was in the act of opening her shutters, and she still wore the cotton handkerchief around her head, preliminary to the donning of the close white cap by which it was to be succeeded. She smiled brightly and nodded cheerfully on seeing Dora.

"Good-morning mademoiselle-madame, I mean," she added, correcting herself, " for I of Doctor Richard!"

Dora stood like one transfixed. The wife of Doctor Richard 1 How much happiness had once seemed comprised in these words; and now what was their meaning? "Will you not come in?" asked Madame

Bertrand, still bright and cheerful; and as Dora nodded consent, she came and opened the door to her with a look that had a world of knowing and shrewd congratulation in it. Dora soon recovered herself, and tried to look like a happy bride.

"I have come to bid you good-by, Madame Bertrand," she said; "we are leaving Les Roches, and as I do not know when we shall return, I would not go without seeing you once more." Madame Bertrand was very grateful, and

and Mrs. Courtenay had only finished dressing when her daughter, entered her room. "My dear, where have you been !" said Mrs. Courtenay. " Fanny told me you were out-I got quite uneasy." "I went to order a carriage," replied Dora, calminy ; then," seeing her mother's amazed look, she added : "you know how particular Mr. Templemore is about his horses." I cannot say what the coachman would do, once he had put us down at the station." Mrs. Courtenay supposed her daughter was

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right, but it was-plain that, as the hour for days passed thus. On the third, Mrs. Courteleaving Les Roches drew nigh, she felt bewildered and perplexed. Dora looked very cheerful, though she also looked very white.

She was lively and talkative, but she ate no breakfast; yet Mrs. Courtenay was lulled to sleep, and she innocently said, as she looked mother, "and that good old soul, the landlady. out at the garden from the breakfast-table :

" I like going, because I like a change; but do you know, Dora, I shall also like coming back to Les Roches? It looks so bright and gay this morning."

A strange expression passed across Dora' pale face, but she sat with her back to the light, and Mrs. Courtenay's sight was not very good, so the meaning, which a person of keener mental and physical vision than she strong wind of calamity, division, and impend. was might have read there, escaped her. Jacques came, with the intimation that the carriage had arrived, breakfast was over, and it was time to go. Dorn went up to her room to put on her bonnet, also to give the letter, which had lain in the drawer all night, into Fanny's hand. The girl noticed how cold We are not always the wiser for sorrow. for w_e and pale her mistress looked, also how her do not always know how to receive that severe little, nervous hand shook; but well-bred ser- | chastener, grief; and there was too much revants have eyes, and see not, and nothing in | sentment, not against Providence, but against her pretty stolid face betrayed that she had guessed Mr. Templemore's secret.

This was the end of the long bitter struggle. It expired with the last pang. What re-mained to be gone through was mere mechan-and by giving her no clew to his when ical endurance. Dora went down to her mother; they entered the carriage, it wheeled round the gravel path, passed through the gates, then went down the road at a rapid mine-the separation, the forgetfulness, shall pace. The trees, the hedges, the villas on either side rushed past them. Children in gardens, servants at bedroom windows, were seen, then vanished. The cool streets of Rouen were entered. Sunshine stole down the roofs of houses, lit up dark alleys, and poured in full broad radiance on church fronts,

rich with carving. "That is Saint Ouen," said Mrs. Courtenay, looking out of the carriage window. But Dora leaned back and closed her eyes. She would not see the entrance to the Gallery. She had gone through sufficient bitterness that morning, and needed no more.

The rest was nothing. It was merely get-ting into a railway carriage, and being conveyed through a green landscape, which Dora's eyes saw not, whilst Mrs. Courtenay made pretty childish remarks, or uttered little screams of wonder, which her daughter did not hear. Both speech and exclamations ceased rather suddenly, and Dora did not miss them. She was again going through that meeting in the parlor at Kensington, when reading sudden and unexpected love in Mr. Templemore's eyes, she had placed her hand in his. Had she been all deceived. then? Surely he had cheated himself before have been told you are madame now, the wife he had thus convinced her, and led to their mutual loss and betrayal. But even if it had been so-even if he had loved her for a few hours—what mattered it now? Was not that now faithfully loved her. "One in Glasevery second of time separating them, and nevin and one here," she thought. On! if I had she not herself done it, and did she repent it?

Dora roused herself, and compressed her lips, and kept in the quick, troubled breath that would come with that vain yearning toward a broken past. The tame commonplace parlor, the trees, the gray twilight, all faded away, and the bright green landscape, and the railway carriage, and her mother's presence came back. Suddenly she uttered a sort of

"Mamma! mamma !" she said, seizing Mrs. Courtenay's hand. "what is it !- what ails vou!'

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added, with sudden liveliness : " Did you brins "the cards?" "If I did not we can buy some, mamma,"

"Buy !- why buy ? Why not use our own ?" But she could not follow out this train of thought. It proved too much for her, and she shook her head rather drearily. "It is no use," she said. " I am getting stupid."

In the afternoon Doctor Gentil came again. He found Mrs. Courtenay neither better nor worse, and still he said, "It was a serious case, but not hopeless." Two wearisome, anxious hay was slightly better, but also very restless, and toward evening she insisted that her and toward evening and monoton und ner daughter should go out. Dora resisted, then vielded to please her.

"You want fresh air, you know," said her will stay with me, You know I like old peo. ple.'

Dora went, but her heart still felt heavy and sad as she walked up a green, winding path that led to the church. Her mother was not out of danger, and she feared the worst. It seemed as if some terrible doom weighed upon her, and as if every step she took in life only helped to work out its fulfilment. The ing death was sweeping everything and every one from her side. A little more, and she would stand alone, with the great desert of life around her.

It might have been better for Dora's nature if her lot had not been so hard a one just then. one of its human instruments, in the heart or Mr. Templemore's wife. She could not forgive her husband. He had left her for a few days and by giving her no clew to his where. abouts, he had signified very plainly that he wanted to forget as well as to leave his wife "Be it so," she thought, "it is his act, not be as deep as ever he can have wished them to

She was walking with her eyes bent as she thought thus. She looked up as the path widened. The village was far behind her, and before her stood the little gray church, with its churchyard around it. "I have been here once before," thought Dora, with a panza and shall I soon come here again?" Yet she could not resist the bitter temptation of surveying the spot that might soon he her mother's last home. A few graves were scattered within the narrow space which a low wall enclosed around the ancient edifice. Through the open door Dora could see the altar, and above it a richly-painted glass window. Purple hues, with bright streaks of ruby and emerald, fell on the white altar-cloth and on the cold stone floor. But not a soul was visible. No old woman had gone in to say her prayers; no lingering urchin had strayed in to loiter away time. Equally silent and lonely was the little churchyard. Tall trees rose everywhere around it. making a background of green gloom, and shutting out from the dead the friendly aspect of human dwellings. But to Dora in that dark Lour, it seemed well that it should be so. Such a mound of red earth as that of a new-made grave, which her eye fell upon, might soon hold, if not all that had been dear. all at least could but go down there with you. my poor darling-if, when he comes back, he could but

learn that mother and child are lying in the same cold bed, he would be free at last-free and happy, who can doubt it ?" She could not weep, she could not pray-there are thoughts too bitter for tears, feelings

too earthly to soar on the strong wing of prayer. She could only stand there looking at that grave, and brooding over a blank future. For a blank it must be. "Never, if I leave her here," thought Dora, " never shall he find me. I will vanish from his life, as she will have vanished from this earth. I will beg my bread, I will toil like a hireling before I go back to his house and live on his money." Suddenly a keen, remorseful thought smot on this resentful mood. What was she doing here, brooding over irreparable wrongs when her mother might be dying? Eagerly, swifth she retraced her steps. She hurried down the path, through the village, and she was breathless when she reached her mother's room. () seeing her, the landlady rose, and, looking mysterious, made a sign. Dora followed ha out. With many needless words the gold woman informed Dora that an English lady, young and richly-dressed, had come to the inn in consequence of an accident on the line, but that on learning Mrs. Courtenay's presence and illness, she had looked alarmed and left hastily.

door open-her heart beat-could it be her husband ?--- no, it was Mrs. Luan's head she saw in the aperture. A sudden and deadly fear paralyzed Dora. Her heart beat no mouth, she was voiceless and motionless. The door continued to open, Mrs. Luan stepped in, but no velvety-footed creature could have made less noise than she did. Swiftly she shut the door behind her, and, as Dora. who had not stirred, saw distinctly, she bolted

it. "She has come to murder me!" thought Dora. She did not look round, she did not cry, but as Mrs. Luan slowly crept toward her with the sementine motion of a feline beast she suddenly blew out the light, and stepping round the toilet-tuble, was out on the balcony. in a moment.

A baffled cry of rage burst from the mad woman when she thus suddenly found herself in the darkness of the vast room. She groped about for Dora, shricking in her frenzy; and Dora, standing on the balcony, never moved, never spoke, never by the slightest motion where she stood sheltered by the darkness of the night.

But Mrs. Luan's screams had roused the house. Dora heard exclamations of alarm in the garden, on the staircase, but she also heard her aunt saying, "I shall got you!-I shall get you I-you are out on the balcony ! -I shall get you!"

She heard her groping near the toilet-table ---within a few paces of her---she felt the window move, and still she had self-command enough to keep in the wild scream of terror which nearly passed her lips. Meanwhile the sound of help came nearer, they gathered round her door it was tried, shaken violently, then burst onen. Mrs. Courtenay and the flood of light. Pale as death, but still calm, Dora stepped out from her hiding-place, and standing with the crimson window-curtains behind her, she said, pointing to Mrs Luan, who crouched and cowered in a corner of the room,"She has gone mad !--- take care !--- she wanted to murder me !"

There was a pause of wonder, of fear, and doubt: then the men approached the mad woman. The struggle was violent, but brief and silent. Neither Mrs. Luan nor the menwho tried to master her uttered one word. In a few moments they had succeeded, and Mrs. Luan, firmly bound, sat silent and sullen in Dora's chair. Dora stood and looked at her, and as she looked, she could hear John laughing up-stairs. That fierce, wild creature, as dangerous as a wild beast, and as fell in its instincts, was the mother who had borne John Luan, reared him, and loved him with such passionate tenderness, that it had helped to make her what Dora saw. As she stood thus gazing at her moody aunt, with the dishevelled hair falling around her sullen face, Mrs. Templemore heard a voice near her, saying, "Please, ma'am, here is a letter Mi. Templemore left for you. Jacques was to give it, but forgot it."

Dora started, and waking from her dream, She saw. Fanny. With a trembling hand she took her husband's letter and broke the seal. A bundle of silk notes fell out and fluttered on the floor; but Dorn did not heed them.

" What you need, John-forgetfulness." With what passionate longing she looked down that white road which wound away to the busy city below! If it had led to that ancient world of the poets, that world where Lethe flowed, her gaze could scarcely have been less intent and yearning than it was servants rushed in, and with them cause a It could scarcely have taken less heed than it did of him. He saw and felt it.

"I must go," he said, a little hurriedly. " Good-by, Dora."

"Good-by," she replied, listlessly.

She gave him her cold hand. He might go, he might stay-John felt it changed nothing

in her life, He walked down the road, followed by the servant who carried the carpetbag, and he never looked back. Yet Dora long watched him. Even when he was out of sight she stood there, envying him. He might go away and strive, as she had said, "If I could but forget," she and forget, thought, as she at length turned away. 4.0h1 if I but could!" Her heart beat-her whole being trembled. "Forget!" she thought, "O God, forbid that I should ever forget!" And she was right. There is something both passionate and sweet in the memory of lost happiness. It is one of the few sorrows to which we cling. Proscrpina never forgot, we are told, the flowers which she was gathering in the plains of Enna, when the dark king bore her away. If he had taken her to Olympus itself, and not to Hades, she could not have forgotten them. Never again should there have been such perfumed violets and Would he seek and follow her, fond and re-anemones so fair. Goddess though she was, pentant? Would he come and claim his and immortal, she, too, had a youth, and looked back with vain yearning to its golden gates simply leave her in scornful silence? "I closed forever. Time could not wither, age | could burn it and stay," she thought; "no-

had sat and talked of love. Dora stood before it, looking at it as moodily as if it were an altar on which her youth had been laid and sacrificed by some pitiless Calchas

"Why did I ever come between them ?" she sordid cares of life would have saved me from love. I dare say I would have married John Luan in the end-out of very weariness, as so many girls do marry. And I would have read novels, and wondered at that happy lovematch one reads of so much and sees so seldom, and my life would have been as a quiet dream. And now it is all of woe and bitterness. I am as a usurper who cannot abdicate. I cannot set him free-and he cannot love me. For a few days he was bewitched ; something was on him which looked like love, but was not it; and now that something has left me, and his heart has gone back to her. And I

must either see it and suffer agonies, or leave him, as I do-and suffer still. Never again can I be happy-never, and I am not twentyfive | Paul-Paul-my brother, why do I forget you!"

She sank on her knees on the damp earth and laid her fevered cheek on the stone bench. She could not weep, but she let the flood of bitter thought rise and overwhelm her; and when remembrance returned, and she left the past and its dead for the present and the living, she was shivering, and the chilliness of her very heart. She went back to the house and entered it, but she did not go to her mother's apartment. She took a light and went over every room that had once been dear and familiar to her. "After all, I could stay," she thought. " and he would come back. I could stay, but I will not ; and when he returns, he shall find that solitude he went so far to seek. No more need he leave his home to shun me."

Dorn was standing in the school-room as ske came to thus bitter conclusion. Eva's globes, her books, her piano were there, and Dora's own chair by the window. Some pleasant and some severe visions haunted this apartment. She had been very happy here, but here too she had suffered keenly. Well both that joy and that sorrow were over now. She had entered a dull, cold world, where neither abided, where all was shade and endurance. "I will write to him here," thought Dora. She sat down, and taking up the pen which had so often corrected Eva's exercises. and lay there unused, she wrote to Eva's father. She did not complain, she did not reproach, but she refused to accept the fate he laid upon her. It was a proud, cold letter, but it was also, though Dora did not think so, the letter of a woman who still loved the husband whose house she was leaving. It lay be fore her, and leaning back in her chair, she looked at it, thinking : "This is my first letter to him. I wonder what love-letters are like, and how they feel who write or read them ?" She wondered too how he would feel when this letter was placed in his hands. pentant? Would he come and claim his wife, angry and authoritative, or would he

urles which showed that she concluded Mr. Templemore to be bent on the same journey with his wife. Dora did not undeceive her, there was no need to do so, but, after a brief pause, she said :

" I see your rooms are not let. Will you let me see them again? I always intended drawing the view from my room window, but I never did; I fancy that if I look at it now I can make a sketch of it."

Madame Bertrand felt delighted and flattered at the request. She always had said the view from mademoiselle's room was a pretty view, but a Parisian family who had looked at the apartment yesterday had declared it was triste, and enough to give one the spleen, and had gone to live near the Rue de l'Imperatrice, which was so glaring that it was enough to dazzle one's eyes out, in Madame Bertrand's opinion.

Thus she chattered as she went up-stairs with Dora, but luckily she did not stay. The baker and the milkman summoned her below. Her sabots chattered down the staircase, and Dora was alone in her old room. Madame Bertrand had opened the window; the sun was up now, the outlines of the gray old church were cut on a blue sky, and though its body was still in shadow, the flowers that grew in the buttresses stirred gently in the little wind that came from the river, and had an air of young, bright morning life about them. Howgay they looked on that carved stony background, from which centuries had taken away its first hardness, giving instead a tender though massive grace! How pure and transparent was the green of the vineleaves through which the fresh morning breeze was playing, as if to toy thus with Nature's beautiful things were tha end of its being, and how everything she saw seemed to Dora to be telling her again the sfory of her lost happiness ! Ehe stood and looked with a heating heart. Her hand was idle, no pencil traced that view on paper, and yet she was drawing it all the time-drawing it in outlines which man's hand could never efface, in

celors which time could not fade, on a poor, frail mortal tablet, indeed, but one which would last as long as her own being. " Doctor Richard's wife," she thought, turn-

ing away as she remembered how she had sat waiting, watching and dreaming too, by that "Yes, thus it might have been window. wel1; but I am like you, Griselidis, I too have been taken from low estate, and I too must pay the cost, for the full price is not told yet ; but oh ! how bitter these first instalments have been !" She lowered her weil and went down-stairs hastily.

" Good-by, Madame Bertrand," she said-"good-by. God bless you."

Madame Bertrand looked for the drawing she uttered an exclamation. She wanted to see it, also to send her respectful compliments to Madame Courtenay, but Dora was gone. Swiftly though she went away, however, Madame Bertrand had seen tears glistening on her cheeks through her veil.

" The dear young creature !" she said, when mentioning the fact of Dora's visit to one of her gossips. "She was so affected at parting from me, that she wept. But all my lodgers doted on me, excepting Monsieur Theodore." Another errand, besides the wish of seeing could not fade her beau ; out something thing compels me to go-nothing. It is. Madame Bertrand, once more had brought there had been for her, some which there time yet, and to-morrow it will be too late." Dora to Rouen; but thi was soon fulfilled,

"I-I am not very well," faintly said Mrs. Courtenay.

The change in her countenance was so striking and ominous, that a cold terror struck on Dora's heart. This was no trifling ailment, no passing weakness or fainting-fit.

" Mamma," she cried, her voice rising with sudden auguish, "mamma, do tell me what ails you ?'

"I-I don't know," stammered Mrs. Courtenay. "I felt very strange all night-but I thought it would go."

She leaned her forchead on her hand and seemed unable to say more. They were alone in the carriage.

"We shall alight at the next station," said Dora.

Mrs. Courtenay did not answer. Her countenance was vacant, and the hand which Dora held was cold and clammy. How drearily slow felt the motion of the train, yet it soor slackened its speed and stopped at a branch station. The line here passed through a green park, at the end of which Dora could see the closed windows of an old chateau; no other dwelling was visible, yet Dora remembered the place at once. She alighted, put a few questions, and learned that they were, as she thought, within a quarter of a mile of that village inn where they had once dined with Templemore. Mrs. Courtenay was Mr. helped down, and a messenger was dispatched to the "White Horse " for a vehicle ; it came after a brief delay. Mrs. Courtenay was lifted up into it, and they drove slowly through a green, happy landscape, that made Dora's heart ache. Yet her mother was no worse when they reached the "White Horse." She even said she felt better.

" The doctor is waiting," said the landlady, coming out to receive them.

Nothing was changed about the old place, and this homely woman's face was not altered. Time had told her no sad story, her bright blue eyes and ruddy cheeks spoke of unbroken content and steadfast cheerfulness. That gulf which existed between Mr. Templemore's wife and her lost happiness had all been smooth level ground to her. Small cares and daily tasks had filled those days which Dora had found so dreary and so eventful. But she had no time to linger over these thoughts; her mother was conveyed to the best room of the house-she remembered it too-and there they found Doctor Gentil, a brown old man, a real village doctor, rather rough of aspect, but kindly in manner. He put a few questions to Mrs. Courtenay, wrote a prescription, and left, saying he would call in the afternoon. Dora followed him out.

"Is it a serious case?" she asked, in a low tone.

not hopeless."

"Not hopeless!" The words seemed to stun Dora; but she rallied at once, and returned to her mother with a smiling face.

"We shall have to stay here a few days," she said.

"I suppose so," vacantly replied Mrs. Courtenay. "Yet I feel better-only so strange, quite stupid."

Dora looked at her silently. She had never before seen Mrs. Courtenay with that pinched face and those sunken eyes.

"1 do not believe I could not make out a patience," restimed Mrs. Courtenay; then she elder of the boys ran toward a man and.

"She thought it was some contagious discase," said Dora.

"No, no, mademoiselle. I am sure she knew you," shrewdly answered the landlady; "I saw it in her face."

"You are mistaken," sadly said Dora : "no one knows me." And she went back to her mother.

"I am glad you came back," said Mrs. Courtenay; "I want to sleep, and I did not like to do so while you were away. Of course the poor old thing is honest; but having all that money-"

"What money, mamma?"

"All these notes Mr. Templemore sent τou."

Dora said nothing. Where was the use of enlightening and troubling her?

"And so I am glad you came back," tesumed Mrs. Courtenay, "for I am very sleepy."

Dora smoothed her mother's pillow. Mrs. Courtenay's head sank back upon it with a luxurious sigh, and, saying languidly, "Oh! what a sweet sleep I am going to have!" she closed her eyes and fell into a deep, calm slumber.

Dora looked at her in a sort of dream Forth from the recesses of memory there came to her an Eastern saying which Doctor Rich-ard had once told her-" It is better to sit than to stand; it is better to lie than to sit and better to be dead than lying."

"My poor little mother!" thought Dord, looking at her with dim eyes and quivering lips. "She is so innocent, so guileles, so childish, that if she were to pass away thus from life like a sleeping baby, I could feel no uneasiness, no fear-no more than if she were a child indeed. And for her it would be well, but oh! for me-for me!"

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She could not bear the thought. She rost and went to the window and stood there. The summer beauty of the day was gone. Sullen "Very serious," he replied, gravely, "but clouds were gathering in the sky. A south westerly wind bent the summits of a few tall trees that rose above the village. Dora knew them by the church spire which rose amongst them-these were the trees that overlooked the churchyard. The inn was very quiet; the village, indeed, looked lonely and almost deserted. There was a great fair in the neighborhood, and the men and women had gone to it. A few people and young children alone had remained behind. One house facing the inn attracted her attention by a group at the door. An old man and two children stood looking up the road. Presently the